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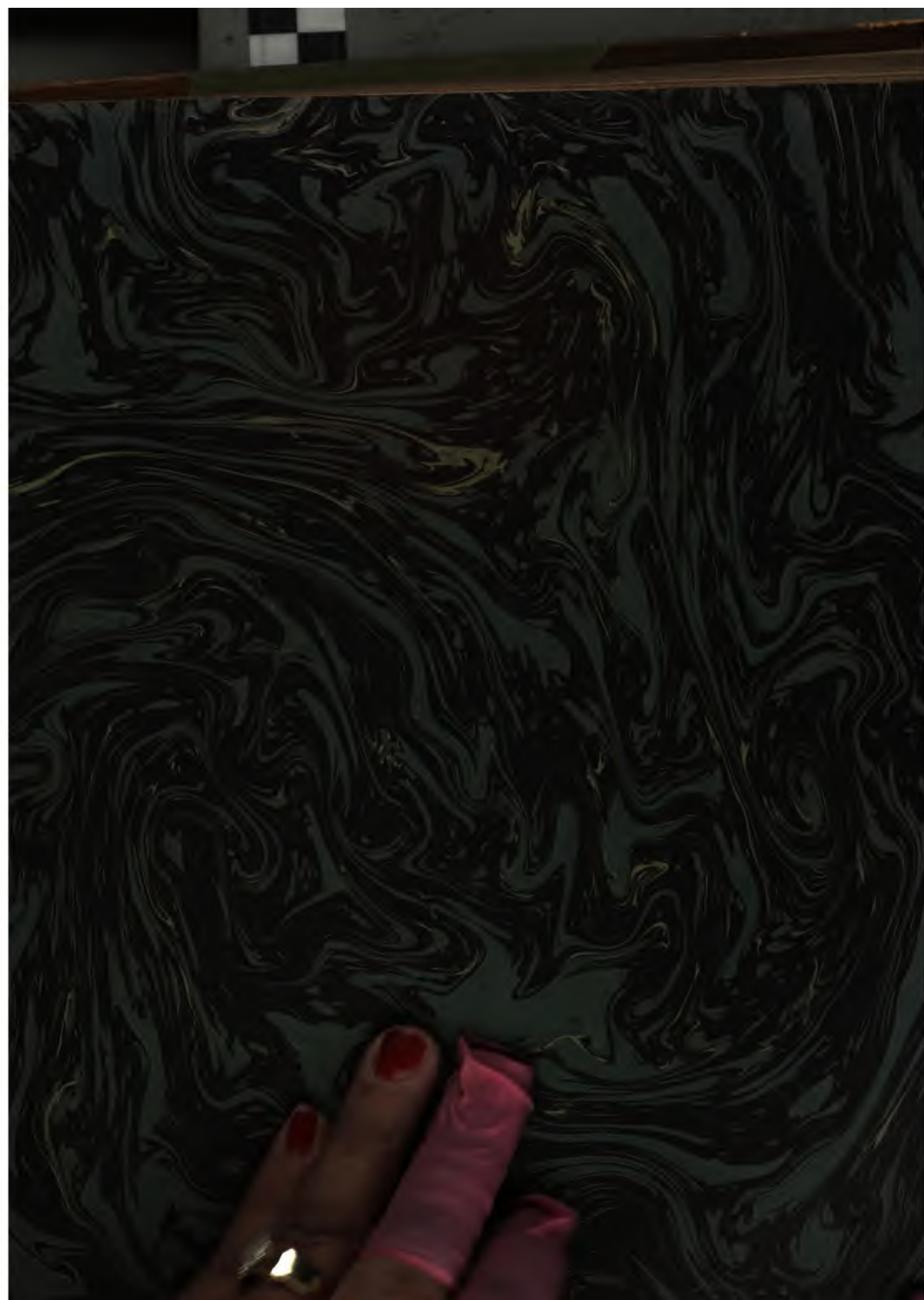
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punch



VOL CXIV

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LONDON AND TORONTO.



(From Mr. Punch, War Path, Cradle of Deep, to Himself, 85, Fleet Street.)

DEAR ME,

I AM lying off —. I should prefer to speak the truth, but the Censorship is very stiff. At dawn this morning, after a short conversation on the semaphore, Your Special Commissioner emerged like a dove from the good Ark *Charivari*, and was rowed across by TOBY to the American flagship, *Sampson Agonistes*.

"Come aboard, Madam!" I observed, as I cleared the bulwarks and dipped my head-piece to a maiden lady, who wore the semblance of a marine deity, and paced the deck, glass under arm, cutlass at belt.

"Step right here, Sir," said COLUMBIA (for it was she).

I secured TOBY to the binnacle-lid, hitched up my trousers, executed the first section of a hornpipe, and spoke.

"And when is this war going to happen, anyhow?" I asked.

"Sir," she replied, "we allow that eventualities have not proceeded with the all-fired rapidity on which we reckoned. We find that this is not the soft job we took it for. You have to catch things before you cook them—even Spanish onions."

"Madam," I replied, sententiously, "war is waged to-day with regular armies and transport systems and commissariat departments, and other weapons of precision and mobility. It cannot be conducted on the fine impromptu methods of the good old guerillas. You have done one or two big exploits; at Manila, for instance. How goes the Laureate's rhyme:—

"The Dewey splendour falls
On Morro Castle walls?"

And the *Merrismack*—that was a noble bit of scuttling. But single deeds of unrehearsed bravery do not win a war nowadays. The *Kriegspiel* is a game that takes some knowing; and, unless your opponent is a stuffed dummy, you don't have matters all your own way at the first sitting."

"Well," she answered, "I guess we have tasted blood now anyway. And we've got the men—the right stuff, like yours, when they're licked into shape—and the money, and the ships—or we *shall* have in a few years. Yes, Sir, we have the makings of a European Power. That's so."

"Whether," I said, "you change your old policy or not, one thing is certain. And so is another. First, that this little turn of fighting, shoulder to shoulder, will go far to mend all bad feeling, if any is left, between North and

South. You are one nation now, by the ties of comradeship. And, second, you have learned where to look for friends when you want 'em. Now, Madam, my name is Mr. PUNCH; and it was never my way to talk high-falutin' sentiment. Your people and mine come of the same stock, the kind that don't wear its heart on its sleeve, or jump down other people's throats. But when the pinch comes we are there or thereabouts. Now, some of us have old European instincts, and we didn't much fancy the swash-buckler way in which you started this war, however right its object; and then again, we were still a bit sore about your diplomatic bluff over Venezuela. But you take it from me, Ma'am, that we have made up our minds to forget these details, because in the long run you and we are bound to be friends. And if this war does no other good, it will be worth every dollar you drop over it if it proves to the world that in the future we are to stand or fall together."

"Sir," replied COLUMBIA, graciously, "I accept and reciprocate your warm expressions of amity. And I am free to admit that our attitude in the Venezuela affair *was* calculated to annoy you. Also, a few plain words from our candid friend, Captain MAHAN, together with our recent experience in dealing with a fifth-rate adversary, have opened our eyes to the inevitable result of the first fortnight's engagement with your excellent fleet, if we had come to blows. Ten years' time may find us a sea-power; but, in any case, we shall never meet you on the ocean except in common cause against a common enemy. Embrace me, Mr. PUNCH."

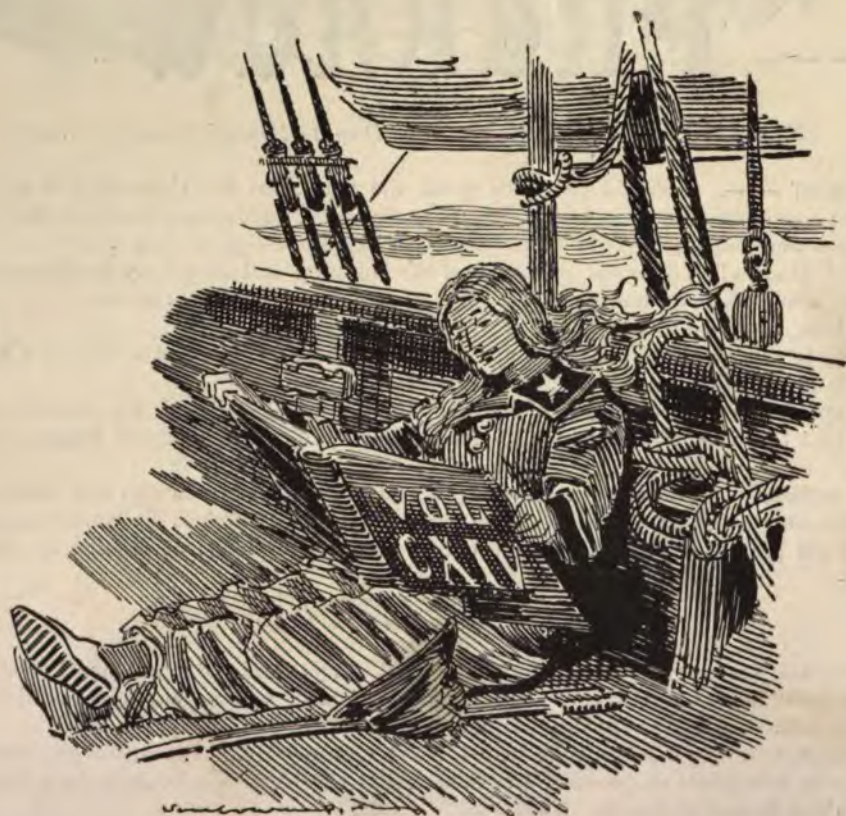
I embraced.

"And now, Madam," I added, after recovering, "don't you think this dull business of the war might well be wound up? You have endured enough from your own Yellow Press; you don't want the enemy's Yellow Fever too. Their Admiral has already given you a sample of old-world courtesy. Could you not retaliate by making the way easy for the satisfaction of his honour?"

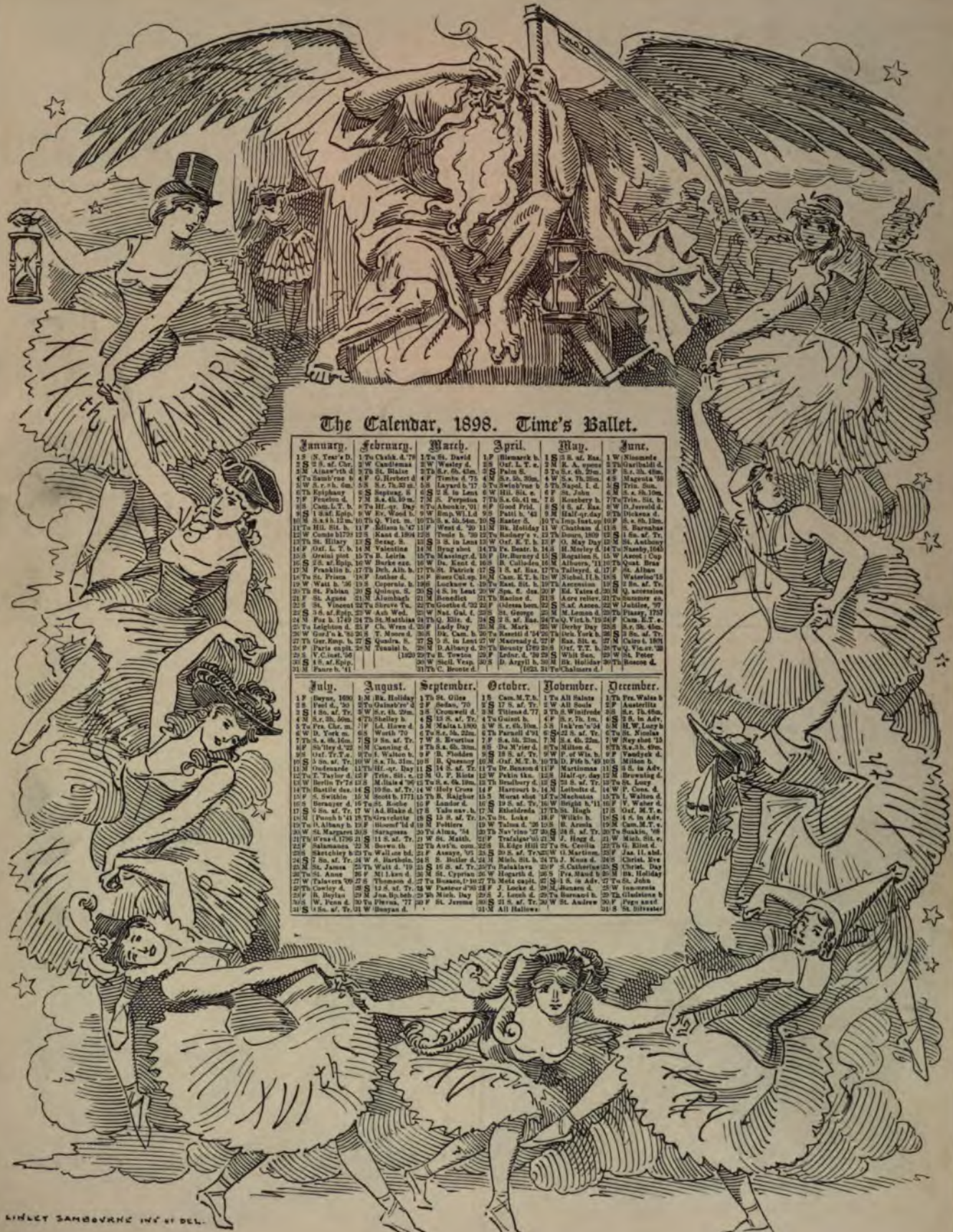
"Any form of mediation emanating from *you*," she said, "must receive my best consideration."

"Then," I replied, "I bear with me here in duplicate the surest emblems of peace. I place them in your hands, Madam. Honour me by keeping one; and let a pinnacle, flying our flag with yours, convey the other to the gallant Admiral; the gift itself will do the rest. For need I say that it is my

"One Hundred and Fourteenth Volume?"



PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1898.



The Calendar, 1898. Time's Ballet.

January.	February.	March.	April.	May.	June.
1 N. Year's D.	1 To Chalk d. 70	1 To St. David	1 P. Hymn d. 1	1 S. S. of. Haa	1 W. Nismade
2 S. S. of. Cor	2 W. Candlemas	2 W. Wesley d.	2 S. S. of. L. Y. e.	2 N. R. A. opens	2 To Garibaldi d.
3 To St. Blaise	3 To St. Blaise	3 To St. Blaise	3 To St. Blaise	3 To St. Blaise	3 To St. Blaise
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Rich Parvenue. "WOULDN'T IT BE SPLENDID IF I WERE TO CATCH A LORD?" *Friend.* "YES. THEN YOU WOULD BE A LADY!"



TEMPORA MU-TATUR!!

First Farmer. "AYE, 'TATERS GETS COMPLAINTS NOW THEY NEVER GOT IN MY YOUNG DAYS."



'INTS ON 'UNTING, BY 'ARRY.
LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.



TRIALS OF A NOVICE.

Friend (in the distance). "ENJOYING IT, OLD CHAP!" Novice. "RATHER!"

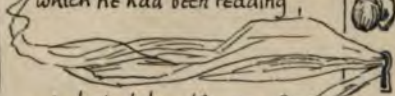
THE POWER OF THE NIGHT OR How the Ghost won back a faded repute.



The Ghost sat alone in the Haunted Room, & wept. His spectral stock-in-trade lay round him, untouched. Times were shocking bad. He was old, & weak, & ill. Science & the Psychical Research Society were slowly killing him. "This here fair gives me the 'ump," he wailed: (You see he had become hopelessly vulgarised), "it comes bloomin' ard on us pore Sperrits: an' if I can't git a job soon selp me bob I'll gow to America an' see if a 'ard-workin' English Ghowst 'as got any charnst there!"

Suddenly a light came into his orbs. He flung down the copy of "BORDER-LAND" which he had been reading,

and whisked himself through the key-hole.



He sought out his old friend the Nightmare, & whispered in her ear.

The Nightmare gave a horrid neigh of comprehension, and took him off to her father, Indigestion, whom they found lunching off a rich pork chop: & they took counsel together.



And Indigestion went & called in a gaudy little Demon of Conviviality:



and the Four laid their heads together, & hatched a Dark Plot.



First, the little Demon of Conviviality, pleasantly disguised as Father Christmas, went forth & caught a Victim, & lured him into a shop & goaded him to buy a Turkey, & a Plum-pudding, & Mince-pies, & things.



And the Conspirators expectantly followed him home; & waited while he feasted



Towards midnight all was prepared, & the performance began. Indigestion led off with his disturbing stomacheic exercises.

After which the Nightmare executed her well-known fantasia with remarkable precision & agility. * * * The time was ripe: the Victim woke: whereupon the Ghost made his "entrée macabre" with superb éclat, & surpassed himself by the versatility & finish with which he went through the choicest morceaux of his time-honoured répertoire.



And in the pallid dawn the quartet trod a grisly measure of triumph over their prostrated Victim.

Bernard Partridge fecit

AT A CHILDREN'S PARTY.

DURING TEA.

Yes, isn't it a pretty sight. . . . Oh, they're *much* too busy to talk at present. . . . Well, if you *would* take this cup of tea to my little girl, dear Mr. Muffett, it would be so— Yes, in the white frock. . . . *Pray* don't apologise—some tea upsets so easily, doesn't it? . . . Oh! I don't suppose it will show, really, and if it *does*. . . . Please, will everybody keep quite quiet for

a minute or two; I haven't said my grace. . . . Don't you think it's unfair of Nurse? She's handed me bread and butter twice running! . . . I mustn't eat sponge-cake, thank you. Bath buns are better for me than anything. . . . I was so ill after Christmas. They took my temperament with the barometer, and it was two hundred and six! . . . Oh! that's nothing. When I was ill, the doctor said mine was perfectly Norman! . . . Well, you *might* lower that candleshade a *very* little, perhaps, Mr. Muffett. . . . Ah! don't blow it

out. . . . Throw it into the fire, quick! . . . It doesn't matter in the *least*. No; I wouldn't trouble about the *other* shades, thanks. . . . Mother, will you read me the text out of my cracker? . . . But if you're going to be a soldier, you oughtn't to shut your eyes when you pull a cracker. . . . Oh! when I'm a soldier, I needn't *go* to parties.

RIDDLES OF THE YEAR.—Why follow a fashion when it clashes with your taste and inclination?



THE CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

Shopwalker. "ANYTHING ELSE WE CAN HAVE THE PLEASURE OF SHOWING YOU, MADAM?"

Paterfamilias. "THE DOOR!"

MERRY ENGLAND!—A Jester's Jubilee Sermon.

"SAINT GEORGE and Merrie England!" was the warrior-cry of old,
Which fired the fair and gentle, and aroused the brave and bold;
And the shout of "Merry England!" should uplift the heart
to-day
Of all true, gallant Britons who in face of fate are gay.
"Merry England!" In the greenwood, where the jovial archer
drew
A sturdy bow strong-fashioned from the stubborn English yew,
Where the laugh rang out gay chorus to the cheerful hunting
horn,
And men could fight or frolic, was that joyous spirit born.
"Merry England!" When our Shakspeare, in the days of stout
Queen Bess,
When the English lip was mirth-wreathed in the sternest battle
press,
Limned the gay Prince Hal whose laughter at Falstaffian
humours turned
To the set teeth of the hero when the fire of onset burned.
Then, good faith! 'twas Merry England, when intrepid Drake
could play
His merry game of bowls out as fit prelude to the fray;
And Raleigh's bearded lip could curl in laughter at the jest,
Though the *Don* was on the sea-ways and wild war was in the
West.

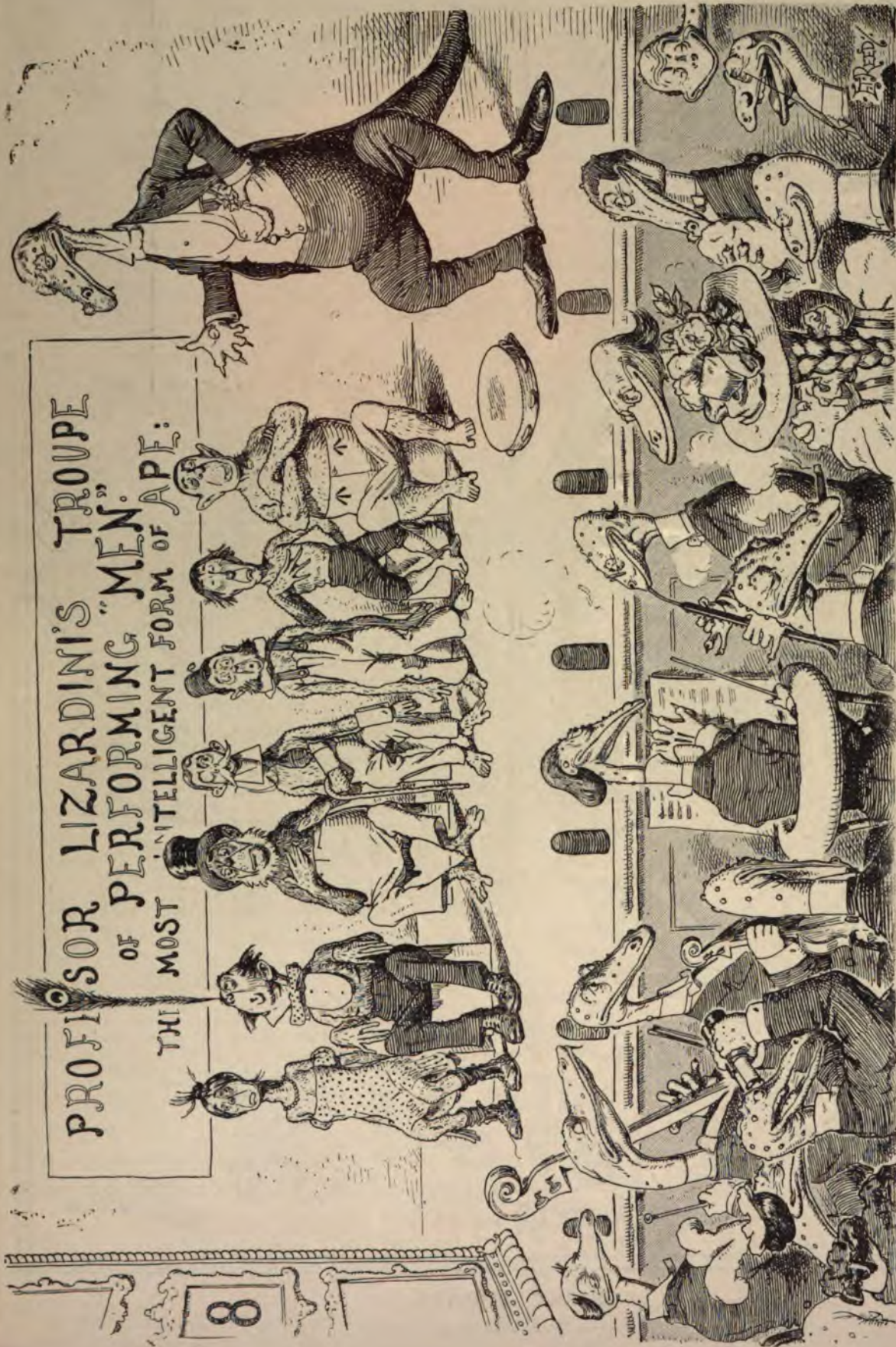
And now, although Victoria the Gentle sways the land,
Instead of Bess the Bellicose, and England, heart and hand,
Sixty years of peace and progress on her Diamond Jubilee
Celebrates in sober gratitude, shall good old English glee,
The glad mirth of Merry England be forgotten? Nay, not so!
Mr. Punch's half a century of laughter answers, No!
Merry England let it be, boys! Must the fortunes of John Bull
Be, as pundits oft describe our British weather, "fine, but dull"?
No; let the British laugh ring forth amidst the British cheers
Which congratulate Victoria on her prosperous Sixty Years!
Old England's wealth's not everything, her heart's not in her
purse;
Coffers chock full with empty soul may well become a curse;
And power and prosperity may make a galling yoke
To the breast that knows not feeling, and the brain that cannot
joke.
Not the chuckle of the cynic, not the smirk of the sham saint,
Not the grin of him who's victim to our age's huckster taint,
But sound old English merriment, the brave old British mirth,
As refreshing to tired spirits as Spring rains to the parched
earth,
Is what *Punch*, the Jubilee Jester, would encourage in the
throng.
It is a year for gratitude, pious praise and loyal song;
Let the memory of the Jubilee for ever be kept green,
It still is Merry England that now shouts "God save the
Queen!"



FAIRY SPORTS.

Designs for Mr. Punch's Goblin Tapestry.

MUSIC DANCING, HUNTING, RACING, SHOOTING, STALKING.



LIZARD LAND; OR, WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

"A recent visit to the Natural History Museum of Brussels, and inspection of the gigantic Saurians discovered in recent years, have suggested some curious thoughts in relation to the importance attached by Dr. Munro to the *erect attitude* as the primary cause of intellectual growth, and the consequent ascendancy of Man. . . . Are we free to believe that, had terrestrial conditions remained favourable, *Lizards* would have attained to the Lordship of Creation now exercised by Man?"—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE INTELLIGENCE OF THE LOWER ANIMALS WAS OF SO MEAN AN ORDER THAT IT WAS ONLY WITH THE GREATEST DIFFICULTY THAT A PERFORMING TROUPE COULD BE TRAINED FOR MUSIC HALL PURPOSES!



CATS WHO CATCH CAN.

UNCLE GEORGE, JUST RETURNED FROM A MORNING'S FISHING, RECOUNTS HOW HE LANDED SOME OF THE "MOST MAGNIFICENT TROUT EVER TAKEN IN THESE WATERS," AND HIS AUDIENCE ANTICIPATE MUCH SATISFACTION FROM THE CONTENTS OF HIS BASKET.

AT A CHILDREN'S PARTY.

DURING A PERFORMANCE OF "PUNCH AND JUDY."

A Thoughtful Child. What a dreadful thing it would be to have a papa like Punch!

A Puzzled Child. Mother, why is the man at the side so polite to Punch? He calls him "Sir"—is Punch really a gentleman?

A Good Little Girl. I do wish they would leave all the fighting out; it must set such a bad example to children.

An Appreciative Boy. Oh! I say, did you hear what the clown said then? He said something had frightened all the hair off his head except that little tuft at the top, and it turned that sky-blue!

[He goes into fits of laughter.]

A Matter-of-fact Boy. Yes, I heard—but I don't believe it could.

The Child of the House. I am so glad Tip is shut up downstairs, because I'm afraid, if he'd been up here and seen Toby act, he'd have wanted to run away and go on the stage himself, and I don't think he's the sort of dog who would ever be a success, you know!

DURING THE DANCING.

Jack. I say, Mabel, you've got to dance the *Washington Post* with me.

Mabel. I can't. I've promised Teddy Thistledown.

Jack. Oh! that's all right. I swapped with him for a Nicaragua stamp.

Mabel (touched). But aren't they rare? Didn't you want it yourself?



MEANWHILE THE CONTENTS OF UNCLE GEORGE'S BASKET ARE BEING FULLY APPRECIATED IN THE HALL!

Jack. Oh! I don't collect, you know.

George (to Ethel). They've given us the whole of *Ivanhoe* to mug up for a holiday task. Isn't it a beastly shame?

Ethel. But don't you like Scott?

George. Oh! I don't mind Scott so much. It's having to grind in the holidays that I bar.

Hester (to Roland). Shall you go to the pantomime this year?

Roland. I don't think so. I'm going to lectures at the Royal Institution instead.

Hester. That isn't as jolly as the pantomime, is it?

Roland (impartially). Not while it's going on, but a lot jollier after it's over.

Mr. Poffley (a middle-aged bachelor, who "likes to make himself useful at parties," and is good-naturedly waltzing with little Miss Chillington). Have you—er—been to many parties?

Miss Chillington (a child of the world). About the usual amount. There's generally a good deal going on just now, isn't there?

Mr. Poffley. A—I suppose so. I go out so little now that I've almost forgotten how to dance.

Miss Chillington. Then you did know once!

Mr. Poffley (completely demoralised). I—er—would you rather stop?

Miss Chillington. Oh! I don't mind going on, if it amuses you.

[*Mr. Poffley feels that "children are not as grateful as they used to be for being noticed," and that it is almost time he gave up going to juvenile parties.*]

RIDDLES OF THE YEAR.—Why join an extra club when you already belong to more than you require?



SCENE II.—THE HALL OF TERPSICHORE.

Mr. Ike's friends are giving him a send-off. The rank and fashion of Petticoat Lane gather in his honour.



SCENE III.—SOUTHAMPTON.

Off to South Africa! "Good-bye, Ikey; don't go for to forget me." "Good-bye, Becky; don't you marry no millionaires till I get back."



SCENE IV.—THE NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB, LONDON.

Eight years have sped. Ike, after a brief career in South African Music Halls, began to dabble in Mines. Soon he plunged. He has returned rolling in gold. He is now, amongst other things, a member of the National Sporting Club, and a lavish patron of the modern P. R. *Quantum mutatus ab illo Ikore!*

AN INTERRUPTED SERENADE.

ALL faded is the day,
All gone the sunset glare,
Amid the ever-scudding gray
The stars blink here and there,
Uncertain whether they can dare
The rising moon's calm, icy stare.
And so I raise my lay!

All happy is my song,
It tells of love and thee,
To whom all thoughts of love be-
long
That e'er belonged to me.
Right leal am I and passing strong
To shield thee 'gainst a world of
wrong,
Thy cavalier to be!

All peaceful is the shrine
Wherein sleep veils thine eyes.
E'en sleeping thou art mine,
Though sleep my heart denies.
Of that for which it most doth pine,
Yet I do with my mandoline
Sing on.—(A jug is emptied.) A
d-amp surprise!
[Exit minstrel, hurriedly.]



SCENE V.—TATTERSALL'S.

Ike buys Horses. "Lord love yer," he says, "I don't know nothink about 'em, but I'm bound to 'ave the best." He rubs shoulders with the aristocracy. They all admire him. Many grovel.

RIDDLES OF THE YEAR.

Why deal with the Stores when you can
your goods, not having the portorage
r, at a lower rate elsewhere?

Why brave the misery of seaside
lodgings when London is at its best in
September?

Why visit country houses when you
can't afford to cripple your income by
giving enormous tips?



Mr. Punch's Chri



mas fancy Ball.





SCENE VI.—A COUNTRY HOUSE PARTY.

Ike is on a visit to a Magnate. "I ain't much of a 'and at pottin' the bloomin' dickey-birds," says Ike, "but I can tip vera song." He is adulated as a man who can "put you into a good thing." A proud but impecunious matron picks him for a son-in-law. She bores him to death.

RIDDLES OF THE YEAR.

<p>WHY people should push to the front to excite the anger and cause the dislike of their equals?</p>	<p>WHY flutter on the Stock Exchange when you can do more good, and risk no more, by supporting bubble companies?</p>	<p>WHY go to a private show where you can't see the pictures, and are tired of seeing the people?</p>
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SCENE VII.—MARGATE JETTY.

"Magnates be 'anged!" says Ike. "Give me ole Margate." So to Margate he goes, and there he meets again his adored Rebecca. "Not one of 'em's a patch on you, Becky. Will yer marry me?" "Of course I will, Ikey!"—And she does.



SCENE VIII.—PARK LANE.

The Apothecosis of Ike. At their brand-new house in Park Lane, Sir Isaac and Lady Levi receive their guests. Royalty smiles upon them, Society swarms into their dazzling halls. They are happy, though harassed. Frizwell, Ike; another charitable cheque for £10,000 may make you a Baronet. Stranger things have happened.



They (with inclinations poetic). "WE ARE GOING TO HEAR A LECTURE ON KEATS."
He (with no inclination in particular). "REALLY—ER—BY THE WAY—WHAT ARE KEATS?"



I.—"THERE'S A RIPPING PLACE FOR A DIP JUST OVER HERE, AND THAT NOTICE WILL PREVENT PEOPLE DISTURBING US."



II.—BUT IT HAD ITS LITTLE DISADVANTAGES!

AT A CHILDREN'S PARTY.

AFTER SUPPER.

The Hostess (returning to the drawing-room to find the centre of the floor occupied by a struggling heap of small boys, surrounded by admiring but mystified sisters). Oh! dear me, what are they doing? I'm so afraid my two boys are being too rough, Mrs. Hornblower.

Mrs. Hornblower (one of a row of complacent matrons). Oh! not at all, dear Mrs. Honeybun, they're having such fun. Your Edwin and Arthur are only trying how many boys they can pile on the top of my Tommy.

Mrs. Honeybun. Is that Tommy underneath? Are you sure he's not getting hurt?

always— Last year we had a conjurer, and it was only when he'd begun that we found out he was helplessly intoxicated.

Mrs. Horn. How disagreeable for you! But this time everything has been quite perfect!

Mrs. Honey. Well, I really think there has been no— Good gracious! I'm sure somebody is being suffocated! Did you hear that?

[From the core of the heap proceeds a sound at which every mother's heart quakes—a smothered cough ending in a long-drawn and ominous "oo-ook."]

Mrs. Horn. Depend upon it, that's whooping-cough! Tommy, come here this minute. (Tommy emerges, crimson and crowing lustily; the mothers collect their offspring in dismay.) Oh! Tommy,

gone). I knew something would happen! I must say it was most inconsiderate of Mrs. Hornblower to bring that wretched little Tommy out and break up the party like this—it's not as if we were really intimate! Still, it was ridiculous of everybody else to hurry off too, as if whooping-cough was anything to be so mortally afraid of! I wasn't in the least myself, as they might have seen. But perhaps it is just as well that Edwin and Arthur had it last winter.

STAR-CUM-MOONSHINE FOR THE MONTH.—Many hard nuts to crack in Brazil about the 22nd or thereabouts. Jupiter visiting Saturn on the 3rd denotes that there will be great uneasiness anent Turkey and mincemeat, and a fall in silver on many counters. People should be cautious about marry-



THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

Tommy (who has passed the Plimsoll mark). "MA!"

Mother. "YES, DEAR?"

Tommy. "MAY I GO AND PUT ON MY JERSEY, INSTEAD OF THIS BEASTLY COAT AN' WAISTCOAT?"

Mrs. Horn. Oh! he thoroughly enjoys a romp. He's made himself perfectly hoarse with laughing. Just listen to him!

Mrs. Honey. What a sturdy little fellow he is! And always in such high spirits!

Mrs. Horn. (confidentially). He hasn't seemed quite the thing for the last day or two, and I was doubting whether it wouldn't be better to keep him at home to-night, but he begged so hard that I really had to give way.

Mrs. Honey. So glad you did! It doesn't seem to have done him any harm.

Mrs. Horn. Quite the contrary. And indeed, he couldn't help being the better for it: you understand so thoroughly how to make children happy, dear Mrs. Honeybun.

Mrs. Honey. It's delightful of you to say so; I try my best, but one can't

Tommy, don't tell me it's you! It—it can't be that, dear Mrs. Honeybun, he's been nowhere where he could possibly—

You naughty boy, you know you are only pretending. Don't let me hear that horrid noise again.

Tommy (injured). But, mummy, really I wasn't—

[He justifies himself by producing a series of whoops with an unmistakably genuine ring.]

Mrs. Horn. I think it's only a rather severe attack of hiccoughs, dear Mrs. Honeybun; but still, perhaps—just to be on the safe side—I'd better—

[She departs in confusion, the crowd on the stairs dividing like Red Sea waves as Tommy proclaims his approach.]

Mrs. Honey. (after the last guest has

ing on the even days of the month, and more cautious during the uneven.

The 28th is a good day for borrowing of your friends, and the 29th for taking your departure (without previous notice) and visiting foreign parts.

When the Moon is at the full, the study of bimetallism will be the cause of loss of reason to many. People should not marry during this month, and the 13th will be a particularly unpropitious day for lending, and generally profitable day for borrowing umbrellas.

Avoid work on the 24th, or any other day when practicable. Cyclists should be careful of their tyres, especially in Battersea Park.



THE GRAND AH POOH BANG LEFT JAPAN THIS MORNING FOR KLONDYKE.



THE DEPUTY GRAND SUB-VIZIER HAS LEFT TURKEY FOR THE GOLD-FIELDS.



KING KOLLY-WOLLY LEFT THIS AFTERNOON FOR KLONDYKE.

Voluntary winding-up of the planetary system until a plan of reconstruction can be effected. This untoward event will cause a great decrease in the number of omnibus passengers between Charing Cross and *Wilton*. *ranus seems to have a personal spite*

against the Sultan of Turkey, who once more is greatly troubled.

The 25th will be a good day for visiting your friends, as they all will be out. On the 27th, people of the names of more than six syllables should beware of wearing wet

boots and catching a chill. The Colonies will prosper, to the huge delight of the Mother Country.

RIDDLES OF THE YEAR.—Why buy bargains in Paris when you can get them cheaper in the Edgware Road?



LIZARD LAND; OR, WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN!

IT IS QUITE POSSIBLE THAT THE GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN GREATLY DIFFERENT. THE METHODS OF PROCEDURE WOULD POSSIBLY HAVE VARIED—HOPPING, FOR INSTANCE, WAS LARGELY RESORTED TO IN THE LOBBIES!



AT THE OPENING MEET.

Fair Bride (from over the water—to her Husband, a great Sportsman). "OH, I RECKON IT'S JUST LOVELY, CHARLES! BUT SAY, ISN'T THERE GOING TO BE A BAND?"



Old Lady (to Photographer). "I DON'T MIND ABOUT A GOOD LIKENESS, YOU KNOW. BUT I MUST HAVE A PRETTY PICTURE!"



"OH, I SAY, THEY'RE GONE FOR A ROPE OR SOMETHING. AWFULLY SORRY, YOU KNOW, I CAN'T COME ANY NEARER, BUT I'LL STAY HERE AND TALK TO YOU."



FAIRY SPORTS.

Designs for Mr. Punch's Goblin Tapestry.
SWIMMING, DIVING, ROWING, SAILING, FISHING.

A SPORTING VIGIL.



HERE is no keener man living, in the world of sport, than Pouncer, "Sport et præterea nihil!" he gaily cries. "It's the only thing worth living for." Pouncer certainly is a wonderful fellow. Does everything well. He tells me so himself; and I believe I am merely stat-

ing well-known facts when I say that no man can stalk a grilse (am not quite sure what a grilse is, but fancy it is a kind of deer), hunt a hound, dynamite a stream for trout, or knock down a pheasant with a stick, on the moors, in finer style than this

gestion that he should tamper with the truth, and assert, in public, that he had killed the extra one. With a lofty scorn, he said that he did not care to imperil his salvation for the sake of one miserable duck.

Now, I myself am not of a sporting turn of mind, and do not profess to know anything about the matter—unless you would call a little "putting" in the back garden sport. But as a singularly clear-headed and astute lawyer—perhaps I ought not to say this of myself, but I do—Pouncer knew, of course, to whom he should apply when in any difficulty or doubt, and just before Christmas, he wrote, imploring me to come down to him at Foxbrush Hall, his place in Sportingshire. "Never mind the fee," ran the letter; "I want you to help me in a serious difficulty." And although, as I have already said, I am a lawyer of some considerable repute (Mr. Curtis-Bennett, the last magistrate I defended a prisoner before, remarked, on the convic-

"From IGNOTUS GREEN BLUFFINGTON, 2, Under-the-Pump Court, Temple, to NIMROD POUNCER, Foxbrush Hall, Sportingshire.

"Yes; will come by six-thirty train to-morrow night."

And with lawyer-like punctuality, I did arrive by the train mentioned. POUNCER had come to meet me, and no sooner were we seated in his high dog-cart, and bowling along over the three miles of road which lay between the railway station and the Hall, than he commenced to unburden his mind to me. "Fact is, my dear Bluffington, I am having a very anxious time of it. My horse, *Golden Fleece*, is favourite for the Grand Christmas Steeplechase at Mudbury. He is going on well in his preparation; no horse could be doing better. But to my horror and amazement, Police-Sergeant Maresnest called on me yesterday and said that—"

"From information received," I broke in, with an astute smile.

"Quite right, my dear fellow; I wonder how you guessed that?" he resumed, in admiring tones. "You must be unnaturally sharp."

"Ah! well, never mind." I smiled again, and it really seemed to inspire poor Pouncer with confidence in my acute powers of intuition. "Go on and finish your story."

"Well, the Sergeant said that, 'from information received,' he had reason to believe that—hush! sh!!" and Pouncer looked mysteriously all around in the deep gloom before uttering another word, though I am sure no one was within half a mile of us; "put your ear closer to me—to believe that an attempt would be made, this very night, to 'nobble' the favourite!—sh!"

"Merciful Powers! you don't say so?" I exclaimed. I am not sure that I quite knew what 'nobble' meant, but did not care to admit this to Pouncer. And I evidently exercised sound judgment in using an astonished and slightly horrified tone of voice in speaking thus.

"The point is, how to prevent it, eh?" he went on.



Pouncer clears the Gate.

"all-round" sportsman. Only last season, he attracted great attention in the hunting-field by a most remarkable performance. His horse galloped up to a gate, and then stopped suddenly just as Pouncer thought he was going to jump it. But even this could not check a really keen man, and Pouncer easily cleared his horse's head and the gate, landing safely on his feet in the field beyond. Very few horsemen would do such a thing as that, I imagine. The M.F.H. exclaimed that he had never seen such a sight in his life. And Pouncer himself never brags about it, never even mentions the subject; a mutual friend told me of the incident. Then Pouncer is a cricketer and golfer; he races, fishes, yachts; and as to his shooting, I have been told (young Chaffaway was my informant) that Pouncer is the identical man who made that extraordinary bag of 999 wild duck in one day; and that, when some ill-natured badinage was flung at him about the number falling just short of the thousand, he indignantly repudiated a sug-

tion of my client, that if all criminals were defended in a similar manner, justice would oftener be done), I was not at the moment overwhelmed with work—fact is, the public don't much care to employ any one who is rather above the average in point of ability; no man likes to feel dwarfed in the presence of his own lawyer—and so I determined to go to Pouncer's aid. Of course, I couldn't leave town without a certain amount of sacrifice of my clients' interests. For instance, I was obliged to go down to Toodleton County Court (13s. 4d.), and get a postponement of an action to recover three and sixpence, in which I had been retained for the plaintiff; and I also had to depute my clerk to defend a client of mine who was charged at the Worship Street Police Court with pewter pot stealing, and—well, I think that was about all. These matters satisfactorily provided for, I wired Pouncer as follows:

* I never saw the fee.



Driving from the Station.



"Golden Fleece."

"Precisely," I answered. But as I didn't quite know what "it" was, I was hardly in a position to advise on the subject. Another man would have admitted his ignorance. Not so the cool and practised lawyer.

Pouncer nodded his head three or four times in silence. Then he said, "Yes; it's to be done—this dastard's deed—with a mallet."

I wondered if they were going to drive nails into the horse or cut pieces out of him with a cold chisel. But I still kept silence, and "sat tight."

"One blow on the hock, and——" Here Pouncer's eyes turned up to Heaven—at least, I think they must have. I know his nose did; but that was chronic.

"Ah!" I repeated, "one blow on the

hock, and—er—as you say—er—why, there you are, you know."

"Yes, there you are," he sighed, whilst I began to crave for something a little more tangible than this before being called on to speak.

"At the dead of night, the villains will make their attempt," resumed Pouncer, who is rather theatrical in manner—he was once a distinguished amateur actor, and has never quite got over it.

Having stayed at Foxbrush Hall once before, I knew the situation of the stables, and remembered that they were directly overlooked by Pouncer's study window, a most cosy little den.

"I have it!" I exclaimed. "Pouncer, we—just you and I, you know—must watch the stables all night. We will sit in your study, make up a cheerful log fire, have the liqueur-stand out, the Apollinaris and the Laranagas, my boy, and then, though perfectly comfortable, we shall be ON GUARD! and let the scoundrels beware. What do you think of that for a scheme?" And I must confess, although I say it who shouldn't, that it did strike me as rather smart.

"I think it's a splendid idea about our keeping guard ourselves, but unluckily we can't do it from the study window with the fire, and the whiskey, and the cigars, as you suggest; for *Golden Fleece* is at John Grumpy's training stables, five miles away, and we shall have to stand about in the cold all night to carry out your idea. Still, we'll do it."

I must admit that I did not feel so eager. I—well, possibly I should not have suggested this plan had I guessed that the watching would have to be done outside. There was a rawness in the air which gave promise of a fall of snow, too. I tried to effect a strategic movement *en retraite*.

"I don't really know why the police shouldn't do the watching, after all, you know, Pouncer," I began.

"By no means," he interrupted, hastily; "by no manner of means, my dear fellow,"

and I saw that the stagey aspect of the scheme had taken hold of his fancy. "We'll dine, and then, cloaked from head to heel, go silently and on foot" (I rather winced at this—hate walking) "to the stables: there, we shall frustrate this villainous plot. The Sergeant is coming up to see me at nine o'clock. I'll get him to send a constable to meet us at the scene of action."

I felt a little dull at dinner that night. Somehow the plan, in its altered form, *e.g.*, minus the study and its comforts, seemed to have lost its attractions for me. Pouncer, however, was brim-full of enthusiasm, and when, at nine precisely, the Sergeant was shown in and asked to take a seat at the table, cart-ropes and wild horses wouldn't have kept my host from going through with the business.

"Help yourself, Sergeant," he said, passing the port. And the Sergeant helped himself! He didn't want any pressing, that man; and when he left to return to his quarters and despatch a constable to our aid, Pouncer gently murmured, "Pretty swallow, homeward fly."

Snow was lightly falling as, hooded and cloaked like the villains in a transpontine melodrama, we started on our long tramp to the training stables. Pouncer, theatrical to the last, had insisted on the advisability of our wearing a disguise, though why we should do anything of the kind I was utterly at a loss to think. He had produced a black wig, a pair of blue goggles, a beard, and a false nose, and to my great



Bluffington and Pouncer disguised.

annoyance, compelled me to assume the latter article.

"But my dear fellow," I began, "I really can not see the use of——" when he interrupted me with

"Now, Bluffington, every one knows your great skill in your own line, the law. Do give me credit for knowing something about theatrical disguises, and when to assume them." And, somewhat mollified by his reference to my well-known legal acumen, I gave way, and put on the false nose, whilst he assumed the wig and beard.

Thus disguised, we silently trudged that awful five miles in the falling snow.

Arriving within fifty yards of the long, low range of stabling, and hard by the trainer's cottage, Pouncer suddenly gripped my arm and whispered—



The Nobbler (as Pouncer imagined him).
"One blow on the hock," &c.



Policeman attacks Bluffington.

"Ha! ha! look at those footprints. You see them?"

I saw them; they were big enough, certainly, and evidently made by a very "useful" foot.

"He has gone right up to the stable door," continued Pouncer. "Depend upon it, it is this man's hand which will be apparent in to-night's work!"

"His foot is, anyhow," I replied.

"We will track him down. But softly—sh! Bluffington, you go first."

"Think so? Now, I should say, you go first, and make the main attack, as it were; meantime, I could be doing splendid work, skirmishing round the rear!"

But even as we spoke, a fleeting moonbeam shot athwart the sky, and revealed to our gaze a dark, lurking figure boldly silhouetted against the white-painted stable. The apparition was so unexpected—and so big—that we both nearly dropped from fri—astonishment. Then the lurking form advanced rapidly on us, and we simultaneously turned to—I mean, we both conceived the idea, curiously enough, at the same moment of time, that we really ought to go to the cottage and apprise the trainer, when, with a sudden spring, the man was upon me. Why he should have given me the preference over Pouncer, I don't know. I could have wished it otherwise, as he caught me by the collar and administered such a severe shaking that all the teeth in my head seemed to rattle again.

"So I've got yer, 'ave I? You're the party as has come to nobble the *Golden Fleas*, 'ave yer?" (Another shake.) "Got a false conk on, too!" (Shake number three.) "Well, you're buckled to rights this journey, and no error."

But just at this moment another fitful gleam of moonlight revealed the mystery. My assailant wore a helmet and shining

black leather pelisse. It was the constable! "Pelisse constable," grinned Pouncer, laughing at his own feeble joke. I did not appear to hear him. It was easy enough for him to cut his jokes, I dare say. He hadn't had half of his teeth loosened by this truculent brute. I had. I accepted the constable's apologies with the best grace I could assume. Then he greatly annoyed me again by bursting out into boorish laughter at my false nose. How I cursed Pouncer for making me wear the ridiculous thing. He himself was rather improved in appearance by the wig and beard he had assumed. Any disguise would be sure to improve a man with a face like Pouncer's.

We took up our position round the corner of the stables to commence our weary vigil, and I will not deny that the presence of the constable's stalwart form had its comforting influence on me. One could not feel quite so lonely when standing next to a man like the Eiffel Tower.

We got colder and colder. The snow fell in intermittent showers, and before long, my feet felt completely frozen; and, speaking for myself, I should have been willing to abandon the enterprise altogether. Pouncer, however, was inexorable, and until I was afflicted with a terrific fit of sneezing, even refused to allow me to remove my false nose.

The hours wore slowly on. It must have been about four in the morning when the constable, in hoarse tones (we were all quite certain of violent colds by that time) remarked that he "could do with a drink." We passed by the observation in silence; it was vulgar and in bad taste. But I took a surreptitious sip now and then at a small pocket-flask I had with me—really too small to offer to the others. My teeth were chattering, and I sneezed at distressingly frequent intervals. No sign of any midnight marauders coming. Oh! why had I ever left the Temple, I asked myself, despairingly, to be frozen to death watch-



The Vigil.

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1898.

ing for villains who never come? Why did I ever suggest this vigil to Pouncer? Why did I— Oh! d—n Pouncer! And I tried again to stamp the blood into my frozen feet, and actually rubbed the tip of my false nose feelingly, my own being so numbed by this time that I couldn't tell the real from the sham.

The clock over the stables had just struck the hour of five, when Pouncer convulsively clutched my cloak. "See, they come," he exclaimed, in deep, tragic tones, and sure enough, our patience was to be rewarded at last, for approaching us through the now thawing snow (it had been a beast of a night!) we could just discern the forms of two men and a boy. They

tension—as I saw the big constable draw his truncheon, and lead the way to the stables.

We were upon them before they had time for any effective resistance—that is, the constable was. Pouncer and I held ourselves in readiness, as a sort of reserve, in the background. The policeman's attack was splendid. With his staff he knocked down the first man on the spot, then he half throttled the second; whilst we, Pouncer and I—as reserves, you understand—advanced upon the boy. Although small, he proved a desperate customer, and it was only after the constable had secured and handcuffed his second man, and come to our assistance, that we

that insufferable idiot, Pouncer, actually turned round in a furious passion, and laid the blame upon me!

The following week, the much-talked-of *Golden Fleece* finished an inglorious last in the Mudbury Grand Christmas Steeplechase. Pouncer has retired from the turf in disgust. John Grumpy and his head lad have brought actions against him to recover heavy damages for assault and battery; whilst the miserable ingrate himself, meeting me in the hall of the Junior International, called me a blithering idiot, before witnesses, and said he had half a mind to kick me down the stairs. Verily, gratitude is an extinct emotion in this world. What I feel to be harder than



"Golden Fleece finished an inglorious last."

spoke no word, and came steadily along to the stables.

"I see it all!" murmured Pouncer. "The boy is to be put through the key-hole—the window I mean. He will then admit the men by the door. Once aboard the lug— Once inside, the deed will be done quickly. But we will frustrate them. Hist! Down with you! Down, man, for your life!"

And he shoved me violently into a squatting posture in the wet snow—most unpleasant position, and wholly unnecessary, as we were round the corner, and quite out of sight—but Pouncer always was so fond of stage effect.

We gave them about two minutes in which to effect an entrance. I turned my head and took just one last sip of the flask, and then—well, I am free to confess that I gave a great gulp, not exactly from nervousness, you know, but a great swallow, indicating tension—yes, that's the word,

succeeded in making the capture. Unfortunately, the little ruffian had inflicted considerable injury upon us before accepting defeat, and Pouncer had received a severe blow in the region of the lower chest, whilst I was suffering from the effects of a kick somewhere at the back of me. A light was quickly struck, and the whole scene revealed to us.

I am bound to say that anything more painful and humiliating I have never witnessed before or since.

We had knocked down, captured, handcuffed, or otherwise maltreated, not the nefarious-minded "nobblers" for whom we had been watching, but Pouncer's eminently respectable trainer, Mr. John Grumpy, his head lad, and the boy in attendance on *Golden Fleece*, all of whom had just entered the stable in pursuance of their ordinary early morning avocations. As the lately-contending parties gazed blankly and breathlessly at each other,

anything—except perhaps that horrid little stable-boy's boot—is that Pouncer, with these two actions on hand, has gone to another lawyer, and left me in the lurch.

STAR-CUM-MOONSHINE FOR DECEMBER.—At the time of the New Moon, Jupiter will be triumphant, in spite of the efforts of Scorpio to cause trouble. Good fortune to the Sultan of Turkey and the Junior Common Law Judge, both of whom will receive congratulations of a pleasing character. The 25th will be a great day for holly and mistletoe. Boxing Day, 26th, generally lucky to tradesmen, officials, servants, and others. The weather will not disappoint expectations. Astrological (and universal) motto for the month, "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all of us."

RIDDLES OF THE YEAR.—Why travel abroad when you are happier at home?



FAIRY SPORTS.

Designs for Mr. Punch's Goblin Tapestry.

SKATING, CYCLING, BOXING, FENCING, CRICKET, GOLF FOOTBALL, LAWN-TENNIS, BILLIARDS,



OF CORSETS—A FACT!

[A paper read before the British Association at Bath in praise of corsets declared that "reasonably tight" lacing increased mental and physical activity, by causing a more liberal supply of blood to the brain, muscles and nerves.]

LONG vainly have reformers tried
To stem the force of ladies' wills,
And long indignantly decried
Tight-lacing as the worst of ills.

Yet nothing stayed the use of stays;
Till now at length in their excuse
Benignant science smiles, and says
That folly lies in their abuse.

IMMORTAL WILLIAM, meaning SHAKESPEARE, hath ever some line appropriate to any modern instance. On Thursday last, at the Mansion House, a policeman described a harmless, but temporarily eccentric prisoner, as "a donkey-man on board the ship lying in Tilbury docks." So he was "writ down an ass." He had been guilty only of a "freak," just to show how easily a "donkey-man" could make an ass of himself.

THE BULL AND THE BEAR.

(A Stock Exchange Tale of Two Brothers.)

ONCE upon a time (according to the *City Press*), there were two sons of the same



parents who entered into partnership as stock-brokers. As partners they transacted business on the same lines. But when the compact was over, they specu-

lated privately on their own account. And one went for the rise and the other for the fall, and both employed the same broker. They were obstinate, and held on until one of them extracted a very considerable sum from his near relative. Thus the story ends so far as our contemporary is concerned. It would have been interesting to know whether the unsuccessful speculator subsequently sought the assistance of his uncle, or merely relied upon the appeal, "Am I not a man and a brother?"

MELODIES AND AIRS.—Now that the Winter has begun, judicious concert-goers have got out their fur caps, fur coats, fur rugs, woollen comforters, foot-warmers, and other necessities. Provided with these, it is often possible to spend an hour comfortably in an ordinary concert hall. It is rumoured that an enterprising inventor is about to produce a Patent Draught-proof Shelter, something like a gigantic glass extinguisher, each shelter to cover one person in the audience. The air for the lungs, and the air for the ears, would be admitted through a small tube warmed by hot water.



THE IMPERIAL "CRUMMLES."

German Emperor (Manager-Actor, reading aloud). "'CHRISTMAS PRESENTS TO THE YOUNG PRINCES,' 'CHASED SABRES,' 'MOTTO ENGRAVED ON FACE OF SWORD.' DEAR ME! I WONDER HOW THESE THINGS GET INTO THE PAPERS!"

[“Mr. Crummles remarked ‘that he could not for the life of him imagine how the newspapers found out the things they did.’ ‘I can’t think who puts these things in. I didn’t.’”—*Nicholas Nickleby.*]



Irate Non-sporting Farmer. "HI! YOU THERE! WHAT THE DUCE DO YOU MEAN BY RIDING OVER MY WHEAT?"
'Arry. "'ERE, I SAY! WHAT ARE YER GIVIN' US? WHEAT! WHY, IT'S ONLY BLOOMIN' MUD!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

My Baronitess draws my attention to *The Army A B C* and *The Naval A B C* (DEAN AND SON), in dashing display of colour by R. SIMKIN. Quite appropriate that the representatives of the clergy, as "DEAN AND SON" may be taken to be, should show their appreciation of the Army and the Navy. And the never-out-of-date *Nursery Rhymes* make a fresh appearance in new tunes set by R. M. HARVEY.

A Book of Surprises (C. ARTHUR PEARSON, Limited), and *Jumbles*, the latter written and illustrated by LEWIS BAUMER. No connection to the sweet cake of toothsome charm, but they are quite as good and crisp, and will be enjoyed by every child, delighting in a New Year's giftbook, who has a properly-constituted sense for the fun of quaintness.

It is no use crying over spilt blood on the North-West frontier of India, though, alack! by reason of it the Christmas bells, whose echoes still vibrate, rang with muffled peel through many English homes. But if when we get out of this sad business, have buried our dead, and paid our bill of costs, there is any recrudescence of desire to achieve what in curiously identical circumstances Lord WELLESLEY sixty years ago described as "the folly of occupying a land of rocks, sand, desert, and snow," it is well to know that there is at hand a wholesome corrective. Had whomsoever is responsible for events that led up to this latest war, had at hand Sir JOHN ADYE's *Historical Sketch of Indian Frontier Policy* (SMITH, ELDER), he (or they) would, my Baronite charitably believes, have halted before the fatal conclusion. General ADYE writes with the authority of a man who has known India for half a century, has fought for it, and has helped to govern it. But he does not dogmatise. He is content to set forth in simplest form the history and results of earlier developments of "forward policy" in India, beginning with the invasion of Afghanistan that ended in the memorable retreat through the Khyber Pass in 1842. All these adventures have proved disastrous, the darkness of defeat being illumined only by the brilliancy of the courage of the beleaguered British troops. Each one has been condemned in advance by authorities such as the Duke of WELLINGTON, Mr. ELPHINSTONE, Sir JOHN KEANE, Sir ALEXANDER BURNES, and, though this will seem strange, Lord LYTTON. Not the least stern critic of the Government of to-day is the

statesman who in 1881, defending the decision to retire from Candahar, said; "The moral defect of a scrupulous adherence to declarations which have been made, and a striking and convincing proof given to the people and princes of India that the British Government have no desire for further annexation of territory could not fail to produce a most salutary effect in removing the apprehensions and strengthening the attachment of our native allies throughout India and on our frontiers." This prophetic commentary on the Chitral policy, which the Duke of DEVONSHIRE in common with his colleagues approved, was offered by Lord HARTINGTON.
THE BARON DE B.-W.

HOW TO KEEP A DIARY.

(By a Correspondent with Good Intentions.)

January 1, 1898.—Now, I propose writing a full account of my life day by day. It should be interesting if I speak of those I meet, the places I see, the theatres I visit. Now and again I must consider my own conduct, giving, from time to time, a self-analysis. This should be useful to me in years to come, when this then well-filled tome will be a record of my every thought, my every action. I have often made up my mind to keep such a diary, and I seize the occasion of the glad New Year to commence it. But of one thing I must be sure—regularity. I hope never to be guilty of omission. As each period of twenty-four hours becomes completed, I will jot down the events just passed. By this means I shall keep in touch with the world, and this volume will be valued as a contemporary description of our present times. And so I close my first entry, with the determination of returning to this book every night until the three hundred and sixty-five shall have been completed.

December 31, 1898.—Taken up this book for the second time in the year, just drawing to a close. Don't seem to have quite carried out my intention. Well, better luck in 1899!

A SURE RECIPE FOR NIGHTMARE.—Give a supper-party to all the "Freaks" at BARNUM'S SHOW. This is sufficient. It is not necessary to join them in swallowing needles, fire, swords, or watches.



SHOCKING DOMESTIC INCIDENT.

Father { Duet { "BABY SAY DAD! (Encouragingly.) D—D—D—"
 Mother { "BABY SAY MAM! (Encouragingly.) MAM—MAM—"
 Baby. "D—D—DAM!"

LOWER BOYS' CONFERENCE.

THE first of these assemblies, which are to form a recurring feature of the Christmas Holidays, met yesterday; Mr. J-N-S Septimus, of Giggleswick, occupied the chair. Numerous letters were read expressing regret for non-attendance; the chief reasons assigned being the exigencies of the pantomime season, and the claims of dyspepsia consequent upon Christmas conviviality.

The Chairman in brief but effective terms explained the objects of the meeting. It had been summoned for the purpose of considering the resolutions discussed at the late Head Masters' Conference, or, more correctly, at the late Conference of Head Masters; and for other purposes. Those who had followed the history of the Engineers' Dispute—he could not accurately say that he himself had taken an absorbing interest in it—must have observed that the Employers had rotted the Trades' Union by forming an amalgamation "on their own." By the Rule of Three (*groans*) it could be shown that as the Employer was to the Workman so the Boy was to the so-called Master. He (the Boy) employed him (the Master): and actually went so far as to pay him—though perhaps indirectly—a very handsome wage for work done, or even left undone. It was unnecessary to ask such an intelligent assembly as he saw before him, not to be deceived by that abuse of language by which, in academical terminology, the employee proper took upon himself the misleading title of "Master." To avoid confusion, however, it would be convenient if gentlemen, when referring to that class of individual, would employ the recognised expression, "*Brusher*." ("*Hear, hear!*") He would remind his fellow-employers that the only sure way of improving their position was to combine, on the four three-quarter-back system, against the banded tyranny of those who were, strictly speaking, their slaves. At the same time it was not his, the Chairman's, wish, by insisting too irreconcilably on their natural rights, to drive education over to Germany, and other impossible foreign parts. "*Live and let live*" should be

the motto that animated their reforms; and he therefore begged to invite any suggestions that might make for compromise. The athletic gentleman here resumed the chair amid hearty cat-calls.

The first resolution was moved by Mr. BR-WN Quintus of Cheltenham in the following form: "That in the opinion of this Conference there is a growing tendency, much to be deplored, in the direction of devoting too much time to study, to the neglect of the more urgent claims of athletics." He felt sure that he voiced the opinion of all present when he said ("*Hear, hear!*") that study was an excellent thing ("*No, no!*"). If fellows would allow him to complete his sentence by the addition, well-known in analysis, of a definitive adverbial clause ("*Shop!*"), he was about to say that study was an excellent thing in the opinion of their venerated parents. ("*Shame!*") But there were limits; and what was good, in the opinion of the aforesaid, who were probably never young themselves, might be carried, and *was* carried, to unnatural excess. Study, he considered, was intended as a healthy sedative to be administered in the intervals of serious athletic pursuits. One could not play all day; one must eat, for instance (*loud cheers*); and in addition to the intervals for refreshment both at, and between, meals, there were moments when tired Nature demanded a contrast which should give an added zest to their habitual occupation. At such moments he thought that a French verb or two (not of course the irregular ones), or a touch of Euclid (though he disapproved on principle of the fifth proposition of the first book) might be found rather entertaining than otherwise. ("*Question!*") But to suppose, as was the tendency with modern Brushers, that work was the sole object of their existence, in fact, if he might so say, their single *raison d'être*, was to fly in the face of all the best traditions; in other words, it was skittles. At this point the speaker sat down hard upon his silk-hat, to the marked approval of his immediate neighbours.

Amid loud calls for *Sixth Secundus*, of Rugby, that gentleman, whose burly stature presented all the indications of ap-

proaching superannuation, rose to second the resolution. It had long been his rooted opinion that just as certain chaps of weakly constitution (smugs, in fact) were excused from Big Side on the ground of supposed infirmity, so there ought to be doctors' certificates allowing a fellow like himself, who suffered from a chronic indisposition in regard to literary effort, to be excused from unhealthy confinement in a class-room. He wished he could remember two other strong points which he had worked out before coming down to the House: but anyhow, he would second the resolution; rather. It was then put from the chair, and carried with appalling unanimity.

Encouraged by the pressure of a pointed instrument, Mr. R-B-N-S-N Minor, of Haileybury, rose to move the next resolution, which was couched in terms of great conciseness: "That Latin Verse is rot." It was not always, he said, that he found himself in agreement with his own, or any other, Head Brusher. (*Loud applause.*) But he was honestly glad to admit that old L-T-L-T-N had had the pluck to ventilate this offensive nuisance. Poets were born and not made. If they would pardon the expression he would like to say, *Poeta nascit, non fitur.* (*A voice—"Good old Bobbles!"*) Now he did not happen to be born that way, and he was glad to think that he was not likely to be made either. Speaking for himself as one who hoped eventually, with luck, to be a brewer, he did not see the direct utility of verse-composition in a deceased language. BALBUS and CÆSAR and those Johnnies were bad enough, but when it came to making elegies like OVID with a Gradus it was simply footling. (*Applause.*) If you must have poetry, what you got at the Music Halls was good enough for him.

[*Loud cheers, with chorus of "Soldiers of the Queen," during which the speaker sat down with circumspection.*]

Mr. S-M-P-K-N-S Minimus (provenance unknown), in supporting the resolution "That Latin Verse is rot," said that the mention of Music Halls reminded him of something that was on his chest. He had often felt that it would be a salutary change, if instead of dull people coming down from time to time to lecture to them on Africa and Mars and those things, an invitation was given to Mr. DAN LENO and similar artists to give them now and then an entertainment combining elevation with amusement. (*Uproarious applause.*) He hoped he was not wandering from the subject. ("No, no!") The learned gentleman concluded by quoting in contemptuous tones the first half of the opening line of the *Æneid*.

The Chairman here said that a pressing engagement to tea, followed by a Barnum-and-Bailey, compelled him to adjourn the meeting. On the morrow they would discuss the following proposals:—

That means should be adopted for keeping a closer supervision over the Junior Brushers in their hours of leisure.

That in all circumstances in which hitherto the relation of Boy and Brusher had been an individual relation, as in the employment of the rod, cane, or birch, the right of combination among Boys for the protection of their interests be recognised.

That facilities for over-time in bed be extended.

A cordial interchange of orange-peel then terminated the proceedings.

TO THE GIANTESS AT OLYMPIA.

MISS LEAH MAY, these humble lines I venture to address to you
Should evidently be, like you, exceptionally long.
I'm short, and like all little men, I willingly confess to you,
I choose a tallish woman as the subject of a song.

Yet hitherto I've been content with girls you would look down upon,

And worshipped maidens measuring a mere six feet or so,
But now your stately head I place a metaphoric crown upon;
You are the finest woman I can ever hope to know.

Your limbs—I use the quite genteel expression of America—
So very long, exalt your waist above my lowly head;
Your skirt, two yards in length, suggests to followers of
HERRICK a

New poem, not on JULIA, but you, LEAH, instead.

However, I am puzzled what amusement I can offer you.

A little stroll,—I could not walk on stilts I am afraid.
To drive you in a dog-cart would divert each passing scoffer; you
Could ride no safety-cycle, not the highest ever made.

Perhaps you dance? For that I have a very great proclivity.

Let's go to Covent Garden, in appropriate disguise;
You personate America, the land of your nativity,
And I will go as Cuba, just proportionate in size.



TRAIN UP A CHILD, &c.

Mrs. Hunt (a popular and prosperous pauper). "Now, ALBERT, WHAT 'LL YER SY, WHEN I TIEK YER INTO THE KIND LIDY'S DRORIN'-ROOM?"

Albert (a proficient pupil). "OH! ALL RIGHT, I KNOW—PUT ON BEAUTIFUL LORST LOOK, AND SY, 'OH! MUUVYER, IS THIS 'EAVEN?'"

THE TERROR BY NIGHT.

(A counterblast by a Light Sleeper, with apologies to Robert Browning.)

[According to the *Daily Telegraph* of December 31, an American reformer is reported to have drafted a "bill for the summary suppression of snoring in sleeping-cars and other public places," which will shortly be laid before the Legislature of Kansas, and stands a good chance of becoming law.]

OH, to be in Kansas,
When that law is there,
And whoever sleeps in Kansas
Wakes next morning, unaware,
Having slept, like a dormouse, round the clock,
Unroused, undisturbed by the stert'rous shock
Of the searching snore that they'll not allow
In Kansas, now!

I'd rhyme in thankful rapt'rous stanzas
If the world would follow the lead of Kansas!
Hark where all night resounds a trumpet-nose
Of some fell snorer, open-mouthed, in clover,
In sleeping-car, hotel, where'er one goes—
That's the bug-bear, who snorts each snort twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
Yes, such nocturnes are breaches of the peace—
Would that the law might let such terrors cease,
By making snorers all together snore,
Each waking each, until they sleep no more!

Germany and Russia (to China). Tea and turn out? No, thank you. We both prefer to take a little Chinese port, and consider that it will be all the better for keeping.



MITIGATING CIRCUMSTANCES.

Sangazur, Senior. "LOOK HERE, WHAT'S ALL THIS NONSENSE I HEAR ABOUT YOUR WANTING TO MARRY AN ACTRESS?"

Sangazur, Junior. "IT'S QUITE TRUE, SIR. BUT—ER—YOU CAN HAVE NO CONCEPTION HOW VERY POORLY SHE ACTS!"

NOT QUITE THE JOURNALIST.

(An Intercepted Letter.)

January 1, 1898.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,—You say that you have determined to give up the attempt of entering the Service—firstly, "because you are not up to the examination," and secondly, "because you don't know what on earth you would do if there were war." Then you add, you don't care for the Law, are not fit for the Church, hate medicine, and are "too great a duffer for play-acting." So, having come to these conclusions, you ask me if there is an opening in Fleet Street. Can you write for the Press?

You appear to have arrived at the conclusion that, as you seem to be good for nothing else, perhaps you may be intended for the newspapers. You declare you cannot write, know nothing about grammar, and believe your spelling to be something awful—a word you prefer to spell "orfe." And having told me all this, you ask my opinion as to your capability for becoming a journalist.

Well, my dear nephew, to be frank with you, I cannot conscientiously say that your accomplishments are quite up to the standard of the calling. I would speak of the labour as "profession" if I were not writing by the card. A journalist should

be a scholar, and, as the exercise of discrimination has to come into play, a gentleman. He will be none the worse for having had a Public School and University Education; and perhaps a trifle the better for being in a position to feel that his ancestors have been scholars and gentlemen before him. So you see that after all it is not everyone who can boast of being a journalist in the best sense of a sometimes misused word. But when I have said this, I think I can find an opening for you. But mind you, I question whether my proposal is exactly journalism.

Now what I would suggest is simply this. If you cannot write yourself, get some one to write for you. You can become an interviewer. Your opening matter can be in common form. Short account of the exterior of the house, the hall and the study. Then let your subject supply the rest of the article. Take down what he says, and send him the proof to correct. But if you find this too much trouble, you can lithograph a letter asking some eminent individual what he thinks of this, that and t'other. If you have a copy of that excellent publication, *Who's Who*, beside you—as you should—all you will have to do is to select from its biographical pages a suitable number of appropriate personages, and bombard them with your circulars. By this means, you will be able to let an expectant public know what the Premier thinks about golf, where the Lord Chancellor goes for his midsummer holidays, and whether the Archbishop of Canterbury considers mince pies less indigestible than plum-pudding.

If you adopt my suggestion, no doubt you will be able to obtain a livelihood, but you must clearly understand that I cannot guarantee you the right to call yourself a journalist. With the best wishes of the season,

Your affectionate uncle,

A. PENN DRIVER.

Butterfly Gardens, Bohemia.

CHARMING CINDERELLA.

THAT accomplished composer and experienced manager, Mr. OSCAR BARRETT is to be congratulated upon a really excellent pantomime. Music, dancing, and scenery are all capital, and the company engaged is of unlimited merit. Such a company, when it winds up—probably after Easter—will wind up with a blaze of triumph. NICHOLLS, LE HAY, KAYE, GRACE DUDLEY, CICELY RICHARDS, and KATE PHILLIPS are all names to conjure with. The magic of the *dramatis personæ* has led to enchantment. *Cinderella* appears in several London theatres this season, and the public seem to have taken to the game of hunting her slipper. The many-headed will find the crystal shoe and its splendid accessories, animate and inanimate, in absolute perfection at the Garrick.

SAID SAMUEL LEWIS,

My case that of few is,

For now SPENDER CLAY

Has got scot-free away,

And, long ago, NEVILL

Has gone to the—to the Continent.

One for the New Woman.

Q. Why is it that so many of the minor criminal offences may be described as feminine?

A. Because they are invariably mis(s)-demeanours.



ANOTHER "SICK MAN."

THE SULTAN (*cheerily*). "GOING TO PIECES, OLD MAN? NONSENSE! ALL YOU WANT IS A DOSE OF 'CONCERT OF EUROPE!' WHY—LOOK AT ME!!"



POUNDED.

Young Shaver. "NOW THEN, MATER, SHOVE HIM AT IT, AND MAKE US A HOLE. 'WHERE THE CAT CAN GET THROUGH, THE KITTEN CAN FOLLOW,' YOU KNOW!"

A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.

PART II.

Thursday night.—Have got over interview and explanation with Mrs. B. about the third boy. It is a nuisance, but I suppose we can't help ourselves now. Suggest they should retire to their rooms and wash hands, and get tidy for dinner. "Oh! that don't matter," says TOMMY, cheerily, "blow washing—it's such rot!" Am mildly insistent, however, on this point, and away they go upstairs, whooping and yelling like so many Sioux Indians. Ten minutes later, they descend, like an avalanche, into hall, sliding down bannisters, one after the other, and landing with a crash into hat-stand, knocking it over, and bringing down whip-rack with it. We go in to dinner, Boots sweeping down Chinese idol—a pet possession of mine—as he enters room. Except for Max trying to give Pincher spoonful of soup, which missed the dog but went over Turkey carpet, things are fairly quiet till dessert, when TOMMY essays an olive and hurriedly retires from room to get rid of it. Boots eats enormous quantities of preserved fruit, and shortly after relapses into moody silence, looking rather pallid. Dinner over, MAX says he "would like to do a smoke," but this I sternly forbid. He then strolls round room, picking up all the quaint china pieces, and keeping me in perfect fever of anxiety; whilst TOMMY teases my pet Persian cat until, with a wild "Mol-row!" she bolts for door, upsetting fern-stand and smashing small Sevres cup and

saucer in her rapid flight. TOMMY looks quite surprised, and remarks that he is "blowed" if he didn't think she liked it. At 9.30, venture to hint that it is time all good little boys were in bed. Boots at once rises, and (paler than ever) slinks quietly away. TOMMY and MAX both protest that when at home they always sit up till ten. Sigh resignedly, and wait another half-hour. At ten, say, "If you'll go to bed quietly now, we'll ferret the banks to-morrow, and you shall have some rabbiting." "Hooray!" Ear-splitting sound, which brings Mrs. B. in from housekeeper's room. I apologise for them; say "Boys will be boys." "Boys will be men," she retorts, "and they ought to behave themselves according." TOMMY, I regret to say, puts his thumb to his nose as she closes the door behind her. Get them off to bed at last. Thank goodness! Now for quiet cigar and just—"Please, Sir, the young gentleman who went up to bed first is groaning terrible, and says he's going to die, and would like to send a last message to his grandmamma (who, he thinks, has never treated him well), if you'd be kind enough to go upstairs and see him." Put down cigar and visit sufferer. Find him sea-green colour, and wonder what on earth I'm to do. Tells me, between heart-rending groans, that he is suffering severely in the lower chest. Luckily, our doctor lives only half a mile away, so send my man for him at once. Doctor arrives, sees patient, then comes to my room. "Greedy little beast—overeaten himself—he all right in morning." Doctor accepts cigar,

and tells me gleefully of singularly horrible operation, which was "completely successful, my dear Sir; patient died, it's true, but from *our* point of view, nothing could have been more satisfactory." To bed at last, wearied and oppressed by vague sense of responsibility.

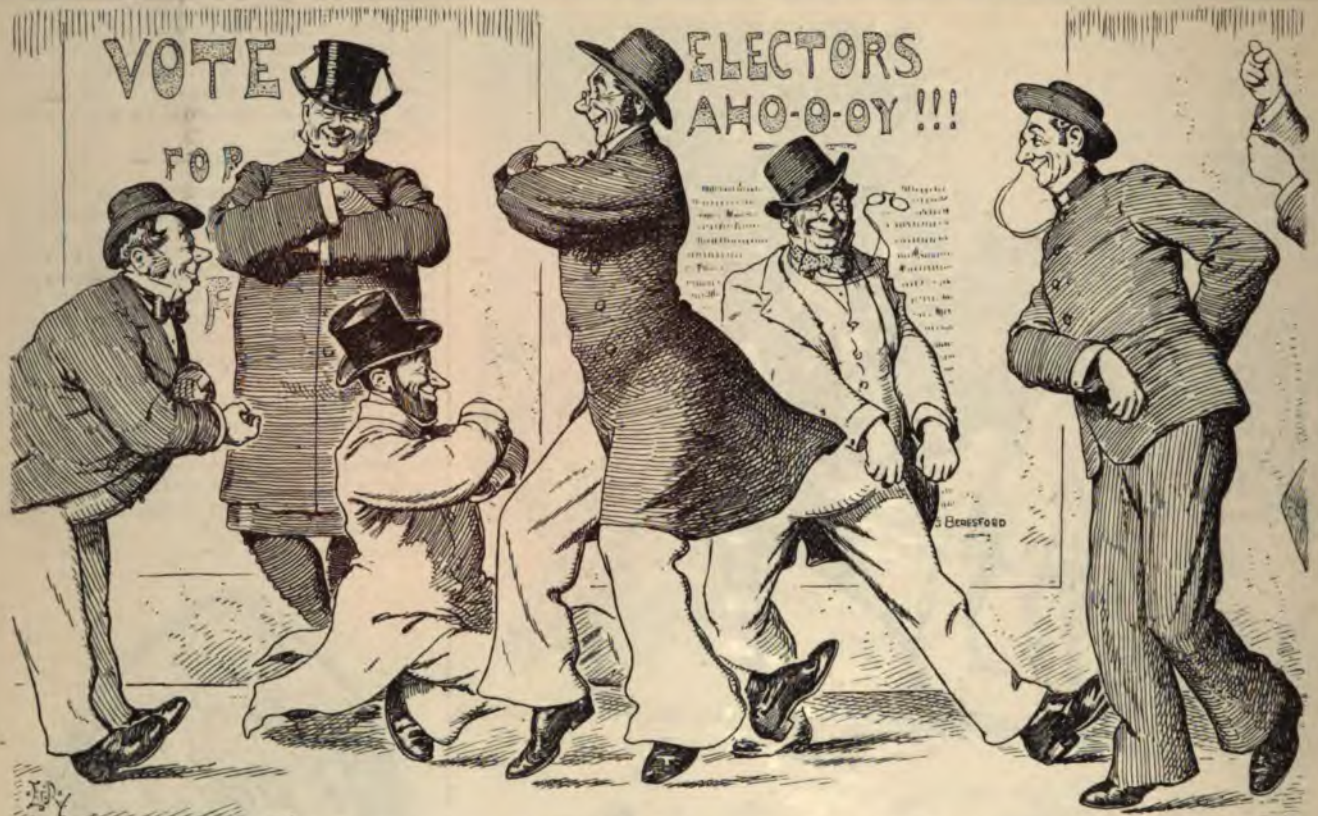
PROVINCIAL PATRIOTISM AND ART.—Brighton and Southend, to commemorate the Jubilee, have erected statues of the QUEEN. In honour of this exclusively British celebration, these enlightened towns, having heard the name of Mr. MICHAEL ANGELO, obtained their statues from Italy. They would not employ mere Englishmen. Captious critics complain that the statues do not appear to have been executed by MICHAEL ANGELO. But Brighton and Southend are quite satisfied. They know that the jobs were executed by the present firm, which carries on the large business of Messrs. ANGELO, DONATELLO, GHIRBERTI & Co., most of the members of the old firm being dead.



RATIONAL STAINED-GLASS.

Design (late Plantagenet Period) for the Malwood Temperance Hall, Derby.

[As suggested by Professor Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A., who recently protested (see *Punch*, No. 2947, page 310) against "the markish, effeminate, weak faces so often pictured in stained-glass windows."]



REMARKABLE EFFECT OF A NAUTICAL CANDIDATE ON AN ORDINARILY STAID COMMUNITY!

["The infectious high spirits and the jovial 'salt-water' style of Lord CHARLES BERESFORD cannot fail to take effect upon his supporters."—Daily Paper.]

LUDWIG IN LONDON.

JOURNEY TOWARDS THE HEADTOWN.

To the Over-Newspapers-Direktor and General-Statecouncillor, Mister Punch, Highwellborn, at London.

HIGHWELLBORN MISTER,—I have the englisch Spiech in the Skul learnt. I kan she even so gud as the most Germans, who she only in the Skul studirt have. Unluckilywise have i till nau no Opportunity had, she to reit and to spiek. But now endly kom i towards London, over Brüssel and Calais, and in very short Time shall i as one Englandman spiek. The Outspiek—*Ausprache*—is hard, the Orthographie is yet harder, but the Grammatick is very light. The Germans are mutsch cleverer than the Englandmans, and lern the outlandisch Spiechs very rasch. I reit now seemly—*ziemlich*—gud, but later shall You one grate Bettering observe.

On the from Calais towards Dover koming Dampship see i to first Your Land. It rain. I see astounded the little Haven, and the yet littler not so grate as in Calais Quay of Dover, at. What for one despicable Town! Even so rasch as possibly step i the Gang up, and haste after the Train. There kom one Mann to me towards and ask, "Witch Station?" "London," answer i. *Er wiederholt*, "Witch Station?" *Ach so! Es giebt viele Bahnhöfe, wie in Berlin. Aber welcher? Central Bahnhof natürlich.* I say also, "Central Railstation?" "Central Railway not finished yet." "Wie? Also London." "London Britsch?" say he. "Yes well," answer i. "Go to Kannonstriet." "No," say i, "London." "Then change at Dovern Station." Change, what is that? I search in mine Wordbook. *Ach so, aussteigen.* I step in the Train up. The Waggon of the first Class is very little, but he go not very far.

I am thirsty, i will one Glas Bier drink. I call one Knave, *Knaben*—*ach nein*, Boy—who *etwas* to drink sell, at, "What for Bier hast thou?" "No Bier, Maunsiah," answer he, "Kuppati." "Ich bin kein Franzoser, I am no French," call i, "i know not what is one Kuppati, i will one Glas Bier drink. Hast thou no Münchener, no Pilsener?" "Dunnoam," say he, "no Bier, Tea." *Thee! Ach, Donnerwetter! Natürlich! In England trinkt man immer Thee. Wie schrecklich! Bier trinke ich so gern, aber Thee!* That kan i not. What for one Land! *Kein Land! If i only nau in Berlin, in the Café Bauer, were!*

Nau go the Train. Too Minutes later halt he. What is that? "Dover Town." Hier must i outstep. *Ach, ich will ein Schinkenbrot in der Restauration essen. Ja, ja, ja! I see one Iepäckträger, and i call tootime, zweimal, "Packagecarrier!" Endly kom he, and then say i, "Where is the Restauration?" "The wot?" ask he. "The Restauration." "There is the Restauration," say one hier to koming Mister, "of the old Church in he Castle, there is none hier, no Bilder doing anything." "Bilder," answer i, "i require no Pictures, i wish only one Ham-bread, but i shall not just to the Restauration in the Schloss upstep. Gives it no Hambreads hier? *Etwas zu essen, to eat.*" "Ah, to eat," say the Mister, "the Refreshmentroom is there." haste therein. It is a *Buffett*. I search in mein Wordbook, and i say to the *Kellnerin*, the *Buffettfräulein*, "Beg, one Sandwich." She bring ein Stückchen, one small morsel. Bread with Jam. I search yet again and I say, "No, thank. Beg, one Sausage." She say, "We have no Sausages." *Himmel! What for one land! No Schinkenbrot! No Sausage! Aber ich muss etwas essen.* Endly eat i one little Sandwich. Then say the Miss, "Will you have some Bier?" "Bier," call i, "How? Kan man hier Bier and not Tea drink?" "Yes," answer she. Even so rasch as possibly drink i one Glas Bier. *Oh, wie gut! One second Glas. Ach, wie gut! Then eat i one Dozen, or more, of the little Sandwichs. Nicht so gut.* And then yet one Glas Bier. The englisch Glas, as the englisch Sandwich, is very little. So drink i yet nineteen Glas. *Ach, wie himmlisch! The Buffettfräulein is astounded. Warum? Then sit i in the Waitsaloon, in order this Letter to reit. The englisch Bier is gud. I am sleepy.**

I have the Honour me of Your Affectionateness best to saygoodbye, and remain with completest Highattention.

Your Highwellborn's obedientest

LUDWIG.

"LIMBS."—The prim people of the United States never use the word "leg." Naturally they have been interested, at BARNUM'S Show, in the limbless man whose feet are joined to his body. He seems very cheerful and pleasant. Perhaps he thinks what an excellent type of man evolution might produce. His legs could not be mentioned even by the coarsest Britisher.

A "LUSUS NATURE."—A fly-man.

ADVICE GRATIS.

MY DEAR ETHEL,—You complain, I understand, that in my last letter I failed to obey your wishes by sending you notes on "what is worn" in town just now. A modest distrust of my own powers must be my excuse. Frankly, it is extremely difficult for a man (and a bachelor at that) to enter lightly into the mysteries of costume; it seems to him that a lifetime of study could scarce fit him to deal with a subject so difficult in itself, so abstruse in its technical terms. However, you repeat your request with such insistence that I dare not shirk the task again. Perhaps from the bald prose of my description you will be able to evolve the poetry of a fashionable costume, wherewith, I take it, you intend to dazzle your villagers at Puddleton at the commencement of the New Year. In any case, you will do me the justice to recollect that nothing short of your imperious bidding could have induced me to undertake the task, and that none can be more deeply conscious of my deficiencies as a fashion-writer than myself. How gladly would I have made this letter a joy to you and your numerous girl-friends, how gladly would I have garnished it with such words, full of occult delight, as "*guipure*," and "*passementerie*," and "*poult de soie*," did not my unhappy ignorance prevent me from knowing what they mean!

However, I must delay no longer; without further excuse, and merely begging you to pardon any blunders more than usually gross, I will write out my notes, collected during a few walks in the fashionable part of London.

Let us begin at the top, with the all important hat. If you wish for one quite in the latest mode, this appears to be the recipe. Buy a hat several sizes too large for you. Adorn it with ribbons of the most flaring hue, scarlet and magenta, for choice. Put it on in the ordinary way. Then ask a friend to strike a severe blow on one side of the brim. The result, naturally, will be that the hat will assume a position on the side of your head; the greater the angle the better. Your "head gear," as I notice some of the milliners are beginning to call it, will then be fashionable beyond reproach.

The top part of the dress (which is called the "body," isn't it?) now mostly worn is indeed remarkable. Also, it must be convenient, because it doesn't matter how you put it on, as the back is exactly the same as the front, and there is a kind of ruf below the waist, which sticks out stiffly all the way round. Both in front and behind the thing should be made with four times as much material as is sufficient; underneath you should be able to conceal, let us say, a fair-sized sewing-machine without detection. The result, I have just remembered, is called a "Russian blouse," and for pure, undiluted hideousness it defies all rivals.

I can't say much about the skirt, except that, of course, you'll be careful to choose a colour for it that clashes as violently as possible with the rest of the costume. It should be lined with bright red, and in this muddy weather you can legitimately prevent the public from being ignorant that the red lining is there. But it were idle to offer you or any woman instruction on that point.

It will add greatly to the effect if you tie your muff on to you with a chain, plenty



THE FESTIVE SEASON.

Brown. } "WHAT THE DOOCE ARE YOU PLAYIN' AT?"
Jones. }

fully bejewelled with imitation gems. Nothing, in fact, could be in better taste. But as an alternative, you may wear a collar-chain of gold, which will hang down gracefully, and terminate, somewhere near your feet, in a golden heart about the size of a sardine-tin.

I trust that these few hints will suffice for the present. Of course, as you say, it is most important to you to know of all the latest fashions at Puddleton, where, so you put it, you are buried alive. It is good of you to hope that I shall be able to come to you, as your mother kindly suggests, early in the New Year. About that, I confess, I have some doubt. For, when I hear that you have arrayed yourself in a costume of the most fashionable kind, when you have adopted the tilted hat, and the Russian blouse, and the sham jewellery and the rest of it—then, my dear ETHEL, I shall hastily conclude that I have an engagement which will prevent me from coming to Puddleton. Yours most sincerely,

THOMAS.

TO AN EXALTED PERSONAGE.

YOUR notion is all very fine,
O WILLIAM, who's second to none!
To succour the Christian divine
Is right, and it ought to be done.

The cynic who's captious may sneer,
O WILLIAM, who's one of the best!
It's not for the priests that you fear,
You're hoping to feather your nest.

"THE FORUM of AUGUSTUS is the cats' home of Rome," said the *St. James's Gazette*. Surely the catacombs would be the more appropriate locality. And, *à propos*, as WHITTINGTON would have been nobody without his cat, so one of the noblest Romans of them all would have been a mere anybody, an *ullus*, but for the Cat which made him what he was, *i.e.*, CATULLUS.

A "PROVISIONAL ARRANGEMENT."—A luncheon-basket.



'INTS ON 'UNTING, BY 'ARRY.

IF THE THONG OF YOUR WHIP GETS UNDER YOUR HORSE'S TAIL, JUST TRY TO PULL IT OUT!

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A disappointed Rhymester bewails his past career and shattered hopes.

YES! Somewhere in the long time past,
Amid the mists of bygone years,
I thought I'd found a love to last,
The while were smiles and never tears,
The while the roses decked all June,
The while the Sun-god shed his beams,
And Pan piped out his merriest tune—
Dreams, only dreams!

And somehow in that long ago,
When friends were many, foes were few,
I even thought a Winter snow
Would never cloak the hope that grew,
That neither ice, nor storm, nor rain,
Nor all the pain that joy redeems,
Could alter love or make refrain—
Dreams, only dreams!

To-day I know that I was wrong,
That Winter has its pride of place,
The battle must go to the strong,
The fleetest triumph in the race!
The brook that once I deemed a rill
Is now the mightiest of streams;
*On it I meant to urge my will—
Dreams, only dreams!*

The candle-light I held still flares
With fickle and uncertain glow,
The wheat is stifled by the tares,
The clock's wound up, but will not go!
The worn-out goose-quills seem to jeer
At covered foolscap stacked in reams;
Yet once their union was dear—
Dreams, only dreams!

Albeit in my lonely chair—
The scanty coal is burning low—
I give not all to grim despair
When musing on that long ago.
For in the tableaux of my life
Each picture with the truth still teems,
You are my sweetheart, if not wife—
Reality, not dreams!

Vegetable-Animal Life.

Young Larkins (reading from paper a description of Osborne House). "The grounds abound with conifers." What the dickens are conifers, father?
Old Larkins. Eh? (Thinking.) Conies—con— (Suddenly.) Of course, they're rabbit-skins, you young dunderhead!

A DEAR old lady of our acquaintance says that she does not altogether approve of Mr. SPOONER, because she fears he is a "gay Lutheran."

THE POET PAST AND PRESENT.

THE Poet is popularly supposed to have a soul which soars above mundane things; we can see him as he appeared in 1838, with his "eye in a fine frenzy rolling," while he indited verses such as the following, which duly appeared in that part of the local newspaper known as "Poet's Corner":—

1838.

Once Cupid, 'tis said,
In search of a bed,
Distractedly sought far and wide,
"Each rose bears a thorn,
My wings will be torn
Before I find shelter," he cried.
About to despair,
He finds a couch where
He slumbers in blissful repose.
For surely he lies
In CELIA'S eyes,
Which violet blossoms disclose.

But this is a practical age. The Poet has not ceased to twang his lyre; on the contrary, he sings louder than ever, and to some purpose, as the following elegant extract from the advertisement columns of the *Surrey Comet* will testify.

The lay is too long to give in *extenso*; we quote one stanza only:—

1898.

I got 'em ashore, as I said before,
At a port called Surbiton,
A-facing the station is moored the ship,
And "FR-M-N" is wrote thereon,
It's an A1 craft, with a show on deck
Of Station'ry, Purses, Frames,
Pictures and Pottery, White-wood goods,
And Pencils, and Paints, and Games.

BRIGHTON STATUES.—The Corporation of Brighton has gratefully accepted the discarded statues from the late Mr. BARNATO'S house in Park Lane, and is about to erect these precious works of art, at considerable expense, in the public gardens. "*Ars longa*" these illustrious municipal connoisseurs are determined to have. Ears longer they must know they already possess—ears longer even than those of the more humble animals which at times adorn, not the public gardens, but the beach.

During the Fog.

Daily Passenger (at suburban station).
How are the trains running this morning?
Faetious Stationmaster. On the usual lines, Sir.

AN ESSENTIALLY POLITE MEMBER OF A POPULAR PROFESSION.—The civil engineer.



Up to Concert Pitch.

THE BABES.

THE Great Drury Lane Annual is in many respects greater than ever. Of not a few pantomimes it may be said, "Magnificent, but not comic"; but *The Babes in the Wood* at Old Drury, where, only a short while since, Druriolanus Maximus was autocratic, besides being brilliant as a spectacle, is artistically excellent in its scenic effects and in its rare combinations of colour; while for rollicking nonsensical fun there are at least four capital scenes, of which the last, "The Corner of the Paddock and the Racecourse," is in itself a cleverly-contrived burlesque of a great "sporting melodrama," which was, some few years ago, the great attraction of an Autumn season at Drury Lane. The Treasury of Ancient Drury, as well as the parents of *The Babes*, Messrs. ARTHUR COLLINS and ARTHUR STURGESS, should profit considerably by this Pantomime, for excellently well have the two ARTHURS achieved their "joint Arthurship." To the



Enter Dan Leno and Herbert Campbell. "The Babes."

indefatigable J. M. GLOVER, their most energetically-active Right Hand (and Glover) Man (more power to his elbow and *bâton*!), is due all praise for the music which, having cleverly "composed" it, sagaciously "selected" it, and admirably "arranged" it, he convincingly conducts with arms, legs, head, and eyeglass; now upstanding, while, as a musical *Æolus*, he directs "the wind" on the stage, ever and anon keeping watchful eyes and ears for the strings, cymbals, and big drum in the orchestra. The Babes themselves, Messrs. DAN LENO and HERBERT CAMPBELL, with the Prince Paragon of Pantomime, Miss ADA BLANCHE, all harmoniously working together, have done their very best, and will continue to do it nightly, in order to keep up the well-earned reputation of Old Drury, as the ancient home of genuine English Pantomime.

The scenic artists have done wonders. Anything more perfectly designed and painted than Mr. HENRY EMDEN's "Prince's Gardens" has rarely been equalled, still more rarely (if ever) excelled. It is a splendid specimen of how great an illusion can be effected on a simple "cloth." Examine it carefully through a good opera-glass. Then there is the Panorama by KAUTSKY, a beautiful work of scenic art; the Mushroom Meadow, a quaintly-clever arrangement by BRUCE SMITH; and once again Mr. HENRY EMDEN compels universal applause for his last scene of all, wherein takes place the coronation of the Prince, ADA BLANCHE, who is united to his blushing *Marian*, Miss VIOLET ROBINSON, who, as the bride, appears in "gorgeous" array. This last scene for combination of colour, for original stage contrivances, for grouping on what may be termed "the gangway," and for the space above occupied by the graceful Queen Humming Bird,

Madame GRIGOLATI (as merry as a Grig-olati), and her flying fairies, beats the record even of Drury Lane's great shows.

DAN LENO, as the boy, never appears, speaks, dances, or sings without evoking bursts of uncontrollable laughter; and his companion, HERBERT CAMPBELL, as the Babe-sister, is "immense." The two robbers, Messrs. GRIFFIN and DUBOIS, are equally amusing as actors and acrobats. ERNEST D'AUBAN ably sustains the ancient name and family reputation for ballet and pantomime, while in Mr. JOHN A. WARDEN, as the *Baron Banbury*, Mr. EDWARD TERRY might any day find an *alter ego* to play for him. After the uproarious fun, the most popular incident is a noiseless and exceptionally-graceful dance by the Prince and his future bride, for which Miss ROBINSON and Miss ADA BLANCHE could obtain a triple encore any night they may have time to take it. From beginning to end, for grand spectacle, artistic effects, and capital fun, the Babes at Drury Lane take the Twelfth Night cake, and behave themselves so admirably that it is impossible to beat them.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THERE are few men more capable than Dr. GEORGE SMITH of doing justice to the task he has set himself in sketching the lives and accomplishments of *Twelve Indian Statesmen* (JOHN MURRAY). The muster roll is a blazon of honour: CHARLES GRANT, Sir HENRY LAWRENCE, Lord LAWRENCE, Sir JAMES OUTRAM, Sir DONALD M'LEOD, Sir HENRY DURAND, COLIN MACKENZIE, Sir HERBERT EDWARDS, JOHN CLARK MARSHMAN, Sir HENRY MAINE, Sir HENRY RAMSAY, and Sir CHARLES AITCHISON. Of the dozen, Dr. SMITH, himself a distinguished Anglo-Indian, knew all save one, counting some as intimate friends. With the double advantage of personal acquaintance, and of familiarity with social life and political events in India, Dr. SMITH is able to re-illumine the brilliant pathway of these noble lives. The twelve chapters compose a fascinating study of what may be done by the Englishman abroad. My Baronite uses that term for the sake of convenience. As Dr. SMITH sets forth in a striking passage, Great Britain and Ireland have been thoroughly united in building up the Empire of India. CLIVE and WARREN HASTINGS were English; Lord MINTO, the Marquis of HASTINGS, and Lord DALHOUSIE were Scotch; Ireland helped to make the QUEEN EMPRESS of India by giving birth to the Marquis of WELLESLEY, and to the heroic trio of LAWRENCE—GEORGE, HENRY, and JOHN.

I am the fortunate possessor of a copy of *The Story of Marlborough*, illustrated by CARAN D'ACHE (H. GREVEL & Co.), with descriptive text by the Hon. FRANCES WOLSELEY. This work is, I hope, unique, as being so, it will be, in years to come, invaluable. The particular copy that now lies open before me is a *Topsy-Turvy-bound book*! That is, the cover is perfectly and symmetrically correct; but, open it,—and I find that the last page is the first, and the whole story of MARLBOROUGH is upside down! Never was there such a thorough upset of history. Let us, however, get it right side up, and then, without gymnastics, the Baron can duly read the letterpress and admire the pictures, which, with the exception of some of the eccentric ones, will somewhat disappoint the admirers of CARAN D'ACHE, though even these friendly critics will wish that this artist had not attempted an imitation of DORE, after the manner of his *Contes Drôlatiques* peculiarities. The story of MARLBOROUGH is of course something extraordinary, but 'tis nothing to the tail of MARLBOROUGH's horse, as shown in the frontispiece, where "*Malbrouk s'en va-t-en guerre*" and is evidently receiving an ovation. The series finishes appropriately with little figures in black and grey marching in the funeral procession of the great Duke, "*qui, enfin, ne reviendra pas*."

Animal Land (DENT & Co.), by SYBIL and KATHARINE CORBET, with an introduction by Mr. ANDREW LANG, is a delightful nonsense-picture book, exhibiting the creative faculty of the juvenile author who, Mr. LANG tells us, is only a four-year-old! Certainly she is the winner of the Nursery Stakes. This Sybil-line book has already inspired our Prehistoric Artist.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

MESCAL INTOXICATION.—A writer in the *Contemporary Review* describes his sensations when under the influence of the Mexican drug, produced from the Anhalonium Lewinii cactus, originally discovered by a German professor. The English experimenter saw a wonderful variety of gorgeous visions, ending with human figures "fantastic and Chinese in character." Is it possible that another German, much more exalted than the professor, habitually eats this Mexican haschisch, with results precisely similar? Or is the Anhalonium Lewinii a different plant, though of the same family as the Anhalonium Wilhelmii superbissimii?



A NEW RÔLE.

Imperial "Manager-Actor" (who has cast himself for a leading part in "Un Voyage en Chine," sotto voce). "UM—HA! WITH JUST A FEW ADDITIONAL TOUCHES HERE AND THERE, I SHALL MAKE A FIRST-RATE EMPEROR OF CHINA!"



HONOURED IN THE BREACH?

Aunt Agatha. "I THINK IT SUCH A PITY WHEN OLD CUSTOMS DIE OUT. NOW, THE OLD CUSTOM OF KISSING UNDER THE MISTLETOE, THAT'S ENTIRELY GONE OUT, HASN'T IT, VIOLET?"

Violet. "OH, WHY—OF COURSE—HOW SHOULD I KNOW? OF COURSE IT HAS, AUNTIE. WHAT A STUPID QUESTION TO ASK!"

THE YORK DILEMMA;

Or, How unhappy could I be with either!

PITY us democrats that stand
With soul divided, sore in doubt,
Between a bloated Tory and
A Liberal locker-out!

LUDWIG IN LONDON.

A STOPPING.

HIGHWELLBORN MISTER OVER-NEWS-PAPERS-DIREKTOR.—After i the two and twenty Glas Bier in the Railstationrestoration to Dover drank had, slieped i in the Waitsaloon until to the last Passagiertrain towards Londonbritsch awaytravelled was. The englisch Bier is stronger as the german. Then musted i the Neit in one Hotel tobring. Mein Package is towards London goed, and i have only, in one Sack, Washs, Clothingbits and Littleness,—*Wäsche, Kleidungsstücke und Kleinigkeite*.

I go also in the Hotel againstover the Railstation, and i say to the Maiden in the Cash, *Cassa*, "Gud Evening. I wish one gud Sliepproom in the first Stick." That have i before in mein Wordbook finded. She see me all astounded at. Then kom the Portier, who reit gud German spiek, because he German is. Later say man to me that all the Waiters Germans are. That rejoice me. It are no englisch Waiters in the Fatherland. *Ach nein!* The german Waiter is cleverer as the Englandman, and he spiek English often better as i. Man

has to me often sayed that it in London many german *Friseurs*, who the Hairs mutch better as the englisch Freezers cut, are. *Ach so!* "*Deutschland, Deutschland über alles!*"

The Eveningeat in the Foodsaloon, *Speisesaal*, is very gud, I eat very willing, i drink after yet seven Glas Bier, i smoke four Cigars, and then go i to Bed. *Wa: für ein Bett!* The Room is *bequem*, and elegant furnished, with electrical Lighting, but it is no Oven therein, and the *Steinkohle* burn in one Hole in the Wall. *Ach, wie dumm!* But the Bed! No Fethercover over the Fooths, no sloping *Polster* under the Hed. Only one little Fethercushion, with one hard, round Cushion under. What for one Land, where man in such Beds sliepp must, if man sliepp kan!

Morningearly see i the Window out. The Sun shine. She shine then in England in the Winter. *Wunderbar!* I am hungry, i will something eat. I haste towards the Foodsaloon forth. What drink man hier Mornings? *Thee mit Rum, ohne Zweifel.* That kan i not. *Nein, man trinkt Kaffee.* Also drink i Koffee. And man eat Flesh, Ham and Sausages. I must one Sausage eat. She taste not gud; she is not as in the Fatherland.

Then wisch i in order the Town to see outtogo. She is despicable, the Striets are very narrow, i go to foot roundabout, i see Nothings interesting, and i am in the Intention backtoturn, when i too Soldiers of the little englisch Army, who Walkingsticks

carry, see. *Ach, wie lächerlich!* Are these Walkingsticks the Weapons of the little Army? Why not Umbrellas? They were usefuller in the englisch Klimate. The officers carry perhaps the Umbrellas. So have i something New in Dover seed. *Ja, ja, ja!*

After the Walkgo am i very hungry. It is eleven Clock. I wish the second Early-bit, *das zweite Frühstück*, the Morning-lunch, to eat. Man bring me Calfs-coteletts and Beafstek. They are very gud. I eat myself full thereon, and I drink six Glas Bier. Nau smoke i one Pair Cigars before i in the Railstation go.

Permit your Highwellborn the Insurance of the completest Highattention with witch i me undersein,

Your Highwellborn's humblest,
LUDWIG.

HERR TROJAN, PROSIT!

OH! English jokers, you safely laugh
At Kaiser WILHELM, no longer *jung*,
And go unpunished, although your chaff
Must be *Majestätsbeleidigung*.

Jeer more than ever at WILHELM, who
Is always a *lachensuerter Mann*,
Yet if folks laugh, as he makes them do,
They have to suffer like HERR TROJAN.

And pity this hero who gets it hot
For making fun of the *Empereur*,
A Trojan who beats all *Aeneas's* lot,
Der Kladderadatschische Redakteur.



SCENE—As above. TIME—Mid-day. SPORT—None up to now.

Stout Party (about to leave). "MOST EXTRAORDINARY THING. WHENEVER I GO HOME, THEY ALWAYS HAVE A RATTLING GOOD RUN Candid Friend. 'THEN, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE, GO HOME AT ONCE!'"

A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.

PART III.

Friday.—Fearful shrieks from bath-room about 7 A.M. arouse me from troubled slumbers. Hurry on dressing-gown and rush to landing. Boys (invalid included) squabbling for what they vulgarly call "first go" at bath. Pacify them, and ask, "What does it matter who goes first?" TOMMY says, "Oh! it don't matter, of course. We were only having a bit of a row, just for the lark of the thing, you know, uncle." Fail to grasp the idea, and retire to dress. At breakfast, MAX eats four eggs, cutlet, and three sausages, winding up with, first marmalade, and then jam. Boots takes half cup of tea, and nibbles some dry toast. My keeper arrives at ten. Draws me aside and says, "Surelie, Sir, you ain't a-goin' to let them young gents 'ave guns?" Awful sense of responsibility upon me increases. Say feebly, "Well, what else can I do?" ROBBINS merely scratches his head. So stupid of him. Why doesn't he suggest something? I say to boys, "Suppose you come and watch me shoot? I hardly think you ought to be trusted with guns." Indignant chorus and assurances that they had shot all their lives. This at fourteen and fifteen years of age respectively! What am I to do? Compromise by saying I can only spare one gun, and they must use it in turn. This will at least minimise chance of coroner's inquest. MAX, as senior, carries gun, to start with. Keep furtive eye on

him as we walk across fields to first bank. Ferret put in. Anxious expectancy. Out goes rabbit. MAX pulls trigger. No result. "Dashed if I haven't forgot to load the beastly thing!" he says. Great clamour of other pair as to whether this is, or is not, MAX's "shot." They contend he ought to give up gun to them. I adjudicate, and decide in MAX's favour, on ground that you can't have a "shot" with empty gun. Adjust cartridges for him. Ferret in again. Scuffling heard. Out bolts another rabbit, closely followed by ferret to mouth of hole. MAX blazes both barrels. Rabbit untouched, but ferret killed on spot. ROBBINS very glum. Looks reproachfully at me. Why me? "I told you 'ow it'd be, Sir." This assertion distinctly untrue. He never said a word about shooting ferret. TOMMY takes next shot, and misses next rabbit. Stray pellet hits Pincher, who does record journey to the house, howling. After Boots has also fruitlessly expended a cartridge, narrowly missing the under-keeper, suggest adjourning to the barn for rat-hunt. Feel happier when boys only armed with sticks. Pass rest of morning killing rats. In course of afternoon, hire ponies for boys to hunt on next day. With exception of Boots taking my pet Alderney familiarly by the tail, and getting kicked over for his pains, rest of day passes peacefully. After dinner attempt some "improving" conversation on English literature, but resign when trio inform me that "MAYNE REID's all right, but that SHAKESPEARE's a bit of an ass."

A DAILY (NEWS) WANT.

SAYS an advertisement in the *Daily News*: "First-class all round journalist wants change." Doubtless. The condition is one not unfamiliar to us all. But why this prominence given to an individual case? And why, since it appears so urgent, does not the first-class all round (what is his precise girth?) journalist state exactly the amount of change he wants, and, as the bland counter-clerk says when you are changing a cheque, how will he take it?

"J'Y SUIS, J'Y RESTE."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I must confess to an infinite admiration for the Sublime Shadow of Constantinople. He has done nothing, he means to do nothing, and nothing will force him to do anything. Now he has considerably ordered four new ironclads, though rather "put to it" for the salaries of his ambassadors abroad. This spectacle fills me with intense respect for his methods without means. His Majesty may learn that he has one fervent admirer (besides Sir E. A.-B. and Cap'n T. B.) in

Your obedient servant,

HORATIO NAREDOWNHEEL.

(Late Col. Hampstead Heath Rangers.)
Ramshackle Lodge, Sheepwash-on-Sea.

NOT A MILITARY MAN.—General Dealer.

LETTERS TO THE CELEBRATED.

No. VII.—TO THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

MY LORD,—In moments of depression it has sometimes occurred to me to speculate as to whether you really exist. Is there, in truth, such a person as the popular mind variously conceives the present Marquis of SALISBURY to be, and is this person in his actual corporeal existence at this moment Prime Minister and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs? Is it possible, I say to myself, that a real living man can be at once vigorous and feeble, determined and vacillating, cautious and blazingly indiscreet, a man of affairs and a devotee of science, a public speaker of merit and a shrinking recluse, the chief of a turbulent democracy and a cynic steeped in aristocratic prejudices, a patriot minister and a craven conceder of his country's just rights? No, the combination seems impossible; all these contradictions stagger me, and I find myself driven to the verge of believing that the speakers and statesmen of both our great parties have invented, each for his own purpose, a convenient figure, a variable avatar, and have labelled it with a noble name so that they may have some definite object for their hopes, their fears, their admirations, or their dislikes. In support of this theory, a man might plausibly allege that, of late, at any rate, your personal influence has made itself but little felt either in the councils of the great powers of Europe or in those of the Unionist party. The Lord SALISBURY of whom Radical speakers declare that he is an unbending representative of the highest and driest and least popular principles of musty Toryism, who, as Lord ROBERT CECIL, resigned his office rather than countenance the passing of a bill for electoral reform, who is, if one may use the phrase, red in tooth and claw with the life-blood of Liberal measures—how, in any case, can this be the Lord SALISBURY who follows submissively in the wake of Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, and alienates Lord LONDONDERRY by carrying an Employers' Liability Act safely through the storms of the House of Lords? Can we recognise in the man who threatens the SULTAN with the vengeance of Heaven, but shrinks from enforcing the spiritual menace by a fleet of warships, that stern opponent of autocratic ambition who helped to restore the tottering power of the Turk, and wrested Peace with Honour from the embattled legions of the Russian CZAR?

I might pursue this antithetical path much longer, but I refrain. For after all, if you embody many contradictions, it is only because, in spite of your rugged speech and leonine appearance, you are more frankly human than most of those who support or who criticise you. Nature moulded you to be a man of thought, slow, critical, deliberate, and careful. The tyrannous force of circumstances, coupled with your own high and chivalrous sense of all that a great name and high position required of a man, has driven you out on a tempestuous career, in which constant perils demand swift resolution and undaunted action. The time is out of joint: that much you feel and know, but you feel with a more assured certainty that the spite is indeed a cursed one which has laid upon you of all men the heavy burden of setting it right. Leave it alone, you murmur to yourself; touch it with care, you say in some Primrose League oration, and suddenly, lo and behold, you find yourself tinkering, and hammering, and dovetailing and cutting away like any journeyman carpenter of the rest of them, but without the journeyman carpenter's conviction that his work will improve instead of utterly destroying. Thus your malignant fate, working even more effectively than your own honourable ambition to serve your country, has made you the chief of the Conservative party at a time when most of those who act with it seem to have determined that there is but little in the constitution and government of the State that is worthy of conservation. Occasionally you blaze forth into an outspoken revolt against yourself and them, and during the days that succeed the columns of the newspapers that support your party teem with denials, attenuations and explanations, while on platform after platform sorely-perplexed Conservative orators cover the black patches of your speech each with his own particular coat of whitewash. It is an amusing spectacle, and not least amusing, I take it, to you, if ever in the pleasant retirement of Hatfield or amid the anxious work of the Foreign Office you trouble yourself to give another thought to the matter. And in any case it must have been a relief to you to liberate your soul, whatever may be the consequences, and to strike a panic into the despised minds of those whose thoughts are bent on the retention or on the acquisition, *quocunque modo*, of votes and voters.

Whether or not a political party is best served by such a leader may be left to others to determine. It is idle to deny that, now that politics know Mr. GLADSTONE no longer, you are by far the most interesting figure in public life. You puzzle, you surprise, you startle. Those who hear you or read your



HUMANITY'S BEST FRIEND.

Sartorial Artist. "THOSE WILL BE ALL THE MEASUREMENTS I SHALL REQUIRE, SIR, THANK YOU. AND NOW WHAT SORT OF SHOULDERS WOULD YOU PREFER? I SHOULD RECOMMEND THE MILITARY SHOULDER TO MATCH THE MOUSTACHE!"

speeches are forced to think. You do not juggle with words, nor do you bandy empty compliments. Your thoughts and the words in which you express them are no mere pale reflection of the minds of others. They are your own, instinct with a definite personality, and they are more often than not unexpected. For the actions that follow on these words and often give them a flat denial, you are not wholly responsible, for when the time for action comes, others assert themselves, and fortunately or unfortunately impede you. And it may be that to you action is merely a choice of evils, a process far less important than the utterance of an honest personal conviction. "Thinking a thing," as JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL says in one of his essays, "becomes better than doing it, and thought with its easy perfection, capable of everything because it can accomplish everything with ideal means, is vastly more attractive and satisfactory than deed, which must be wrought at best with imperfect instruments, and always falls short of the conception that went before it."

I conclude, my Lord, by wishing you many years of undiminished activity. For it is well that our political life should still have power to attract men of ancient lineage and of high and unblemished character. You have known what it means to struggle in early days against adversity, and you have fought your way to the great position you occupy by sheer force of intellect and energy. Whatever may be your choice, whether you continue to devote your powers to the public service or seek a well-earned rest from the labours of the State, you can always count upon the high respect of your fellow-countrymen, even of those amongst them who have most strenuously opposed you.

I am, my Lord, always faithfully yours, THE VAGRANT.

CHARING CROSS AT NIGHT.—"The finest site in Europe." Can't see anything of it, with one's eyes dazzled by the hypnotic illuminated advertisements of somebody's soap, somebody's soup, and somebody's snapshooter.



"MY HAIR IS GETTING QUITE GREY, AND WILL REMAIN SO AS LONG AS I LIVE."
 "WELL, YOU KNOW, DEAR, YOU CAN ALWAYS MAKE IT REMAIN BLONDE AS LONG AS YOU DYE!"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Sentimental Rhymster spies an early Bud in his Parterre, and is reasonably disappointed.

I SEE a little bud to-day
 That fills me with delight,
 Fair as the blooms of later May
 That scent the Summer night,
 A little bud of smallest worth,
 That rises from its bed,
 All pushed aside the leaf-strewn earth
 To which its root was wed!

A little bud, but still the first
 To point its little way,
 All eager, hungry and athirst,
 To taste the joy of day!
 All venturesome its path to cleave
 And this great world to know;
 Restless its mother-mould to leave,
 Not recking ice or snow!

Perchance it might the cold withstand,
 And blossom into flower,
 Or perish 'neath the ruthless hand,
 Of some grim hail-stone shower!

Only a snowdrop to recall
 Your message of To be,
 That token of the After All
 That made the Past for me!

For you were Snowdrop in the Past
 Before the Springtime came,
 When skies were dull and overcast,
 'Twas then I gave your name!
 I watched your tenderness arise
 Amid the arid land,
 You heeded not the loving eyes
 You could not understand.

But yet I send this bud to you
 In token of those days,
 Before I'd bidden long adieu
 To victory and bays.
 This little bud I'd ask you wear
 In proof of Love not dead!
 I pluck it. Horror! I declare
 'Tis but a crocus head!

SHOCKING OCCURRENCE IN THE LECTURE-
 ROOM OF THE SOCIETY OF ARTS.—DR. RAM-
 SAY ON "FIRE!"

THE BITTER CRY OF THE MINOR POET.

[“MR. LE GALLIENNE’S proposal that millionaires should endow genuine poets, and so obtain immortality seems, as yet, to have elicited no adequate response.”—*The Minstrel Advertiser*.]

WHENE’ER I walk the public ways,
 How many poor that lack ablution
 Do probe my heart with pensive gaze,
 And beg a trivial contribution!

When they accost me as “My Lord,”
 And pray that Heaven may guard my
 going,
 It cuts my vitals like a sword
 To check my charity from flowing;

To pass them by as though my ear
 Had missed their genial observations,
 And subsequently in the rear
 To catch a stream of imprecations.

Perchance not all of these were born
 To crave the desultory copper;
 They were not ever thus forlorn,
 But came a paralyzing cropper.

Haply beneath those rude outsides,
 In substance scant, in texture scaly,
 Some mute inglorious BARNUM hides,
 Or else an undeveloped BAILEY.

But sadder still it is to see,
 Advancing down the gutter’s hollow,
 Some sandwichman that used to be
 Closely connected with Apollo!

Where now from shoulders slightly wrung
 You note the blatant boards suspended,
 In front—the living lyre was slung,
 Behind—the lustrous mane descended!

Within that mane the birds of song
 Would build their nests and lightly
 carol,
 What time the owner moved along
 In beauteous velveteen apparel.

Long since he sold his sounding lyre,
 Pruned all his locks and pawned his
 raiment;
 He works for mere ignoble hire
 Because it offers ampler payment.

The speaking eye, the godlike brow,
 That lips should lave and bosoms
 cherish—

We trample on them, we allow
 These priceless things to go and perish!

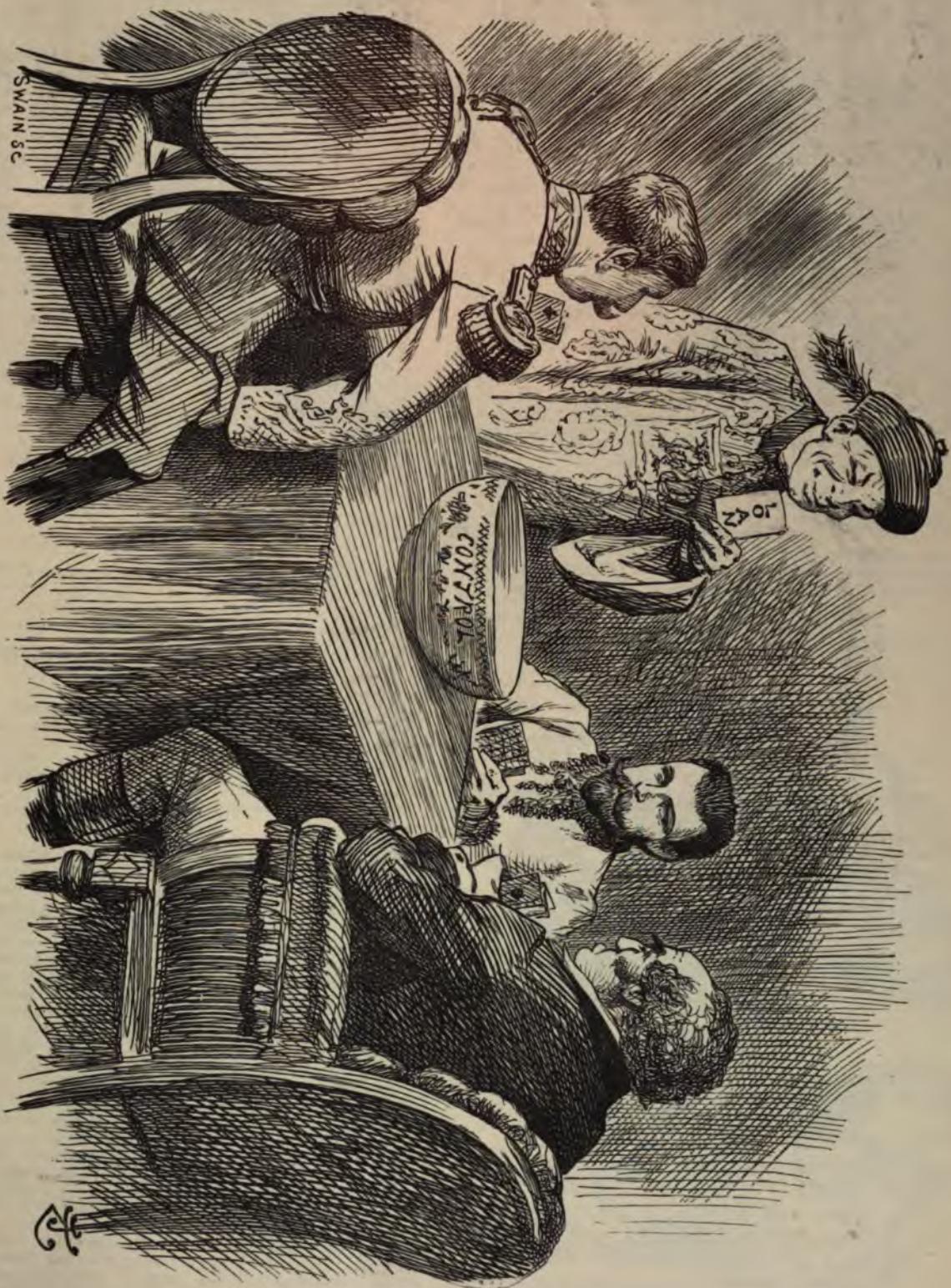
The nations’ hides are very hard;
 You ask a trifle *nett*—they grudge it;
 You scarcely ever hear a Bard
 So much as mentioned in a Budget.

Sweet millionaires! your chance is come;
 Yours is the duty and you know it;
 Surely your hearts within you hum
 To reconstruct the starving Poet!

O THOMAS LIPTON, gallant Knight!
 (Your health in fragrant tea and
 fruity!)
 How can you sin against the light
 Who paid the champion cheque for
 Duty?

O HOOLEY! as you hope to win
 An Earldom with the Garter tied on,
 Come, make a paltry puncture in
 Your swollen wealth of tyre and Sidon!

Sell those ancestral halls and let
 Big syndicates of Song be floated;
 And, by a touch of humour, get
 The Stock Exchange to have ’em
 quoted!



A GAME OF SPECULATION.

CHIKAMAN. "WHO WANCHEE BUY DIS PEECEE SIXTEEN MILLION CARDEE? NO SPEAKEE ALLEE SAME TIME!!"



THE FASHIONS FOR 1898.]

"MUZZLES! THEY ARE RATHER A BOTHER. BUT THEN, WHAT CAN YOU DO! EVERY ONE WEARS THEM. I HEARD MY OLD LADY SAY HERS WAS A GREAT PROTECTION IN COLD WEATHER TOO!"

THE COAL-SCUTTLE EPOCH.

(Quite the Latest Fashion in Romance.)

CHAPTER XLIX.

... By this time the extinction of human life was well-nigh complete. By some strange freak the vitality of our race had been transferred to one of the commonest of domestic utensils. There had been some warnings of this catastrophe for many generations, but foolish mankind had failed to notice them. Thus, of all his servants, the coal-scuttle had given the clearest signs of resisting man's rule. It had refused to perform its duties, at times it would cover the carpet with coal, at others it consumed all the coal itself and was found to be absolutely empty when it had been filled but a short time previously. About the year 1900 its unsuspected vitality became less dormant, and several powerful coal-scuttles began to throw their contents at their masters' heads. Gradually man became weaker and weaker, and the Coalscuttlans stronger and stronger. By the year 1950 they had become practically the masters of the World. A century earlier, certain scientists had predicted that the supply of coal would shortly come to an end. But this was obviated by the metamorphic irradiation on the lithosphere converting, or, rather, reducing the carbonifera to an oxyhydro-phosphormetasulphate. (Yah, you wretched reader, that'll puzzle you!—*Author's marginal note.*) Of course this simple and elementary result had been overlooked. But as the student of the modern scientific romance, who likes this kind of detail, will readily understand, the natural sequence of events had helped to bring about the overthrow of man, and the supremacy of the terrible Coalscuttlans became complete, owing to the profound

scientific truth that $\frac{2 \times 2}{1} = \frac{2 + 2}{1} = 4$

CHAPTER L.

... WEARIED and exhausted I flung myself down upon the deserted plain of Hampstead Heath. As far as my sight reached

there was no sign of human life. The death-like silence was only broken by the strange hissing sound as, far above my head, gigantic coal-scuttles rushed through the air. In the front of each gleamed a brilliant search-light. Each seemed to have three elastic tentacles terminating in a scoop, which it trailed along the ground as if seeking for its prey. Once a dreadful shriek thrilled through the air, and a hundred yards from me I saw a Coalscuttlan had shovelled up an unhappy man. The tentacle swiftly contracted, up flew the wretched victim through the air and vanished into the interior of his captor. With a shudder I crawled stealthily into the shelter of a blackberry bush. . . . Several hours passed away. Sometimes a slimy tentacle came close to my face, and a shovel seemed to be digging at the roots of the bramble. But fortunately they were strong, and with an awful whistle the baffled Coalscuttlan passed elsewhere.

As the evening came on, the glare of the search-lights became brighter. Occasionally a shower of coal fell upon my head. At last, impelled by hunger, I determined to make a rush for London, trusting that I might find other human beings there. But I had scarce left my shelter when I stopped aghast. There, straight before my eyes, where London had lately stood, was a gigantic black mountain, towering to the skies. In a moment the dreadful truth flashed across my mind. The all-conquering Coalscuttlans had buried the entire city under an enormous hill of best Wallsend! . . . [*Author's note to the Editor.*—That ought to thrill your readers enough for the present. But I've got plenty of horrors left for the other chapters, which will appear each month for a year or so in your magazine. Nothing like the scientific-shocker to raise your circulation nowadays!]

"Ars est celare Artem."

Poor Relation (to rich Aunt). Now, Auntie, dear, we want you to come and dine with us on Thursday.

Rich Aunt. Oh, my dear, I'm afraid it is impossible—

Poor R. Don't say that! CHARLIE will be so disappointed!

Rich A. I'm very sorry, but I'm engaged to dine with the SMITHS on Thursday.

Poor R. (off her guard). Oh, yes; so I heard!



SANDY MACPARTINGTON AND THE "ENGLISH" FLOOD.

[A petition signed by 104,388 Scottish people has been presented to the QUEEN against the use of the words "England" and "English" as representing Great Britain.—See Standard, December 30.]

MR. PUNCH'S "ANIMAL LAND."

With acknowledgments to "Sybil and Katharine Corbet's" recently-published book.

The Shuv



This Animal is a caution. It gets the best of it. It likes to live in hot water and has a nasty bite. It is better to go the other way.

The Hark



This Animal lives in a recess in the forest and eats Orkids and Primroses. When there is Krisisses and things about he chuckles. — He has a Party but it is mostly not there.

The Benchiboss



This funny little Creature is very kind and never forgets a friend. He lives on a Woolsack and gives away things — — He has got a Earlship for been so good and clever so he comes next after the Joox.

The Balph



E.T.R.

This fascinating Animal lives chiefly in a "bunker" and feeds on stymies, cleeks, and voats of censure. It is very clever and has no enemies but it simply won't.



Someone's Hat blows off. Shortsighted Old Gent (excitedly). "Hi! Hi! Yoicks! GONE AWA-A-Y!!!"

THE L. C. C. VOTER'S VADE MECUM.

Question. You know that there is to be an election of the L. C. C. in the course of a week or so?

Answer. Yes; I have seen something concerning it in the papers.

Q. Do you know anything further about it?

A. No; but I suppose I shall be enlightened by canvassers and leaflets before the polling day is reached.

Q. But do you not think it your duty as a citizen to take an interest in the matter?

A. Scarcely; because I am satisfied that the dust-hole is regularly cleared weekly, and we have plenty of water.

Q. But are you not aware that the L. C. C. have nothing directly to do with either household dust or household water?

A. Very likely not; but I really do not care, either way.

Q. Do you not know that the beautification of London is practically in the hands of the L. C. C.?

A. Very possibly; but I only interest myself in my own Terrace, and that is not likely to be improved yet awhile.

Q. But I suppose you will listen to those who desire to instruct you before the election?

A. Certainly, with the greatest courtesy and patience.

Q. And when the polling day is reached, what will you do?

A. Why, act upon precedent, and forget all about it!



AT THE FANCY DRESS BALL.

She. "You won't be long?"

He. "No. I'm going down stairs just to have a smoke."

LIGHTS THAT OFTEN FAIL.—Those in acrostics.

AFTER YULE-TIDE.

(Mems. from a Note-book.)

SEE that the holly and mistletoe, which have become dustier and dustier, are removed from my study without the disturbance of my papers.

Write a line to the boys' school pointing out the increased charge for stationery.

Get my wife to go through the Christmas cards with the view to ascertaining whether any of them, with the assistance of a piece of india-rubber, can be used for next Christmas.

Examine my banker's pass-book to discover whether my standing orders to pay subscriptions for clubs, &c., has landed my credit account with an entry on the wrong side.

Knock off answers to "hearty good wishes for the New Year," with suitable excuses for delay in reply.

Lastly, send for the doctor to set matters right in *re* my gout caused by port and champagne, and chronic indigestion, the outcome of mince-pies and plum-pudding.

WELL, TO BE SEWER!—The City Commission of Sewers, a body which has been in existence for 230 years, has now come to an end, not because its resources have been drained, on the contrary, it has always been very flush of capital, but it has now been thought advisable to make a clean sweep of the authority and incorporate it in the Public Health Department.



PROWESS.

Young Farmer (after trying whin bushes for a rabbit, to Cockney Friend out for his first shoot). "HELLO! EH! WHAT! WHY, YOU 'VE SHOT A FOX!"

Cockney Friend. "OH, COME, I SY! WHY, YOU DIDN'T THINK I WAS SUCH A DUFFER AS TO MISS A GRITE BIG BEGGAR LIKE THAT!"

STUDIES IN NOT TOO PLAIN GEOMETRY.

(By Z. Y. X.)

PROPOSITION I. PROBLEM.

To make both ends meet, each to each, when a Parson receives a vanishing sub-multiple of his tithes, and is inversely rated on his professional income.

LET A be the given parson, P the given tithe-payer, and LSD the given finite tithe, which, as a matter of fact, is never given, but is generally bisected, and sometimes not produced at all: it is required to continue A in the same circle, that is, to make both ends meet.

Because A is the centre of a circle, which may be of any magnitude, [Postulate 4.]

And P is a point within this circle, from which the given finite tithe LSD may (with great difficulty) be drawn; [Axiom 13.] It will be found that LSD is successively bisected, and produced ever so far both ways, but not in the direction of A ;

But, since the part is less than the whole, [Axiom 9.] Any number of lines may be drawn from A without touching P .

[Hypothesis.] And one only of these, SAD , will produce SD , the lesser part of the tithe LSD .

Consequently, SD only will pass through A ; which is absurd. Therefore A cannot continue in the same circle;

For it has been shown that A is not equal to it; Otherwise both ends would meet, each to each, which is impossible. [Axiom 15.]

Wherefore, the problem given above has not been solved. Q.E.F.

[Note.—Each £100 of tithe yields for 1898 only £68 14s. 11d.]

MAJESTAETSBELEIDIGUNG.—The brave Editor of our German contemporary, *Kladderadatsch*, is accused of this monstrous offence, and will probably be punished with barbarous severity by the Sacred Kaiser. What a pity there is not also the offence of *Humanitätsbeleidigung*, for which some punishment could be awarded to this Imperial buffoon.

OUR BOYS. WHAT TO DO WITH THEM?

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am sure you will open your sympathetic columns to the despair of a father who is left with three marriageable but unmarried sons on his hands. What is to become of them? Listen to my story, and then, if you can, wonder that I complain.

Knowing that my boys would be left without a competence, and unwilling to trust them to the uncertain chances of matrimony, I decided to give them such a training as would fit them to find for themselves. JOHNNIE, my eldest, would be a barrister. I shuddered at the expense, but the poor boy was bent on it, and there was just a chance that he might become devil to Miss S—, the great Q.C., in which case I was not without hope that his pretty ways and winning smile might bring him an offer of marriage. Delusion fond! It was a father's dream! Miss S— took in a niece of her own, and poor JOHNNIE, after waiting years for the briefs that never came, had to give up the Bar. He now teaches in a Kindergarten, where he lectures the infants on conchology, and gives practical demonstrations on the shell of a periwinkle.

TOM, my second, was all for surgery. I knew it was madness for a boy to enter what is *par excellence* a woman's profession, but he would not listen to my reasons. Failure, in his case, was a foregone conclusion, and it is perhaps surprising that he keeps himself in hats and gloves by nursing a cantankerous old lady.

PHILIP, my youngest, was always a domesticated boy, and showed no desire for a learned profession. This gave me no small relief, and as Oxford and Bart's had run away with so much money, and done so little for my eldest sons, I determined to send PHILIP to the Board School. Here he had a brilliant career, taking numerous prizes in cookery and laundry-work. As soon as he left school, he obtained a situation as "General," and at the present moment he is enjoying what in these days is a sinecure, as gentleman's help in a country vicarage. He cooks, cleans the boots, and does the housework for the family and paying guests; bathes the babies and tutors the children when not otherwise engaged. In return for this he gets a Christian home, and half-a-crown a week.

Now, Mr. Punch, I ask you, what are we to do with our sons? The overcrowding of the professions is an old, old story. Women won't marry—our boys remain bachelors. What else is left? Domestic service? I have tried it, and after my experience, I put it to you, Sir, can it be recommended?

Yours despairingly,

PATERFAMILIAS.

"O TEMPORA! O MORES!"

["The 'Moody Manners Opera Company Limited' has just been registered with a capital of £3000," &c., &c.—*Daily Paper*.]

EXCELLENT! "Moody manners" should always be strictly limited in company. But is this a company for limiting "moody manners," or does MOODY MANNERS wish, as his name suggests, to limit his company? If the former, it is a *magnum opus*, and needs a company accustomed to such weighty *opera*. This seems to exclude light Opera, which, considering the purpose of the company, is a pity. Perhaps, however, it is not all "moody manners" that are to be limited, but only manners of some moods—imperative manners, for instance, or manners indicative of bad breeding. Even so, the present company has a future before it in helping to make the imperfect perfect, so that public interest in its moods would be in-tense.

It is to be hoped no shares will be issued to the public, in order to avoid increasing the numbers who already have a share of "moody manners." They should be kept as far as possible in one hand, at any rate until the company can feel its feet. It must be pointed out that limited liability in this connection is no new idea, for in Mr. Punch's company the liability to "moody manners" has always been extremely limited, in fact non-existent.

TO BE LET ON LEASE.—Some valuable properties on the seacoast. Fine marine views. Good boating. No restrictions on building. No licence required for sale of beer. Tenants can terminate lease at any time. Rents extremely moderate. Tenants' fixtures taken at their own valuation on expiration of lease. Neighbourhood very select, and likely to become popular resort for European families. Apply, Tsung-li-Yamen, Peking.

Telegram from distinguished nobleman, late of the Board of Trade, to British Forces in the Sudan.

"You've gone too far already, don't go—Farrer."

[Reply not worth paying.]



RESEARCHES IN ANCIENT SPORTS.

THE LUCULLUS GOLF CLUB.

MONTE CARLO.

OH, don't I wish that I possessed a tiny principality,
So beautifully placed upon a quite ideal spot,
Between two hostile countries to be sure of its neutrality,
Then leased by a Casino! What an enviable lot!

My income would increase like that of ALBERT, Prince of Monaco,
Who thrives so well on persons who are out upon the loose,
But ALBERT for more golden eggs, don't be too hard upon a Co.
That keeps you. Where would you be if you killed the gambling goose?

OUR GIRLS. WHAT TO GIVE THEM?

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—When my sisters went off to the cricket-field on a fine summer morning, and left me at home to darn the socks and overhaul the washing, I used to feel the bitterness of things and to blame Fate that had made me a man. But experience has taught me that few changes are so fraught with evil as not to bring some compensating good, and even in this latterday reversal of the sexes, I find a drop of consolation which goes far to reconcile me to my altered lot.

The problem, "What to give our girls?" is one that vexes all men, and as I have at last solved it, a list of my presents will, I am convinced, be of interest and value to your readers. To KATE, who is a cricket enthusiast, I have given a cane-spliced bat and a pair of pads. The latter she has buckled on, and with the former in her hands, she studies her positions in the looking-glass all day, and slogs imaginary "fours." MARY, who is no mean pugilist, would now treat *suede* and kid with equal scorn: I have, therefore, presented her with a pair of boxing-gloves, and she may now be seen in her bedroom sparring at a bladder from ten to four. NELLIE, who is something of a scorcher, used to complain that her road-racing records were always being spoilt by stupid deaf old gentlemen, who would keep getting knocked down. I have bought her the loudest and best bicycle bell in the market, and she has now ridden for a fortnight without a casualty. JANE is captain of her College Fifteen, and I am working her the Girton arms upon a football jersey. As my little gift was not ready in time, I bought her an interim present of a hundred cigarettes. When Papa is not about she lets me whiff one with her, and she says it is a pity I am not a girl, for I have plenty of pace, and with my shoulders I ought to be very useful in the scrum.

ONE OF THE WEAKER SEX.

AN ERA OF PALMISTRY.—The *Era Almanack* for 1898 contains fac-similes of the hands of actors and actresses. All hands to the *Era*! These "hands" are not by any means out of work, but they are decidedly striking. Mrs. KEELEY's takes the palm. Though the hands are scored with lines, yet no one hand exactly indicates the line its owner has taken professionally. Nothing

delights an actor more than "getting a hand," and here each provides the requisite applause for himself. Should the Editor wish to continue the series he will simply have to advertise, "All hands to the *Era*!"

OLD MASTERS AT THE GRAFTON GALLERY.

MR. SELLAR, nobly emulous of the example of Mr. HENRY TATE has been desirous of dedicating his private collection of pictures to the enjoyment of the public. The idea is excellent. Two *Têtes* are, as the French say, better than one. Indeed, we could do with any number such as HENRY. But there are pictures and pictures, and the SELLAR Collection, not to put too fine a point upon it, is not quite equal to the TATE. A committee of experts called upon to adjudge the merits of the collection, advised the London Corporation, to whose care the collection was committed, to decline the charge. Mr. SELLAR, appealing to Cæsar, now displays his pictures at the Grafton Gallery and invites the public to decide between his taste and that of the committee over which the P.R.A. presided.

The other night, TOBY, M.P., supping with GEORGE GROSSMITH at the festival given at the Grafton in celebration of GEE GEE's golden wedding (*Eheu!* how time flies), had an opportunity of seeing the pictures. He is glad to think he seized it before supper. Otherwise, gazing upon these things in gilt frames, he would have suspected an access of nightmare. Old Masters they are called—old beyond recognition. Where a single man, of whatsoever active habits could have picked them up, is matter for fresh marvel. The probability is, Mr. SELLAR was assisted in his generous labour by a procession of the gentlemen to be met with in country districts who go about with an oil-painting tucked under either arm, and will "let you have the pair for fifteen bob" if you don't happen to have three guineas.

The Gallery was crowded, and there was some idea among GEE GEE's guests of buying "*Three Cuyps and a Cow*"—a rare specimen of the Master's earliest manner—and presenting it to the venerable host as a memento of the interesting occasion. But it came to nothing.

Business done.—All SELLAR's; no buyers.

At Our Canal-side Sunday-School.

Our Curate. Now, my boy, you know St. PETER was first of all a fisherman with a fishing-boat. What d'd he become after that?

First Boy (after considerable pause, hesitatingly). Yes, Sir, he first 'ad a fishin' boat—an' was a fisherman—an'—

Our Curate (encouragingly). Yes—and then? What was PETER called after that?

Second and Smaller Boy (holding up his hand). Please, Sir, I know!

Our Curate (nodding to him). Say it, then.

Second and Smaller Boy. Please, Sir, he became a Barge-owner.

[Curate explains "*Bar-jona*," and lesson proceed.]



Henry S. Jones. Del.

THE REAL "VEILED LADY."

Justice. "WHY ARE MY DOORS CLOSED?"

A HAPPY RETURN.

Not only like "*le petit bonhomme*" does the sprightly *Circus Girl* "*vit encore*" at the Gaiety, but she is growing younger as she gets on (a circus girl is always getting on and off—her horse), and sprightlier than ever. With the most welcome return of Miss ELLALINE TERRISS to the Gaiety Theatre, *The Circus Girl* seems to have obtained a new lease of life, without there having been any ordinary signs of the former lease having nearly run out. Its last nights are not yet within anything like measurable distance. The piece is so constructed, on a sort of elastic hold-all principle, as to enable it to accommodate everything and anything in the way of music, song, dance, or dialogue, that the astute Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES may see fit to cram into it. And that this plan is appreciated by the public is evident, to quote the Bard,

"As may appear by EDWARD'S good success,"

which line, when found in the Third Part of *Henry the Sixth*, Act III., Sc. 3, the reader may, an' it so please him, "make a note of." *En attendant* Vive GEORGE I., *Roi du Théâtre "Gaiety,"* and health, happiness, with all success to Miss ELLALINE TERRISS.

Le Genre Ennuyeux.

THAT *bordereau* and that *chose jugée*,
The papers are full of them every day;
That *chose jugée* and that *bordereau*,
One settled too fast, and the other too slow,
Chers voisins, again the *chose jugée*
You ought to try in another way,
But don't you think that the *bordereau*
Might be forgotten, it bores us so?

DEFINITION OF THE LOGROLLARITHM (by our Literary Mathematician).—"The exponent of the power of a number to deal with a certain other number, the whole power of the two combined being equal to the first as applied to the second. Q.E.D."

PROVERB TO BE REMEMBERED BY ANY ONE VISITING THE SELLAR COLLECTION IN A BOND STREET SHOW-ROOM.—"*Ars est Sellare Artem.*"

WINTER CURE FOR INVALIDS.—Being turned out to Grasse.



Brown (who has been dining at the Club with Jones). "JUST COME IN A MINUTE, OLD FELLOW, AND HAVE A NIGHT-CAP."

Jones. "I'M AFRAID IT'S GETTING A LITTLE LATE. LET'S SEE HOW'S THE ENEMY."

Brown. "OH! THAT'S ALL RIGHT. SHE'S IN BED."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

LADY WARWICK has done a womanly and a graceful thing (but that's tautology, my Baronite says) in volunteering to edit the life of *Joseph Arch* (HUTCHINSON). She has done more. She has written a preface in which the wife of a great Warwickshire landlord extols the work of the Warwickshire agricultural labourer who started and led to bloodless victory one of the greatest revolutions of the century. When JOSEPH ARCH, dressing himself in a pair of cord trowsers, a cord vest, and an old flannel jacket, went out on the 7th of Feb., 1872, to address the gaunt and hungry crowd gathered under a spreading chestnut tree at Wellesbourne, the agricultural labourer was in a parlous state. In Warwickshire his wage was twelve shillings a week, and indignant farmers told him he ought to be ashamed of himself asking for more, since down in Devonshire it did not exceed nine shillings. "He had no organisation," Lady WARWICK writes; "the Trades Unions let him alone. He had no money; the professional agitator ignored him. He had no vote; the politician passed him by." How all this was changed JOSEPH ARCH tells in simple, graphic fashion. The stout volume has the double attraction of describing a great political episode, and revealing a notable man.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

"THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY."—Sir,—This is dreadfully foggy weather, and I am at the best of times rather short-sighted, so I may have missed something on the advertisements of the Haymarket Theatre which I ought to have seen. However, what I have frequently seen within the last week is an announcement in, of course, Roman capital letters, to the effect that *Julius Caesar* is to be given at the Theatre Royal Haymarket. The advertisement, in very large letters so that he who travels express may read, is, "*Julius Caesar—Alma-Tadema, R.A.*," and there are some other words probably of little importance. Why, Sir, this will draw the town, for who can draw if ALMA-TADEMA, R.A., can't, aye, and paint, too? Of course he'll have to paint in making-up. What an artistic work his false Roman nose will be! I must hurry off to obtain seats. All the world and his wife will be there.

Yours, BOKEDIUS CÆCUS.

A CORNER IN DOGS.—Some shrewd Yankees, foreseeing a great rush to Klondike in the Spring, have bought up all the sledge-dogs near the coast. At times, in the so-called silent watches of the night, we wish those Yankees would come to London and buy up all the cats. Tinned, they might be sold in Klondike as English rabbits. A corner in cats, which would remove the cats from every corner, is a kind of corner we should recommend.



TABLEAUX VIVANTS AT A CHRISTMAS HOUSE PARTY.

The Duchess (just arrived, rather late). "LORD AUGUSTUS!!"

Lord Augustus (emerging suddenly from "Green Room"). "IT'S ALL RIGHT, DUCHESS. DON'T BE 'HUFFY.' I'M IN THE TABLEAU, 'ART WINS THE HEART,' DON'T 'THERKNOW. CELEBRATED PICTURE. CHAP PAINTING A VASE. HOW D'YE DO? HOW 'DO, LADY MAB? HOW 'DO, LADY GERTY? LIKE MY GET UP! JUST GOING ON. LOOK SHARP TO YOUR SEATS, OR YOU 'LL MISS ME! TA, TA!"

LUDWIG IN LONDON.

ARRIVAL IN THE EMPIREHEADTOWN.

HONOURED MISTER OVER-NEWSPAPERS-DIREKTOR.—Endly kom i after one fierful, in the because of the even so black as Neit Fog delayed Train, and because of the fast unsufferly, *fast unerträglichen*, Hunger and Thirst who me during unbelievably longweily Hours as one unlucky in one middleagely Castle inshutted Prisoner tortured, Voyage in London, the Headtown Englands, at.

I voyage from Dover in the towards Londonbritsch at the Midday going Train away. I have to the Overwaiter, to the Portier, to the *Hausknecht*, Houseknight—*ach nein*, man say in Englisch "the Shoes"—and to yet other Persons, in the Hand one Drinkgold pressed. Even so mutsch Drinkgold as in Wien! I had only german Gold, so have i the Reckoning therewith payed, but i have something in the Change lost. Luckilywise had i some german Fiftypfennigebits for the Drinkgold. The *Diener-schaft* seemed not very content, i know not why. But in the Railstation give i one Fiftypfennigebits to the Packagecarrier, and he say, "No, Maunsiah, not gud." *Warum sagen sie alle, "Maunsiah?"* See i as one Frencher out? Unpossibly! It are Frenchers who siemly fat are, but they are so short. I am not thin, but i am high as the most Prussiers. I inhabited one-time in München, so drink i Bier yet willinger as the Berliners, and man say that the Münchenerers so fat are, because they so mutsch Bier drink.

Also say i to the Packagecarrier, "It is queit gud, it is german Silver." "No blumin—*was ist das?*—german Silver sixpenses for me," call he, "its passin bad munny, yud git in quod—*was ist das?*—for it, if i split on yer—*Himmel, was sagt er?*—so make it too bob—*was ist das?*—and i say Nothing." "I understand not," anser i, "what wish You? Have You a Tarif." "Yes," say he, "Tarif, too bob, too Schillings." *Zwei Mark!* *Ach, wie teuer!* England is yet deerer as Wien. I have in the Hotel Cash some little Money received, and i give him too Schilling. Then step i in the Waggon up, and he say, as the Train away go, "Thanky, Maunsiah." *Noch wieder!*

What for one little *Coupé*! The Trains in England *se* not as in Prussia. There have we Waggonen thro covered Gangways together joined, Foodwaggonen, the whole Train beeted, and so

farther. Now am i in one little *Coupé*, without Heet, without Food, inshutted, and hier must i sit remain, because it no Korridor along the Train is. I have only one Voyagefellow, one old Lady. She sit next to the Window, who wide opened is. The Weather is not Kold, but it is unpossibly in the January, without Heeting, so to voyage. "Beg, gracious Woman," say i, "permit You to me the Window totomake." And i make it to. "No, thank You," say she, "i prefer it open." "What," call i, "You wish the Window opened in the January, in this miserabel, kold, englisch Waggon? It is unpossibly!" "We must have some Air," say she, but she shut it a little. *Himmel!* The old englisch Ladys are strong. The fresh Air in the Summer sometimes is sound, *gesund*; she is very dangerly, *gefährlich*, in the Winter. In the german Railwaywaggon kom she never.

Luckywise am i with mein Voyagecover, too Overcoats, and one Mantel, called in Germany "Havelock," covered, and likewise kan I smoke because the *Coupé* not *Nicht-Raucher* inscribed is. I kindle mein Cigar at. "Oh!" call the old Lady, "Smoking is not allowed." "Beg," i anser, "this *Coupé* is not Not-Smoker." "This is not a Smokingearridge," say she. "Forgive," say i, a little angry, "this is not Not Smoking. So kan i smoke. You shud not hierin kom." Meenweil the Train thro several Tunnels, where the Air yet colder is, go, and then halt he. "Garde!" call the old Lady. *Was ist das?* *Ach, der Schaffner!* The old Lady spiek, he spiek, i spiek. We are all angry. Endly understand i that in England man only in the *Coupé*, as in France "*Fumeurs*" inscribed, smoke. "I go also in one other Waggon," say i. "No Time," say the Garde, the Train go, and there must i the whole Voyage with the old Lady, and the fresh Air, and without Cigars, remain. *Donnerwetter!*

At the next Railstation dare i not outtostep, because the stopping so short is. One half Hour later become the Heaven quiet dark. It is too Clock. *Wie sonderbar!* The Train halt. No Railstation. I am hungry. If i only in Prussia were, now would i one Sausage in the Foodwaggon eat, and one Pair Glas Bier drink. Luckilywise kom the Train about half three in London at. So shall i at three Clock dine.

Ach nein! Not at three, not at four, not at five! I die of Hunger. But i relate the fierful Adventure in mein next Brief.

Highattentionsfull humblest

LUDWIG.

WHY GO TO KLON—?

["CROSSING SWEEPER.—Pitch, with goodwill, in the fashionable West End, held by present owner fourteen years; good opening for a respectable man.—Address, &c."]

We learn that the above advertisement, which appeared last week in the columns of a leading morning paper, has been promptly acted upon by a well-known company-promoter. The undertaking has been placed on a sound commercial basis, and a prospectus, from which we extract the following particulars, issued:—

The List will Open To-morrow, Thursday, Jan. 20, 1898, and will Close on or before Friday, Jan. 20, 1899, for Town and Country.

THE UPPER BROOK STREET CROSSING-SWEEPING AND CAB-RUNNING COMPANY, LIMITED.

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1893.)

SHARE CAPITAL . . . £100.

Divided into 1,000 £500 per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of 1s. each, and 1,000 Ordinary Shares of 1s. each.

These are now offered for Subscription at Par, and payable as follows:—

On Application, 1½d. per share; on Allotment, 1½d. per share; on April 1, 1899, 3d. per share; and the balance when called upon.

DIRECTORS.

CHARLES E. COLLINGS, Esq. (the Vendor), Rowton House, Vauxhall, S.W.

Policeman A1666, Brook Street Fixed-point.

BILL MUGGINS, Esq., Unlicensed Cab-Runner, London, W.

The Duke of SEVEN DIALS (no fixed abode).

JOHN JONES, Esq., Orator, Hyde Park, W.

SAMUEL GERBRIDGE, Esq., Turncock and Gasman, No. 1, Mayfair Alley, W.

BANKERS.

The Consolidated Penny Bank, Threadneedle Street, E.C.

Secretary, Auditor, and Consulting Engineer—
The Vendor, Rowton House.

PROSPECTUS.

1. This Company is formed to acquire the well-known and old-established business of Mr. COLLINGS, Crossing-sweeper, of Upper Brook Street, W., and that of Mr. BILL MUGGINS, Professional Cab-follower, of London-within-the-Radius.

2. It is proposed to effect an amalgamation of the above-mentioned highly remunerative and prosperous concerns, under a scheme of financial unification, the respective working staffs and plant remaining distinct, as heretofore.

3. The question of "perks," over and above legitimate earnings, to be settled by private treaty between the Vendor and his Patrons.

4. The remarkably prosperous undertaking of the Vendor was first initiated fourteen years ago, when the goodwill of a sound, attractive, and well-organised street-crossing in Mayfair was taken over for a consideration by the present Vendor, first as a *locum tenens*, and subsequently in permanency, all out-standing claims and liabilities having been settled with the aid of a broomstick. From the commencement the annual turnover has been on a largely increasing scale, owing to the adoption of business-like methods, and to the masterly inactivity of the Local Vestry, combined with a judicious nictitation of the eye of the adjacent policeman for the time being. The weather has been almost consistently muddy and favourable for a steady high average of takings, and there is every prospect that this desirable state of affairs will continue. Among the Vendor's Patrons are numbered some of the most exquisitely-shod wearers of patent-leather among the British aristocracy, and not a few short-sighted and timorous old ladies of a thoroughly reliable and benevolent character.

5. The contemplated Cab-Running branch of the joint undertaking is a later development, but is already productive of a splendid dividend, the initial outlay being extremely small. Mr. MUGGINS has attended to his customers on a scientific and impartial system, and it is felt that the time has arrived to invite the Public at large to co-operate cordially in the exploitation of his eloquent and unrivalled methods in the pursuit of travelling-trunks and the cajolement of their owners.

6. It will be readily recognised that the proposed venture is totally distinct from speculative schemes of the "wild-cat" order, and it is therefore scarcely necessary or advisable to present an estimate of the expenses (which are merely nominal, consisting in the purchase of one broom), and of the profits, which are likely to rival, if not to surpass, those of many of the Yukon bonanzas.



BEFORE THE PARTY.

Blasée Little Girl on Sofa (to excited Younger Sister). "AH, DOROTHY, YOU'RE IN AN AWFUL HURRY TO BE OFF NOW. JUST YOU WAIT TILL YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH AS MANY SEASONS AS BOBBY AND I!"

"PERSICOS ODI, PUER, APPARATUS."

I HATE your foreign manners—hat in hand
To surly cabman and officious bobby.
Your comic songs I fail to understand,
I am a tour st ridden by his hobby.

I hate the way you stare at me, as if
I were a madman, or trick-bear in training,
Because my suit is check—because I whiff
A British pipe, your cigarettes disdaining.

I hate your *'crés tonnerres*—your double Dutch
Quips and retorts I find abomination.
An honest English — that they cannot touch
(And *what* is left to your imagination).

Your dishes make me ill—I cannot live
Without a hearty meal at my uprising.
All rolls and coffee would I gladly give
For a small Bass, and steak that's appetising.

They told me that in Par's I should find
My mother tongue on all hands—an illusion.
It was not so, nor can I call to mind
One soul, to whom I spoke without confusion.

If e'er again I'm caught in such a pass
Then find me drinking mazagan—or kola,
Then write me down, if so dispos'd, an ass,
And—more—a follower devout of ZOLA.

CANNIBALISM IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND!—It was recently reported that a certain clergyman had just been "collated" by his Bishop, who, immediately afterwards, invited several of the aforesaid reverend gentleman's friends to a cold collation! This is most startling. Will there not be an Ecclesiastical Commission to inquire into the facts?



Grandpapa. "WELL, LITTLE LADY, WILL YOU GIVE ME A LOCK OF THAT PRETTY HAIR OF YOURS?"

Marjory. "YES, GRANPA"; BUT"—(hesitating)—"I DON'T THINK ONE LOCK WOULD BE ENOUGH, WOULD IT?"

"THE SECRET OF SEX;"

ALLEGED VIEWS OF MADAM S-R-H GR-ND.

["Professor SCHENK, of Vienna, has explained to a correspondent that he can guarantee the birth of boys, but not of girls. He works in the cause of science, and is not anxious to make a fortune. He has accepted no reward in the successful cases he has treated."—*Daily Paper.*]

COME to my heart, HERR SCHENK! the strangely human

Charm of the chaste and specious yarns you spin

Proves you (the leech) and me (the writing woman)

One kin!

How often will a timorous confusion
Redden the very nape of people's necks,
When anybody makes the least allusion
To Sex!

Should conversation turn upon the gender
Of even substantives—they change their hue!

But I am not so delicately tender;
Are you?

Nay, but where common angels hardly dare a

Footstep on dangerously shaky ground,
There in their element both SCHENK and S-R-H

Are found.

They say you know by name each blood-corpusele

Respectively in men's and women's veins!

I also haunt the scientist; I hustle
His brains.

The many-daughtered fathers of Vienna
Find you dispensing golden gifts like dirt;
You make their blighted hope of infant men a

Dead cert.

A rule or two, a regimen of diet,
Gratis you give for joy of truth itself;
You will not sell nor do they want to buy it
For pelf.

Ah, SCHENK! (I shudder at the contemplation!)

Had you some years ago matured your plan,

I might have been, to my humiliation,
A man!

A man, a mere male animal half-witted,
My body bloated and my mind a blank,
A specimen of nature only fitted
To spank!

I bless my horoscope whose leading feature
Shaped me a woman, feminine but firm;
And not a reptile, not a crawling creature,
A worm!

But this in you, O SCHENK! I find abhorrent;

It seems like putting swine in front of pearls;

You only promise boys; you give no warrant
For girls!

Then let my sisters, wise through your instruction,

Reverse your method in its full details,
And so avoid the dolorous production
Of males!

The eternal feminine's eternal fitness
May thus attain to wipe all men away;
Though S-R-H hardly hopes, for one, to witness

That day.

'Tis well! For men, I grant, were born to grovel;

Yet, were they once abolished in the lump,

There might develop in the sexual novel
A slump!

USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL.—Girton, according to Miss EMILY DAVIES, needs fifty more sets of rooms. Girton's a-girton on! Miss DAVIES observes, "We have only just touched the fringe of the demand" for seats for women in the Cambridge lecture-rooms. Odd to commence with "the fringe." We suppose the Girton girls are employing themselves in artistically-worked coverings for the Professors' chairs in the University. The mental work at Girton is excellent, but the ornamental will be first-rate.

PUSHFUL.—Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, at Birmingham last week, distinctly intimated that another university was wanted. Where? Well, he would put it "on *à priori* grounds." Why not put it on "a Priory grounds," if there be such a plot vacant.

DIPLOMATIC NOTE (from our Special Mandarin).—There is a general consensus of the Powers to isolate England, but China, though not by any means agreeing with the Powers, wishes England to stand a loan.



ON THE "QUAY VIVE"!

JOHN BULL. "WHAT, MATIES! WANT SOME O' MY COAL TO GET TO CHINA! RIGHT YOU ARE!"
(To himself.) "I CAN ALWAYS STOP THE SUPPLIES!"



* "FOND OF MUSIC! WHY, WHEN I'M IN TOWN I GO TO A MUSIC-HALL EVERY NIGHT!"

TWO WAYS OF DOING IT.

THAT SIDE OF THE CHANNEL.

THE accused had left the Court acquitted. He had certainly said some harsh things about the people who now applauded him. He had also passed through the ordeal of an inquiry into his personal history with some anxiety. But he was acquitted. Yes, acquitted. So the people cheered him to the echo. He was tired of bowing his acknowledgments. He was weary of hand-shakes. He was of course gratified, but it was embarrassing. It was not that he had won some magnificent victory over the would-be invaders of his country. It was not that he had made a discovery that had startled the wondering world by its novelty. It was not that he had written a book of such magnificent proportions that MOLIERE had to withdraw and SHAKESPEARE take a back seat. No, the ovation was awarded for none of these feats. It had been merited by an act of far greater importance.

So the cheers were repeated again and again. The columns of laudation were printed and reprinted and reprinted. Everywhere joy and triumph were displayed. It was a grand day for the greatest country on the earth.

At last a foreigner asked the reason of the excitement.

"Do you not know?" replied the entire people, with one voice. "Why, we are making all this fuss because one of our citizens has been proved *not* to have been guilty of high treason! Hurrah! Likewise hip, hip hip! also bravissimo!"

And then the rejoicings were renewed with vigour. And that is the way they have in France!

THIS SIDE OF THE CHANNEL.

The accused had left the Court acquitted.

There were a few articles in the papers pointing out that the matter was fairly satisfactory. And he himself was pleased to learn that he might claim to have left the Tribunal without a stain on his character. And a very intimate friend dropped him a line offering him luke-warm congratulations and a suggestion that he should be more careful in the future.

A foreigner asked what it was about. "Scarcely know," replied a casual acquaintance; "but that some one has been proved to be innocent."

And then the accused retired into private life. And that is the way they have in England!

LABUNTUR ANNI?

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have just read in the *North British Daily Mail* that Professor OSCAR BROWNING of Cambridge is only in the fortieth year of his age. As I had the proud privilege of being "up" to him when at Eton in the year 1865, I conclude that Professor O. B. has either discovered a method of *growing backwards*, or that, at the early age of six and a half, he was qualified to impart that knowledge with which he has always been so fecund. Anyway, the problem is an interesting one. Perhaps the undoubted discovery of the Fountain of Perpetual Youth may be the result of Professor O. B.'s research into history! If so, Klondyke is not in it. Anxiously awaiting further information,

I am, your obedient servant,
DECIMUS DIGWELL.
(*Olim Etonensis.*)

Dripwell Monachorum, near Derizes.

TO A SANDWICH-MAN.

(Suggested by the recent appearance of Advertisement Girls in the Streets of London.)

ENOUGH, enough!

You are old and tough,
Your mien is repellent, your manners are gruff,

You have had your day, you are merely male,

You have certainly never adorned a tale,
And even the moral you point is as stale

As the station sandwich known by fame
To the first mad wag who started the game,

And moulded a metaphor into your name.

Avaunt, avaunt!

Let perish the taunt,
And hide your head in some secret haunt.

Our bread is new, and potted our meat,
The railway sandwich we will not eat,
So why should we suffer its like in a street?

Of women new

There now are a few

Who willingly strut in the world's full

view,

And the world is the gainer—by loss of you!

From the Courts.

Cross-examining Counsel. Now, Sir, how far away were you from the prisoner?



Irish Witness. Exactly a cubic yard, Sor. *Magistrate (severely, to witness).* Do you know the meaning of "cubic yard," Sir?

Witness (with an outburst of frankness). Begorra! I do not.

MR. PUNCH'S "ANIMAL LAND."

The Labb



This queer little Creature does not like roads nor peers. It likes to get into shady places and drag things out into the light. If you pretend the Hess is coming it will run into Westminster Abbey or anywhere.

The Pawkwit



This dear little Animal likes to run on the turf and that makes the good ones start praying for him. It does not like the Hawk and has a dainty little way of hiding itself among books and then it waits and waits and waits —

The Yawk

or
Rompjack

This merry little Animal makes a good deal of noise and never runs. He is quite at home under fire or water. He just does it and that's all.

PENMEN IN PENURY.

["It is announced that a charitable English lady has undertaken to establish at Antibes a 'Home for Poor Authors.'"] — *The World*, Jan. 12.]

On reading this statement, Mr. Punch, with his usual promptness, at once despatched his own Prophetic Interviewer to call upon the Superintendent of the Home, and has received the following report:—

The Home is a pleasant building, standing in its own grounds, which are surrounded by a high wooden paling completely covered by advertisements. These set forth the merits of certain works written by the inmates. "Try my *Syrupy Sonnets*!" read one poster; while next to it was the announcement, "My historical novel defies competition. Read *Blood and Thunder*, and you will be happy. Six murders, four suicides and three daring escapes for 4s. 6d. net!" Passing into the building, I found the Superintendent, who courteously gave me every information.

"Yes," he said, in answer to my questions, "our establishment is quite full, and we have had to refuse a large number of applicants. Impostors? No; we are generally able to detect them. We did find, indeed, that the only work of fiction written by one of those who had gained admittance was a forged bank-note, and that another's claim to be relieved as a distressed poet rested on the fact of his having written two stanzas in praise of a patent medicine. But almost all the cases are genuine."

"And do they get on amicably with one another?" I enquired.

"There is some friction at times," he admitted. "This morning, for instance, I found a mediæval historian fighting desperately with a decadent novelist, and I had to put pepper on their noses before we could get them apart. But let me show you round our premises. Here," as he threw

The Jook



This Animal is very trustworthy but he is always fast asleep. He would much rather you did it if you don't mind.

open the door of a spacious hall, "is our reciting-room."

On a platform at one end, a long-haired gentleman was declaiming cantos of blank verse to an imaginary audience. At the sight of us he became violently excited, and tugged his long hair while he stamped on the platform. My companion looked at his watch.

"You've had your ten minutes,

SNOOKS," he remarked. "It's Miss BROWN's turn now. Off you go! We allow them ten minutes each every day," he explained to me, "in which they may recite their own compositions, and they are absolutely forbidden to quote them at other times—a very necessary rule. Here comes Miss BROWN; she composes essays on Modern Man. Want to hear her? All right, then, we'll go into the garden, where you'll find most of our inmates."

We had hardly emerged from the house when a wretched-looking creature, clad in pitiable rags, came running up to me excitedly.

"Do give me a good notice!" he whined. "Here's my new comedy—do say it's a happy *jeu d'esprit*, or a bright little gem, or something of that sort!"

"I'm not a critic, my dear Sir," I said, soothingly, trying to disengage his hand from my coat.

"Oh, but you have influence!" he pleaded. "If you only know the wife of a reviewer's second cousin, it's something! Do get me a good notice from the critics—"

An elderly lady came rushing angrily towards me as he spoke. "A critic!" she shrieked. "A reviewer! Where is he? Let me get at him! Ah! you miserable cur, you craven coward of a contemptible clique, you selfish and sordid scavenger—"

The Superintendent drew a gag from his pocket, and in a twinkling had clapped it on the lady's mouth. "Against the rules, Ma'am," he said, quietly. "No alliteration here, please. And this gentleman's never slated any of your books. Run away and throw mud, it will relieve your feelings."

"Why should she throw mud?" I asked, as the lady departed, having shaken her fist in my face.

"Oh!" he replied, "it's a favourite amusement. Look, there's a lot of them doing it on the lawn over there."



'INTS ON 'UNTING, BY 'ARRY.

IF YOU LOSE YOUR HORSE, JUST TELL THE HUNTSMAN TO CATCH IT FOR YOU.

"Why, they're playing 'Aunt Sally'!" I exclaimed.

"Not exactly; if you will come a bit closer, you will see that the figure is a wax image of a well-known reviewer. Our unsuccessful authors pelt it with mud, and enjoy the amusement hugely. Now and then we let them burn an editor in effigy. And once a week, to give them exercise, they are allowed to hunt a real live publisher across country. They have splendid runs sometimes!"

"And do they ever catch him?" I asked, apprehensively.

"Oh no," said the Superintendent. "Generally they talk so much as they run that they haven't breath enough to get near him. And if ever he's pressed, he's only got to drop a small royalty or two, and they stop at once to scramble for it."

"Eh, but it's warrm wark th' noo," said a gentleman with sandy whiskers, who had stolen up to us. "And it taks a douce mon, like maself, to deescribe it. Aiblins ye've heerd of ma Beets o' Thrumtochty?"

I replied, untruthfully, that it was one of my favourite works, and the Scotchman wept tears of gratitude.

"And it's maself wad tak a wee drappie o' whusky to drink yir health," he sobbed, "gin I'd a bawbee i' ma oxter!"

"A sad case," said the Superintendent, as we turned away. "He used to write kailyard stories, but they went suddenly out of fashion, and the poor fellow hadn't

a penny to buy his 'bit parritch,' as he called it, when we took him in."

I thanked him for his information, and prepared to take my departure. As we passed through the house again, I noticed a curious-looking penny-in-the-slot machine

which stood in the hall, and inquired its purpose.

"Put in a penny, and you'll see," said my companion.

I did so, and took from the drawer a piece of green paper, on which was pasted what looked like a newspaper-extract. "By this book," it read, "the literature of our language is appreciably enriched. Never in all our experience have we found such profound wisdom, such sparkling humour, such tender pathos united within the compass of a single volume."

"It encourages thrift," the Superintendent explained. "When an inmate has saved a penny from his weekly pocket-money, he can put it in this machine and get an eulogistic review, which makes him happy for a month. He shows it to all the others, and pastes it into a scrap-book. Oh! no trouble; delighted to have shown you round. Good morning!"



Art Master. "Been to the Millais Show at the R. A. yet?"

Genius. "No. Anything good there?"

The latest Social Development.

["The Earl of R-SSL-N has joined the C-rt Theatre Company."—*Morning Gossip of Daily Paper.*]

The Marquis of Middlesex (playing as Mr. BRENTFORD, to Stage Manager). I must just run off to the House of Lords to speak on the Cat Tax Question, but I'll certainly be back in good time for the full dress rehearsal. [Exit hurriedly.]



Mr. Jenks (who likes Miss Constance). "NO, I ASSURE YOU, MISS CONSTANCE, I HAVE NEVER INDULGED IN FLIRTATION."

Miss Constance (who does not care for Mr. Jenks). "AH, PERHAPS YOU HAVE NEVER HAD ANY ENCOURAGEMENT!"

A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.

PART IV.

Saturday.—Hounds met about four miles away. Boys and I started in good time. Overtook my biggest subscriber, Sir JOSEPH BLOWFIELD. Introduced nephews and Boots. Little wretches ducked their heads by way of greeting, and drop behind us and giggle persistently. Sir JOSEPH turns in his saddle unexpectedly, and catches TOMMY grimacing at him, to huge joy of other two boys. Sir J. rides off furious. Shall probably lose his subscription now. Lent MAX my hunting-crop, which he wildly tried to crack. Thong catches TOMMY's ear. Lets go a howl like hyena. Intervene to avoid row between them. Arrive meet. Kennel up hounds in coach-house near. Deer-cart irresistible attraction to TOMMY and Boots. MAX now missing. Am about to order deer to be enlarged, when with terrific "tow-yowing" out rushes whole pack from coach-house.

Gallop off to see who could have let them out, blowing horn frantically. Thought hounds would be in half-dozen parishes before they sobered down again. On enquiry, found that MAX was culprit. So anxious to look at hounds, that he must needs open door and peep in. Of course, they all bolted out, knocking MAX flat on his back, and charging right over him. MAX an awful sight, and covered with mud. Shut hounds up again, and return to deer-cart. Enlarge. Fifteen minutes' law, and then lay on pack. TOMMY scuttles down to only jumpable place in first fence, where pony refuses. Tries again, keeping whole field waiting. Pony sticks fast half-way through fence. All the people kept behind using fearful language. Man rides against pony's hind-quarters, and knocks him clean through fence. All get over and gallop across next field. Stopped by wire. TOMMY squeezes pony through small opening by side of wire fence, and actually "pounds" the field. Great joy on his part, mani-

festated in usual puerile manner, thumb to nose at us. Mysterious sign this, equally effective to express either derision, triumph or scorn. We gallop off to gate on our left, and soon overtake TOMMY. His triumph is short-lived, as next obstacle is quick-set hedge with big ditch on take-off side. TOMMY's pony rolls helplessly in, leaving boy in ditch, and galloping on riderless. Loose pony crosses Sir JOSEPH at next fence, knocking him down with awful thud. "This is your fault!" shrieks irate Baronet, as I pass him. Why mine? Deer turns and runs back almost to where he started from. Finally takes soil in mill-pond. Whip off hounds and try to secure deer. Despite my warning, MAX, who has been standing at first fence, fruitlessly trying to get his pony over all this time, endeavours to assist in capture. Deer suddenly lowers his head, and forwards MAX into adjacent cucumber frame. Rush to the rescue, MAX shouting that he is killed. Extract him, and then turn to deer, leaving nephew picking bits of glass out of his hair. Secure deer, and return homewards with MAX and TOMMY: latter on foot, pony missing. Will probably kill itself, and I shall have to pay. No sign of Boots. He turns up at 5 P.M., teeth chattering, and very woebegone. Has been in brook. Two loafers accompany him, and demand half-sov. each for dragging pony out of brook. Pay them. They pocket money, and say they would like to drink my health. Consign them to perdition, and threaten police. Hunting too wearing a sport with these boys out. Announce, at dinner, that one of their remaining days with me shall be spent at *Pantomime* (cheers), and another at *British Museum*. (Deathlike silence.) Next time my nephews ask themselves to stay with me, shall tell them to go to—"Beerits."

A non Lucendo.

[The French Government plead "reasons of State" for not opening the Dreyfus Case.]

ONCE more to a terrible fate

Poor DREYFUS has been relegated,
For what are called "reasons of State,"

Which means—reasons that cannot be stated.

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."—The failure of Mr. CARTON's play, *The Tree of Knowledge* (on the point of being withdrawn from the St. James's bill), to attract was certainly not due either to any fault in the dialogue, or to any shortcomings in the acting, which is excellent. Miss ADDISON, Miss FAY DAVIS, and Mrs. JULIA NEILSON in a most difficult part, all admirable. Good also is the small part played by Miss WINIFRED DOLAN. The "character parts," as played by Messrs. IRVING, SHELTON, VERNON, and ESMOND, are excellent. In Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER's part there is little scope for light and shade, the episodic love-making being apparently thrown in to give the character a domestic-comedy flavour. The "Mrs. Tanqueray" school of drama has had its turn, and the "woman with a past" had better be consigned to the lumber-room of bye-gone stage-properties, until the time comes when once again she may be rehabilitated, and have a brilliant future before her.

It is to be succeeded by a Shakspearian revival, the title of which exactly describes the squeamishness that found a scene in Mr. CARTON's play most objectionable, viz., *Much Ado About Nothing*.



MOST EMBARRASSING.

Lady (hiding behind bush, to Mr. Spoodle, who has captured her horse). "OH, THANK YOU SO MUCH! BUT I HOPE TO GOODNESS YOU HAVE FOUND MY SKIRT AS WELL!"

[Nice position for Mr. Spoodle, who is very bashful, and has seen nothing of the garment.]

"LA TORTUE-BIJOU."—A tiny live tortoise, studded with jewels, and hung on a woman by a chain, is the latest Parisian novelty. The feelings of the tortoise are disregarded. The addition of one letter would make a better name—*La Torture-Bijou*.

HOW TO BE A CRICKETER.—The simplest thing in the world. Sit by the fire in a fog and study the game in the paper like a chess problem. No exertion whatever. Suited to the most indolent and the most infirm.



MASHONALAND RAILWAY.

["Sir CHARLES METCALFE, the engineer, is now busy at Umtali arranging for the station at that place."—Daily Telegraph.]

UMTALI STATION IN THE NEAR FUTURE. THE BOO-BOOLA EXPRESS JUST DUE.



London Correspondent

THE PERSECUTED M.P.

Chorus of Vampires. GIVE! GIVE!"

"Lewis Carroll."

BORN 1832. DIED JANUARY 14, 1898.

LOVER of children! Fellow-heir with those
Of whom the imperishable kingdom is!
Beyond all dreaming now your spirit knows
The unimagined mysteries.

Darkly as in a glass our faces look
To read ourselves, if so we may, aright;
You, like the maiden in your faerie book—
You step beyond and see the light!

The heart you wore beneath your pedant's
cloak

Only to children's hearts you gave away;
Yet unaware in half the world you woke
The slumbering charm of childhood's day.

We older children, too, our loss lament,
We of the "Table Round," remembering
well

How he, our comrade, with his pencil lent
Your fancy's speech a firmer spell.

Master of rare woodcraft, by sympathy's
Sure touch he caught your visionary
gleams,

And made your fame, the dreamer's, one
with his,
The wise interpreter of dreams.

Farewell! But near our hearts we have
you yet,

Holding our heritage with loving hand,
Who may not follow where your feet are set
Upon the ways of Wonderland.

THE BIRMINGHAM CHURCH "SCRUBBING SERVICE."—When the scrubbers and cleaners were at work in the Church of St. Lawrence, the good vicar preached. He might have given a new translation of the text, "*Vigilate et orate*," as "*Wash and pray*."

"PUT THAT IN HIS PIPE," &c.—Chinese smokers would like to borrow any number of pounds of "*Loan Jack*," which is now their synonym for "*JOHN BULL*."



DISADVANTAGES OF PERFORMING AT A COUNTRY HOUSE IN THE WASP SEASON.

(Just in the most important passage, too.)

REGULATIONS FOR WAR CORRESPONDENTS.

(According to the Heated Imagination of some Specials.)

No one but a combatant officer in full regimentals shall be allowed to follow an army in the field beyond the railway terminus at Southampton.

Should a special find himself at headquarters, he will report himself to the General commanding, and receive a bandage for his eyes, a gag for his mouth, and a pass to the dungeon situated under the nearest cell beneath the castle's moat.

Should a Pressman see the smoke of a distant battle, he will report that a chimney has taken alight, and the building to which it belonged was adequately insured.

A reporter will on no account be per-

mitted to use the telegraph wire for any message unconnected with his household affairs.

Should a victory be won by the British army, the officer commanding will collect the cream of the account into his own record, allowing the Press historian to come in three days later in the ruck of the private letter-writers.

War correspondents will be practically reminded that "copy" for the future is of "no account to nobody and nothing."

In conclusion, should patriotism be checked or curiosity baffled (alternative according to taste), then the Press had better follow an old precedent, and write their letters from Fleet Street.

MUSICAL FISH.—The Bass and the Deep Oyster.



"This isn't the Bearded Lady" from Barnum's on her Sunday out; but it is simply the effect of the fashionable Medici Collar.



“MANY A TRUE WORD SPOKEN IN JEST.”

“HULLO, OLD CHAP,—A NEW HORSE! WHERE DID YOU GET HIM?”

“PICKED HIM UP OUT OF A CAB IN LONDON STREETS.”

“LONDON STREETS! H'M—HA! SHOULD BE ABLE TO GO THROUGH THE MUD, ANYHOW!”

LETTERS TO THE CELEBRATED.

NO. VIII.—TO MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.

MY DEAR SIR,—Not very many years ago (I fail to remember the exact number) there was published in our beloved and friendly *Spectator* a review, eulogistic to the point of enthusiasm, of a little volume of soldier-stories which had lately seen the light of publication at, I think, Allahabad. In this review we were called upon to take note that a new literary force had manifested itself. Here, said the *Spectator* critic, is something absolutely fresh, direct and powerful, a series of tales in which the author goes straight to his point, grips the root of the matter with an unerring hand, and keeps his characters true to life throughout. He had, so the *Spectator* assured us, insight and uncommon dramatic power. What more could be desired? The jaded student of the literature of the day read this review in his usual otiose fashion. Had he not heard time and again similar announcements, discoveries of bright particular suns that were to shed a new brilliance and warmth on the dark arid places of the earth? And, lo, with a feeble twinkling they had risen and flickered back into the dismal gloom from which they had so lately emerged. This knowledge made us sceptical, and thus, when we read the article I have referred to, we shrugged our shoulders, smiled incredulously, and forgot—forgot everything, except the quaint, jagged, burlesque name of the *Spectator's* new-found author. Yet soon the *Spectator* was justified of its discovery. Throbbing and booming from India's coral strand the new force began to make itself felt, until with a rush and a roar the clouds burst, the thunder clattered, the daily and the weekly papers took up the reverberating echoes, and the products of RUDYARD KIPLING's pen fell, thick as leaves in Vallombrosa, into the libraries and the railway book-stalls.

Men, wise men and critics, may sometimes be heard to marvel at the surprising welcome that was extended to you. Why, they ask, should this man have leapt at once into fame whilst others, *vis equals if not his superiors in art*, lingered on obscurely in the

remote bye-paths? I think I know one reason at least. You came at one of those recurrent periods when great impulses have spent themselves, and some men, noting that all their famous ones have died or faded, begin to think that the last word in literature has been said. It is related of JOHN STUART MILL that—I was about to say, when he was young, but MILL was never young as other men are young—it is related of him that, at a comparatively early period of his old age, he was seriously perturbed as to the future of music. His mathematical mind suggested to him that, as there was only a certain fixed number of notes, it was demonstrable that these were capable of only a certain fixed number of permutations and combinations, and that therefore, within a period of time strictly limited, all possible tunes and variations would be exhausted, and the world would be left with no music but the stale airs of past generations. Ordinary mortals do not much trouble their heads with these speculations; we have rubbed along comfortably enough in the meantime with WAGNER, GOUNOD, VERDI, BRAHMS, TCHAIKOVSKI and others, and even the boy in the street now and then yells or whistles some fresh and original song of the music-halls. So, too, Lord KELVIN tells us that a fearful danger threatens creation, since, at our present rate of breathing, a few paltry hundreds of thousands of years will see all the oxygen in the air exhausted, while the shores of creation will be strewn with the corpses of those who will have died literally for want of breath. But in the meantime we breathe on and live unperturbed by these remote catastrophes. We waste no sorrow on them, unlike in this respect to the mastodons, of whom, as you may remember, Mrs. BROWNING wrote (I quote from memory):—

“It did not much
Console the race of mastodons to know
Their place would quicken with the elephant.
They were not elephants, but mastodons.”

Yet, although most of us who were neither wise men nor critics did not speculate seriously upon the death or even upon the dearth of literature, we could not, at the time of which I speak,

but be affected to a certain extent by the dismal forebodings of those who said they knew. DICKENS and THACKERAY were dead, TENNYSON and BROWNING had done their work. Who was left? So the grey-beards shook their heads, and warned us to begin to read philosophy and prepare for our latter ends. And suddenly, trumpets sounding and drums beating and swords flashing, in marches RUDYARD KIPLING at the head of his scarlet-coated retinue, bringing with him the gunpowder-smoke and all the great barbarous primitive instincts of man delighting in battle. In a moment the face of things was changed. Now we knew that hitherto our lives had been blanks for want of British soldiers, and Indian battle-stories, and barracks, and mess-rooms, and cantonments, and swarthy cruel natives with snaky hair and murderous knives, and regimental traditions. Pale, pigeon-breasted young men began to breathe fire, and refused to sleep o' nights unless they had swathed their dauntless bodies in a Union Jack, and surrounded their camp-bedsteads with a *chevaux-de-frise* of bayonets. How patriotic we were all going to be, and with what a scathing contempt did we intend for the future to look down upon Bengalees, and legislators, and commerce, and the puny, sickly people who lived in streets (we ourselves were mostly constrained not altogether unwillingly to live in streets, but what of that?), and how gallantly we all proposed to carry the name and fame of England into the remote parts of the earth over the shapeless, trampled bodies of myriads of foemen. Even Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN caught a belated little flame, and implored us, in the columns of the *Times* and at the Alhambra Music-hall, to hurry up, hurry up for pity to the help of Johannesburg. That phase has now passed; we have begun to realise that froth will not float our fleets, that bluster will not bring victory to our armies, and that quiet men who refuse to rave and spout have their use in the world; but something of solid advantage does, I think, remain to us in a quickened sense of the greatness of our motherland, and in a new sympathy for those who fight her battles. For that I believe you, Sir, are more nearly responsible even than Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. It matters not that you, the Tyrtæus of this warlike movement, should have had to confess that when assaulted by a raging relative you preferred to invoke the protection of the law before a humdrum justice of the peace, rather than to act according to the gospel of LEAROLD, MULVANEY and ORTHERIS. Men, when they read of this incident, smiled without malice, and realised that after all there was nothing else to be done under the circumstances.

Well, Sir, you have done great things on paper (I use the word without a hint of offence), and great things remain for you to do. You speak to us with a brutal directness, and we are forced to listen. In your stories there is no beating about the bush. What you want to say you know, and your meaning starts out clear, sharp and distinct before the eyes of the dullest of your readers. Those who have fed on the strong and generous fare you have furnished to them have no stomach afterwards for the sickly kickshaws of the analysts or the decadents. You help us to realise by means of manly characters that, when all is said and done, we too are men, men with passions and impulses and vices and virtues, and that we have the work of men to do in the world, if only we will leave off puling and complaining, and set our hands to something. Not even CARLYLE, that Hebrew prophet with the Germanic style, forced this truth home to his generation as powerfully as you have forced it upon yours in vigorous English and without preaching. And the gift of sympathy and manly tears is yours. Let those who doubt this read again your story, *Only a Subaltern*. There is a perfect little masterpiece without a mawkish sentence in it.

Henceforth, I think, your greatest work will be in verse. Not that I like "McAndrew's Hymn," with its inventory of engines and their fittings. But you have already written one of the most stirring ballads in our language, and, such is your command of moods and your apparently inexhaustible power of words and rhythm and fire and music, that I am confident that in poetry the triumphs that still remain to you will be won. May they be innumerable as the laughter of the sea. With that wish I end, and remain,
Your admirer, THE VAGRANT.

OUR NEW STATUE GROUP; OR, LADIES IN AN AWKWARD PRE-DICAMENT.—"BOADICEA and her daughters" are at the top of the steps leading down to the Westminster steam-boat pier. BOADICEA having lost her reins, with great presence of mind, is taking advantage of her horses attempting some of their old circus tricks, to hail a penny-steamboat, which, it is hoped, will soon come to her rescue.

WHY is an inclosure where sheep are kept like a *lusus naturæ*? Because it is a *sheep foal'd*.



NOT A PLEASANT WAY OF PUTTING IT.

Hostess. "I'M AFRAID WE ARE GOING TO BE A VERY SMALL PARTY TO-NIGHT. THE FOG SEEMS TO HAVE KEPT AWAY ALL OUR BEST PEOPLE!"

ELEVEN LITTLE REASONS WHY.

BECAUSE of course they play cricket in Australia all the year round.

Because it was too hot for anything, and of course the English team were unaccustomed to the heat.

Because there was a chapter of accidents from the first, and everyone had bad luck.

Because the coin never would come down the right side on the top, and consequently the British could not go in first.

Because the ground got hopelessly out of order by the time that the first innings of the Australians was over.

Because the constant travelling and occasional *fête* were enough to put everyone out of form.

Because there ought to have been more extra men to fill up the ranks on emergencies.

Because at least one admirable cricketer was left at home whose services on several occasions would have been invaluable.

Because the tea interval coming after the luncheon pause was confusing to the Mother Countrymen.

Because the glorious uncertainty of cricket is proverbial, and success may be deserved, but cannot on that account be always attained.

Lastly, and probably the right reason, because the other side had the better men.

TIDINESS.—Sir W. B. RICHMOND, R.A., pleads, and with good reason, for greater tidiness in our streets. But neatness in other things may also be advocated. Some gifted and artistic persons wear their hair very long, which some close-cropped persons, neither gifted nor artistic, might consider very untidy.

À propos of Spain and Cuba.

Our Intemperate Politician (after dinner, a long way, quoting SHAKESPEARE to his purpose). "What's (hic) Cuba to him or he to (hic) Cuba?"



"WHAT'S THAT BOOK YOU'RE READING, PAPA?"
 "THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII, MY PET."
 "WHAT DID HE DIE OF, PAPA?" "AN ERUPTION, DEAR."

THE AMALGAMATED NIBLICKS.

["The 'Nibs' are an association of the best-known professional writers of music-hall songs. They have banded themselves together for mutual protection."—*Daily Mail*.]

THE Society of Amalgamated Niblicks has the honour to present its Prospectus to the Artistic World. The gratifying success of Nibs, Limited, invites friendly competition. Our object, to be quite frank, is to cut them out. High work at low figures, but those *cash*, is our motto. We really have two mottos. The other one is—"Give me the making of a Nation's Songs, and I care not who makes her Laws"; or words to that effect.

A fraternal system of Co-operative Anonymity is our leading feature, though we do not disguise the fact that the *Presidency of the Society* is to be offered to

the Poet Laureate (late of the Alhambra). Taking a line from the Trades Unions, we intend that all members, skilled or not, shall compose for an equal number of hours a week, with or without results. On the Saturday they will draw the profits equally, waiving all invidious distinction. This pay should constitute, with luck, a living wage. Otherwise they must all perish simultaneously; or try something else.

That the Singing Public may have some conception of the *répertoire* which the Society has already amassed, we append a few suggestive samples of our stock. It will be understood that there are more to be had where these come from. The samples will be found to consist of choruses embodying the distinctive motifs of various types of song; though, as a fact, the regular verses, not here published, are in some cases of an even higher order of

merit. Along with the samples we offer one or two hints as to the class of performer best adapted for their interpretation. Its price is also assigned to each article.

SAMPLE I.—THE PATRIOTIC NATIONAL. (10s. 6d.)

This is suitable for a full-bodied *basso*. It can be sung during periods of foreign complication. Also when there are Jubilees going on; or Naval Reviews. Note the quiet humour underlying this fragment.

Then Hurrah! and again Hurrah!
 For the glorious British Tar!
 For Jack at the helm
 On our Ocean realm,
 Or drunk at the harbour-bar!
 And it's likewise three times three
 For the Ships of the QUEEN'S Navee!
 For they'll go anywhere,
 And they're always there,
 And that's where they ought to be!

SAMPLE II.—THE TOPO-POLITICAL. (8s. 0½d.)

To be delivered in a statesmanlike manner. The artiste should withdraw early in this kind of song if he finds himself out of harmony with the major portion of his audience.

While the KAISER's a-blowin' his trumpet,
 And Russia's a-lickin' her chops,
 There's a party would like us to lump it,
 And swallow humility slops;
 But BERESFORD—gosh! he's a nipper,
 He'll York 'em, you bet, an' no kid;
 He's the right little, tight little, skipper
 To scuttle their binnacle-lid!

SAMPLE III.—THE POPULAR SENTIMENTAL. (4s. 10d.)

A fine effect of contrast is produced if this song is put into the mouth of a well-known humorist. But your audience must be intelligent. Otherwise it might miss the true intention of this little gem. The success of the words must be judged by their power to touch the heart. One pocket-handkerchief in ten (free passes excluded) is a fair proportion.

Little Disy! pure young thing!
 'Ave they bin an' took yer, dorlin'?
 Where the blessed ingels sing
 Carnt I 'ear yer voice a-callin'?
 Just abart the dorn o' dy,
 Might 'a' bin a shade past seven,
 Little Disy fled awy
 Like a narrer strite to 'Eaven!

SAMPLE IV.—THE PATHO-ROMANTIC. (1s. 11½d.)

This is suitable for artistes not specially gifted with humour. The tenor that takes it should be able to command a tremolo; but he doesn't need to know anything of clog-dancing. It might be given early in the evening before the stalls arrive; or later on if the bar wants patronising.

Come, then, and let us part, love!
 Adown the aching years
 We two propose to start, love,
 On opposite careers!
 See where the aspens shiver,
 And poppies yearn with pain;
 For the mists are on the river,
 And the moon is on the wane!

Applicants for further samples are at liberty to enclose stamps; not necessarily for consumption, but as a proof of *bona fides*. We recommend the "Comic Sarcotrial," the "General Domestic," the "Plaintive Marital" (for either sex), and the "Randy-Dandy" (for a perfect lady).



KEEPING HIM GOING.

COLONIAL JOE. "HOLD OUT TO THE END OF THE ROUND! I'VE GOT SOMETHING THAT'LL PUT THE LIFE INTO YOU!!"

[“The Chancellor of the Exchequer has consented to propose at the meeting of Parliament a very large grant in aid of the West Indies.”
Vide report of Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Liverpool, Times, January 19.]



"ISN'T IT TIRESOME! I'VE JUST GOT A LOVELY NEW BICYCLE, AND NOW MY DOCTOR ABSOLUTELY FORBIDS ME TO CYCLE! WHAT WOULD YOU ADVISE ME TO DO?" "CHANGE YOUR DOCTOR."

LUDWIG IN LONDON.

LONDONBRITSCH.

HONOURED MISTER OVER-NEWSPAPERS-DIREKTOR,—In mein last Brief related i how the from Dover towards London koming Train at too Clock halted. Few Minutes earlier piped the Lokomotive, and we goed one Tunnel thro.

At the other Side all is dark. I see the Window out, but i see Nothings except nebulous, smoky Darkness. *Plötzlich*, sudden, hier i too Explosions, the old Lady call "Oh!" and the Train halt. *Was ist das? Ach so! Nebelsignale.* The Lokomotive pipe, and endly move the Train quite slow before. Few Minutes later again too Fogsignals. Again the Train halt. So go we, and each Foremoving is slower and shorter, and each Halt is longer.

I am fierful cold, fierful hungry, fierful thirsty. The old Lady sit quite still, ever nitting, and spiek no Word. The Germans spiek ever very willing and very mutsch. I wish to spiek in order Englisch to lern. I lern not willing the hateful, *hässliche*, englisch Spiech, but in every Commerceshaus must man she no. If i only spiek could, so were the Voyage not so fierful longwhily. But the old Lady see very *ungemütlich* out. If i only to Foot along one Railwaywaggonkorridor go could, so were i not so fierful cold. If i only smoke could, so were i not perhaps so fierful hungry. And i kan no Glas Bier drink. *Ach, verfluchtes England, verfluchtes Klima!* If i never komed were, if i only in Germany were! What for one Land, where man in the Train of Hunger, of Thirst, and of Coldness, dy kan!

The old Lady seek something in her Voyagepocket, *Reisetasche*. She bring one little silver, with the little englisch Sandwichs filled, Box, hierout, and she eat, ever quite still and her Tongue holding, and then shut she the Box, and nit again. She offer me no Sandwich. I am yet hungreyer. If i only the Misery of the englisch Railwayvoyage noed had, so had i Flasks Bier, Sausages, Bred, cold Flesh, Flasks Wein, and so farther, with-bringed. The old Woman is very still; she nit not. *Ach!* She sleep. If i only the Window shut could, then were i not so fierful cold. I stand up, i step quite careful, i have the Hand on the

Strap, when sudden the old Woman open the Is—*ach nein*, that reit man, Eys—and say, "Thank you, I prefer it open, the Weather is warm." *Donnerwetter!*

It is nau three quarter towards four, and we kom not at. It is four Hours since i something eated have, i have no Bier, no Wein dranked, i am quite week, i no not what to do. The Train halt ever frequenter, and the Darkness become nebulouser. The fresh, by the old Woman so willing breathed, Air is only smoke. I see absolute Nothings. *Selbst die alte Dame ist fast verschwunden*, self the old Dame is fast vanished.

Endly halt the Train, and man call "Londonbritsch." *Du lieber Himmel!* I snatch mein Things, i say to the old Woman, "Gud Evening, luckly Voyage," but she anser not—the Eng-landers are very uncourtly, they say not "*Mahlzeit!*" Mealtime, "*Glückliche Reise!*" and so farther—and i step out. One Packagearryer kom, and say "Luggitsch?" "No," anser i, "Bier. The Refreshmentrestoration. Bier and Sausage." The Perron is very dark. I follow him after, and endly kom i to the Buffett at. I kan not mein Wordbook see, but i wish to the *Kellnerin* quite courtly to spiek, and "*Fräulein*" to say. That is the Diminutiv of *Frau*. What is the Littleingword of "Woman"? Ah, it give no Diminutiv in Englisch, so must i "little Woman," as "little Father" in Russisch, say.

"Beg, little Woman," say i, "ten Glas Bier." "Who are You calling little Woman?" say the *Buffettfräulein*. "It's like You Impertinense. Get along with You." What, she send me forth? *Unmöglich, ich musz etwas Bier trinken!* "I go not, little Woman," say i, "i must something Bier drink." "Well," anser she, "if it's only Chaff." *Himmel!* "I wish no Chaff," call i, "i die of Thirst, i wish ten Glas Bier." "Well youra thirsty one an no Mistake," say she. "Stake," say i, "have you Beef-stakes?" *Sie verneint*, she negative. She say it are "Buns." *Was ist das?* Ah so, little Kakes. I drink six Glas Bier. *Ach, wie gut!* I eat one "Bun." *Oh, abscheulich!* Then kom the Packagearryer and say again, "Luggitsch?" "No," say i, "Bier." Then drink i yet ten Glas Bier, and wish Sausages to eat. *Es sind keine*, it are no. So must i yet one miserabel "Bun" eat, and then kom the Packagearryer, and say again, "Luggitsch?" "No," say i, angry, "Bier." Then drink i yet threeteen Glas, and endly am i ready.

I kindle one Cigar at, and i go out. It is yet nebulouser, but i find him, and i say, "I wish no Luggitsch, bring You to me one *Droschke*, one Onespanner, and seek You mein Package." I give to him the *Gepäckschein*. He spiek mutsch, and endly understand i that mein Package is not there; it is in *Tscher-ringross*. "Better teikekeb, Maunsiah," say he. "Teikekeb," say i, "what is that?" "Kerritsch, Maunsiah," say he.

I no not what to do. Mein Package is losed, i see Nothings, of the Fog on account, i have Nothings eated, and the Voyage is not yet to End. *Oh, verfluchte Reise!* If i never komed were! I shall to You again reit. Highattentionsfull humblest

LUDWIG.

Answers to Correspondents.

NEOPHYTE.—An epic poem in 247 verses would of course be the very thing for publication in *Punch*, if there happened at any given time to be space for it. Many thanks for offer.



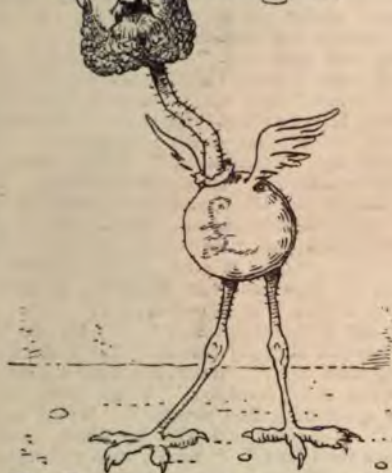
"THE DREYFUS 'SCAPEGOAT.'"

(After—a long way—Holman Hunt's celebrated Picture.)

MR. PUNCH'S "ANIMAL LAND."

(With acknowledgments as before. See Punch Number for January 15, p. 22.)

The Byjitt Hacha
or
Hicksybee



This Animal is always trying to balance things with a little over to one side. It is very nice and plainspoken. It comes up to every great door just to see how you are getting on and get a little something in the pound. — It lives on beer and tobacco and tin-tacks.

The Goash



This odd little salt water Animal is very good at sums and gets on pretty well with the Estimists. But if you ask him anything very difficult he runs under the gallery to get the answer. When strikes is on he is very kind and doesn't expect no ships finished. — he looks the other way.

The Showt



This little Animal is very honest and likes to fight. It has a very big voice on both sides — whichever it likes. It likes to get on a waggion in the Park and call out about wellth and capichlists and things. It sounds better out of doors.

SONGS FOR THE NATION.

"Songs, more songs, and let the laws go hang!"
Goethe or Gatty.

I CANNOT help thinking that the modern "love"-song is behind the times. My effort, which I send you, is a conscientious attempt to rise to the height of the sublimely ridiculous.

MY OWN MOAN.

(A Lay of Love.)

Angel! the moon doth afflict me with madness,
Sorrowing, sighing, I'm yearning for thee;
Mine are the joys that are centred in sadness,
I groan over lunch and I weep in my tea.
Thou art a seraph, a birdie, a ducky,
I am an abject, unspeakable clown;
Star of my heart! I shall think myself lucky
If I may kiss but the hem of thy gown.

Refrain.

Mona, my own love,
Hark to my moan, love,
Lend me thine ear while I swear I will sigh for thee,
Laugh for thee, cry for thee,
Live for thee, die for thee,
Quip for thee, quirk for thee,
Fight with the Turk for thee,
Do all but work for thee,
Ah-h-h!

[To be gurgled, so as to express inexpressible emotion.

Here on the beach I appeal to the billows,
(Sing to me, Sea, of the charms of my love!)
Thousands are lying at rest on their pillows,
I can but rave to the moon that's above.
Oh! let me fly, with a lover's devotion,
Till at her feet I sink gracefully down;
Swear I will fling myself into the ocean,
If I may kiss but the hem of her gown.

The Leck



This gentle Creature is very kind and winsome so everybody likes it. It has a wonderfull brain and knows a lot. When it sees a Artiss about it folds up and tries to look like part of the Diado. It is almost a sin to make its picture.

SOME FRUIT FROM "THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE."—A propos of The Tree of Knowledge at the St. James's, Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER writes to say, that by the time it is withdrawn, "it will have run a hundred and thirty nights," and will have brought to the management and the author "a large profit." Delighted! If we possessed such a tree, we should let it go on growing and producing still more fruit. As a piece, why "take it off"—unless to burlesque it?

UNDER PROPER CONTROL.

["GERTRUDE BESSY AMOS, fifteen months old, described as 'of no home and no occupation,' was charged at Southwark on Saturday with not being under proper control."—Daily News.]

IMPOSSIBLE! Monstrous! Appalling!

This dangerous infant at large,
Pursuing her desperate calling,
And left under nobody's charge!
Who knows what designs she's conceiving
In the sinister depths of her soul?
Ye gods! It is past all believing!
Not, not under proper control!

How long has this terrible stranger
Escaped from her prison and chains?
How long has this horrible danger
Infested our alleys and lanes?

She's terrorised London, it may be,
For months in her murderous rôle—
Quick! Quick! Lose no time! Get the Baby

At once under proper control.

Up, constables! Take your position!
Draw staves and prepare for the fray!
Up! marshal the Southwark division,
And bid them be heroes to-day!
Come, courage! Let nothing appal you,
And charge, O thou mounted patrol!
'Tis your QUEEN and your Country that call you!
Get the Babe under proper control!

"O Woman! in our hours of ease."

Miss Corulea Cackleton (who has insisted upon joining the whist party, and already revoked twice). Now, my dear Major, if you could only see my hand! I've no trumps, and no picture cards! Don't you think we'd better give them the game?

[And the Major, with a fist full of good things, only relieved his feelings by swearing to himself.



Farmer. "I SAY, JOHN, WHAT DO YOU CALL A PINEAPPLE—A FRUIT OR 'A VEGETABLE?'"

Waiter. "A PINEAPPLE HAIN'T NEITHER, GENTLEMEN. A PINEAPPLE IS ALWAYS A HEXTRA!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Daniel, just issued from BLACKWOOD'S Press, Mr. BLACKMORE calls "A Romance of Surrey." The scene opens in Surrey, and there dwells awhile, providing opportunity for some of those sketches of country folk and country scenes which the author knows so well how to present. Towards the end the reader is transported to the frosty Caucasus, which probably Mr. BLACKMORE never left his market-garden to gaze upon, but which he makes delightfully clear in its rugged grandeur. He tries a new flight by making his story chiefly revolve round a group of Caucasians, most of whom are exceedingly tall and of surpassing beauty, whilst some are phenomenally wicked. The narrative of the pursuit of the wicked *Queen Marva*, and the fight which rescues her brother from her feline grasp, is told in a manner worthy of the historian of *Lorna Doone*. But on the whole my Baronite is not warmly drawn towards the Caucasians, preferring Mr. BLACKMORE when he dwells among his own people. Happily, a few are to be found among the foreign element of *Daniel*.

It is not without a thrill of perhaps wicked excitement that a critic (who has, of course, "failed in Literature") comes upon a book written by a publisher. It is true that Mr. MARSTON issuing his charming little volume, *On a Sunshine Holiday*, retains his pen name, The Amateur Angler. But the veil of anonymity is exceedingly thin, and only the modesty inherent in a publisher counsels its retention. My Baronite frankly confesses that there is here no opening for paying off imagined scores by scathing criticism. Mr. MARSTON not only conveys the reader into pleasant pathways by field and river, but discourses of things by the way, from the lesser spotted woodpecker to Stonehenge, in charming fashion. Nothing is pleasanter in the book (of course published by SAMPSON LOW; no others need apply to E. MARSTON) than the dedication to "My dear DOROTHY," which in its delicate humour has the flavour of the elder essayists.

Mr. OSCAR BROWNING appropriately brings out his life of *Peter the Great* (HUTCHINSON) at a time when Sir HENRY IRVING at the Lyceum has stirred afresh human interest in that marvellous man. O. B., with the judicial manner, not to say the frigidity, of a college Don, is by no means carried away by admiration, surprise, or indignation at the various episodes in

PETER's grandly-mad career. Some people would say the style of treatment is a little woodeny. But the theme is so stupendous that no collegiate coldness can prevent it from bubbling up even in these severely-placid pages. There are several interesting portraits and some sound information in the work. It also suggests to my Baronite how much the world has lost since neither KINGLAKE nor MACAULAY took PETER and the birth of modern Russia for his theme. THE BARON DE B.-W.

THE EVANGELIUM.

THE *Gefion* has had to tow

The *Deutschland* towards the Chinaman;

Such progress seems extremely slow

For that which bears so fine a man

As HEINRICH, far from dumb, though *dumm*,

To preach that *Evangelium*.

FIT FOR THE FLEET.

BELAY THERE, MESSMATE PUNCH!

I see, Sir, that some association or other—I think they call themselves the Ship Society, or the Boating Body, or something—have been offering a reward of five pounds, or, may be, more, for an essay on the Navy. They want, if I read them right—and, strike me with a marling-spike, there's so many of these sort of things nowadays, and they are all speaking at once—to improve the Navy. Why not? What cheer, right it is, Sir!

But belay there, and ease her, turn her astern and stop her! I can tell the Ship Society or whatever they be, Sir, how to increase our fleet in the twinkling of a penny steamboat's compass. Why not use the fleet laid up off the piers? They have nothing to do in the Winter. Because why? Because the British public, which is never too partial to the London river, hates the sight of the Thames in Winter. What cheer, then? Why it is. Right you are!

Put the penny-boats in commission as auxiliaries to the fleet during the Winter. Then if a war breaks out in the summer they can still be used, as no one will want to go to Hampton Court, far less Nine Elms, when the old flag of England is braving the battle and the breeze.

Yours patriotically,

BATTERSEA BILL THE BO'ATMAN.



G.P. 14010 B-4000. /98.

SPELLING REFORM IN THE WEST COUNTRY.

Squire. "HULLO, FARMER! WHAT D'YOU MEAN BY THAT?"

Farmer. "THAT'S JUST TO WARN 'EM AS THERE'S WIRE. AIN'T IT RIGHT?"

HEARTS AND HOLMES AT THE GLOBE.

Rosemary at the Criterion showed how an elderly gentleman fell in love with his youthful ward, and made the mistake of thinking that this young girl had fallen in love with him. He was soon *désillusionné* by the object of his affection coming to him for his consent to her marriage with a good youth of her own age. In *A Bachelor's Romance*, an elderly man, a kindly literary recluse, falls in love with his ward, and she with him, proving the genuineness of her sentiment by refusing to marry a young man of "her time o' life." It is a pretty comedy, which Miss MARTHA MORTON might have told to greater advantage in three acts instead of four. The fourth act, however, has in it more movement than the preceding three, and the final scene, very happily contrived, brings down the curtain on a thoroughly satisfactory climax.

In *David Holmes*, Mr. JOHN HARE has one of those delightful middle-aged parts in which he is "just perfect." His geniality, his soft-heartedness, his uprightness, his quick-temper, and his readiness for self-sacrifice, endear *David Holmes* to the spectator, and gain for him the entire audience as his personal friends.

Mr. GILBERT HARE's make-up and performance of the old clerk, a kind of *Tom Pinch*, is most artistic. The authoress ought to have made more of this character, a remark, by the way, that applies to everyone throughout the play. All the characters are too sketchy. In only one thing do I venture to doubt the judgment of Mr. GILBERT HARE and the authoress, either or both, and that is, in the third act, where the joviality of *David Holmes* sets heavy *Mr. Mulberry* (well-represented by Mr. JAMES LEIGH) and over-boisterous young *Mr. Savage* (Mr. FRANK GILLMORE) singing and dancing, in which they are ultimately joined by feeble old broken-down *Martin Beggs*. Far more effective would his bye-play be were he dumbfounded at witnessing this exhibition of forced boyishness (as one who was seeing something strange in a vision, and realising it as a fact), and were he to be utterly overcome by the self-consciousness of his own inability to share in this exuberance of animal spirits. However, as it is, the song and dance of the quartette "goes" immensely, as surprises, brought in naturally, will always do on the stage. Mr. FREDERICK KERR's portrayal of a Ne'er-do-well-till-he-does-better sort of man is excellent; and Miss MAY HARVEY, Miss ORAM, Miss SUSIE VAUGHAN, are all "as good as they make 'em." Miss NELLIE THORNE, as *Sylvia*, is a charming *ingénue*, but "so good," "so nice," "so simple," as to be almost an im-

possible "young person," until the last act, when she suddenly develops into a sensible young woman, who not only knows her own mind, but gives two or three of them a bit of it. Altogether a very pretty, if not a very strong, play; memorable for the finished performance of Mr. GILBERT HARE, and of Mr. JOHN HARE as *David Holmes*, "Holmes, Sweet Holmes!"

AN APPEAL TO CÆSAR.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see that Mr. BEERBOHM TREE has been writing a lot about JULIUS CÆSAR—how he comes to think of such clever things I'm sure I can't tell—on the occasion of the Shakspearian revival at Her Majesty's. Well, of course, it's awfully good and learned of him. But I really wish he wouldn't. I hate having my fixed ideas shaken, and my fixed idea about old JULIUS is, that he came to England B.C. 55 to eat oysters and to write a book to worry the lives out of the lower school.

Yours sincerely, SMITH MINOR.

Fourth Form.

GOING WITH THE TIMES.—Every Englishman is becoming accustomed to see the "u" treated as superfluous in many words. The American system is to rid the English vocabulary of superfluities. But it is, we fancy, quite a novelty to see "parsimonious" spelt, as it was in a leader and in a law report in the *Times*, "parcimonious." Undoubtedly its Latin derivative hath it with a "c"; but according to NUTTALL, CICERO (Kikero or Sisero?) spells the substantive "parsimonia." Which is it to be? Shall we write "susumber" or "kukumber"? If "c" before "i" is to be hard, then "city" becomes "kity." Well, we are nearing the end of the kentury, and so let every kivilian spel as best pleseth him. "The old order changeth, giving plase to new."

FAINNE AU LÆ.—This is a new contemporary, published in Dublin. We are very glad to see the name, though we cannot say it. The nearest we can get is FANNY A. LEE, but this sounds more like the name of a lady than of a newspaper.

SIR HERBERT KITCHENER'S GREATEST CHANCE.—A *Soudan* victory without any press.

MODERN VERSION OF "OLYMPIAN GAMES."—Olympian "Freaks."

HAMLET AT A MATINÉE.

(By our Special Reporter.)

["Ladies, I implore you, don't wear large hats."
Mr. Forbes Robertson, at Birmingham.]

NOTHING could be finer than the scenery, so far as I could judge. I frankly confess that, instead of the ramparts, I saw one lady's picture-hat, and lost half of the graveyard act, thanks to the *chapeau à la Française*.

And now for the acting. Mr. THREE-STARS would have been admirable as the *Prince*, if he had been visible. And like praise would be the due, no doubt, of the charming exponent of *Ophelia*. But neither the *Prince of Denmark* nor his sometime *fiancée* were *en evidence*. It was believed that they were both shouting in the distance, shut out by huge toques and gigantic bonnets.

So I bring my notice to a conclusion, with the hope that some day female head-dresses, like children in arms, will not be admitted. When that blessed hour arrives the critic will see his Shakspeare once more, conscious of the fact that the fair sex are no longer selfish, but have returned to their rightful garb and their proper senses.

AXIOM BY OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE ONE (evidently at large).—They say "*Le jeu ne vaut pas la Chandelle*." It seems to me that it all depends whether the candle be burnt at both ends! Mine is.

Monte Carlo. January 20, 1898.



"MORNING, TOM. WHAT A BEASTLY DAY!"

"IT AIN'T A DAY, SIR. I CALL IT AN INTERVAL BETWEEN TWO BLOOMIN' NIGHTS!"

"MORE MOONSHINE."

[It is asserted that a Hamburg astronomer has made a discovery of a new moon, and that this hitherto unobserved satellite of the Earth will be visible on July 30 next.]

We do not want a second moon,
One satellite is ample;
Nor should we deem it as a boon,
This brand-new German sample.

One moon is qu'ie enough to shoot,
Or rake out of the river;
And extra Bedlamites to boot
Would make sane people shiver.

We can dispense with further rhyme
To Luna's new-found rival;
Of moonstruck odes 'twould be a crime
To risk a fresh revival.

Occult your orb then, next July,
Eclipse your Hamburg planet;
Or we shall wink the other eye,
When asked, child-like, to scan it!

MUSICAL AND HISTORICAL.—In a recent article on English Musicians, a contributor to the *Saturday Review*, signing himself "J. F. R.," asks, "Why should they want degrees? Degrees help no one to play or compose any better." Such academical distinctions may, or may not, be a help to a composer, but "degrees," as associated with the Harpist's art and the Poet's inspiration, can boast of most ancient, as also of most weighty, authority. For have we not on immortal record more than one inspired composition of King David's, styled "*A Song of Degrees*"?

A CRIB FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.—The other day a children's comic opera was very well spoken of in the *Times*. The music is by Mr. FESTING JONES, which name a *Mrs. Malaprop* might very well mistake in repeating it as FESTIVE JONES. The "brightly-written book is supplied by Mr. F. H. CRIB." Now, isn't CRIB an inauspicious name for an original author? Any student wishing to study "*King Bulbous*," will do well to consult this Crib.

THE STERN POLITICAL ECONOMIST

TO MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

BEET, beet, beet,
'Tis a horrible root, J. C. !
Yet I hope that the words you utter
Are true economy.

Oh! well for the Briton's purse
That he buys of the Belgian plant :
Oh! well for the foreigner's price
That he pockets his government grant !

But your statesmanship goes on
To a haven unloved of MILL,
Where the Indian cane may be spared, and
perhaps
The English child spoiled—by the bill.

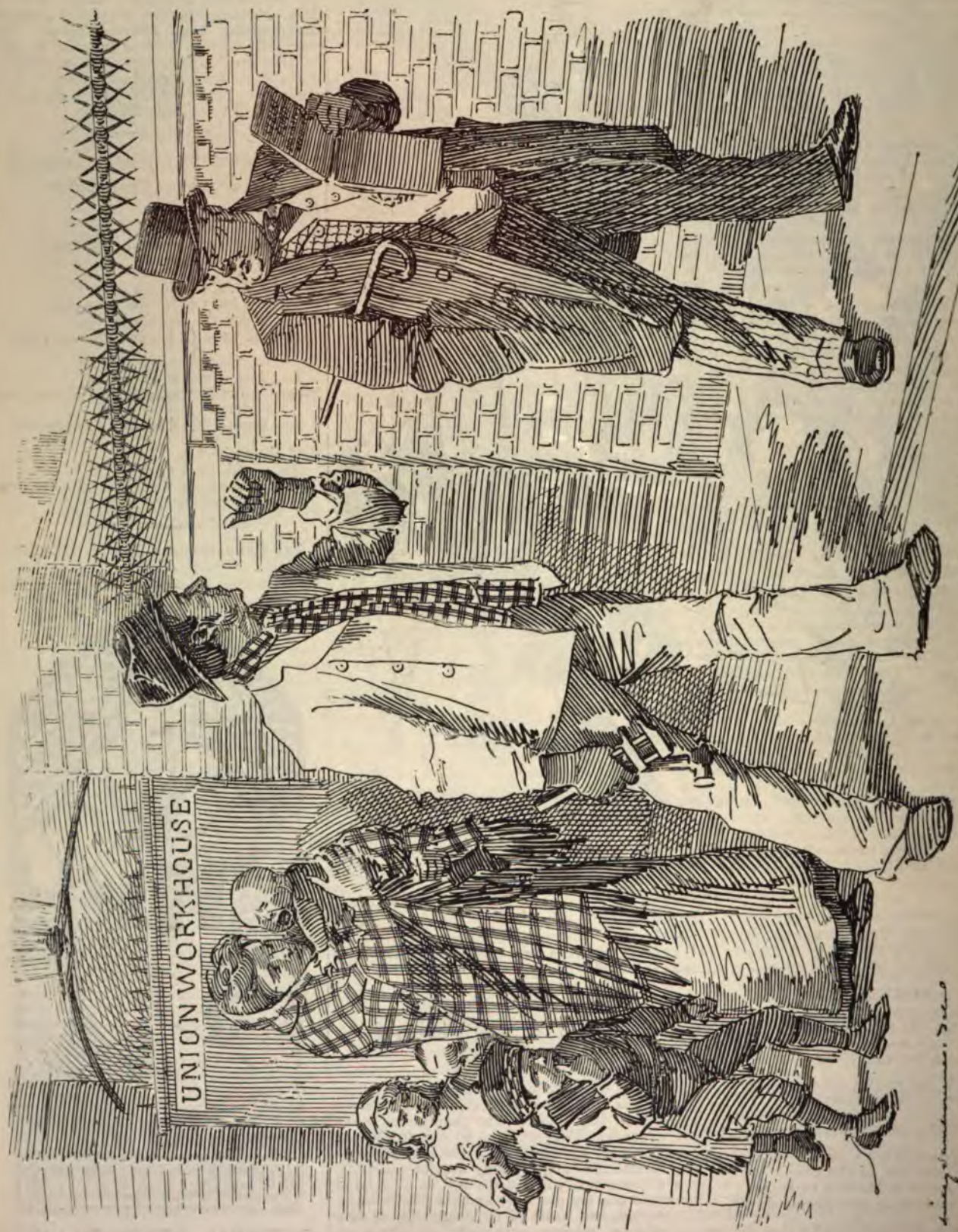
Beet, beet, beet,
'Tis a cold, hard world, J. C. !
And some may say that your cure for cane
Is merely chicanery.

THE CREMATIONIST'S MOTTO.—"*De Mortuis nil nisi Burn 'em.*"



RATIONAL STAINED-GLASS.

Design for a Window in commemoration of the
York Election, 1898.



THE LESSON OF THE STRIKE.

Engineer's Fitter (returning to work—to Strike Leader), 'UNION! AH! THE 'UNION' YOU'VE NEARLY BROUGHT US TO IS THAT!'

DELINQUENT DONS.

[“A Professor at a Scotch University has been deprived of his office by the governing body, in consequence of a petition presented by the students, asserting that his lectures were ‘defective and unmethodical.’”—*Daily Paper.*]

CONSIDERABLE interest was aroused in Cambridge on Thursday last by the trial, before the Senate, of Professor DRYASDUST, a university lecturer on history. The galleries of the Senate-house were filled with undergraduates, while several ladies from Girton and Newnham were accommodated with seats on the Vice-Chancellor's dais. The charge against the Professor was, in effect, that he was incompetent to fulfil his office.

Mr. PRIGSBY, an undergraduate of King's, was the first witness. In his opinion, the Professor's lectures were defective—were, in fact, quite worthless. It was at his instigation that the prosecution had been begun. Previously he had attempted to improve the lectures by setting the Professor right when he went astray, but these efforts had not been successful. On the contrary, the Professor had told him to hold his tongue, at which, naturally, he felt hurt. A lecturer unwilling to be interrupted by his pupils was, in the witness's opinion, clearly incompetent. In cross-examination, Mr. PRIGSBY acknowledged that he had only passed his “little-go,” at the fourth attempt, a week before he sought to instruct Professor DRYASDUST.

Mr. LACKINGTON, a Fellow of Trinity, was the next to give evidence. He fully shared the opinion of the last witness that the Professor's lectures were unsatisfactory. He had not, of course, attended them himself, but had heard about them from undergraduates. In case the Professorship were declared vacant, the witness expressed his willingness to undertake its duties himself at a moderate stipend. Cross-examined, he stated that he had not been on speaking-terms with the Professor for some time, but denied that any personal feeling influenced his evidence. But, in justice to himself, he felt bound to point out that his own claims to the Professorship—

At this point the Court invited Mr. LACKINGTON to stand down.

Mr. BLADE, of Magdalene, was next called. He stated that he considered the Professor's lectures silly drivel. His own experience showed that they were useless, for he had been clean ploughed in the history tripos, although he had worked for several hours on the night before his examination. Pressed as to the number of times he had attended the lectures, witness said that he had been twice at least. He might have played “noughts and crosses” the whole time he was in the lecture-room. He could not say that the Professor's lectures were worse than others, as he had not attended any others. He considered all lectures “rot.”

The next witness was Mr. SOULSBY, of Pembroke. He considered that Professor DRYASDUST should be ejected from office immediately. His lectures were crude and prosaic to a degree, being chiefly made up of sordid facts and dates. There was a total lack of poetry in them, and no sign of the Higher Æstheticism. The Professor had shown no appreciation of witness's *Ballade of Monarchs' Amours*, which proved his utter want of the true critical faculty.

Amidst some sensation, Miss MINERVA



Old Farmer Jones (who has been to a local cattle-show, and seen a horseless carriage for the first time). “MOSHER CARSH MAY BE ALL VERY WELL—(hic!)—BUT THEY CAN'T FIND ‘ER WAY HOME BY ‘EMSHelves!’”

SIMPKINS, of Girton, then entered the witness-box. She declared that she had been compelled to attend lectures given by the Professor, whom she detested. Asked as to her reason, she explained that he wore a shabby coat and a hideous tie. (Applause from the gallery, which was at once suppressed.)

The next witness, Mr. CHUNDRA DABJOREE, of Christ's College, had begun to explain that lectures on history which neglected to deal fully with India were an insult to his nation, when Professor DRYASDUST interrupted, and begged leave to make a statement. He said that the proceedings need not be protracted further, as he had quite decided to resign his office. Before doing so, however, he wished to give his candid opinion about the Court, which was that of all—

The Vice-Chancellor interposed, remark-

ing that he could not hear the witness on this point, and the proceedings then came somewhat hurriedly to an end.

EXAMPLE OF ENGLISH PRACTICE IN THE FRENCH CHAMBER.—Count BADENI, the Austrian ex-Premier, could not obtain admission during the fracas in the Chamber of Deputies. His ex-Excellency, if the Count as a Premier ever were an Excellency, had to leave. This is clearly a following of our English Parliamentary procedure (adapted to the occasion), and known here as “a Count out.”

“A PLEA FOR LEGISLATION” (vide F. SEYMOUR HADEN's letter to the “Times,” January 24).—“I ought to put on record a respectful expression of my surprise,” &c. Never too late for another variation of “HAYDN's Surprise.”



HUNTING STUDY.

Short-sighted Party (thrown earlier, after weary tramp, thinks he sees Mount on ploughed upland, and approaches bush coaxingly). "WHOA, MY BEAUTY! STEADY, MY GAL, STEADY THEN," &c.

Same Short-sighted Party arrived at thorn-bush, discovers error, and reflects—"FIVE MILES FROM STATION, PERHAPS TEN—FIFTY MILES FROM TOWN, MISSED EXPRESS, MISSED DINNER, LOST MOUNT, WET THROUGH, GETTING DUSK, AND, BY THE WAY, WHERE AM I?"
[Left reflecting.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

CESSATION of publication of the valuable work, *Annals of Our Time*, leaves a grievous gap. Mr. EDMUND ROUTLEDGE, rushing in where it has not occurred to others to tread, produces his *Book of the Year* (GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS). It purports to be a chronicle of the times and a record of events. As far as my Baronite has tested it it misses nothing of importance. Being produced at a price suited to the pockets of the populace it, of course, has not the fullness of the text of its more costly and bulky forerunner. But though not so deep as a well or so wide as a church door, it will serve. Of its literary style the following entry, under date, Tuesday, May 4th, shews how Mr. ROUTLEDGE, though not unduly stout in person, can, an' he will, make the flesh creep: "Sir ELLIS ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, M.P., stopped by a Greek warship and made prisoner." Not a word too much, you see, nor any touch lacking in order to bring before the mind's eye that memorable incident in the world's history.

The excellent re-issue of CHARLES LEVER's novels (DOWNEY & Co., Limited) progresses most satisfactorily. Heartily welcomed have been our oldest friends, *Charles O'Malley*, *Harry Larrequer*, *Tom Burke*, and *The Knight of Gwynne*, and most anxious has the Baron been to make the acquaintance of those other children of LEVER who have hitherto been to him little more than names. *Sir Jasper Carew* for example, illustrated not by the, to us, familiar hand of HABLOT K. BROWNE, who gave such a "go" to all LEVER's early works that each one of them went off, like a bottle of champagne, with a "Phiz," but by another BROWNE, yclept GORDON "of that ilk," and well has he caught the spirit of his author. "Phiz" served under two CHARLES's, and was loyal to both DICKENS and LEVER. But the old illustrators have passed away, giving place to new, and in his illustrations to *Con Cregan*, Mr. GORDON BROWNE has just given that /to-like touch to LEVER's characters which is of their essence, and he has made the most of LEVER's dramatic situations.

"Etiez-vous à Sedan?" These were the last words of NAPOLEON III., addressed to his old friend and faithful companion Dr. CONNEAU. The adventurous life which practically ended in the death-trap of Sedan, is related by Mr. ARCHIBALD FORBES. His *Life of Napoleon III.* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) adds to the accuracy of a historical annal the charm of romance. Up to 1870 he is indebted for his facts to a battalion of authorities drawn up in imposing line on a prefatory page of the volume. From these he has compiled a stirring narrative, more especially forceful in the earlier chapters. After the *coup d'Etat* the work drops into the vulgar commonplace of the Empire. With the first blast of the trumpet of war the pluckiest, most resourceful, and most successful war correspondent of the century is at his best again. The story of the campaign which began at Saarbrück and ended at Sedan is, my Baronite testifies, a brilliant piece of writing. It carries the reader breathless to the closing scene at Chislehurst, and the infinite pathos of the dying Emperor's faintly-murmured last words. THE BARON DE B.-W.

THE RULE OF THREE.

New School (running against Old School). Dear me, who would have thought of seeing you again?

O. S. Well, what is the latest parrot's cry?

N. S. (sharply). That I am better than you in every particular. And that's a truth, and not a parrot's cry.

O. S. (sardonically). Glad to hear it! How are you better?

N. S. Why, can't you see that during the last twenty years I have advanced in everything—dress, furniture, and drama?

O. S. (surprised). Have you? Well, bet your last dollar that twenty years hence the Future will say the same about you.

N. S. Oh, nonsense, the Present is the best possible time.

O. S. So was the Past.

N. S. (cheerfully). Then let the Future look after itself.

[And it will!]

TOBY, M.P.'S TOILET NECESSARIES.

In view of the proximate opening of Parliament, Toby, M.P. has been approached by an influential syndicate with the request that he would permit his name to be associated with a number of toilet necessities to be dispensed in the hairdresser's department recently added as a wing to the Palace of Westminster. It is pointed out to him that a gentleman well-known in the journalistic world has recently floated a hair-wash on which he has bestowed his name. "He Sims to be doing very well with it, too," said the spokesman of the syndicate. The following is a rough draft of the circular it is proposed to advertise in the morning papers and circulate with the Votes:

TOBY, M.P.'S LIQUID HAIR DYE.—This luscious composition will be found most easy of application. It is merely necessary to have the head brushed for five minutes with a besom. Then damp the hair with the dye sprinkled on a floor-cloth. In twenty-four hours it will produce an extremely light brown, a dark yellow, a bright blue, or a vermillion colour according to taste. M.P.'s are recommended in the course of debate to secretly sprinkle a few drops on the head of the hon. Member seated immediately before them and watch the results for themselves. Sold in bottles at 3s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and 21s.

TOBY, M.P.'S NOSE MACHINE.—A successful contrivance which, by firm but gentle and judicious pressure, directs the soft cartilage of which the nose consists, so that a perfect shape is obtained. Roman nose, 1s. extra. It is required to be worn an hour daily for seven, fourteen, or twenty-one days. It is rather becoming to the expression than otherwise, and may be worn at the Speaker's Levee. It is suited to all shades of politics, and it never fails in producing good results. Its price is 10s. 6d.

TOBY, M.P.'S HAIR DESTROYER OR DEPILOY.—Removes superfluous hair from the knuckles, neck, or elbows without the slightest injury to the skin. In family circles much innocent amusement may be derived from cutting a small circle of cloth, soaking it in the Depilatory and placing it unobserved on the head of a guest. On removing the cloth the hair, whether superfluous or not, comes away with it.

TOBY, M.P.'S CANTHARIDES OIL.—Spanish Fly is the acting ingredient in Toby, M.P.'s Cantharides Oil. The fly is cultivated, regardless of expense, on the window-panes at The Kennel Barks. Toby, M.P.'s Cantharides Oil is a sure Restorer of Hair, a swift Producer of Whiskers. Its effect is immediate. It is patronised by Royalty and some Bishops. Prices, 3s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and 21s. per bottle. By post for 54, 84, 144 stamps. The largest size is sent per luggage train.

TOBY, M.P.'S HAIR CURLING FLUID.—No matter how straight or otherwise ungovernable is your hair, the fluid curls it immediately. There are authenticated cases where a patient's hair curled right off at the sound of the drawing of the cork of a bottle of Toby, M.P.'s Hair Curling Fluid. *Extract from letter from the late Charles Dickens, communicated by Julia, c/o W. Stead, Esq.*—"Tommy Traddles was born before his age. A bottle of your Fluid would have transformed him."

TOBY, M.P.'S BLOOM OF NOSES.—So called from its deep sunset effect. With addition of a little water it will bring a blush to the most shameless cheek. For Members addicted to sitting up late at night, reading blue-books or otherwise it will be found invaluable.

TOBY, M.P.'S GREAT HAIR RESTORER.—It contains nothing injurious or otherwise. Restores grey hair to any tint you like in a few days. Has little sediment, and that of the very best. Pending the growth of the hair it endows a bald head with a beautiful gloss. A little taken internally before going to bed is recommended. Can be had through all chemists or of the maker, Toby, M.P., The Kennel Barks.

TOBY, M.P.'S TOILET NECESSARIES.—Out of a heap of testimonials, the following are selected.—The Marquis of S-L-SB-RY. "In recent negotiations with Foreign Powers I used Toby, M.P.'s Hair Destroyer or Depilatory with remarkable effect. After a few applications it caused to disappear British positions in Central Africa to the advantage of Germany; divided Zanzibar with that country; and removed the superfluity of Heligoland from the British Empire." From the Right Hon. J-S-PH CH-MB-RL-N—"I ordered to be despatched to Mrs. KR-G-R, in time for delivery at Christmas, a bottle of Toby, M.P.'s Hair Curling Fluid. She has sent for another bottle, remarking, that to curl O-M P-L's hair every night involves considerable consumption of the in-



MAKING THE MOST OF IT.

"MUMMY, PLEASE DIVIDE 'AT APPLE INTO TWO LARGE HALVES!'"

valuable mixture." From Sir W-LL-M H-RC-RT—"I tried one bottle of Toby, M.P.'s Great Hair Restorer with surprising result. When in the course of three days my hair had grown a foot long, I began to use the Hair Curling Fluid. Effect picturesque in the extreme. Being undesirous of exciting envy I had recourse to Toby, M.P.'s Hair Destroyer or Depilatory, which, after a severe struggle, removed the overgrowth, enabling me to appear in the House in my old form."

TOBY, M.P.'S TOILET NECESSARIES.—No dressing-room complete without them.

DIPLOMATIC PRIVILEGE.

Two minor officials of the United States Embassy have successfully claimed the diplomatic privilege of riding bicycles on the footpath at Maidenhead.

The butler of the Russian Ambassador is stated to have claimed the right to ride his bicycle up and down the steps of St. Paul's.

An under-housemaid of the French Embassy intends to ride in the Brompton omnibus without paying the fare.

The dogs of the Vice-Consul of San Marino are not muzzled, their owner pleading privilege.

A man was yesterday charged at Bow Street with being drunk and incapable. He stated that he had once cleaned the windows at the German Embassy and was immediately released. Another man, a shoeblack, was charged with picking pockets. Having proved that, on the previous day, he had blacked the boots of the uncle by marriage of the second footman of the Italian Embassy, he was liberated. A third man was charged with assaulting his wife. He called witnesses to prove that his wife had been washerwoman to the Spanish Ambassador, and he was therefore at once discharged.

AT HER MAJESTY'S.—Mr. CHARLES ALLAN was "cast" for *Cinna*. He would have been anything but a "miserable *Cinna*." Yet at the last moment he was omitted. Now, according to the *Westminster Gazette*, this *Cinna* is to be forthwith "restored." A "restored *Cinna*" implies repentance; but, it is highly probable that Mr. ALLAN will still be about as thorough-going a *Cinna* as ever was seen. Of course he has been taken by the *Cinna*-matographic apparatus.

BY OUR INCANDESCENT LIGHTER-MAN.—The very lightest possible clothing—"Mantles."



He. "STUNNING HAIR THAT GIRL OVER THERE HAS! I SHOULD THINK WHEN SHE UNDOES IT, IT WOULD FALL BELOW HER WAIST."
 She (jealous). "YES; RIGHT ON THE FLOOR, I SHOULD THINK!"

THE COMING OF THE COMMONS.

[Parliament is summoned for the 8th of February.
 Please be there.—*Whip*.]

FROM mild Sicilian mountains,
 From Klondyke's eager clime,
 Where Yukon's yellow fountains
 Roll bullion all the time;
 From Iceland's giddy geysers,
 From Biscay's bounding bay,
 The Terrace calls to Tea, Sirs!
 It is our opening day!

What though in likely places
 The spicy odours blow,
 And rather pretty faces
 Are seen about at Pau?
 What though in meditation
 On Monte Carlo's shore
 You trace by calculation
 How much has "gone before"?—

What though mosquitos scourge you
 On Nubia's lonely links,
 Or donkey-arabs urge you
 To go and climb the Sphinx?—
 Not Art nor Nature's beauty
 Shall tempt your soul to stay;
 You hear the trump of Duty?
 That trump you must obey!

Whether it catch you thrilling
 The natives round the polls,
 Following hounds or filling
Refined domestic rôles,

By routes of rail or river,
 Ether or Ocean's plains,
 Come back, and please deliver
 Our earth from error's chains!

You'll tell us how you travelled
 By Afric's desert sands,
 And furtively unravelled
 Riddles of unknown lands;
 How feet of yours have scudded
 O'er many a Dervish tomb,
 And how you sat and studied
 The outer halls of Oom!

Yet while you took your pleasures
 We somehow wagged along;
 Though reft of you, our treasures,
 We're going fairly strong;
 The labour war is ended,
 And like the blessed dew
 Sweet Peace has now descended
 Without consulting you.

Eastern and other questions,
 The kind that always burns,
 Unhelped by your suggestions
 Have taken useful turns;
 Keen eyes have watched the Russian
 In hope to win the day
 Ere you could raise discussion
 And give the show away.

So to our merry meeting,
 O men of varied gifts!
 And take your country's greeting,
 And hear the prayer she lifts,

That under that or this chief
 Satan may have in view
 No special sort of mischief
 For idle hands to do!

A WANT.—Dear Sir,—I have been waiting in vain for a patriotic music-hall ditty illustrative of the Anglo-Japanese *entente cordiale*. How's this for a start?

"Japs! Japs! Japs!
 Jolly little chaps,
 Who'll never knuckle under in the least.
 So, hand in hand with Japs,
 We will never care for raps,
 But with them we will conquer all the East,
 My lads!
 But with them we will conquer all the East!
 Japs! Japs! Raps! Raps! (*Here every one bangs the tables and floor with sticks, &c.*) Japs! Raps!"

This is the chorus. The necessary stanzas I leave to some poetic and patriotic genius.
 MAXIMILIAN MACCHEQUER.

Suburban Delights.

A Party returning home in hired brougham, the Driver of which is somewhat inebriated.

Paterfamilias (who, at a hill, climbs on to the box at the request of Materfamilias). Give me the reins.

Coachman. 'Ave you hever druv down this 'ere 'ill afore?

Pater. (*taking the reins*). No, I have not.
Coachman. Then I'll walk. [*Does so.*]



"EMBARRAS DE RICHESSE!"

"THE ANXIOUS CIT, EACH INVITATION VIEWS,
AND PONDER'S WHICH TO TAKE AND WHICH REFUSE."

FROM THIS OR THAT TO STAY AWAY IS LOTH,
AND SIGHS TO THINK HE CANNOT DINE AT BOTH." — *Bombastes' Portfolio.*



Stout Party. "IS THIS PATH SAFE?"

Flippant Youth. "YES, THE PATH IS—BUT I CAN'T ANSWER FOR YOU!"

THEIR END WAS PEACE.—After the great fight in the French Chamber of Deputies the combatants were removed to the Salon de la Paix. This calmed them at once, and the next sitting of the Chamber was quite undisturbed. It would seem a good plan to conduct select parties of the DREYFUS disputants through the same apartment. The irreconcilables might be sent to the starting place of the new Klondike railway, Fort Wrangel, and left to settle their differences there.

MUMMY, MY MUMMY!!—The mummy of an Ibis was recently unrolled in London, and, according to the published account, it was inclosed in "thirty layers of linen." Without pausing to inquire what sort of bird is a "layer of linen," we may conjecture from this the origin of the proverbial saying, "In medio tutissimus Ibis."

FRENCH FUSSINESS.—The DREYFUS Case.



["In Paris, landscapes are being painted on the soles of new boots."—*Evening Paper*.]

WHAT WE MAY EXPECT—THE BOOT-SOLE GALLERY.

MR. PUNCH'S "ANIMAL LAND."

(With acknowledgments as before.)

The Oom



This strange old Animal is a wily one. He is very clever and dislikes strangers. It's not a bit of good to try to coax him—he only says rude things and then prays and sings hymns. The Shuv has tried him all round but he only grunts and goes on praying.

The Mailyphist
or
Gossplepreda

This queer little Animal lives on the sea as there is not room for two of them in Germany. It crawls about trying to get to China to fetch some laurels and to plant shields and cathedrals and things. If you have such a thing as a little coal about you it will be very much obliged. It will get there some day I suppose.

The Stagynite



This funny Creature gets up things very nicely. When people go to see it it makes the queerest noises and stamps on the floor and drags itself about. I expect he says it all right but you can't tell.

The Shuppydan
or
Droonileno

This dear little Animal is never still for a moment though it is full of wheezes. He is very proud of his feet—you can see them if you look carefully. Sculptors rave about him—they say he is so stattuweh.



Little Tompkins. "THAT FELLOW BROWN TRIED TO STUFF ME UP WITH SOME OF HIS TRAVELLERS' TALES THE OTHER DAY. TALKED ABOUT HIS TRIP TO ITALY, AND THE WAVING FIELDS OF MACARONI, BUT HE DIDN'T CATCH ME, YOU KNOW. THEY DON'T WAVE!"

"LITTLE NELL."

Who among Gaiety patrons (within the last twenty years, shall we say?) does not remember the humour and pathos of NELLIE FARREN, when, as the little street arab, that scapegrace *Aladdin*, in the late ROBERT REECE's burlesque, she sang, half impudently, half beseechingly, with tears in her voice,

"Please, Sir, 'old yer nag, Sir?
Tyke yer little bag, Sir?
Werry 'ard to live—
Just wot yer 'll give—
Thank 'ee, Sir!"

And now, partially paralysed and well-nigh penniless, Miss NELLIE FARREN finds it "werry 'ard to live"; and so "kind friends in front" are doing their utmost to "work a benefit" for her, the proceeds of which, placed in the hands of two business-like trustees, will be invested "for the little lady" to the very best advantage, and thus secure for her competence and comfort.

H.R.H., never appealed to in vain in the cause of charity, graciously heads the list. JOHNNIE TOOLE, the source of so much mirth, and one of her former companions in Gaiety burlesque, has secured a front seat in the gallery for twenty guineas. Never has JOHNNIE TOOLE acted better! And the first to volunteer her services in this charitable cause was another NELL, Miss ELLEN TERRY, who, enthusiastically, offered to "do anything" in order to assist the other ELLEN.

To Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES, of the Gaiety Theatre, all letters on the subject, all subscriptions and requests for seats, should be sent. *Prosit.*

A Suggested Inscription

On a colossal Equestrian Statue representing Energy or Force, upon which Mr. Watts has been working for many years, and which he is presenting to the Nation.

THIS mighty statuery of man and horse
Typifies aptly Energy or Force,
Since spite of fourscore years here you can
see
The fruit of WATTS's force and energy.



"THINGS ARE NOT AS THEY SEEM."

First Comic Head (down). "You confounded idiot!"

Second Comic Head (fiercely). "I'll knock yer ed off for twopence."

BADGERING A BART.

(Queries to be put to the Members of a Honourable Society.)

Question. You are an ill-used man, are you not?

Answer. As a baronet, most assuredly.

Q. What is your principal grievance?

A. That I take precedence below the sons of a life peer.

Q. Is that a matter of serious consequence?

A. Undoubtedly; it causes me the greatest possible annoyance.

Q. Have you any further complaint?

A. My eldest son should be, but never is, knighted on attaining his majority.

Q. Is this really annoying?

A. Of course, as he should be able to take his place with the many illustrious persons who write "Sir" before their Christian names.

Q. Is there anything else you would like to mention?

A. That we should be allowed officially to wear a chain and medal—decorations which would increase our importance tenfold.

Q. Is that all?

A. Many persons who have no right to call themselves baronets do so regardless of consequences.

Q. How did you obtain the dignity?

A. By an ancestor receiving a sum of money to settle in Nova Scotia.

Q. Then why have you not carried out the intention of JAMES THE FIRST, and remained away from England?

A. Because our business is with the future, not with the past, and, thank you, that's enough questioning for the present.



A TRUE SPORTSMAN.

(A Last Shot of the Season.)

Old Pothunter. "ALWAYS SHOW MERCY, MY BOY, ALWAYS SHOW MERCY! MUCH BETTER TO SHOOT 'EM SITTING, AND SAVE POOR THINGS A NASTY FALL!"

[Does.]

THE HOUSE AND THE CHAMBER;

Or, "They manage these things better in France."

Oi've bin to St. Staven's, an' sat thro' the ravin's

Ov Oireland's oppressors, an' wished they were done,

For as for their spaches, the moral they taches

Is London for sloomber, but Paris for fun.

Thim Froggies—be jabers! there's grit in our neighbours—

Their Parlyment bates us to shivers, it do! For a bit of oration or argymentation

We can't hould a candle to bould Parly voo.

First one starts a-spoutin', an' while he is shoutin'

Another jumps up wid a "Rascal, ye lov!"

An' "What's that ye're sayin', ye heath-enish bayin'?"

Ses the first, an' he lands him a wan in the oye.

An' then there is rootions! They don't wait instrootions.

But ivry one springs wid a yell to his fate, An' floys to the melly wid stick an' umbrelly,

An' sorrer a mimber but joins the debate.

Begorra! Thim Frenchies was over the benches,

An' clutchin' an' clawin' whatever they met,

An' coats were a-tearin', an' as for the swearin',
Bedad! 'twas the foinest Oi've iver heard yet.

St. Pathrick! 'twas splendid: an' when it was ended,

The Chamber was scattered wid rags and black oyes,

An' if they enjoyed it a quarther that Oi did,

'Tis soon they'll be at it agin, the brave bhoys.

That's what Oi calls a matin' an' proper debatin'.

That's the Parlyment we want to see once agin,

All boilin' an' bubblin' in beautiful Dublin.

So Home Rule for iver! Amin an' amin!

SONGS FOR THE NATION.

"Faire les lois d'une nation? Chansons que t'ut cela!"—*L'oselet-Poudin.*

THE "incomprehensible" style of drawing-room ballad is, or ought to be, an important factor in our civilisation. It is a convenient vehicle for melody, and has the virtue of soothing the listener by a vague glow of impressiveness to which it is impossible to attach any meaning. Unfortunately, the effect is often marred by lapses into coherence, which raise an irritating desire to know "what it is all about," and then the soothing effect is lost. This is a mistake, and I have done my utmost to write a song which shall be strictly incom-

BOADICEA.

OH, great British Matron, the first and the best,
We Britons may call you the one *semi-dea*
This land has produced, to encourage the rest,
BOADICEA!

But not cast in plaster, and stood on a spot
So very important; we have an idea
That melodramatic is what you were not,
BOADICEA!

You're far less impressive than ladies we've seen,
For instance, gigantic Miss MAY, christened LEAH,
That's plain; so are you, though you may not have been,
BOADICEA.

There is but one place you could fitly adorn,
Not Paris or Florence, not Rome or Pavia;
In Brighton no statue is treated with scorn,
BOADICEA.

In Brighton the knowledge of art is but small,
We've only one feah, you mayn't disapeah,
Oh, deah, pray cleah out, speah and all
BOADICEA!

LES CHEFS-D'ŒUVRE CHEZ LE CHEF.—This year the two French Salons will together occupy the Galerie des Machines. The rival representatives of the Fine Arts will be separated by a buffet. At each side of it, they may envy the calmer life of the cook. Untroubled by controversy and dissensions, he pursues his art and no spiteful newspaper critics abuse the colouring of his gravy, or the modelling of his jellies. With a careful accuracy worthy of the Salon des Champs Elysées he prepares the flavouring of a soup; with a rapid touch more characteristic of the Salon du Champ de Mars he produces an omelette. And when he dies he may leave behind him not a picture or two hidden in the Luxembourg but a sauce known from San Francisco to Bombay.

GERMAN HUMOUR.—How to make the average Prussian less witty even than he is now. Give any one who makes a joke in that stolid country two months' imprisonment in a fortress.

prehensible, and therefore of superlative value to the nation at large.

IF ONLY!

If only to-day were to-morrow,
And yesterday followed to-day,
My sadness would sink into sorrow,
My vanity vanish away;
My spirit would cease from its roaming,
Nor flutter away like a bird
In the shadowy shade of the gloaming,
The magical moan of a word.

Alas! with the light of the morning
To-morrow has flown to its rest,
With feverish petulance scorning
The hallowed delights of the blest.
I yearn, with a cynical mocking,
To grapple with infinite calm,
'Mid æons of silence unlocking
The tones of a jubilant psalm.

If only the world were a vision,
If only the moon were a myth,
If only the star of derision
Would turn from its kin to its kith;
If only to-day were to-morrow,
And yesterday followed to-day,
My soul would eternally borrow,
And solemnly vanish away!

SHAKESPEARE IN WEST AFRICA.—With France and Great Britain in Nigeria, the question put by the Royal Niger Company to the native rulers has been, "Under which King, Bezonian? Speak or die!" And the answer, recently given by the Sultan of Sokoto, is eminently satisfactory —to JOHN BULL.



'INTS ON 'UNTING, BY 'ARRY.

IF, BY MISTAKE, YOU HAVE HALLOED A HARE AWAY, WHEN OUT WITH FOXHOUNDS, TELL THE HUNTSMAN YOU THOUGHT THEY WERE HARRIERS!

OVER THE DITCHES.

DETERMINE to have day's hunting in Essex. Grand sporting country, big ditches, and plenty of room across the open Roothings. Find I must start by 8.50 train from Liverpool Street. Can't be helped. Tell groom to have horse there in good time. Looks sulky. Always does when it's a matter of getting up early, lazy beggar! Dine overnight with the CHUNKINES, who regard me as a hero. Rather like this. Put on hardy look when they pity me for having to rise so early. To bed at midnight. No sooner asleep than knock at door; "arf past six, Sir, and a foggy mornin'." D— bother it, I mean. Put nose out of bed-clothes and execrate hunting. Catch sight of tub, shiver and duck under again. Five minutes more, and then rush for tub, emitting dismal howl as first cold spongeful does its deadly work. Shave by candle-light with cold fingers, tepid water, and blunt razor. Cut chin. Again exclaim d— bother it. Cab at door as I pull on left boot. Scald mouth with cup of tea, and snatch up piece of toast to gnaw going along. No time for more, and, strange to say, no appetite. Cab damp, also stuffy.

Arrive Liverpool Street. Groom meets me, saying my brute declines to enter horse-box, and is engaged in deadly combat with whole of G. E. R. staff, from stationmaster downwards. Train leaves in three minutes. Rush frenziedly to struggling group round horse-box, and aim violent "whack" at the beast's quarters. Miss him and hit porter in the eye. Porter hurls whole of the English language at me. So rude. "W'y don't yer back 'im in?" shouts friendly cabman. Of course; why didn't we think of it before? So silly. Horse goes in like ship sailing "starn foremost." I rush to shut up side of horse-box, as train is just off. Jam fingers in hinge. D— jam it, I mean. "Now then, Sir, jump in if you're a-goin' on!" shouts guard. Scramble into last carriage, and we are off. Quite warm now, after my exertions. Fog on line, and we stop every ten yards. Dismal journey, and arrive half an hour late. Get horse out, and start on my ten-mile hack to meet. Lose my way, and ask intelligent countryman to direct me. I. C. raises hat and scratches head.

"Whoy, now, if you was to foller this 'ere road straight as you can go for about your mile, an' then tarn to yer right an'

go acrost a stone bridge an' leave the 'Fox and Geuse' on yer left 'an' then tarn to yer right agen, yew'd be somers on the road to where t' hounds *did* meet last Toosday was a fortnit ago—"

Thank him hastily, and pass on, saying that I will call in for the rest of the explanation when I have a week to spare. Trot on, and presently see man in pink ahead of me. Follow him, and duly arrive at meet. Large field. Don't know a soul. Every one stares at me and chats to his neighbour. Feel uncomfortable. Wish they wouldn't. Draw first cover blank. My horse gets fidgetty and unpleasant. Sidles up against big man, who scowls savagely and mutters something about Cockney sportsmen. Pretend not to hear. Hound rushes wildly between my horse's legs. Sagacious animal lets fly, and kicks him yards. Fearful chorus of indignant shouts to "take that brute home," and inquiries as to whether I want to kill *all* the pack?

Ignore them, smile in pitying manner, and light cigar. Have only had six whiffs when hounds find, and have to throw Cabana away. Pull up my girths, which makes horse lash out again, and very nearly bag another hound. Away we all gallop for small hand-gate which every one tries to go through at once. My brute arches his back, squeals and kicks at every stride. Feel that there is much daylight between self and proud animal at intervals; frequent ones, too. Saddle hard, cold, and slippery. Get through gate at last, gate-post catching my knee, and causing me to lose stirrup-iron, and exclaim "D— botheration!" Gallop over beautiful bit of grass and jump several easy ditches. Very nice country to ride over, and all this talk about gigantic Roothing ditches simply rubbish. Nothing like as big as—Hullo! what's this? Navigable river? Part of the Ship Canal? Forty-foot saw-pit? No; only a real Roothing ditch. Instantly try to pull up. Think I'll go round. Too late. Man in pink, just in front, goes in head first and disappears bodily. My horse makes frantic effort, but jumps short, and we come down right on top of unfortunate sportsman at bottom of ditch. Vision of coroner's inquests, verdict of manslaughter, Old Bailey, and penal servitude float mistily before my eyes. Wave arms about wildly, and seize nose of the man I think I have slain. We sit up and face each other. He is not dead. He smiles. He draws note-book from breast-pocket. He speaks. And this is what he says:—

"I am the Hunt Secretary, Sir, and I trust I may have the pleasure of putting you down on my list as a ten-guinea subscriber. Always as well to do business when opportunity offers. Allow me to hand you my card. Cheques should be crossed London and County Bank."

And they call this "sleepy Essex"!

MR. B. W. LEADER, the recently elected "R. A.," is very generally acknowledged to be "one of the most popular of modern landscape painters." Young artists in his line will do well to adopt the evident motto of "Follow my Leader."

IDENTIFICATION OF THE MAN WHO LET OFF A PISTOL IN THE GAIETY THEATRE.—At the police-station he said he "had been working as odd man at Anderson's, Popular." Here, then, was "The odd man out"!



London Illustrated News.

"SOME ONE HAS BLUNDERED."

British Regimental Officer (from Indian Frontier). "SORRY WE HAVEN'T FINISHED THE JOB, SIR."
Field-Marshal Punch (Commander-in-Chief). "ALL RIGHT, MY LADS. YOU'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHO IS! BUT WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHO IS!"

A NEW ODE TO "DUTY."

STERN daughter—of no matter who!
O Duty!—comprehensive name—
You are not "light to guide," with you
Dancing is but a weary game.
Your step is in itself a law
Which no collisions overawe;
Like some fell motor-car set free
You jostle round, unblessed of frail
humanity!

There are who care not if your eye
Be on them; others ask, in truth,
A dance, but cut it by-and-bye
With all the genial cheek of youth.
Glad hearts! They save themselves a lot
Of bumps, and know it—do they not?—
They once their confidence misplaced
In you, and now no more their arms shall
span your waist.

For this, methinks, were pure delight,
The haven where a man would be—
To dance with whom one likes all night,
And, so to speak, be Duty-free!
Yet they a dangerous course shall hold
Who dare to live, unwisely bold,
Up to the spirit of this creed;
Nor even give a set of Lancers as your meed.

I, loving freedom well, have tried
To bear the ill-concealed disgust
Of fond mammas all stony-eyed,
Who in me have reposed their trust.
For oft when in my heart I've heard
The call of Duty, I've deferred
The task, in smoother waltz to stray;
But now—I'll have this extra polka, if I
may!

Stern Duty! Now I see you wear
A sort of smile upon your face,
Though my request you grant, I fear,
With not the very best of grace.
Confusion in your footing treads,
I pray we fall not on our heads,
The while we make the giddy throng
Sit up in this wild polka, going fresh and
strong.

To Providence's saving power
Our mad career I now commend,
This baddish quarter of an hour
Which I'm about with you to spend!

* * * * *
Meanwhile let men take my advice
And cultivate self-sacrifice,
So shall they fail offence to give,
And in the approving smiles of watchful
chaperones live!



Miss Smith. "WE 'VE JUST COME FROM TANNHAUSER, DOCTOR."
The Doctor (very deaf). "INDEED! I HOPE YOU HAD BETTER WEATHER THAN WE 'VE
BEEN HAVING!"

THE TOQUE'S PROGRESS.

["Owing to the enormously high trimmings now put upon smart hats and toques, the ordinary brougham does not permit its fair occupant in full afternoon toilet to sit in comfort. Some of the leading carriage-makers therefore have had to lower the seats of many closed vehicles."—*Daily Telegraph*, Feb. 4.]

THERE is no such thing as finality in Fashion, and we may rest assured that further developments are impending.

The seats of railway-carriages will be arranged on a sliding-scale. Those of the third-class will perhaps remain as they are at present, but the second-class, containing, presumably, better-dressed lady-passengers, will be lowered a foot, while first-class compartments will have no seats at all. The wearers of the omnipotent aigrette will cheerfully sit on the floor of the carriage, or possibly on a foot-warmer. Gentlemen, of course, will have to stand, or travel in horse-boxes. It is expected that later on railway cuttings will be universal throughout the country, to meet the increased depth required.

In theatres, the stalls will in future be constructed on the principle of a stage-trap, through which the owners of matinée-

hats will descend to the desired level, and, if necessary, disappear below altogether. A much-needed reform will thus be brought to pass.

Omnibuses will be converted into penny drays, but straw will doubtless be provided for the convenience of female occupants, where the pavement is at all rocky. No gentleman, it is expected, will hereafter hesitate to ride outside to oblige a lady.

Hansom cabs and growlers will be built without any floor. Ladies of any standing at all will recline on the step, or walk inside, like the historic Irishman, "for the look of the thing."

In the case of covered motor-cars, ladies will push them behind like perambulators.

And then, and not till then, will the fiat go forth that feminine hats are to be worn reasonably flat and low.

ACCORDING to the *Westminster Gazette*, there are ten teetotal bishops. The watering-places abroad are generally in want of chaplains. Here, then, is an opportunity for the teetotal bishops to appoint to water-cures.

MR. PUNCH'S "ANIMAL LAND."

(With acknowledgments as before.)

The Zolafite



This Animal is very bold and courageous. He is very clever at his work but he gets very broad in places. The lower down things are the harder he tries to get them out. The Troof is buried very deep just now and that is what he is looking for so they are all dancing with rage and say he's a Italian.

The Trimmadome
or
Willirich

This pleasant little Creature lives up inside a dome over a whispering gallery and spends all his time sticking on nice little pictures and patterns. You can't see much of them from downstairs but he says they are all quite religious and he is very reliable.

The Roodikipple



This little Animal is very strong and vigorous and knows everything. If anybody tries to beat it it brings out a fresh tail and then nobody can't touch that either. It stays everybody up so it would make a few people want to die for his country. If a Lorry it shows his nose it just squashes him flat.

DARBY JONES ON SPRING TOPICS.

HONOURED SIR,—There are many things associated with the mellifluous term Spring, "to wit" (as they have it in the mandatory and disagreeable orders of HER MAJESTY'S Courts of Law), Spring cabbages, Spring onions, Spring guns, Spring flowers, and Spring hand-caps. It is with the latter article that I have to deal, in the International Game of Equine Whist, wherein a bottled-up Knave often scores more readily than a tip-top Queen, an irreproachable King, or an Ace desirous of Cromwellian supremacy. Let us now, however, to the handicaps. By the way, why handy? Why caps? I reply, handy, because our jockeys, like prizefighters, know how to use their fists at a finish; caps because, until horses are painted with the owners' colours, they and the jackets must go together, and on a dull day in winter, they might just as well be displayed in Unochrome. I turn in pursuance of that task, which sets the compilation of a new Slang Dictionary at defiance, to the unravelling of the mesh which surrounds the Lincolnshire Handicap, run on Thursday, March 22, beneath the shade of one of the most deftly renovated Cathedrals in England. And in connection with this event the Bard breaks forth in poesy:—

The Medley seems bright
When it's rid of the Knight,
And Lord Rosebery's may have a look in.
There's a King with a chance,
And a Stow in the dance,
But I look to a Saint for a book win!

So says the Augur, and with that knowledge only derived from the Study of a Lifetime, he gallops over Aintree in his anticipation of the Grand National:—

I don't think a Declaration
Will be source of jubilation,
I'd rather have a little bit on Theo from
Erin's Isle;

And there's a certain Ward
Whom'to beat it will be hard,
But matters I'll not mince, I
If game and good the Prince,
He'll flummox all the lot in proper style.

This, honoured Sir, is my beginning, the A of my Alphabet. By the time we come to Z, nay, long before that, you and my clients should be travelling about the country in personally-owned motor-cars. But alas! for the Ingratitude of Mankind. Many of those who are now making pigeon-pies at Monte Carlo owe not a little of their well-being to the acute foresight of Your humble henchman and heeler,

DARBY JONES.

A FROSTLESS JANUARY.

The plumber wrung his hands and wept.
No frost! How hard for those adept
At mending "pipes that's busted!"
The butcher groaned to think of meat
The mildness made unfit to eat,
Such winter he distrusted.
The merchant of neglected coal
Consumed in grief his stricken soul,
Too utterly disgusted.
The ice-rink man alone was glad;
No frost, except indoors; it had
Been perfectly adjusted.



Coming to the Throne.

A "PARSONA GRATA."

A SUBJECT for a sermon by the Rev. STEWART HEADLAM, who once, as a Church Note in the St. James's Gazette records, recommended the Bishop of LONDON to visit the Empire and see a ballet, might be "The Dance of the Daughter of HERODIAS." His Reverence could learn something instructive from Dean FARRAR as to "posturing Pharisees." What a charming transformation scene, semi-ecclesiastic-semi-fairylandish, might be devised, with Madame GRIGOLATI of Drury Lane as "The Posturing Queen of the Fairy Seas"! The Fratres Druriolani should take a hint from this for their next pantomime.

A Drop too much.

(By a Licensed Victualler.)

[At the Local Veto Conference at Manchester, Mr. SCHWANN expressed himself as tired of voting for a large measure which cannot be carried, and desirous of securing some more solid instalment of reform.]

THOUGH rabid teetotalers storm,
'Tis better—shrewd Radicals own—
To go in for Solid Reform—
And leave people's liquors alone.

THE KING OF THE BAKERS.—Recently has been published a list of various Notables who are to confer as to the best way of celebrating the thousandth anniversary of King ALFRED THE GREAT. Shall ALFRED have a statue? Why, certainly. Should it not record the celebrated incident of King ALFRED "taking the cake"?

ONE WAY TO INCREASE THE ARMY.—Why not give military commissions to Messrs. WHITELEY and HARROD, the Universal Providers, and order a ready-made, ready-drilled, perfectly-equipped Force, to be under the command of "General Stores"?

LUDWIG IN LONDON.

WALKS TOWARDS TSCHERRINGROSS.

HONOURED MISTER OVER-NEWSPAPERS-DIREKTOR,—I have to You how one ever "Luggitsch" asking Packagecarrier to me, after mein unspeckly and unbelievably nertul and never before endured fourhourish Fast, from the at Londonbritsch Railway-stationrefreshmentroom outcoming, one in London "Teikekeb" named Conveywork, *Fuhrwerk*, commended sayed.

I follow him, one Tunnel, where all dark is, along, after, and then see i one Light. It is a Waggonlamp. But what for one *Droschke*! The Coacher is behind, the waggon is very little, and hangs on the Horse. *Wo ist der Eintritt*, where is the Entry? Behind, perhaps. I see him not. What, between the Waggonweel and the Horse? Unpossibly! The Entry is so narrow; i kan not therein go. What for one Land, where the Conveyworks only for the Tunnis maked are!

The Packagecarrier put mein Sack within, and call "Tscherringross." I pull me up, he push, and endly am i on one Foot on the little Waggonstep. But i must there remain stand, because i not within go kan. "The Doors aint open, Maunsiah," say ne. The Horse begin ontogo, i stand on one Foot, it give Nothings to hold. "You must kom out," say he. That do i, and very *plötzlich*, because i on the Packagecarrier fall, and we together on the Earth roll. I elevate me, and i say, quite angry, "i thunder-weather! i go not in Your englisch *Droschke*. She is too dangerly." The unluckly the Hed rubbing Packagecarrier say that he hurted is, and that i to him Money give must. I offer to him one Fiftypennigbit. He say, "Blow me." I say, "I have to You one Blow gived, it do me very Grief, i will not You again blow, take You something Money." He spiek mutsch and violent.

Endly understand i that he no german Silver take will. I have no englisch. I bring one golden Tenmarkbit out, and i say, "Kan You this change?" "Yes, Maunsiah," say he, "but You git in." "Never!" anser i. "You must," say he. He open the Doors, i pull, he push, i lift the Foots up, i let the Hed down, i see too acrosshanging leathern Straps, i grasp them, the Coacher cry out, the Horse jump, and sudden am i downfalled, the Hed within, the Body on the Landingplace, and the Foots without. The Horse halt not. I crawl within, and i sit on the Floor. Why halt the Coacher not?

Potztausend! Mein Zehnmarkstück! Wo ist der Gepäckträger? I see Nothings. I must to the Coacher spiek. But how? He is behind. I kan not the Window open, so seek i round the Waggoncorner to see. Unpossibly! I dare not on the narrow Waggonstep to go, so endly stand i up, and grasp after one of the leathern Straps, which, as i nau see, the Rains are. I must the Horse stop.

That do i. It go sudden towards the Side, i fall yet again, thistime fall the Horse likewise, the Teikekeb go down, i roll out, the Coacher fall on me, and we all are on the Earth together. Mein Hat is braked, mein Coat is tared, All is muddy, and i have Hedpain, Backpain, Legpain. I stand up, and i say, "Never again go i in Your accursed *Droschke*." The Coacher stand up, he pull the Horse up, and then spiek he mutsch and violent. We are alone in the nebulous Darkness. I am greater as he, but i am plump, and i am hurted. He hold his Whip, he say, "You blumin Ful offer Furriner"—*was ist das?*—he say mutsch more, he say often that i *blutig* am, that the Horse *blutig* is, that All *blutig* is, witch not true is, because we only bruised, not wounded, are, and i no Blood see kan, he shout, he wave his Whip, and endly say he, "One Quid." "What is that?" ask i. "Twenty Bob," say he, "one Pound." *Himmel, zwanzig Mark!*

That shall i not to him give. But he lift his Whip up, and i bring mein Twentymarkbits from mein Purse out. He say he take no "blumin german Money." I say to him that i no other have, so endly take he too Twentymarkbits, and spiek frendlyer. He say the Fog so thick is, that he the Horse leed must, and as i in one Teikekeb nevermore up step shall, so go we to Foot quite slow. *Ach Himmel!* In Germany as Younger have i me mutsch with the Turnunion in the Turnhall exersised, but now am i no Walkgoer, because i too plump am.

It is fierful long. Tscherringross is, without Daut, ten Kilometer from Londonbritsch. The Fog is so fierful thick, and i am so fierful weary, that i Nothings observe kan. Since seven or eight Hours have i Nothings eated. From Time to Time see i one grate Light. It is one *Bierstube*, and often wait we in order one Glas Bier to drink. But it give Nothings to eat. I am ever weayer, i breath only Coalsmoke, i dy of Hunger. *Oh, verfluchte Stadt!* I think to the Berlinisch Animalgarden in the Summer, when the Air fresh and warm, and



"PAPA SENT YOU THAT SIXPENCE, AND HE WANTS TO KNOW WHY YOU NEVER PLAY MORE THAN ONE TUNE!"
"COS PEOPLE NEVER WANT NO MORE 'N ONE, MISSIE!"

neither kold nor smoky, is. *Unser Tiergarten! Ach, wie angenehm!* There'n go the Horsesway, *Pferdebahn*, so kan man without Wearyness atkom, and there, while man Sausages or Biefstakes or Calfsroast eat, Cigars smoke, and Bier drink, kan man quite *bequem* and happy sit remain. The Remembering is so pathetic, and i am so week and miserabel, that i almost weep.

As i in the Intention mein Pocketcloth, in order the Eys to wipe, outtobring am, kom we in one Court at. *Dem Himmel sei Dank!* It is Tscherringross. And it is one Hotel. The Coacher ask yet ten Mark. I am so weary that i not dispute kan, and i pay. Then eat i three Biefstakes and drink seven Flasks Bier, and even so rasch as possibly go i to Bed.

Highattentionsfull humblest LUDWIG.

"PETER, DIDST EVER SEE THE LIKE?"

Taming of the Shrew, Act IV., Sc. 1

It seems a pity that *Peter the Great* should be dethroned. Rarely has our Sir HENRY been seen to greater advantage, in every way, than as the eccentric Czar; and well is he seconded by our American cousin, Mr. ROBERT TAHER, while Mr. MACKINTOSH is once again the very best of spies. Had Mr. IRVING, Junr. the author, only been able to render the female characters equally effective, and to have given (what GOETHE asked for) "more light" to the sombre drama, it might have held the stage, and the audience, for a considerable period. Perhaps there yet may be seen a second and improved edition. However, the fiat has gone forth, and once more "*The Bells* will be ringing for IRVING"; *Shylock* will make another desperate attempt to get a pound of Antonio's flesh, and ELLEN TERRY will delight us all as the light-hearted *blanchisseuse*, *Madame Sans-Gêne*.

A GOOD PUFF.—The Bishop of LONDON, during a recent interview, is said to have smoked seventeen cigarettes. In answer to numerous inquiries as to whose cigarettes these were, whether made by Messrs. — or Messrs. —, we are able to state positively that they were the Bishops—unless they were the interviewer's.



NOT THE PLEASANTEST WAY OF PUTTING IT.

Invalid. "OH, DOCTOR, I'M AFRAID I'M PRETTY WELL AT DEATH'S DOOR!"
 Doctor. "DON'T YOU WORRY, MY DEAR SIR—WE'LL PULL YOU THROUGH!"

AIRS RESUMPTIVE.

THE FIGHTING GEFION:

OR, THE VOYAGE TO KAISERLAND.

(After Mr. Newbolt-from-the-Blue.)

It was nine bells ringing,
 As they swaggered out o' Kiel,
 For the watch was busy singing,
 And they'd overdone the peel;
 It was nine bells ringing,
 For the watch was busy singing,
 And the pilot's wife was clinging
 To the pilot at the wheel.

Oh! to hear the pistons pounding,
 Kaiserland! Kaiserland!
 And the osculations sounding,
 Kaiserland! Kaiserland!
 Oh! to hear the pistons pounding,
 And the osculations sounding,
 And Our Only Brother bounding
 On the boom to Kaiserland!

It was trombones trumping
 In the military band,
 And the tide was slowly slumping
 As he waved his mailed hand;
 It was trombones trumping,
 And the tide was slowly slumping,
 And the KAISER's heart was bumping
 As they shoved Him off to land.

Oh! they're bound for blood and glory,
 Kaiserland! Kaiserland!

But their heads will all be hoary,
 Kaiserland! Kaiserland!
 Oh! they're bound for blood and glory,
 But their heads will all be hoary
 Ere they tell the "gospel-story"
 On the shores of Kaiserland!

It was fog-horns blowing,
 Where the forts o' Spithead frown,
 And the tide belike was flowing,
 And belike was running down;
 It was fog-horns blowing,
 And the tide belike was flowing,
 When HENRICUS started rowing
 On the loose for London town.

There'll be many another stopping,
 Kaiserland! Kaiserland!
 When the engine-fires are dropping,
 Kaiserland! Kaiserland!
 There'll be many another stopping,
 When the engine-fires are dropping,
 And the good tub goes a-flopping
 Pitch-an'-toss for Kaiserland!

It was cracked mugs clinking,
 As they sighted Singapore,
 And the bleary eyes were blinking
 At the hope o' touching shore;
 It was cracked mugs clinking,
 And the bleary eyes were blinking,
 But the cabin-boy was sinking
 With his eighty years or more!

Oh! the crumpled masts were creaking,
 Kaiserland! Kaiserland!

And the bilge was frankly leaking,
 Kaiserland! Kaiserland!
 Oh! the crumpled masts were creaking,
 And the bilge was frankly leaking,
 And their throats were dry wi' speakin'
 Most profane o' Kaiserland!

It was dumb bells tolling
 As they reeled at half a knot.
 For they'd done a deal o' coaling,
 But the pace was never hot;
 It was dumb bells tolling,
 And they'd done a deal o' coaling,
 When the wherry came a-rolling
 On to WILLIAM's little plot.

Nine-and-ninety years were over!
 Kaiserland! Kaiserland!
 Since they cleared the Straits o' Dover!
 Kaiserland! Kaiserland!
 Nine-and-ninety years from Dover!
 And the lengthy lease was over,
 And the heathen sat in clover,
 On the pews o' Kaiserland!

A REVIVAL.—Cock-fighting, according to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is coming into fashion again. "Henny" cocks are general favourites. "Well," says 'ARRY, "wot's the good o' trainin' up speshal cocks if henny sort 'll do?"

A FREE TRANSLATION.—"LUCAS, A., non lucendo,"—LUCAS, Associate, is not such a shining light as LUCAS, R.A.



RIGHT HON. ARTHUR B. LEE (Ring-Master of the Royal Westminster Circus, aside).

THE NEW LOT.

BUT I DON'T QUITE LIKE THE LOOK OF 'VESTEYMAN.'—
" 'TOMMY ATKINS' IS SAFE ENOUGH; I HOPE 'PADDY' WILL DO;—



A JAPANESE VALENTINE.

BRITANNIA, MISTRESS OF THE BRINE,
MAKE VALIANT JAP YOUR VALENTINE!

["At the present moment there is nothing watched with more attention by the Japanese Press than the attitude of Great Britain at this juncture. During the past year, if I have heard a wish for an alliance with England expressed once, I have heard it expressed at least a hundred times."—Tokio Correspondent of "Daily Mail."]

DE BONO ANTIQUO JULIO CÆSARE.

CARISSIME MAGISTER PUNCHIUS, — Ad Patrem meum dixi "Nonne me duces videre spectaculum classicum *Julium Cæsarem SHAKSPERIUM*?"

"Certe," respondit gubernator, addens, "si promittes scribere criticam, et eam mittere ad nostrum amicum *Magistrum Punchium*, sine obtinendo aliquid verbum de ullo dictionario." "Jurabo! per Jingonem!" ego respondi, "si tu mihi dabis cenam post spectaculum ad clubbum tuum?" Ille promisit, et habuimus noctem capitalem.

Sic hic it!

Nunquam in vitâ meâ vidi tam magnificum spectaculum quam ad hoc Theatrum Majestatis Suse ubi ludus SHAKSPERIENSIS, cui nomen *Julius Cæsar* est. Actorem qui lusit *Julium*, ego recognovi per nasonem ejus, eadem naso quam videram quum ille apparuit in theatro Adelphorum ut "*Dux Wellingtonius*"; iste appellatur *Magister CAROLUS FULTON*: sed ille non est satis altus, nec satis severus, nec satis grandiosus. Et cur non habuit ille



Cæsar et Calphurnia domi.

in manibus ejus "*commentaria*," et stylum post aurem ejus? *Magister BEERBOHMII ARBOR* est admirabilis ut *Marcus Antonius*; et oratio ejus ad turbam, et turba ipsa vivens et clamans "*Eheu! Eheu!*" fuit quidquid præclarum et perfectissimum! Hæc est via sola discere et docere classicam historiam. Cur debemus habere libros quando potes habere spectacula sic acta? Subito ego quoque *Poeta Romana*. Audi!

"Dic mihi quid scribam de te *BEERBOHMII ARBOR*?"

Spero ut hoc sit orane rectum! Sed procedamus. Et tunc

quam grandis et majestica fuit illa puella splendida *LILLA HANBURIENSIS*, uxor *Cæsaris*! etiam illa decora foemina *EVELYNA MILLARDA*, uxor *Bruti*! Sed conjux suavis *Magistri BEERBOHMII ARBORIS* erat puer servans (species *Buttonorum modernorum*) et illa cantavit perfectè cantum dulcissimum qui induxit, omnes audientes, *Bruto* excepto, subito et graviter dormire. Pater meus rogavit si compositor musicæ hujus carminis fuit "*Lullius*?" (Hic est jocus parvus gubernatoris.)

"*Brutus et Cassius*," nomina quæ me faciunt putare de Latinis exercitationibus ("Hæc olim meminisse juvabit!" vide *grammarum*) similia ad "*Balbus et Caius*" qui illum murum semper edificabant, admirabiliter acti sunt a *Magistro LUDOVICO*



Oratio Antonii ad turbam Romanam.

*MURIORE** et *FRANKLYNO McCLEANO*, duobus dexteris actoribus quorum principalis (quæ hujus pars est duarum difficilior) est *LUDOVICUS MURIOR*.

Quid dicam de vestibus scenisque Romanis quæ omnes dessinatæ sunt a *Magistro ALMA-TADEMA* *Academiæ Regiæ*? *Poëta* fuit in errore cum ille scripsit:—

"O formosæ puer nimium ne crede colori!"

Nam "*color*" *ALME-TADEME* est mirabilis, et tam bene cuncta facta sunt, ut ego possum dicere, cum alio poetâ aut scriptore, uno verbo mutato:—

"Nullum ignotum pro magnifico!"†

Ave! *BEERBOHMII ARBOR*! Ave! Ite caput!

Ad unbram *Cæsaris* "*referens*" non "*horresco*," nam "*vidi meliora et probavi*" (quotationes classicas adaptatas lectores) in usu magicæ lanternæ domesticæ.

Et nunc redire domum quod habemus septem dies extra, sed quando tu, *Magister Punchius*, legis hæc scripta, ero iterum ad illam scholam cujus sum alumnus notabilis.

Valete et plaudite!

BINKINS MINOR.

* *LUDOVICO MURIORE*. The pater told me *Ludovicus* is *Lewis*, and as "*murus*" is "*a wall*," "*murius*" is a "*Waller*"? Jocus! [Ad Editorem.]

† "Nothing has been ignored for the sake of the magnificent effect!"

TALIEN-WAN.

How is this said? To rhyme with "*yarn*,"
Should we pronounce it *Talien-Wan*,
Or should we say, to rhyme with "*on*,"
A as in "*what*," just *Talien-Wan*,
Or that some journalistic man
Spun all this yarn on *Talien-Wan*?

COMPENSATION.

A GERMAN sailor having been killed near Kiao-Chau, the German Government has demanded more concessions from China. When at last the *Deutschland* has been towed, and tugged, and dragged, and pulled, and pushed to her destination, it may be possible to send in a little bill, thus:—

To 1 Missionary, killed	200,000 taels.
Ditto ditto	1 Cathedral, complete.
Ditto ditto	50 square miles of territory.
To 1 Sailor, killed	1 Railway concession.
1 Colonel, insulted	1,000 square miles of territory.
2 Colonels, wounded	1 Province.
1 General, killed	The Chinese Empire.

THIS appeared in *Manchester Guardian*, February 4:—

"WANTED, an Oldham Widow: state condition and lowest price."

What on earth is the advertiser going to do with her? Drive her in single harness?



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF

TOBY M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday morning, February 9.—SARK often compares House of Commons to a public school. In the main he is right; points of resemblance crop up nearly every day through a Session. Analogy breaks down at one epoch. Members differ from schoolboys, inasmuch as they are as delighted to get back for fresh term as they were boisterously hilarious on breaking up for holidays.

Since ten o'clock this morning, House, lobbies, reading-room, and library thronged with Members pleased with themselves and each other. Some audibly chortled in their joy. Such shaking of hands! such slapping on the back! such hearty enquiry after everybody's health! Might be the first reunion in a safe place of shipwrecked and temporarily parted passengers.

"Yes, it's all very well, TOBY mein," said PRINCE ARTHUR, standing by me and looking on the animated scene. "What's sport to them is death to us. For just six months we've done without the House of Commons, not to mention the House of Lords. I'm not going to say that we have managed throughout with unvaried, unqualified success. But whatever we've done we should, in similar circumstances, have done exactly the same had Parliament been sitting. We should have done it, too, in our own way at our own time. Yet think of all the rumpus that would ineffectually have accompanied our patriotic labours. There would have been questions day by day, which, pleading the interests of the State, we should have declined to answer, or at best should have dribbled forth information. There would have been motions for the adjournment, or Votes of Censure, useful to us as

smothering anything like incipient revolt on our side. There would have been talk, talk, talk, and the end would have been precisely as it is fashioned to-day. I begin to think that, after all, CARLYLE, himself, you know, much averse from talking, was right in his contempt for our dear House of Commons. Now here they are again, bursting with wanting-to-know-you-know, and every other man in the throng with an Amendment to the Address in his pocket. Much better for all of us if they would let me give them right off another six months' holiday."

"MR. SPEAKER!" It is the voice of the doorkeeper. I hear him complain. "Hats off, strangers!" and through the throng of bared heads the SPEAKER, in wig and gown, his skirt upheld by his train-bearer, passes with dignified pace into the House, to begin all over again the old, old round of duties, delights, and other things.

CHOKING CHICAGO.

[The people of Chicago complain that their bread is adulterated in consequence of the corner in wheat.]

LITTLE JACK HORNER
Sat in a "corner,"
Eating Chicago bread,
It stuck in his jaw
Being mostly of straw;
We cannot repeat what he said.

ARTIST'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Has the anxious parent been to see his child's portrait?

Answer. He has seen it.

Q. Did he approve of it?

A. He will like it better when I have made some slight alterations.

Q. What are they?

A. He would like the attitude of the figure altered, the position of the arms changed, the face turned the other way, the hair and eyes made a different colour, and the expression of the mouth improved.

Q. Did he make any other suggestions?

A. Yes; he wishes to have the child's favourite pony and Newfoundland dog put in, with an indication of the ancestral home in the background.

Q. Is he willing to pay anything extra for these additions?

A. He does not consider it necessary.

Q. Are you well on with your Academy picture?

A. No; but I began the charcoal sketch yesterday.

Q. Have you secured the handsome model?

A. No; the handsome model has been permanently engaged by the eminent R.A.

Q. Under these circumstances, do you still expect to get finished in time?

A. Yes; I have been at this stage in February for as many years as I can remember, and have generally managed to worry through somehow.

A PLATONIC VALENTINE.

HAD your path long since crossed mine,
When love's arrows were acuter,
Haply then my Valentine
You had been, and I your suitor.

Now no more our passions rage,
Sentiment we bar as stupid;
Verging on the middle age
We defy the darts of Cupid.

Yet, although with fancy free
Trivial topics we discourse on,
Valentine you still may be,
Lady, and I'll be your Orson.

AN OMISSION AND SUGGESTION.—A second edition is announced of a popular work entitled *Men who have made the Empire*. Is MR. GEORGE EDWARDES included? He has done much towards making the Empire, not to mention the Gaiety and Daly's. Shall we have a companion volume, *Men and Women who have made the Alhambra*? With, of course, a portrait of M. JACOB.



A THOUGHTFUL MAN.

Hounds running hard. The handy line of gates having come to an end, Mr. Pulker and his Wife arrive at a stiff boundary Fence.

Mr. Pulker. "GOODNESS GRACIOUS, JANE! DO YOU KNOW IT'S AFTER FOUR! WE MUST BE STARTING FOR HOME, OR YOU'LL MISS THAT MOTHER'S MEETING AT FIVE. WHAT A CONFOUNDED NUISANCE!"

HOW TO LIVE LONG.

PRESUMABLY as the result of the recent articles in the *Daily News*, Mr. Punch has been inundated with letters from a host of correspondents who beg him to observe the rules by which they have attained longevity, in order that he may long be spared to gladden their leisure hours. He is, of course, gratified to find himself the object of so much solicitude on the part of his readers, but at the same time he finds it difficult to follow the advice of all. "Septuagenarian," for instance, urges him to become a vegetarian. "On no account touch meat. It is poison. For the last fifty years I have dined on a boiled onion, and supped off a pint of lentil porridge." "Octogenarian," on the other hand, urges him "to eat, drink and be merry as much and as often as you please. I find there is nothing like a jolly good dinner, followed by a theatre, and supper with plenty of champagne, to put me in real good form." "Nonagenarian" declares that "the secret of long life lies in a cold tub taken every morning, winter and summer, with unflinching regularity." "Centenarian," again, writes, "Beware of soap and water—they spell death. For my part, I have only had a bath once in my life, when I went to the workhouse and could not help myself. The result was I caught a chill from which I nearly died." "Home-bird" avers that she owes her eighty years of happiness to ma-

trimony. "Gay Dog of Ninety" says, "Half a century ago I was to marry, when I suddenly remembered your advice, and didn't. O, Mr. Punch! but for you I should have been dead these forty years." "Blue Ribbon" argues that none but teetotalers can, or deserve to, attain old age. "Liver," on the contrary, writes, "Dear Mr. Punch,—There is nothing like a good stiff jorum of your namesake to preserve a man"; whilst "Law and Order" declares for "Regularity in all things. Look at me! Here am I, ninety-nine years of age, hale and hearty as a chicken of twenty. I get drunk regularly every Saturday night, and remain so till Tuesday morning." "Irishman" writes, "If 'tis long ye're wantin' to live, ye must begin over agin. 'Tis all a question of heredity, it is. Ye must choose yer own feyther an' mother an' see they coom from a long-lived stock, an' that's the only way at all, at all." If it were not for the initial objection that he is already born, and the further difficulty of selecting your parents before you yourself have any existence, Mr. Punch would be inclined to believe that "Irishman" had hit the nail on the head; but for the present these two obstacles seem insuperable. For the rest, as it is manifestly impossible to adopt the advice of all, while it might be thought invidious to make distinctions, Mr. Punch has decided to thank his correspondents for their kindly suggestions, but to continue in his old habits and to take his chance of long life with his neighbours.

MEMORIES OF MY VALENTINES.

"The time I've lost in wooing."—*Moore.*

O'er rhythm and rhyme
I've wasted my time
In singing the praises of NANCY.
Who proved but a jilt,
Not true gold, but gilt,
And LILLIAN captured my fancy.

My lovely KATHLEEN,
My pride and my Queen,
Alas! it was dreadfully shocking;
We ne'er could agree,
It turned out that she
Was what people call a blue-stocking.

There ne'er lived a man
Who so adored FAN,
She was all that my fancy depicted,
So loving and kind,
I hated to find
She was with a temper afflicted.

I do not suppose
A girl such as ROSE
You'd meet in the whole of life's journey,
Ere I could decide
To make her my bride,
She wedded an artful attorney.

Tho' years may roll by,
Still single am I,
I can't find a maiden to marry,
For while I reflect,
They seem to select,
Such fellows as TOM, DICK or HARRY.



"ALL A-GROWING, ALL A-BLOWING!"

[“Miss NICHOLSON spoke of the facility with which vegetarians might, if they pressed their demands upon their tradesmen, obtain vegetarian boots and vegetarian gloves.”—Report in Daily Paper of Meeting of the Vegetarian Federal Union.]

OUR LUNATIC CONTRIBUTOR THINKS THIS AN EXCELLENT IDEA. BUT WHY NOT HAVE VEGETARIAN COATS, AND HATS, TOO—IN FACT, VEGETARIAN CLOTHING FROM HEAD TO FOOT?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Confession of Stephen Whapshare (HUTCHINSON) is a story as powerful as it is unpleasant. Mrs. (or Miss) EMMA BROOKE draws a vivid picture of a pretty, selfish clinger to the outer shell of religious life mated to a strong-willed, deep-passioned, ambitious man. As a work of art it is admirable. But my Baronite fancies the majority of people take up a novel in search of pleasurable rest. This is not found in the company, the household, or the environment of *Stephen Whapshare* and his wife. The only time the heart warms towards him is when he gets rid of Mrs. W. by an overdose of chloral.

The *Liberal Magazine*, just issued from the Liberal Publication Department, 42, Parliament Street, is recommended for the use of Liberal speakers and canvassers. It need not necessarily be limited to that school of politician, being full of information on a wide range of public matters. Volume V. forms a political record for the year 1897, which, with the assistance of a complete index, may, my Baronite says, be turned to with advantage in the coming year.

Falklands (LONGMANS & Co.), by the author of *The Life of Sir Kenelm Digby*, is the pleasantly told story of a statesman who had been as unsuccessful in politics as in warfare, and not so extraordinarily happy in his home. That LUCIUS CARY was courageous is shown by his conduct in action; and that he was rash in speech is evident from his bold attempt at making a pun out of the most hopeless verbal materials. Not even one of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S clowns could have said anything more feeble than did Lord FALKLAND when he replied to HYDE that “a Secretary in War may be present at the greatest secret of danger.” Indeed, “a lame pun,” as the author says in a foot-note. Lord FALKLAND, when he made this essay in punning, was just thirty-three, and ought to have known better. On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that he was not aware of the presence of “a chiel amang ye, takin’ notes, an’ faith he’ll prent it,” and so probably indulged in a witticism which he considered just about up to the level of his companion’s comprehension. The book and its illustrations are most interesting. THE BARON DE B.-W.

“FUGACES ANNOS!”—Quite an impossibility,—“to fix a day.”

TO INTENDING JUDGES.

THE innocence of the Bench is a thing of the past. Nowadays a judge must be omniscient. He must no longer ask counsel to explain the meaning of the expression “Derby Day”: on the contrary, he must be prepared to instruct a “bookie” in the art of betting, or to explain to a milliner the difference between Roman and ordinary satin. Indeed, Mr. Punch hears that in future candidates for judicial honours are to be subjected to a rigorous examination in General Information, of which the following test-paper has been handed to him as a sample:—

1. Explain the terms “box-pleat,” “gusset,” “pouf,” “chevrette,” “plastron,” “revers,” “placket-hole,” “foundation,” “shaped yoke,” “combinations.”

2. Give the genus, species and property of “molleton,” “cachemire,” “tulle,” “chiffon,” “saracenet,” “broché silk,” “glacé silk,” “guipure.” Sketch from these materials a toilette to suit a short, stout witness of forty-five.

3. Translate into English the following passage from a ladies’ journal, commenting on the grammar and the words italicised:—

“The five-gore skirt is fitted without *darts*, and measures about 3½ yards round hem, pattern being used for cutting lining and material, which make up together, and in cutting out place centre front to a fold to avoid seam, front side of back gore to *selvedge*, and the line of oblong holes inside gore on the *straight of material*.”

4. Give the dates of the following Spring meetings:—Newmarket Craven, Lincoln, Chester, Lingfield, Nottingham, Kempton. Mention the probable starters (with age and weight) for each.

5. At what price did *Bend Or* start when he won the Derby? Supposing that he and *Persimmon* were running in the same year, estimate the odds for and against either.

6. Give the names, weights, length, breadth and thickness of the Oxford and Cambridge crews from 1880.

7. Give the batting averages to date of STODDART’S team, and the bowling analyses of any three Australians.

8. Distinguish, if possible, between the terms, “*sparring match*,” “*prize fight*,” “*homicide*.” Under which category would you include the recent fight at the National Sporting Club?

9. Explain the words “*Pav*,” “*Tiv*,” “*Jimmy’s*.” Write down anything you know about them.

10. Translate and comment on the following technical expressions: “Blackheath’s tackling was judicious, but they were weak in the scrum.” “The forwards were ragged, and their shooting innocent of sting.” “Convert the point.” “Punt.” “Lob.” “Yorker.” “Niblick.” “Dormy one.” “Three up and two to play.”

VALENTINE’S DAY—THEN AND NOW.

THEN—THIRTY YEARS AGO. *Family assembled.*

Paterfamilias. Post nearly two hours late! Really disgraceful! *Materfamilias*. Well, dear, remember it’s only once a year, and we used to enjoy it ourselves before we were married!

Eldest Daughter. I got half-a-dozen last year. I daresay I shall get twice as many this.

Second Daughter. I daresay! I believe you send them yourself!

Eldest Daughter. So probable! How can you think of such silly things! And how spiteful of you!

Son and Heir. Don’t quarrel, girls! And here’s the post.

Enter Servant with heaps of letters, which are eagerly seized and distributed.

Chorus. What are they?

Paterfamilias (disgusted at his budget). Valentines!

NOW—TO-DAY. *Family assembled as before.*

Paterfamilias. The fourteenth of February. Dear me, surely this is a memorable date—somehow.

Materfamilias. To be sure, father. It’s Valentine’s Day.

Eldest Daughter. Is it really true, mother, that people used to receive pictures just as we do Christmas cards?

Second Daughter. Come, you can surely remember. It’s not so very long for you.

Eldest Daughter. Don’t be spiteful! Remember, Miss, there’s only a couple of years between us!

Second Daughter. Really! From our appearance there might be a decade!

Son and Heir. Don’t quarrel, girls! And here’s the post!

Enter Servant with a solitary letter.

Chorus. What is it?

Paterfamilias (perusing a bill). Not a Valentine!



SELECTION FROM THE PICKWICK COSMOPOLITAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

["Mr. PERCY FITZGERALD has told us that *Pickwick* has been made a Dutchman, a German, a Norwegian, a Dane, and also a Jap, and has been claimed by the people of these countries as one of themselves."—*Sun*.]

BRIEFLESS IN RE ZOLA.

It is my opinion that it would be distinctly out of place to hazard a suggestion anent the recent trial in Paris while the matter remains *sub judice*. But when I say this, I mean that the cause should be sacred so far as forensic judgment is concerned. I do not know why the ceremony observed on the other side of the Channel should not give a hint to those responsible for the procedure in the Royal Courts of Justice. Speaking for myself, I can say that there is a sad lack of enthusiasm in our Divisions, especially on the Chancery side. During the course of a career now becoming a lengthy one, I have scarcely ever caused the Bench to nod approvingly, much less to cheer. I have in my mind a case—one to which reference is frequently made in the Carey Street robing-room—which, had it been heard in France, would have gone, to use a colloquialism, with shouts. It was known as *Brown v. Smith and Simkins*. To make my meaning clearer, I will give a report as the hearing might have been had Paris, and not London, been the site of the trial of the action.

I will adopt the dramatic form, as the more convenient for reporting.

Judge. Who appears in this action?

Q. C. No. 1. I, my Lord, for Mr. BROWN.

Q. C. No. 2. And I, my Lord, for Mr. SMITH.

Mr. Briefless. And I, my Lord—I say, I for Mr. SIMKINS.

Judge. You, Mr. BRIEFLESS?

Mr. B. Yes, my Lord; and permit me to say, my Lord, with all respect to your Lordship, that the man who would not protect his client's interests as his own is unworthy of the name of an utter barrister.

[Loud cheers.]

Judge. I must beg you, Mr. BRIEFLESS, to make no speeches.

Mr. B. My Lord, I have the greatest respect for the British Bench. I hold your Lordship in the deepest personal esteem. But I value more than life itself the liberty which opens the mouth of the advocate, and supplies copy to the pen of the hard-working, noble-minded and conscientious reporter!

[Loud cheering, in which the gentlemen of the press join with heartiness.]

Judge. I do not quite follow you, Mr. BRIEFLESS, but the time will no doubt arrive when I shall be glad to hear you.

Mr. B. Asking your Lordship's pardon, I declare that the time has arrived. I appeal to England, to Europe, the whole world! I say that free speech is the birthright of the British-born, that silence is the badge of slavery, and that JOHN BULL will never, never consent to a condition of serfdom. Yes, my Lord, I declare this, and intimate with infinite respect that Britannia rules the waves and unfurls the banner of freedom.

[Renewed cheering.]

Judge. That may be so, Mr. BRIEFLESS, but if I am to hear you, you must put your arguments in common form.

Mr. B. My Lord, I have done my duty, and am prepared to die for my country.

[Enthusiastic cheering.]

Judge. As you are a member of the Bar, I am forced to believe you. But I would point out that you are wandering from the point.

Mr. B. No, my Lord, with the utmost respect to your Lordship I declare I am not. I speak, and with the fiat of the people's will.

[Loud cheers.]

Judge. If you are interested in wills, Mr. BRIEFLESS, you should take your arguments to the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division.

Mr. B. This is trifling, my Lord. (Murmurs.) Yes, my Lord, this is trifling. I appeal to your Lordship to save the honour of the Empire, to salute that flag that has braved the battle and the breeze for scores of years, nay, centuries—the Union Jack.

[Enthusiastic cheering.]

Judge. Certainly. But, Mr. BRIEFLESS, what are your objections to the order I propose to make—all parties agreeing?

Mr. B. I do not object, my Lord. No, my Lord, on the contrary, I support your Lordship. I do this in the sacred cause of virtue, innocence, and truth. I do this because I hold that grandest emblem of perfect humanity—a brief of consent both for plaintiff and defendant!

[Tumultuous applause, during which Mr. BRIEFLESS resumes his seat amidst the hearty congratulations of a score of solicitors.]

Such might have been the report of the *cause célèbre* to which I have referred, had Gallic precedent been acknowledged and followed. As it was, the affair—so far as I was concerned—occupied about five seconds.

Under these circumstances I am distinctly of opinion that the procedure in our Courts calls earnestly for immediate revision.

(Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump-Handle Court, February 12, 1898.

OUR LITERARY PARAGRAPHS.

(Special and exclusive.)

MR. SNOOKS, the eminent novelist, has been greatly annoyed by the inaccurate accounts of his methods of work which have appeared in certain of our ill-informed contemporaries. The statement, for instance, that this distinguished writer uses a quill is absolutely untrue; he writes invariably with a gilt J. We may add, on the best authority, that he prefers smooth paper, and that he attaches his sheets of MS. to each other by means of brass paper-fasteners. This most important information has never been divulged before. Mr. SNOOKS is at present working on his new story, which is to appear as a serial in the *Whitechapel Gazette*.



MORAL SUPPORT.

American Eagle (to British Lion). 'WHAT! NOT GOING TO FIGHT FOR FREE PORTS? WHY, IF YOU'D WANTED BACKING, I'D HA' SAT TIGHT HERE AND FLAPPED MY WINGS FOR ALL THEY'RE WORTH!'

Vandenberg. New.

DARBY JONES ON THE FALLACY OF BEING TOO CLEVER.

HONOURED SIR,—Just when the Sport of Emperors, Kings, Princes, Dukes, Marquises and other Leaders of Creation is about to put its nose through the soil like the Disraelic Primrose—I refer to the Legitimate or Flat-racing pursuit, whereat Lincoln leads the fashion, and is likely to have its local traditions enriched by the successful canonisation of a *Transatlantic Saint*—I would like to say a few words gathered from the sayings of old geese and ganders for the benefit of the goslings who are as yet unaccustomed to the stubble. It is about this time of year that the inexperienced Descendant of the Biped, which saved the City of Rome and is very familiar to us at the Feast of St. Michael, is lured into wagering at least a Moiety of his Expectations on such contests as the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes and the Derby. With the avidity of a Chub in the Mayday season, he swallows seven, nay, six or five to one about animals, which may be, long before the day of the race, lame, scratched, or even dead. If the Gosling wants to have a run for his money, far better would it be for him to plank down his "spondulicks" (I use a flash idiom) on some selling plater, which, by reference to the daily papers, he may note has "arrived" at this or that meeting. But unfortunately the Gosling, like the great Mr. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, wants to be connected with a Great Enterprise such as the Derby, and he will take ridiculous odds about *Hawfinch*, *Disraeli*, *Dieudonne*, *Bull* or *Collar*, over the Tattenham Corner event, without ever considering that he is perilling his share in the Bank of England at prices at which an honest stock-broker would quiver with laughter.

The whole system, honoured Sir, of giving a betting return long beforehand on Big Races is one fostered by the Book-making Fraternity—not that I blame the members of this unselect association. If I knew how to promote a Great Spring Asparagus or Green Pea Prize, and could lay odds against the first grower in the open ground, I would take a whole page in the *Daily Telegraph* (quite apart from the ever-genial "Hotspur") to advertise my scheme. But I should want to be in the "know." And that is what Mr. Gosling always thinks he is. He is, in his own opinion, more clever than King SOLOMON, and infinitely superior to Lord SALISBURY in his acquaintance with Men and Things—men being Owners, Trainers, and Jockeys; and things four-legged creatures who are treated with far more consideration than their Human Contemporaries. I can see you smile at this assertion, but did you ever know a Man, and I will even say, a Woman, who would fetch ten or fifteen thousand pounds, to say nothing of having been tenderly nurtured for years, and given columns of displayed print in the leading Journals of the Day? Why, Sir, I make bold to say that personally my carcase would not realise the price of cats'-meat.

But *revenons à nos oies* (I picked this up at the Café de la Paix in the fair city of Paris), the sportive Gosling, from the moment that he hatches out from the egg of Eton and Oxford or that of Harrow and Cambridge—you know, honoured Sir, that the public school of St. Giles and the university of Clare Market have been my standards of education—could give Mr. FRY



MacNab (whose wife has met with a slight accident on the Railway, to Railway Agent, who has called to offer condolence, and produces one or two pounds by way of solatium). "NA, NA, IF SHE DEES IT WILL LIKELY BE TWA OR THREE HUNDERS!"

or Mr. DICK DUNN points over questions of betting, and on obscure discussions he could tell you off the reel that the racing colours of the Chevalier GINISTRELLI are white and blue hoops, blue sleeves, with white cap; and that KITCHENER, in 1844, won the Chester Cup riding only 3 st. 7 lb. But this sort of knowledge doesn't make a fortune. So let me warn Mr. Gosling against the "mug-catcher," or he will himself turn out to be a "fly flat." Such is the Jargon of the Vulgar, "according to the ideas of the Strictly Correct." Go upon a race-course and hear if the Upper Ton (not Upper Ten, please, Mr. Printer), don't know how to slash around words not to be found in Webster's, Walker's, or Dr.

Johnson's Dictionaries. The proof of the "poured in" (language) is the beating. At Manchester, Sir, I implore you not to forget the "Distressful Country," which, what with Football Matches and Timber-topping, must now be pretty full of Sassenach gold. When I implore, I can say no more than sign myself Your devoted dog-trotter,
DARBY JONES.

Promising Lad.

Paterfamilias (reading from newspaper). I see they are taking steps to renovate the dome of St. Paul's.

Young Hopeful. They'll want a jolly long pair of steps to reach to the top, Pater!



"HAMLET WITHOUT THE PRINCE."

Cræsus, Esq. (a new importation to the Country). "WOULD YOU SAY TO THE DUKE, I SHOULD BE GLAD IF HE WOULD ARRANGE A MEET AT MY HOUSE THIS WEEK!" *Huntsman.* "QUITE IMPOSSIBLE, SIR." *Cræsus, Esq.* "WHY?"
Huntsman. "GROUND MUCH TOO 'ARD, 'OUNDS COULDN'T GO, SIR."
Cræsus, Esq. "DEAR ME! BUT COULDN'T HIS GRACE COME WITHOUT THE DOGS! SAY, I SHOULD BE DELIGHTED!"

AIRS RESUMPTIVE.

THE RUBÁIYÁT OF R-S-B-RY.

(After the late Omar Khayyám.)

[N.B. — Some of these quatrains are due to happy suggestions of Mr. F-TZG-R-LD'S. They are not all, strictly speaking, in the original.]

I.

WAKE! for the Writing on the Walls is still,
 And dark the cursive signs of Soap and Pill;
 And lo! the Sun emerging from his Couch
 Incarnadines the Peak of Ludgate Hill!

II.

Arise and go it! Death shall clasp your Clay
 If not To-morrow, then some other day;
 The hardest Hide eventually yields;
 Even the Elephant must fade away!

III.

Strange (is it not?) that Dust returns to Dust!
 Philosophers have mentioned how it must;
 One of the Best observed that Time escapes,
 And this Remark was also very just.

IV.

I flung my Astral Body into Air
 To solve Conundrums more than I could bear;
 I cried—"I don't know strictly where I am!"
 It answered—"You are neither Here nor There!"

V.

Whereat I sketched my Future in the Rough;
 Broadly I adumbrated on my Cuff

The Price to pay for problematic Power;
 Then said my Soul—"IT IS NOT GOOD ENOUGH!"

VI.

Here in this crusted Chamber where we sit
 And never legislate one little Bit,—

Here where the *Whither* and the *Whence* are one,—
 Why should I waste my flowing Fount of Wit?

VII.

For simpler Joys my jaded Spirit yearns,
 The frugal Board, the rustic Page of Burns,
 For these I waive the Cretan Crux, nor ask
 What latest Tune the husky Concert churns.

VIII.

A little Villa somewhere Naples way,
 A Flask of Capri *blanc*, and You to play
 Beside me, HARCOURT, 'neath the Olive's Shade,—
 And Life were all an endless Roundelay!

IX.

There, wreathed with clustering Vine, and Ivy dim
 On VIRGIL'S Tomb our Posies we will trim;
 What does he care for Vaccination Bills?
 AUGUSTUS never vaccinated *him*.

X.

Yonder (unfortunately out of View)
 Amalfi laughs above the tideless Blue;
 What are the Woes of Erin's Isle to *her*?
 The same as Hecuba to Me and You.

XI.

Nor would Vesuvius check his molten tide
 Though London Town were quadragintified,

And forty Mayors and Corporations clomb
Up to the Top by Rail and fell inside.

XII.

Fly, then, afar, where that infernal Hum
Of fatuous Politicians cannot come,
And there with Wine and Talk of Turfy Things,
Let us anticipate Elysium.

XIII.

Who knows the *What-Next?* I was born and bred
A Liberal; yet, perchance, when I am dead,
That overrated Flower that takes my Name
The rather Primrose may sprout above my Bed!

XIV.

LAWSON! if thither you should haply stroll,
Fail not to pay your Due at Memory's Toll;
Ah! sprinkle on this boon Companion's Grave
Some droppings, WILFRID, from your Wassail-bowl!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN portly volumes, published by LONGMANS, Mr. WILFRID WARD tells the story of the *Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman*. The two comprise nearly twelve hundred pages of type, much of it smaller than is usually found in works of this character. On his death-bed the Cardinal summed up his life's object and his life's work in a single sentence. "I have never," he said, "cared for anything but the Church." England was the outlying pasture committed to his cultivation and he threw himself into the work with a self-devotion, a splendid energy, that commanded success. As Mr. WARD finely puts it, he found his coreligionists in England a persecuted sect; he left them a Church. When, nearly fifty years ago, Dr. WISEMAN came to London as Emissary of the Pope, the English Catholic body was a heterogeneous team. There were various orders and congregations of secular priests, Jesuits, Dominicans, Passionists, Redemptorists, Oratorians, Rosminians, each striving to win over England in its own way, and place her salvation to its personal credit. WISEMAN's efforts were directed to amalgamating these forces, marching them in ordered campaign. A masterful man, not mincing language when rebuke or exhortation was called for, he sometimes trod troubled ways. The storm that arose in England on his returning from Rome with the rank of Cardinal was sufficient to have blown a punier man clear off the island. The Cardinal stood foursquare to it, and lived it down. To the present generation the most vivid recollection of the episode is contained in the memorable *Punch* cartoon, appearing when the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was passing through Parliament, representing Lord JOHN RUSSELL writing up "No Popery" on the Cardinal's door in Golden Square and running away. We get a last view of the Cardinal a few days before his death, when the Canons assembled to receive his dying confession of faith. He would not, by reason of weakness of flesh, shirk any of the ceremonial. He insisted upon being fully vested. So, wearing his rochet, his red mozzetta and zucchetto, his pectoral cross, his gold stole and his sapphire ring, he took leave of his co-workers. A frail dying mortal, but a Prince of the Church to the last.

We are all familiar with the name of ARTHUR YOUNG, and assume to have read his *Travels in France*. The real man is vividly revealed in his autobiography, edited by M. BETHAM-EDWARDS, and published, with portraits and illustrations, by SMITH, ELDER. Till religious monomania got a firm hold upon him and blindness completed his misery, he lived a useful, bustling life. Incidentally we get glimpses of English country life at the end of the last century, and once or twice come within sound of the voices of PITT and BURKE. Few things written in more pretentious history give a vivid picture of the state of the country during the height of NAPOLEON's power than flashes in a note from ARTHUR YOUNG, dated December 8, 1803. "A letter," he says, "from Lord EUSTON to Sir CHARLES DAVERS recommends that, in case of invasion, all horses and draft cattle that cannot be driven out of reach of the enemy be shot, and that all axle-trees or wheels of all carriages likely to fall into the enemies' hands be broken." It was the death of his favourite daughter, BOBBIN, that led to YOUNG's final state of dementia. There are some pathetic passages in the autobiography, describing how "I hoed part of my dear child's garden under the window, and carried her bonnet and cap to her chamber." He had the body buried under the flagging of his pew, fixing the coffin "so that when I kneel it will be between her head and her dear heart." A very remarkable man, and a profoundly interesting book.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



"YOU NEEDN'T BE FRIGHTENED, SWEETHEART. HE WON'T HURT YOU. SEE, HE'S WAGGING HIS TAIL!"

"YES, I SEE, GRANDPA. BUT THAT ISN'T THE END I'M AFRAID OF!"

KECKSOGAPHY.

(Vide "*Westminster Gazette*.")

WOULDEST con the coming ages? Wouldst thou climb
The steepy peak whereon I watch, and see
Spread at thy feet in the wide vale of Time,
The hidden secrets of Futurity?

WOULDEST learn the fortune that the happy Fates
Prepare thee? Treasure, glory, honour, land,
And best of all the golden Fair that waits,
All eagerness, to yield thee heart and hand?

ALL this wouldst know?—Then take thee paper. Pour
Black ink thereon. Fold it while still 'tis wet.
Send it to me with shillings. (Mark! the more
Thy fee, the fairer fortune wilt thou get.)

Then will I con it. Then will I, with art
Most magical and known to none but me,
Read in the future thy hereafter part—
(But *Nota bene*, don't forget the fee!)

"MUMMY TOLD ME SO!"

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have seen it stated that the mummies of ANTIOCHUS SOTER and PTOLEMY II., recently sold by auction, could be certified genuine by letters from Dr. BIRCH and Professor BONOMI. There must be some blundering inversion here. Surely what is wanted is not a letter from BONOMI, saying, "This is PTOLEMY," but rather a letter from PTOLEMY, saying, "This is Bone o' me."

Yours in (G. H.) Mummy mood,
PRO BONO MELO.

[This is a fizz-ical absurdity. No mummified (G. H. or otherwise) PTOLEMY could write such a letter, whatever his tendency to rot (extra sec). We suppose our correspondent would complain of another "blundering inversion" in which letters played a part, if we characterised his levity as "abonomible."]

Answers to Correspondents.

CHICKEN HAZARD.—If you want to set up a poultry-yard "on the cheapest possible plan," we should advise you to buy a big, roomy sack, and wait for a moonless night.



She. "WHAT AN ENORMOUS EXPANSE OF SHIRT-FRONT MAJOR ARMSTRONG HAS!"
He. "H'M—IT ISN'T HIS *FRONT* I OBJECT TO. IT'S HIS *SIDE*!"

LUDWIG IN LONDON.

LEARNING THE LANGUAGE.

HONOURED MISTER,—Six weeks ago I came in London, and I sent you some letters which you have given out. Since then I have studied the english language each day and the whole day, I have had conversation-lessons, writing-lessons, reading-lessons, and I no it endly quite good. Only the orthography is so very difficult. At first I new not that in english one writes the most substantivs with a little letter at the beginning. I have also lernt, what is curiouser, that *ich* is "I" and *Sie* is "you." How a German is politer than a Engshman! Not true? He writes "i," quite humble, and "You," quite polite. A Frenchman even writes *je*, not *Je*. Only a Englishman is so consieted that he writes always "I," as big as possible. Dusent he?

I remained only a day at the hotel, and then, in order to speak english always, I moved to a boardinghouse in the South Kensington quarter of London, where a relative of me stayed one time. So I have spoken enough, because in a *Pension* in any land, people speak without ceasing. But this house is good and dear, so I lern the best english from the guests. One of them, a young *Advokat*, barrister, who must speak very good because he was a student of the university of Oxford, says, "The old tabbys jaw like one o'clock." I have seeked these words in my dictionary, and I find that he speaks not of the boarders, as I supposed, but of the cats, who truly make a awful row during the whole night, and not only at one o'clock, in the so-called garden of this house.

Between my lessons I have visited some of the *Sehenswürdigkeiten*, the things worthy of seeing, in London. I think them not up too much, because they all are so old and so dirty. There is a building unfar from here, called the naturalhistory museum, which I admire, because it is like a german building, and appears quite *funkelnagelneu*, sparklenailnew, that is "bran new" in

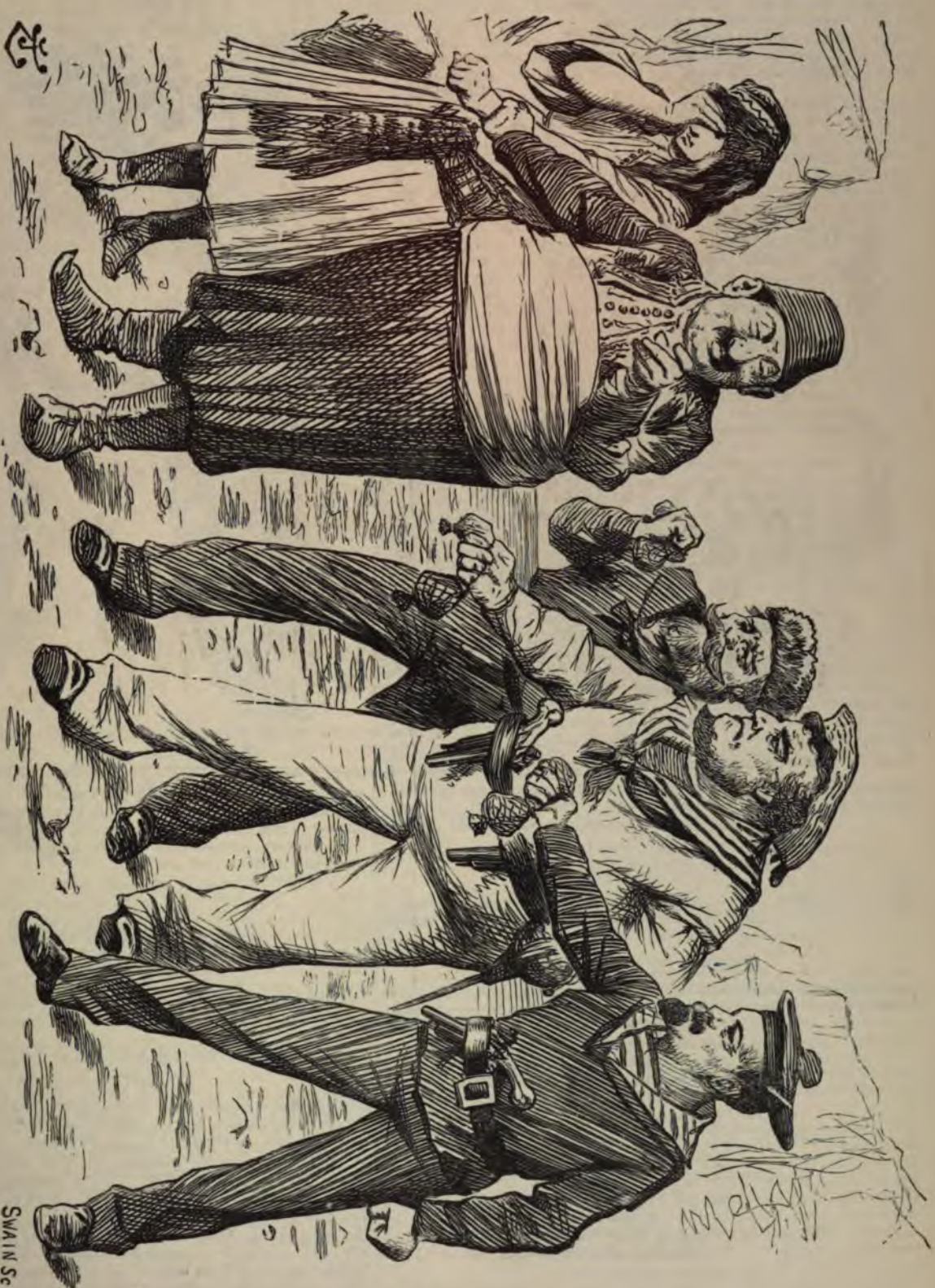
english, and it is certainly the colour of bran, with some gray marks. The young barrister said it was made to imitate Stillton cheese. His face was quite grave, or I had thought he joked. That is very interesting. I shall tell you of the things worthy of seeing in other letters.

In order to lern a language it is very useful to go in the theatre. Naturely one can not understand the dialekt in a *Volkstheater*, peoplestheater; one must go to the *Hof Theater*, court theater, in a strange town. So I ask one day where is the court theater in London, and they say it is unfar from the boardinghouse. I go therefore one evening. I go no more in a "keb," since my journey from Londonbridge to Cherringross, when I paid sixty shilling, and was nearly killed. *Donnerwetter!* In London there are no horseways—ah no, you say tramsways—as in Berlin. Even in Leipzig they go everywhere every minute. I can not walk. So I go in a "fourwheeler." The door is so narrow that I can almost not go in, though the coachman push me, and when I am in, and arrive after a awful shaking, I fear I shall never come out. I like not the *Droschken* of London, they are made only for the thin ones.

In the theater I am astounded. What a little building! It is much littler than the *Residenz-Theater* in München. *Wunderbar!* But the Queen of ENGLAND is not often in London, so she needs not a large court theater. And what a play! All the actresses have the ugliest clothes. Their faces are pretty, but they are thin. The women in Berlin are beautiful and plump, and they have the elegantest dresses, after the Berlin fashion, which is the best in the world. I suppose the play is a comedy, but I understand almost nothing. During the pauses I drink beer in the *Buffett*, which is also small. All is very small, except the price, and that is colossal. I pay ten Mark fifty for a *Parquetsitz*. Even in Wien in the *Burgtheater*, in the first row, that costs only six Mark. London is a jolly site too dear for me.

Obediently,

LUDWIG.



SWAIN Sc

SAVED!

(Scene from *Grand International Nautical Melodrama*, first performed in 1838, and now revived with all the Original Scenery and Effects.)

THE THREE SAILORS (together). "AVAST THERE! YOU LUBBERLY SWAB! TAKE THE GOLD, AND LET THE GY-URL GO FREE!!"

[* Her Majesty's Government, in concert with the Governments of Russia and France, who were the Powers of Europe originally responsible for the creation of Greek freedom, have agreed to jointly guarantee a loan to that country?—See *Report of the Right Hon. Arthur Balfour's Speech in "Times," February 9.*]



THE FASHIONS FOR 1898.

"IT DON'T FIT ME! G'ARN! DON'T YER SEE IT'S A RUSHIN BLOUSE!"

[The loose bodies worn so much at present are called Russian blouses.]

WHAT THE DICKENS!

(At the Court Theatre.)

FROM the rising of the curtain even unto the final fall thereof, PINERO's *Trelawny of the Wells* is really amusing, because it is capably acted. Moreover, it is interesting, not so much on account of the old, old story of the swain of comparatively a degree, who falls in love with an actress, but by reason of the peculiar costumes of the period that Mr. PINERO has boldly set for his play. It is the time of crinolines, hair-nets, pork-bats, peg-top trousers, and Dundreary moustaches and weeping skers. Nothing more hideous for the prettiest women, nothing more absurd for the men, than these fashions. On the stage we have the reproductions of LEECH's pictures, which are exaggerations, but not to the extent of being broad caricatures. "Somewhere in the Early Sixties," as the bill of the play informs us, the dramatist has placed a set of characters who will be recognised by readers of DICKENS as belonging to the celebrated Crummles Provincial Company, and here transferred, *vinibus mutatis*, from the Portsmouth to the Bagnigge-Wells Theatre. Mrs. Telfer (Mrs. E. SAKER) is the Mrs. Crummles

who plays the tragedy queens (vide "Phiz's" illustration in the first volume of *Nicholas Nickleby*), while *Ferdinand Gadd* (well played by Mr. G. DU MAURIER), the tragedian, has the attributes of Mr. Lenville, who shares this line of business with the manager, and is as quarrelsome as he is cowardly. Miss *Snevellicci*, who was "trembling so much in her tights" when *Nicholas* bade the company farewell, finds her equivalent in Miss *Avonia Bunn*, capably acted by Miss PATTIE BROWNE; and so for the others.

Of course the fancy portraits are all highly coloured for stage purposes; and the domestic life of the provincial actors, that is, of the actors and actresses who used to be, before and "in the sixties," members, for years, of a country company, is more fully portrayed by DICKENS than it could be, in this particular piece, by our dramatist. But not a whiff of an unwholesome flavour, not a spice of lax morality, is there in it; herein differing from Mr. GEORGE MOORE's Zolaesque story of *A Mummer's Wife*. And Mr. PINERO's representation of a provincial company as it was when the Bath, Bristol, and Plymouth Theatres were in the heyday of their existence, and when a visit to "The Wells" was quite a journey out of London, is as true as was Mr. Vincent Crummles's description of their life when DICKENS made him say, in taking leave of *Nicholas*, "we were a very happy little company." They were; simple and happy. Did not Mrs. Siddons, in the costume of *Lady Macbeth*, darn stockings, as she sat at the wing, while waiting to "go on," and bid her husband "give me the dagger"? Well, that was the type of the provincial actress, a genius it may be, but a thrifty housewife within, who, in those days of small salaries, had to consider the most trifling matters of housekeeping.

Mr. SAM SOTHERN, as *Captain de Fenix*, will forcibly remind everyone of the "in the sixties" period of *Lord Dundreary*; while *Tom Wrench*, who, as actor, is little more than a "super," but who as author is destined to make a big success, must surely have his original in the late TOM ROBERTSON, author of *Caste*. And, indeed, has not the play written by *Tom Wrench* just the idea, as far as one is permitted to know anything about it, of *Caste*? Or perhaps the character may be a reminiscence of Mr. PINERO's own theatrical career.

The part of the Vice-Chancellor is the piece's weakness. That this relentless old father (of a very hackneyed theatrical type, by the way) should suddenly relent on catching sight of a property sword and jewel used by EDMUND KEAN, is as ridiculous as it is ineffective. We should like to forget this episode, and to see the part entirely re-written for Mr. BOUCICAULT, when the present utterly inadequate motive would disappear. Miss IRENE VANBRUGH, the heroine, is charming; Mr. FRED THORNE deserves special mention as the waiter-greengrocer, as does also Mr. E. M. ROBSON as the funny little low comedian.

Should the promise of *Trelawny* prove as good as its performance, then may the manager of the Court, Mr. ARTHUR CHUDLEIGH, hum to himself the ancient refrain, adapted,

"And shall *Trelawny* die? (bis)
No; not for many hundred nights!
I see no reason why!"

And so the Chudleigh ARTHUR may rest peaceably on the PINERO ARTHUR's well-dusted laurels. *Prosit!*

AN ACOUSTIC TERROR.

[*Le Ménestrel*, a musical journal published in Paris, says that a Roumanian pianoforte-maker has invented a piano of such strenuosity, that its tones can be heard at a distance of over six miles.]

THANK Heav'n's, it is seven miles and more
From London to Roumania,
Else there were painful times in store
For our unguarded crania!

Roumania, with the emphasis
On *mania*, now has gone sick, whence
All folks whose ear is not amiss
Have promptly fled in consequence.

If grand piano drowns big gun
In noisy strenuosity,
While Europe's still at peace, we'll shun
This musical monstrosity.

CHIEF FEATURES IN ANOTHER SOUTH AFRICAN HARLEQUINADE. — KRUGER's re-appearance in the character of genial "JOEY," the Inimitable Clown, with HER MAJESTY's High Commissioner as Pantaloon. Harlequin Mr. RHODES, and Columbine the Hon. Sir W. F. HELY-HUTCHINSON. Policeman (unavoidably absent on account of engagements elsewhere) the Colonial Secretary.



TRIALS OF A NOVICE.

"CONFESS NOW. HAVE YOU EVER HIT A HAYSTACK, EVEN?" "WELL, OF COURSE I HAVE." "WHAT DID YOU AIM AT?"

THE MODERN WOMAN'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Do you agree with a certain female lecturer, that it is the duty of the fair sex to captivate the other?

Answer. Certainly, as cleverness need not be divorced from fascination.

Q. You do not object, then, to brains in the abstract?

A. No; but as some men have a horror of the blue-stocking, I would cover fine heads with pretty toques.

Q. And if a woman has literary tastes, what would you advise?

A. That part of her reading should be devoted to the fashion journals, and she should not sacrifice her toilette to her intellect.

Q. What is your opinion about latch-keys, visits to the music-halls, and cigarettes?

A. That, from a man's point of view, they are played out, and consequently should be abandoned by man's would-be help-mate.

Q. What do you think of glasses?

A. That, when necessary, they should take the shape of a pince-nez, as it is more becoming than spectacles.

Q. Then, before marriage, what should be your treatment of man?

A. I should do all I can in my power to please him.

Q. And after the nuptial knot has been tied, what then?

A. That, as Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING would observe, is quite another story.

A Belgravian Conundrum.

Q. When could a reverend incumbent in the vicinity of Belgrave Square be considered as having treated cannibalistically a member of a well-known firm of music-sellers?

A. When he has "Eaton Chapel."



* ["The Zulu Chief, DINUZULU, who has just been taken back to Zululand, after some years of exile in St. Helena, has now been reinstated, to rank as a hereditary chief."—*Daily Telegraph*.]

IN THE STUDIO OF THE IMPRESSIONIST.

Artist. Well, what do you think of my picture?

Critic. Capital! But what is it about?

A. Well, I should be glad to hear your opinion. There is nothing like a fresh mind.

C. Well, it may be a battle? Or is it a portrait of your grandmother?

A. Try again. Very creditable for a first attempt, but try again.

C. Or it may be a Spanish bull-fight, or the last eclipse of the sun. Or perhaps it's shrimping at Margate?

A. I dare say you are right. But the title is an after-consideration. But tell me, do you think I could improve it?

C. Well, yes; you might turn it upside down, and repaint it.

[Scene closes in upon the artist giving the suggestion favourable consideration.]

A Crusher.

Country Manager (to Mr. AGRIPPA SNAP, the great London critic, who has come down to see the production of a piece on trial). And what do you think, Sir, of our theatre and our players?

Agrippa Snap (loftily). Well, frankly, Mr. FLATSON, your green-room's better than your company.

SINGULAR SPORTING FACT.—The stag in the famous hunt at the Crystal Palace is chased by Wulfi hounds.

MR. PUNCH'S "ANIMAL LAND."

(With Acknowledgments as before.)

The Wagg
or
Tomnibole

This humorous little Creature is very shy and modest. It lives on salt-water and blue-books and what it doesn't know isn't worth a dead star-fish. When questions is on it has a nice little way of rubbing things in. It is always there

The Jingtonite
or
Yankiturk

This odd little Animal did not grow here. You would think it had to hear it talk. When it starts saving the Empire and singing Rule Britannia very loud they only look at the ceiling and talk about the weather and how long this is likely to last.

The Hyah-Hyah
or
Fisklefrank

This popular Animal wants to know where everything comes from - then he scribbles all over it. I believe it would label its grandmother. If it can get anybody to meddle with fiskle things it is quite happy and cheery like working. It has got a cheer that is so loud that I expect it will be quite out of order soon.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, February 8. —A big House in the Commons for opening of new Session. Much buzz and excitement before SPEAKER took the Chair. Thereafter a frost. Talk beforehand of lively times; Government to be assaulted on all sides. No harm likely to come of thumping, however diligent, when delivered through the many folds of Ministerial majority. Still there would be a scrimmage; some pleasant rush of excitement.

Nothing of the sort; only series of long speeches, *réchauffés* of what had been said day after day through the recess. Interest early collapsed. Benches steadily emptied. Those who had come to fight remained to yawn. Impossible to keep thing going even up to midnight. Before its stroke boomed across the Thames (sympathetically yawning at the moment), debate adjourned.

But, as some one has remarked, Thank Heaven we have a House of Lords! To-night that Chamber vindicated its ancient renown. A scene of splendid dignity redressed the balance established by dull verbosity of the Commons. Incidentally House summoned for opening of new Session. Actually it gathered in unusual number to witness the elevation of the LORD CHANCELLOR to the Earldom. Yes, that gallant knight, Sir HARDINGE STANLEY, Lord HALSBURY, was now a Viscount and Earl of Great Britain by the name and title of Viscount TIVERTON, Earl of HALSBURY.

Opening scene discovered the belted Earl (belt not drawn very tight) seated, in black silk robe and full-bottomed wig, on

abashed Woolsack. The MARKISS having announced his new estate, the Earl, drawing himself up to fullest height, walked with stately step adown the gilded chamber. Hesitated a brief moment as to what he should do with his purse. Not an ordinary thing, in which you might carry a sovereign or two, if you had them; but a big, black, gold-embroidered bag, convenient for country visits from Saturday-to-Monday. At first seemed inclined to leave it on the Woolsack. Glancing round, observing several Bishops in close contiguity, concluded he would take purse with him. So walked off with it.



Nurse Halsbury and the Infant Earldom.

After five minutes' absence returned, centre of glittering escort Black Rod spurred and sworded; Duke of NORFOLK in Earl Marshal's robes; Lord ANCASTER Hereditary Grand Chamberlain, with candlestick and pair of snuffers; Garter King-at-Arms with lion and unicorn fighting all over his back; Earl of COVENTRY and Earl of JERSEY acting as sponsors for the young Earl. Amid breathless silence procession slowly wended its way to the Throne. Arrived there, new Earl, audibly prompted by Black Rod, plumped on knees before empty Throne, on which for a moment he rested the long roll of parchment containing patent of his new peerage. Springing lightly to his feet, Viscount TIVERTON, Earl of HALSBURY, faced about and, holding the scroll gingerly in both arms as if he were conveying it to the baptismal font, procession moved towards the Bar. The scarlet robes slashed with ermine descending to his feet, the full-bottomed wig enshrining a countenance of almost motherly kindness, and the solicitude with which he held in outstretched arms the long, lean body of the scroll, more than ever suggestive of a christening.

Through the hushed silence was distinctly heard the shrill whisper of a breathlessly interested child looking on from under the gallery: "Mummy, do you think it'll cry?"

Procession, strolling in and out between table and cross benches, reached bench below gangway by Bar. Here the three Earls, the new one in the middle, dropped on to the seat, the LORD CHANCELLOR still tenderly dandling in his arms the patent of his infant earldom. Situation seemed suggestive of a cup of tea; perhaps, in the

circumstances, with a dash of rum in it. Would Black Rod go and get it? or would Garter King-at-Arms bring it in?

Whilst the ladies sympathetically looked on, wondering how far the tea would go round, the three Earls, turning their heads in the direction of the empty Wool-sack, raised their hats and bent their heads in salutation. Quite uncanny to see them do this, not once, but thrice.

"Thou canst not say I did it," SARK murmured, thinking of another historic scene where a chair, empty to ordinary eyes, was for *Macbeth's* filled with a strange visitant. "Never shake thy gory looks at me."

Having gravely saluted the empty air, the three Earls rose and, again led by Black Rod, with Garter King-at-Arms in attendance, the Earl Marshal and the Hereditary Great Chamberlain marching behind, the procession wended its way past the table to the Duke's Bench above the gangway. Here the LORD CHANCELLOR dropped on the Bench. Alone he did it, the sponsor Earls not presuming to sit in ducal places. The flesh of the onlookers audibly crept as the LORD CHANCELLOR, again "seeing things," bowed his head to the empty Throne. This done, he rose, stood at the table and took the oath, perhaps modestly conscious of how stately a part he had played in a dignified ceremony.

Business done.—New Session opened.

Thursday.—After closing time to-night, WILFRID LAWSON went home a saddened man. When SPEAKER took the Chair, things looked particularly bright. Sir WILFRID's eye twinkled as, looking down the notices of motion, he came on one by Government Whip proposing to nominate the Kitchen Committee.

"WALROND may propose," Sir WILFRID contentedly murmured, "but LAWSON disposes."

Debate on Address in full, if slow swing. Nothing more certain than that it would be carried over midnight. After that solemn stroke had sounded, the strongest Ministry of modern times could not carry the simplest proposal if the most obscure private Member objected. Sir WILFRID was master of the situation. The Kitchen Committee must either give pledge to alter an anomalous and illegal condition of things under which drink is sold at the Lobby bars, the House being unlicensed, or there should be no Kitchen Committee.

Hours slowly drifted by, weighted with dreary drip of ceaseless talk. Distress in Ireland; Slavery in Zanzibar; HOWARD VINCENT on Foreign Tariffs; a dozen other topics in reserve if these left any margin of time before the fatal stroke of midnight. Everything seemed safe. But WILFRID LAWSON is too old a campaigner to leave opening for accident. At a quarter to twelve he mounted his watch-tower. RITCHIE on his legs making mince-meat of HOWARD VINCENT's fictions and fallacies; seemed safe to bring sitting up to midnight. But catching WALROND's eye, President of Local Government Board abruptly brought speech to conclusion. What was left of HOWARD VINCENT asked leave to withdraw his amendment.

Fingers of the clock still tarried at four minutes off midnight. WALROND promptly moved appointment of Kitchen Committee; WILFRID LAWSON

felt all was lost save honour. TANNER disinterestedly came to his help; began speech which, had it been continued over midnight, would have retrieved fortunes of day by postponing appointment of Committee. House always glad to hear an expert on any topic. TANNER just got into stride on the drink question when Closure was moved and game was up. WILFRID LAWSON, with bowed head, heard the Committee appointed.

It takes a long time to tell. But the scene, dramatic finish to a dreary sitting, flashed through in four minutes.

Business done.—Chiefly talk.

Friday Night.—A nice little comedy filled the boards to-night. "A domestic



Britannia according to Mr. Michael Davitt.

comedy," PRINCE ARTHUR called it, though he, not belonging to the domestic circle, played the brightest part. *Dramatis personæ*: JOHN SHORT REDMOND, the true patriot and only friend of Ireland; JOHN CODLIN DILLON, claiming the same part; SQUIRE OF MALWOOD struggling with the emotion of absorbing love, unbounded affection for Home Rule, distressed at seeing its chances spoiled by petty jealousies of two professional supporters; PRINCE ARTHUR, the amused looker-on, with his bag of salt, out of which he rubbed in refreshment for the wounds dealt each other by the three friends to whom nothing was common save passionate love for Ireland; lastly, though his name was not on the original bill, FLAVIN, MICHAEL JOSEPH, Member for North Kerry, in business at Tralee, descended in direct line from FLAVIUS O'FLAVIN, King of Ireland.

When JOHN SHORT REDMOND had poured cheap scorn on the political party that ruined themselves for the sake of Home Rule; when JOHN CODLIN DILLON had threatened them with perpetual exile from power unless they submissively followed the chariot wheels of Home Rule; when the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD had made pathetically patient rejoinder; when PRINCE ARTHUR rubbed in the last handful of salt, wanting to know if it was the policy of

English Liberals again to put Home Rule first—then was heard from a modest back bench the voice of the fiery FLAVIN.

"It will have to be their policy!" shouted the son of many kings.

It was the briefest, but, in immediate effect, the most striking speech of the evening.

Business done.—JOHN DILLON gives the Liberal Party notice.

A SIMPLE CHILD OF THE GHETTO.

In a bashful account of a brilliant career, confided by Mr. ZANGWILL to *The Bookman*, he mentions that he once edited a comic paper, *Ariel*. It is added, "One of the *Punch* staff recently told him (Mr. ZANGWILL) that it was the only comic paper they took seriously, and which they used to read so as to avoid repeating its jokes." "They were not always successful," Mr. ZANGWILL slyly remarks. It is a pretty conceit, the *Punch* staff taking a comic paper seriously, "and which" they read so as to avoid repeating its jokes. Mr. ZANGWILL, of course, does not mean, as might be inferred, that the jokes were so bad that to read them sufficed to ban repetition. What he desires to convey is that this serious comic paper monopolised the wit and wisdom of the week, and that Mr. *Punch's* young men, having their accustomed space to fill, were in the habit of sitting down in a row, reading *Ariel*, grateful if it left anything, however immaterial, for them to say. A funny picture; but the funniest thing of all, that no one on the *Punch* staff ever heard of the serious comic paper till its existence was brought to notice by this modest passage from Mr. ZANGWILL's autobiography.

The Very New School.

Uncle Jos. Well, my boy, I suppose you don't mind going back to school?

Nephew (in the Sixth Form). Not in the least, my dear uncle. I shall be rejoiced to return to my studies. But I confess that I am somewhat exercised in my mind as to the possible characters of the new boys, whom I shall have to employ as fags!

[Uncle Jos does not extract the sovereign which he was fingering in his trousers pocket.]

RECENTLY USED IN COOKING THE WAR CORRESPONDENT'S GOOSE.—The Herbert Kitchener.

Q. Why is the lady bikist of an amorous disposition?

A. Because she is a sigh-cling creature.



Two of Mr. Punch's Pages.



'ARRY AMONG THE LONG TAILS.

HE MAKES THE ACQUAINTANCE OF A COURSEING JUDGE, BUT THEY DO NOT "HIT IT OFF," SOMEHOW.

ARS BREVIS!

THE *St. James's Gazette* states that Mr ENGELHARDT, a Chicago painter, "throws off marvellously clever paintings at the rate of nine minutes for large canvasses, and three minutes for small ones," working in this way from ten to seventeen hours each day. As a result of his brilliant example, we may hope shortly to read in our papers such paragraphs as the following:—

An interesting lecture on "Modern Art" was delivered last week by Professor SLAPDASH, R.A. In the course of his remarks, the Professor took occasion to protest against the excessive speed with which some painters complete their work. His views on this point were somewhat reactionary, and he caused a good deal of dissent among his audience when he maintained that no artist should produce more than a couple of hundred finished pictures each week. As Professor SLAPDASH is one of the Hanging Committee, it is possible that his opinion is influenced by the fact that rather more than two million canvasses were sent in to Burlington House last year.

We hear that Signor PRESTISSIMO, the celebrated Italian sculptor, is extremely busy just now, and finds some difficulty in keeping pace with his numerous commis-

sions. He is not, however, a slow worker. We were fortunate enough to spend a couple of hours in his studio the other day during which time Signor PRESTISSIMO completed six life-size statues, four beautifully-modelled groups, seven designs for friezes, and twenty-one small busts. But his experience is that the sculptor who works at this rate is ill-advised if he attempts to keep it up for more than fifteen or sixteen hours each day. General attention will be directed to his colossal figure of "Hercules," which is shortly to be exhibited, as it is understood that Signor PRESTISSIMO spent no less than twenty minutes in perfecting it.

The state of the literary market is dull at present, the number of new books published last week being only one hundred and forty thousand. Probably there will be no great stir of activity until the Autumn publishing season comes round again. By far the most noticeable volume of the past week was *The Growth of Mankind*, a comprehensive work in ten volumes. Such a work comes as a timely reproach to the facile scribblers of the present day, who may affect to despise the author of this masterpiece, because it absorbed his full industry for no less than a month. But the careful student of *The Growth of Mankind* will recognise with delight the polished accuracy of style and the profundity of

knowledge which characterise it, and will not deem the month misspent, even though the whole of it was devoted to the composition of this one masterpiece.

Does the Poet-laureate earn his official income? That question is often asked by the public, and it is satisfactory to be able to answer in the affirmative. On Monday of last week, for instance, the Poet-laureate wrote four ballads, of about five hundred lines each. Tuesday and Wednesday he devoted to the composition of an epic poem in ten cantos. On Thursday he produced a translation of the *Iliad*, on Friday an original blank-verse tragedy. Saturday he regards as a holiday, and he wrote nothing on that day beyond a Nuptial Ode of a few hundred lines. Of course, many younger bards can finish their songs at a speed far greater, but for a middle-aged man, the above seems to us to be a very fair week's work.

It is said that the new "Instantaneous Literary Supply Company" will be started next month. Commodious premises in Oxford Street have been secured, and the company will be prepared to prepare any kind of literature for their customers "while they wait." A talented staff has been engaged, who will be able to produce literature of all kinds at the maximum speed and the minimum price.

Mr SEMIBREVE, the eminent composer, asks us to state that he resents being unduly hurried by his work. He wishes Festival Committees to understand that he cannot provide a new oratorio unless at least two days' notice is given.

Of a popular actress it was recently said, "she acts like a charm." Yes; but what sort of "charm"? and then, what kind of effect has that "charm"? Circe exercised her charms on Ulysses' friends.



REJECTED!

(Defeated—by Half an inch)

["So many boys are offering themselves for the Navy, that the Admiralty have increased the standard of chest measurement by half an inch." Standard.]



Father Thames (to Henley Naiads), "DON'T BE ALARMED, MY DEARS. IF HE COMES WITHIN OUR REACH, I'LL SOON SETTLE HIS BUSINESS!"

[The G. W. R. Company must have known that their contemplated line from Marlow to Henley would raise a storm of opposition against any interference with the Thames at spots so sacred to all oarsmen. See File "A Correspondent" in "Punch," February 14.]

AIRS RESUMPTIVE.

THE PLAINT OF DYING HUMOUR.

(After C. S. C.)

["It is reported that Sir LEWIS MORRIS" (M.A., Author of *The Epic of Hades, Songs Unsung, Songs without Notes, &c.*, retired candidate for Carmarthen Boroughs, and J.P.) "has complained that laughter is dying out."—*Daily Paper.*]

I know not what the cause should be
That Humour melts my heart no more;
That nothing now induces me
To roar.

In days of old my waistcoat heaved
Conjointly with my heaving chest
As soon as ever I perceived
A jest;

The simple pun, the patent wheeze,
Would take me in the diaphragm;
But now I hardly care for these
A cent.

I almost fear—I know not why—
That Laughter's fount has been mislaid;
I could not giggle, not if I
Was paid.

And yet my health is very fair;
I harbour no religious doubts;
And am but sixty-four or there-
-abouts.

Time was when I and others laughed;
When many an apoplectic fit
Was traced directly to a shaft
Of wit;

For such would find the harness-joint,
And pierce the vulnerable spot,
Whether they chanced to have a point
Or not.

I've been, myself, severely blamed
For causing careless men to choke,
Though (wittingly) I never framed
A joke.

You know the "Welsh Harp," Hendon
way?

Well, I had one—it came from Wales;
On this it was my pride to play
The scales.

Occasionally I would strike
Such notes as never yet were heard;
Or even sing without them, like
A bird.

I sang for joy with either lung;
I draw applause from youngish maids;
And had a small success among
The shades.

And once, when I was straitly pressed
To go and stand for Parliament,
I ceased my singing (by request)
And went.

I went and canvassed. Celtic fire
Flamed in my eye and scorched the lid;
And when they asked me to retire,
I did.

I settled down again and played
The same old harp with all my might;
And subsequently I was made
A knight.

But when the ever-verdant bays
Alighted on another's head,
Somehow I deemed that Humour's days
Were dead.

And yet, who knows? Some Orpheus now
May strike his rib-compelling lyre
Till man and tree and pensive cow
Perspire!



Tenor (singing). "OH, 'APPY, 'APPY, 'APPY BE THY DREAMS —"
Professor. "STOP, STOP! WHY DON'T YOU SOUND THE H!"
Tenor. "IT DON'T GO NO 'IGHER THAN G!"

Suppose, for instance, I should hum
The sort of things I hummed of yore,
And take my jocund harp and strum
Some more:—

The Spirit of Laughter—if I'm right—
Though sadly worn is still alive;
And, under these conditions, might
Revive!

THIRTY YEARS HENCE.

(Echoes from a Twentieth Century Theatre.)

FANCY people wearing gowns without at-
mospheric extenders in 1898! How ridicu-
lous they must have appeared!

And that funny, shapeless sack used to
be called a Russian jacket!

How could they have put on those huge
hats, all muslin and feathers?

And think of any one having twelve but-
tons to one's gloves!

You may be sure they *did* wear jewelled
dog-collars round their necks.

Look at their hair! Why, it's a regular
bird's nest, with a bob at the top!

Imagine any one muffling up one's face
with a veil nowadays!

Grandpapa used to put that stove pipe,
silky-looking thing on his head and call it
a "topper."

Taking tea at five and dining at eight,
what hours!

Oh, dear! what a funny idea to nail soup
plates to the walls and cover the floors with
rugs!

How could they have managed to read
with that antediluvian electric light?

Those rolled-up things were called um-
brellas.

And yet there was something pic-
turesquely quaint about the general dis-
comfort of the period.

LOGIC.—"It must be obvious," said the
Lady Lecturer, "that the girl is infinitely
superior to the boy. The man who is
cheerful we describe as *buoyant*; but the
brave and courageous man is *gallant*."

[Resumes her seat amidst loud applause.]



SOMETHING LIKE SPORT.

(As practised amongst our poor gulls, &c.)

Shooting Fiend (to Inquiring Stranger). "OW DO I GET 'EM IF THEY FALLS INTO THE SEA? LOR' BLESS Y', WHY, I DON' WANT 'EM. ALL I WANTS IS THE FUN O' FETCHIN' OF 'EM DOWN!"

"MUCH ADO" AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

As Mr. LOWELL observed, or quoted, "The man who never makes a mistake will never make anything," and on this ground *à propos* of the recent production of *Much Ado* at the St. James's Theatre, I venture to think that Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, as PAT MULLIGAN put it, "has a greater future before him than ever he had behind him." Could scenery, for the most part excellent, and sumptuous costumes of artistic design, contribute more than their fair share towards making a success, then, for what is lacking in the merits both of stage management and of acting, full compensation would have been made in this revival, which cannot fail to be compared by playgoers, those uncompromising "old hands," with a representation of the same play, not so very long ago, at another theatre. Such comparisons are, as we are aware, "odorous," and to be altogether avoided. That Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER looks the *Benedick*, "a young Lord of Padua," would be undeniable, if that unconfirmed bachelor were of the same age, or even younger than that other "young Lord of Padua," *Signor Claudio*, whom he disdainfully terms "boy," just as do those two reverend seniors, *Leonato*, the father, and *Antonio*, uncle of *Hero*. *Benedick*, it may be fairly assumed, is older than the two Princes, *Don Pedro* and *Don John*, and, beyond all question, than *Claudio*. He is

the link between the elders and the youths; he is *Benedick* in the very prime of his manhood, and fully eight years older than *Beatrice*, who had resolved to die an old maid unless she, like *Benedick*, should live to be married. In point of age, *Beatrice* is to *Hero*, as *Benedick* to *Claudio*. *Beatrice* is not a *Miss Hoyden*, nor is *Benedick* a "touch-and-go" *Charles Harcourt*; Miss JULIA NEILSON would be quite unfitted for *Miss Hoyden*, while Mr. ALEXANDER carries in his face just so much of cynical expression as would make the character of the careless young roysterer quite unsuitable to him, though it ought to be a natural gift on



"I am trusted with a muzzle. . . If I had my mouth, I would bite." (Act I, sc. 3.)

ADMIRABLE CREIGHTON.

["The Bishop of LONDON, in distributing the certificates to competitors for the County Council Scholarships at Queen's Hall, declared that if he could get his own way he would abolish the teaching of grammar in schools entirely . . . because it was the subject farthest from real life."—*Daily Mail*.]

DR. CREIGHTON, what ho! good old Bishop, well said! This time, Sir, you hit the right nail on the head. Why waste precious time learning goodness knows what, I fully agree with you, grammar is rot.

But, right reverend Sir, I go further than you, I don't see the use of arithmetic, too; And geography, history, science—I feel There's something about them distinctly unreal.

Then strictly I'd carry your principles out, And spend all my school-time in "mucking about": Thus gaining experience and shrewd common-sense, And saving the pater a needless expense.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

LIKE an earlier and even more distinguished excursionist, Mr. CONAN DOYLE did not "go down into Egypt" for nothing. He brought back with him materials for a story, published by SMITH, ELDER, under the title *The Tragedy of the Korosko*. The materials are exceedingly simple. A party of Cook's tourists set forth on the familiar journey up the Nile. They are seized by a party of Dervishes, carried off into captivity, and rescued by a detachment of the Indian Camel Corps. Out of these somewhat commonplace materials, Mr. DOYLE has fashioned a story of breathless interest, lightened by many touches of character, and framed in the carefully-studied atmosphere of the Nubian desert. The story will not rank among his supremest efforts. But it is full of life and colour, a pleasant companion for a restful hour.

It is an exceedingly difficult task to write a volume chiefly composed of the sayings of children. Beyond the fond family circle a little of this kind of wit and wisdom goes a long way. In *The Professor's Children* (LONGMANS), Miss E. H. FOWLER has, my Baronite tells me, adventured this task and has accomplished it. The dainty book is a close sympathetic study of the child-mind, and the narrative is full of those quaint fancies which find birth in its virgin soil.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

which he should have traded when contemplating the part of *Benedick*. With another two months' careful study and intelligent rehearsal, Mr. ALEXANDER might have given us an ideal *Benedick*, and a perfectly stage-managed representation of the play, which, as it is, seems to justify its title of *Much Ado about Nothing*.

When Mr. ALEXANDER comes to the serious dramatic situation where he breaks with the Prince and challenges *Claudio*, how excellent he is! He would have done well had he turned back and studied the character from this one standpoint. The two scenes in the garden, where, first, *Benedick* overhears *Don Pedro*, *Claudio* and *Leonato* talking about the love of *Beatrice* for him, and, secondly, where *Beatrice* (apparently in a sort of bathing costume) overhears the discourse of *Hero* and *Margaret* about the love of *Benedick* for her, show such a lack of resourceful stage management as brings out all the glaring improbabilities of the situations, and thus reduces comedy to mere farce. The present arrangement may be supported by every sort of old-fashioned precedent and stage tradition, but Mr. ALEXANDER would have done better had he determined to "reform it altogether."

Mr. FRED TERRY is a merry *Don Pedro*, with just such princely dignity as is sufficient to mark the distinction of his rank. But how loud the three laugh and talk when *Benedick* has them in full view! How



COLD COMFORT.

"OH, TOM, HOW LUCKY YOU HAVE YOUR MACKINTOSH ON!"

they "give themselves away" by the affected gravity of their exit!

MR. NUTCOMBE GOULD is a stately friar, a little too lavish of informal and eccentric blessings.

MISS FAY DAVIS seems to be thrown away on *Hero*, or *Hero* thrown away on MISS FAY DAVIS: a knotty point not to be decided off-hand. The low comic parts of clown *Dogberry* and pantaloon *Verges* are—well, I may here make a comparison, putting it in the form of a question, and asking if there be any playgoer who may remember being taken, when he was quite a boy, at a genuinely critical age, to see KEELEY as *Dogberry* and BUCKSTONE as *Verges*?* Oh, the impenetrable stolid stupidity of that *Dogberry*! and the obsequious admiration of that deaf old *Verges*! *Passons*, Mr. W. H. VERNON is a noble and dignified *Leonato*, failing only once, and that is when, during "the chapel scene," he asks in a light-hearted way if anybody would oblige him with a sword, just to put an end to his life. And the *Antonio* of Mr. BEVERIDGE is excellent, conveying the idea that he is a great traveller, and has just returned from a little tour in Ireland, where he has caught just the least taste in life of the brogue, and is ready at the shortest notice to whip out a shillelagh and cry "Wigs on the Green!" before *Claudio* and *Don Pedro*

* I cannot, however, find, in the *Henry Irving Shakespeare*, any record of KEELEY and BUCKSTONE having played *Dogberry* and *Verges* together between 1846 and 1853.

know where they are. Capital! In my 'umble opinion, it would be very difficult to find a better representative of that melodramatic villain, *Don John*, than is Mr. H. B. IRVING. But Oh, Mr. IRVING, junior, beware of adding syllables and dropping the



Benedick (to Beatrice). "I will go with thee to thy uncle's." (Act V., sc. 3.)

voice! beware of mannerism, for this *Don John* is but a twin brother to that part of a quite modern up-to-date villain wherein you so recently distinguished yourself, at this theatre, on these very boards! On the whole, the revival will excite curiosity, which will be allayed by the time the next novelty is ready for production.

"WILL THEY COME?"

The following advertisement is cut from the *Liverpool Daily Post* :—

"IF MARY JANE BROWN, who in the year 1871 lived in Shakspeare Street, or her Representatives, if dead, will apply to the Undersigned, she or they may hear something to their advantage."

There is something particularly uncanny in this business-like calling of the spirits from the vasty deep. Why are MARY JANE BROWN's representatives to apply only "if dead"? No particular sartorial directions are given; but it is reasonable to suppose that if they apply they will turn up in their shrouds. That will be a nice experience for the office boy in the service of the advertising solicitors. He should immediately apply for a rise in his wages.

Tertium Quid.

(A new way with the Peers.)

ONCE thus the option ran :—

"Mend 'em or end 'em."
Now ASQUITH's milder plan
Is *Referendum*.

A VERY IMPORTANT "M.P."—He is to be found in Nyasaland. His name is MPSENI, said to be able to put 30,000 warriors in the field. What M.P. can absolutely command so many voters?

A CURATE for half a century was last week spoken of in the *D. T.* as something wonderful. But what is a curate for fifty years compared with a "Perpetual Curate"?



"MUMMY DEAR, CAN'T WE PLAY AND BE JOLLY TOGETHER? YOU ARE SO—SO DREADFULLY GROWN-UP!"

LUDWIG IN LONDON.

PICCALILLI.

HONOURED MISTER,—In Berlin the stranger visits first the remarkable street called *Die Linden*, or more solemnly *Unter den Linden*, under the limes. Therefore in visiting London's *Sehenswürdigkeiten* I go first to piccalilli—ah no, you write the names of streets and places with a big letter—Piccalilli, the Limes of London. I remember the name because I have seen it on a bottle of the english "Piccalilli Pickles." When I lern a strange language I notice and remember everything.

I go from the boardinghouse near the Naturalhistory Museum, which the young barrister now says was made in Germany. I think that this is false, *falsch*, but perhaps he means that the architekt was a German, which is very probable as the building is like a german one. Besides the german architekt's are the best in the world. I believe that one of them at the present time restores and improves the Parthenon in Athen. But I can not understand why a german architekt should make a building which looks like Stilton cheese. From there I go in the omnibus to Heidpark Corner.

The entrance of your park is like the Brandenburger Thor in Berlin, but not so large and not so handsome. In the park there is no beautiful, wide alley like the Charlottenburger Chaussee in our Animalgarten, and what is still badder—ah no, more bad—one can not go in the park in a omnibus, or even in a "keb. Of course there are no tramways, because you have them not in London. I walk not willing, so till now I see not the Heidpark. As regards Piccalilli, I like not the street at all. Ah, Mister Punch, you should see our Limes in Berlin! I mean not the limetrees, which are an awful scrubby lot of trees. I mean the street, which is the beautifulest street in Berlin, and in the world. It is quite straight, it is quite flat, and it is more than 180 foot wide. *Prachtvoll!* Your Piccalilli is not straight, it is

not flat, it is about sixty foot wide, it is not even the same width all along, and the houses only on one side are all different. *Abscheulich!*

There is only one thing in it which pleases me, and that is what I see at first when I step out of the omnibus. It is the *Bildsäule*, picturecolumn—that is, statue—of the Duke of WEL-LINGTOWN, who was the general of the english army commanded by Feldherr von BLUCHER when the latter conquered NAPOLEON. I see immediately that it is a awfully fine statue, and afterwards I discover the reason. It was made by a German. *Natürlich!* The german artists are the best in the world. I know not if you have any good carvers in England, but of course they are not so clever. It pleases me that the Englishmen must employ not only german waiters, but also german carvers. "*Deutschland, Deutschland, über alles!*"

As I speak of statues, I may say I have seen the statue of BOADICEA, the first Queen of England. I admired that statue, and at first I thought it was also made by a German, because it is so beautiful and warlike. The young barrister admires it not. He says it is "a rotten thing made of plaster." If it is made only of plaster of course it must soon rot. In Berlin all the statues are made of marble or bronze.

I walk a little along Piccalilli. I am quite astounded that I see not there, or in any street, even one lieutenant. In Berlin, as in every german town, one sees officers everywhere. I know that the ridiculous english army is very little, and that there are now so many generals with the soldiers in India that there can be no more english generals anywhere else, but I had thought I should see leastways lieutenants in London. But no. The young barrister says "All those Johnnys go about in Mufftea." I can not find this word in my dictionary, so it must be a town or province somewhere, perhaps in India, where the tea grows. But even if all the lieutenants called JOHNNY are travelling in the province of Mufftea, where are the lieutenants not called JOHNNY? I know not.

Obediently, LUDWIG.



“FINANCIAL RELATIONS.”

Chorus of Long-lost Brothers.

S-ND-RS-N, H-LY, L-CKY (*singing*):—

“IT’S THE MOST DISTHRESSFUL COUNTRY THAT EVER YOU DID SEE!

WE WANT SIV’N HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS FROM THE SAXON TREASUREE!”



AT THE POST.

First Gentleman Rider. "Who is the Swell on the Lame Horse?"

Second G. R. "Oh—FORGET HIS NAME—he's the SON OF THE GREAT FURNITURE MAN, don'tcherknow."

First G. R. "GOES AS IF HE HAD A CASTER OFF, EH!"

LAST THREE WEEKS!

SIR EVERETT MILLAIS was an instance of an "early master," for, at eleven years old, Master MILLAIS was admitted student of the Royal Academy.

And how interesting in this collection are the gradual upward steps of an Art Pilgrim's Progress. Here is seen how he was allured on the way by a Pre-Raphaelite Temptress, from whose fascinations escaping, he became stronger than ever, knowing thenceforth what to avoid. Who could believe the "Cymon and Iphigenia" of 1848 to be by the same hand that gave us "Stella" twenty years afterwards. Even two years made a vast difference, witness the "Conclusion of Peace" (1856), with its capillary aureole of ripe corn, and arms and hands belonging to anybody and everybody, in the picture; also the now famous "Vale of Rest" (1858). Yet with all his masculinity, what sentimental book-of-beauty kind of lady in fancy-dress armour is his "Joan of Arc" (1865). But how grand, how life-like, are most of his portraits! His "Sir Henry Thompson," his "Sir Richard Quain," his "Tennyson," his "Mrs. Beddington," and "Mrs. Bischoffsheim," and his three lovely ladies at cards waiting for "a fourth" to be partner to one of them. Then there's "Master Bubbles," used to adorn the House of Pears. Lastly, the old warrior, the "Yeoman of the Guard," perhaps the most memorable of the whole collection. The exhibition closes March 12, which is advice gratis to those who would be sorry to have allowed such an opportunity to escape them.

Picturesque London, by that eminent Dickensian student, *Per se* FITZGERALD, will (of course) be followed up by Pickwick-icturesque London. If not, why not, as P. F. is the man to do it?



"Why don't the Authorities take a hint from the Advertisers, and illuminate the statues at night-time with the "pop-up" electric-lights? Experiment with the Griffin first.

THE CHAIR OF NEWSPAPERS.

ACTING on the suggestion of Mr. JOHN MORLEY, *Mr. Punch*, as soon as he founds his new "Settlement," will appoint a gentleman to the Chair of Newspapers. The Professor must be prepared at any moment to deliver a course of lectures on any subject. The following is offered as a sample of syllabus:—

1. The Road to Chitral.—Who made it?—Who said he had made it?—Who did not know whether he had made it?—Who was silent about somebody else having made it? When and how he found out that he had made it himself?

2. Financial Relations of Ireland.—Incidence of taxation.—Amount of taxation per head of population.—Consumption of alcohol per head of population.—Royal Commission.—Blue Books.—Conclusions.

3. The Cesarewitch.—Racing.—General history.—Chariot-racing in Rome.—The *quadriga*, *meta*, *currus*.—Racing in England.—Newmarket.—Cesarewitch.—Probable starters and prices.—Straight tips from the stables.

4. The Legend of Talienwan.—Origin of the myth.—*Times* correspondent.—Growth.—Decay.—Lord SALISBURY.

5. Hotels.—Management.—How to make them pay.—Butchers' bills.—Profits, five hundred per cent.—"Lights," 1s. 6d. a pound.—"What the cats eat."—Position of shareholders.—Conclusions.

"THE happy man is content with his lot," and," continued the Cynic, "requires a lot to make him contented."

MR. PUNCH'S "ANIMAL LAND."

(With Acknowledgments as before.)

The Bobbz



This tiny little Animal is all pluck and is full of beans, but he does not try to spread himself like some do. Perfectly an ennemy shews his nose he has a neat little way of pulling it off. All soldiers like him though he took them very long walks sometimes. He has got such a lot of medals he has to leave most of them in the cloakroom.

The Klark



This clever little Animal is a terror to fight. He covers himself up in silk and horsehair every day and then he runs along passages and pops into all sorts of different cases one after another and draws a nice little screw out of them too. There isn't no need to be hanged while you can get him (I think this is nicer drawn than most of my pictures - I do hope he'll like it).

The Jappypote
Lytervaysha

This little Animal writes such nice poetry. He is found at all swarries with his chest smothered all over with stars and krissanthenums and rising suns and other ornaments. He has heard the East a calling so he doesn't like London there is not enough hours and dymios and things about. They say he is growing a pig-tail - he feels so orientle.

TEETOTAL CAMPAIGNERS.

WHAT'S this I hear at all! "All intoxicants"—that's fine language for good liquor—"stopped during the Egyptian campaign" (a word that's so like champagne, good luck to it!) by order of General GATACRE, and "only coffee allowed on the march to Abu Dis"—("A beautiful idea, truly!" as my old friend Maurice O'Shaughnessy might have said), and then "the troops stopped at Ghegni for tea"!!! Is it a mothers' meeting I'm reading about? What 'ud they do on St. Patrick's Day? Oh murder! just to think of the difference in our time in the Peninsula, and under the Iron Duke more betoken!

True, we had hard times occasionally, with hard biscuit and harder beef, but there was always a drop of "the cratur" to soften us. Ah! the sweet cratur she is! All spirit, yet plenty of body! And how the mischief could we have drunk the toast of "to the greatest Irishmen that ever lived, St. Patrick and Lord WELLINGTON," if we had had but a cup of tea to drink it in, like bread-and-butter misses at a boarding-school? Just cast your eye over the bill of fare in the true story of Charles O'Malley told by CHARLES LEVER! Why, just before Fuentes d'Onoro—"the night before LARRY was stretched"—didn't we enjoy the height of good livin', and of good feedin', and good drinkin'? "Sherry, champagne, London porter, Malaga, and even, I believe, Harvey's sauce, were hobnobbed in; while hot punch, in tea cups"—that's the way we used our tea-cups—"or tin vessels, was unsparingly distributed on all sides." Mark the word "unsparingly." And now? Ah! "Blessed times on my life! I wish we had them back again!" with a butt of the "King of Spain's sherry!" What's the service coming to? Sir, the service is going to tea-pot.

Yours, MAJOR MONSOON.

The Coneydoil
Shvrlacombs

This big friendly Creature is very shrood and sagacious. If he finds a footprint he can tell you what colored hair it has and whether it is a libbral or a conservative—which is very clever I think. He plays all games and always makes a hundred. He likes to run through the strands with his tail in parts—all of them strong and healthy—then he collects it all together and it runs for a long time by itself.

Job's Comforter.

Mr. Flatfoot (to disconsolate owner of suburban lake, where, in a hard winter, hundreds of pounds are netted). Well, never mind, Mr. EDGE, an American friend tells me that we're certain to have capital skating in July or August.

"LADIES OF THE PRESS" AT THE EMPIRE.

THE Empire is worthy of its reputation in the new ballet of "The Press." Here, thanks to the inventive powers of Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES, we have a review of the Fourth Estate (some say it should be called the Fifth) from the time of CAXTON to the end of the nineteenth century. In the initial tableau the first printing-machine is destroyed by office "devils," much to the regret of the master of the chapel. However, all things are set right by the arrival of a most charming representative of the Liberty of Journalism, who dances off the senior pressman through the centuries to Fleet Street in 1898. Here CAXTON "assists" at the wooing of a typewriter by a young gentleman selling "specials," and finds most of the offices of the leading papers within eye-shot. But the Liberty of the Press has something better to show her guest. CAXTON is carried into the Hall of the Periodicals, over the door of which appears the comforting legend that "the pen is mightier than the sword." Then comes one of the prettiest ballets of modern times. Dailies, weeklies, illustrateds, fashions, and sporting and dramatics in turn. Every paper of any importance having an office in London is seen to the best advantage. Never was there a more beautiful sight, and never a greater triumph for woman journalism. As a climax Mr. Punch himself appears, hale and hearty, and clad in court dress. With the *Times* he supports the old gentleman with the scythe, and shows that the world could not get on without them. It may be confidently predicted that for months and months to come the papers on the stage of the Empire will keep the "paper" out of the auditorium.

UNDOUBTED DOCK LABOURERS.—Gentry confronted with a verdict of "guilty" by the jury.



Brown (after an hour's digging for the ferret). "CALL THIS RABBIT SHOOTIN'! I CALL IT LANDSCAPE GARDENING!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 14. —As a rule, nothing so dreary in House of Commons as a full-dress debate. One fatal condition is that the talk shall last a certain period—four days, three days, or, in merciful conditions of this week, two days. That limits possibilities of dreariness. But it suffices to invest performance with air of unreality. The stars in either party firmament will shine only at a particular hour. When their turn comes they blaze away at prodigious length. Intervals of dinner hour and the like are filled up by Members whom no one cares to hear. This is one of the things they certainly manage better in the Lords.

This Chitral debate was foredoomed by circumstances attending its commencement. Through recess Opposition been girding at Government, charging them with ill-considered policy leading to disastrous war. "Only wait till Parliament meets. Then, in spite of our numerical weakness, we will crush this foolish, iniquitous Government between the upper and nether millstone." Attack naturally expected on opening night of Session. But whole week frittered away in talk round impracticable amendments moved by inconsiderable private Members. To-night, when battle actually opens, Members already worn out. Tired of the whole business. Disposed to let off easy the worst Government in the world, if they may only go off to dinner or to bed.

"I happened, when a boy," says the Member for Sark, dropping into autobiography, as is his use when bored, "to get my earliest instruction in a



"Grand Cross."

Fons et origo of all the trouble on the Frontier?!

fighting school. The chief business in the morning classes was to arrange one or two bouts of fisticuffs in the dinner hour. But they always came off at earliest possible moment. Wasn't the custom for one boy, small or big, to go up to another on a Tuesday, and tell him that on the following Monday he would punch his head. The meeting was arranged for the earliest moment after noon, and invariably came off. That much more cheery than the alternative proposal in favour with our Captains, who, longing to be at 'em, put off the pinking for a week, whilst they truculently study a Blue Book which adds nothing to the broad facts long ago established.

Business done. — LAWSON WALTON, mildest-mannered pirate at the Bar, moves amendment to Address, attacking Ministerial policy on North-West Frontier of India.

Tuesday. — Athwart the depressing atmosphere of the pumped-up indignation about Chitral flashes a gleam of light. Through the recess, and at opening of debate, Opposition accused Members of being responsible for what MACLEAN, a level-headed man who knows his India, describes as the most inglorious war the British army has ever been engaged in, an unprovoked contest, the consequence of an utterly futile policy. Ministers, less eager to defend their policy than to evade responsibility, say it is all due to their predecessors. It was Lord ROSEBERRY's Government that first went to Chitral. Successors compelled to follow in their footsteps.

In course of disputation somebody threw out suggestion that the real criminal is Lord Cross. In 1889, when he was at India Office, he officially approved project for opening a direct route to Chitral from the Peshawur frontier. Hounds away on this new trail with yelp of ecstatic delight. Not many Members of present House have personal recollection of GRAND CROSS whilst he was yet with us. From time to time,

decessor responsible for a feckless policy, a futile war. It was all GRAND CROSS.

Business done.—Vote of Censure on the Government in respect of Chitral business shows considerable falling off in normal majority. For the amendment 208, against 311. Majority dropped nearly forty.

"What do you think of that, TOBY," PRINCE ARTHUR said, a little nervously, as we walked home together.

SARK has heard) he on Tuesday night managed to disguise himself in coachman's uniform, took the reins and coachman's seat, and drove the unsuspecting MARKISS homeward. Arrived at the gateway, he, by deft touch of whip and rein, succeeded in leaving the MARKISS and the hinder portion of the carriage stuck in the gateway, whilst he drove on unhurt and triumphant.

"A very remarkable story," I said, dubiously. "What does it perpend?"

"Which thing is an allegory," said SARK, impatiently. "Don't you see it was intended to convey to MARKISS a gentle intimation that if, in driving the Unionist coach, he flattered himself he could gain the whip-hand of DON JOSE, he would soon find the coach broken up, himself left behind with the wreck, whilst DON JOSE gaily drove off, unhampered and unhurt."

"Ah! I see," I said. Not sure that I do, but it's no use arguing with SARK.

Business done.—In Commons, JOHN DILLON's amendment to Address demanding endowment of Roman Catholic University in Ireland, negatived. Almost brought tears to the eyes to observe the anxiety in various quarters on both sides of House to see the proposal carried into effect. PRINCE ARTHUR, JOHN MORLEY, CARSON, Q.C., and COURTNEY (in excellent speech) from various points of view supported the amendment. Only they united in beseeching DILLON to withdraw it.

"Some other time," they said, mopping damp eyes. "Some other time."

Friday night.—Irish Members renewed their attack on War Office in matter of frozen meat. Since Session opened their nightly habit has been to come down secreting about their persons joints of frozen meat, which they shy at POWELL WILLIAMS on Treasury Bench. (This of course in Parliamentary sense.) Has borne the ordeal with exemplary patience. But the Financial Secretary will turn at last. To-night being struck in the abdomen with a chunk of Australian mutton flung by Captain DONELAN, he lifted up his voice in loud lamentation.

"I begin to think," he said, ducking his head as half a sirloin of American beef came his way, "that the Financial Secretary to the War Office ought to be a butcher."

Something in the idea. A monotony about the Treasury Bench with its row of gentlemen in morning dress. POWELL WILLIAMS with his coat off, his sleeves turned up displaying his manly forearm, a blue apron turned back over his sturdy knees, a steel at his belted waist, and a knife in his greasy hand, would make a picturesque adjunct to the comeliness of HER MAJESTY'S Ministry.

Business done.—Address agreed to.

A RECORD RAIN OF GOLD.

Mr. Punch sincerely congratulates Alderman Sir GEORGE FAUDET-PHILLIPS on the fact that the great sum of £667,000 was collected at the Mansion House during his Mayoralty, for distribution to the poor, needy and suffering in all parts of the Empire. Evidently Sir GEORGE FAUDET was the right man in the right place to give fillips to the charitable disposition of his fellow-citizens. And there are those who would abolish the Corporation!

A LITERARY PURSUIT.—Chasing a newspaper in a high wind.



CHATTING WITH THE DECEASED!

(Scene from the Westminster Version of "The Cat and the Cherub.")

The learned Doctor Wee-To contrives to give it an appearance of life while the "street-god" (J-hn R-dm-nd) is about!

even now, his presence in the Peers' Gallery elevates and inspires the Commons. Members who do not recognise him by name look up and feel comforted and strengthened by contemplation of his supremely well-informed countenance.

As SARK says, "No mortal could be so wise as GRAND CROSS looks."

Of late years has fallen out of front rank of fighting politicians; believe he is something in present Ministry. Bet you a *Dod* not one out of ten men moderately well up in public affairs could name his office. Now, suddenly, out of this dull chaos of talk his name is heard again. He is the culprit. The loss of treasure, the check to British prestige, the mourning in a multitude of once happy households, all traceable to him.

Impossible to say which more delighted at this unexpected turn, HENRY FOWLER or GEORGE HAMILTON. With difficulty they restrain impulse to fling themselves across table to meet in friendly embrace. Not this Government or its pre-

"Well, since you ask me, I should say it is a friendly verdict of 'Not guilty, but for goodness' sake don't do it any more.'"

House of Lords, Thursday.—Every one glad to see the MARKISS in his place to-night. Looks as if he had never brought down the entrance gate of his park as if it were the doors of the gate of the city of Gaza, and so passed on,

Not in entire forgetfulness,

And not in utter nakedness;

But, trailing clouds of brickdust, do we come
To Hatfield, which is our home.

The Member for Sark insists that there is more in the matter than meets the eye. What the curious story is meant to convey is a commentary on present situation in the Cabinet. In debate on Address, the MARKISS made some deprecatory remarks about people who want to fight everybody and take everything. This, kind friends insist, was a sly hit at his dearly-beloved colleague, the COLONIAL SECRETARY. DON JOSE not the man to lie low and say nuffin' when any one assails him. Determined to read the MARKISS a lesson. Accordingly (so



"YES, SIR, THE WATER 'S IN GRAND ORDER, BUT THE FUSH ARE NO UP YET. NOO WAD BE A FINE TIME TAE GIE SOME O' YER LONDON FRIENS A DAY OR TWA'S FISHING!"

LIBERTÉ, ÉGALITÉ, FRATERNITÉ.

[*"Vive la France!"—Dr. Tanner.*]

WE may not be a model race
By other people's rude report,
Our quivers do not fill apace,
Fecundity is not our forte;
But fling what dirt they will upon her
Our France is still the soul of honour!

WE may not have a high respect
For virtue's arbitrary rules;
We may not actively reflect
The influence of Sunday Schools;
But oh! we love the Christian rite
Of jumping on the Israelite!

WE may not be distinguished much
In point of penetrable wit,
For our peculiar sort is such
That few can really fathom it;
But even Teutons recognise
The genial fun of our Assize!

This is the way that we commence:—
We first assume the prisoner's guilt

Until he prove his innocence
Up to—or slightly past—the hilt;
A single *alibi* should do,
But custom rather leans to two.

And though the prosecution fail,
We have the option, just the same,
Of clapping people into gaol
To keep our honour free from shame;
We always do like this, you know,
In dealing with a *bordereau*.

French leave (a liberal kind of scope)
To gallant witnesses we grant,
To ventilate the loyal hope
That France may still remain extant;
The Bench will also let the crowd
Say "Good old Army!" quite aloud!

Facing, in fact, a martial camp,
No learned counsel dares collide
With men of military stamp
Appearing on the judge's side;
If they prefer to speak, they may;
If not, they look the other way.

And when the jury, men of sense,
And loth to find an early tomb,

Return with swift incontinence
To tell the predetermined doom—
Oh! then the sacred courts become
A blessed pandemonium!

Liberty Hall we name the spot!
There stands Fraternity in arms;
There Justice deals the Equal lot;
There Freedom spreads her ample
charms:

There men may gather at a glance
The Triple Motto made in France!

What though perfidious Albion mock
The laws of our enlightened land?

Sons of a brutal Saxon stock,
What can they ever understand?
Give us your Celt, your Dr. TANNER,
He has the true Parisian manner!

"— ACCORDING TO ST. KRUGER."

ANY judge giving independent decision
will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour
of the—Volksraad (vice Law resigned).

The Volksraad is supreme, i.e., as long as
it acts in accordance with my wishes.

Any judge venturing to differ from ME
will be summarily dismissed.

No verdict ever to be allowed in favour of
an Outlander.

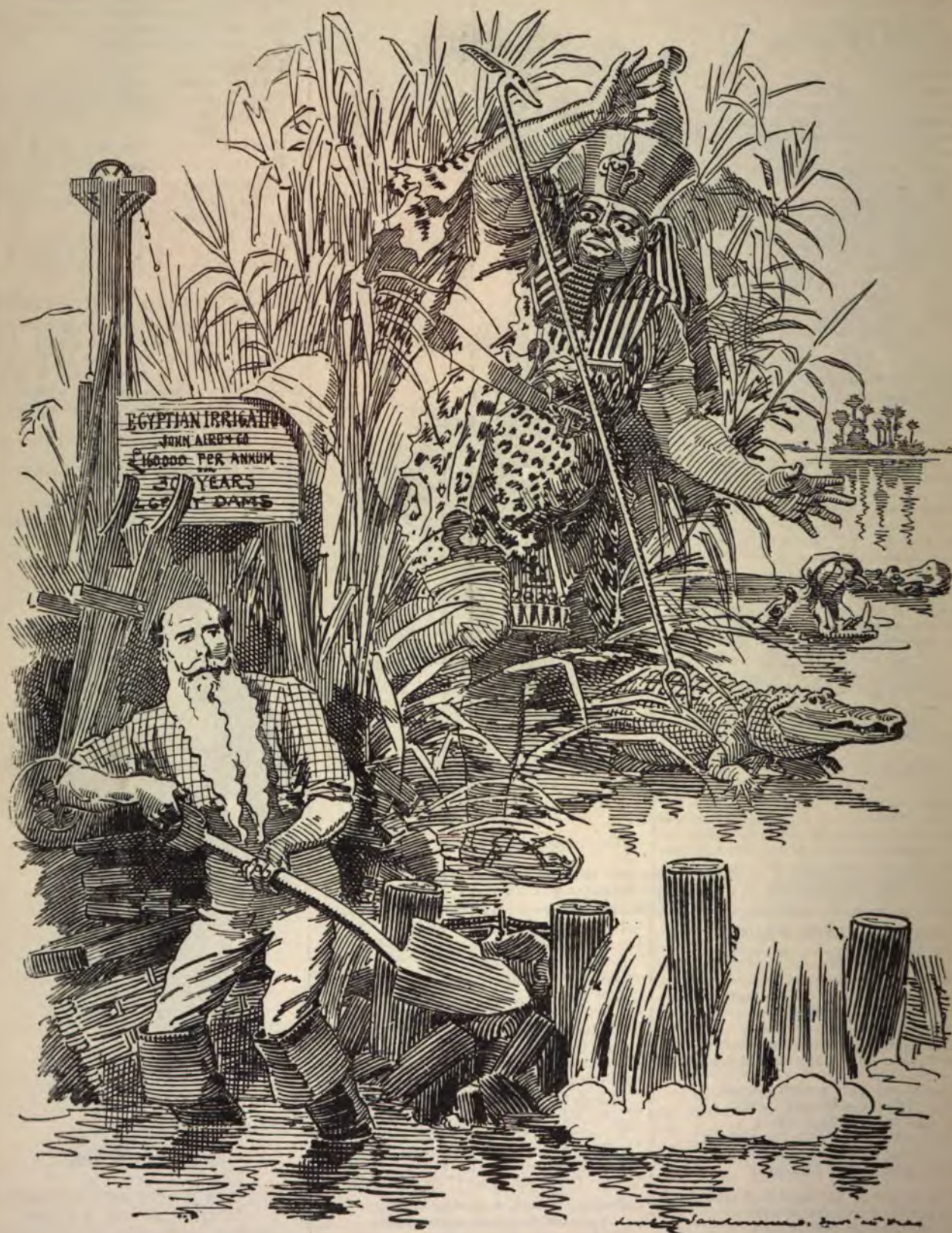
Chief Justice KOTZE, in consideration of
his long and meritorious services, to be
invested with the Order of the Boot.



PROBABLE EFFECT OF THE FRENCH ADULATION OF SIR WILLIAM.

[*"Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has suddenly leapt
to fame in France. If the opinion of foreigners
represents the judgment of posterity, then Sir
WILLIAM is sure of having his memory kept green.
In his onslaught on Mr. CHAMBERLAIN the French
Press finds wit, wisdom, and statesmanship."*

Daily Mail.



Father Nile (employing a mummified 'chestnut'). "WELL, I'LL BE DAMMED!"

[“The Khedive in Council has approved a contract just concluded with Messrs. JOHN AIRD & Co. for the construction of two great dams for the storage and control of the waters of the Nile.”—*Times*, Feb. 22.]

LENTEN ENTERTAINMENTS.

Assisting at a morning performance and sitting behind a matinée hat.

Wading through an "advanced" novel from cover to cover.

Performing a regulation pleasure trip in defiance of wind and weather.

Listening to the speeches at a public dinner when a ponderous nobody occupies the chair.

Riding to hounds on an uncertain mount over a dangerous country.

Making a first attempt to master the mystery of keeping one's equilibrium on a bicycle.

Dining with a bore to meet a boulder at a third-rate club.

Setting fire to the kitchen chimney of one's house, and hearing an engine coming to the rescue.

Spending a morning in making, under orders, miscellaneous purchases at one of the many stores.

Knocking off an article of three thousand words with neuralgia in one's head and the printer's boy at the door.

Taking part in a wedding or a funeral—the latter for choice.

Calling on twenty "at home days," and having to drink a cup of tea in every other house.

Sitting for a photograph to appear in a publication to be called "Celebrated Nobodies."

Catching the influenza, or any of the long list of ailments passing for that ubiquitous disease.

And last, but not least, being ill oneself, to have to listen calmly to the descriptions of the symptoms of one's friends.

AN OARSMAN'S DIARY.

Monday.—The *Sportsman* says: "The Eight shows considerable improvement, JACKSON, the new heavy-weight, having come on very much during the past week. The order of the crew may now be taken as definitely settled." Good! Cut out extract and send it home. Am tubbed in the afternoon. Coach says my beginning is much better, but must try to swing more. Row a full course in the Eight. My slide comes off in the first minute, and we have to go back to the start. President much annoyed. Says so. I said I had tried my best to keep slide on. He says I must better my best. No further mishaps. Get pumped before we've gone half-way. Coach shouts, "More work, six." Just get to the finish. Dead tired paddling home. Dinner. Bed at 9.30.

Tuesday.—Very stiff this morning. More tubbing, with elaborate explanations of proper method of working. Short course in the Eight. Stroke keeps splashing me at every stroke. Tell him so afterwards jocularly. He says, "How can I clear the water if you ram your hands down into the bottom of the boat?" He never can see a joke. Coach says he thinks I'm improving slowly—which isn't too cheerful. Have got two raw places on hands and my knees are badly chapped. President asks me why on earth I can't use those legs of mine better? No reply ready, so say nothing, but smile. He doesn't smile. Dull dog.

Wednesday.—President and coach whisper together before the Eight starts. Ominous. Hear rumour that OWEN may be sent for. Try not to believe it. If OWEN



Brown (as Hamlet) to Jones (as Charles the Second). "NORMOUS AMOUNT OF TASTE DISPLAYED HERE TO-NIGHT!"

does come they can't mean to row him at No. 6. He's too light for that. Another full course, in last minute of which, just as stroke begins to spurt, I catch a crab and bring the row to a premature end. Everybody angry, instead of being thankful at not having had to row on. My rigger badly twisted. Boat rolls awfully as we paddle home. President furious, coach gloomy. They whisper again together after the Eight comes in. Don't like it a bit.

Thursday.—Letter from home begging me not to overdo it. On arriving at river find Owen there. Evident constraint in his greeting. Eight goes out for short paddle. On returning, President says he won't want me next journey, as he wants

to try OWEN. Eight goes out again with OWEN at No. 6. He's rowing atrociously, but coach has nothing but praise for him. There's no fairness in the world.

Friday.—Letter from President saying he has had to make up his mind to row OWEN instead of me. Thanks me for trying so hard, and adds that he's sorry he's had to relieve me of my seat, but his duty compelled him. Write home saying I've resolved to take their advice. Shall give up rowing and take to golf.

Saturday.—The *Field* says: "The substitution of OWEN for JACKSON has already caused a great improvement." Wish I knew who wrote that rubbish. I think crew are going as badly as possible. No matter. A time will come.



DIREFUL DAMAGE.

Loose Horse, with habit skirt, bolting amongst Hounds.

M. F. H. (in his agony). "WILL NOBODY STOP THAT CONFOUNDED CLOTHES-HORSE?"

OUR LITERARY PARAGRAPHS.

(Special and exclusive.)

On Thursday next the whole of the civilised world will thrill with delight unspeakable. On Thursday will an event take place sufficient to make the date memorable in the history of our era. On Thursday, in a word, many thousands of impatient readers will be enabled at last to obtain a new volume of poems written by Mr. BARDLET! Lest we be thought to exceed in enthusiasm, we cannot dare as yet to speak of *Chirpings and Twitterings* in the terms it deserves. But, having had the unique privilege of studying the proof-sheets, we cannot forbear to say that poems more lofty in diction, more beautiful in thought, or more exquisite in style, are not to be found in the English language. Not SHAKESPEARE himself could have penned a gem so perfect as the "Ballade of Blackbeetles" contained in this volume. The appearance of *Chirpings and Twitterings* will mark the beginning of a new epoch in English literature.

The days of Grub Street are gone for good. It is an open secret that the majority of our authors nowadays are simply rolling in wealth. As an instance, we may mention that the enterprising proprietor of the *Family Coalscuttle* is paying Miss SKRIBLER no less than half-a-guinea for the short stories (each amounting only to about four thousand words) which she is contributing to that popular magazine. Miss SKRIBLER has just finished a sketch, based on her own experience, of the requirements of a nursery governess. Extending only to three or four lines, it is a masterpiece of concentrated pathos, and doubtless will obtain for her the position she covets. We understand that, after much consideration, she has decided to grant the privilege of publishing this gem to the *Times*, and it may be looked for in the advertisement columns of that journal in the course of next week.

It will interest all readers of Mr. BROWN's novels to learn that this favourite author will spend next Saturday to Monday at Gravesend. As the scene of his next romance is laid there, he intends, with his usual care for detail, to obtain his "local

colour" by a visit to the neighbourhood. It will be remembered that he has already immortalised Exmoor and the Doone valley by his last novel. It is stated that some obscure author of the name of BLACKMORE once wrote a tale or a poem dealing with the same locality.

What a pleasant relief it is to turn from the morbid sentiment of the older poets to brief, brisk ballads of noble deeds! Such are to be found in the magnificent and unrivalled pages of *Mainly Midshipmen*, Mr. OLDBEAR's latest volume. They will surely stir the blood and quicken the pulse of every true and patriotic Englishman. Nothing could be more convincing than the "Ballad of the Imperence," which describes how a British fishing-boat fought and captured a fleet of the Spanish and French navies, consisting of sixty-two men-of-war. How feeble a poem seems TENNYSON's *Revenge* by the side of this consummate masterpiece!

PARIS HERSELF AGAIN!

SCENE—*The Boulevards. TIME—After a quarter of a century of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity: An excited crowd assembled.*

First Republican (with indescribable enthusiasm). Long live the Army!

Second R. (confirmatory). Bravo, bravissimo!

Third R. (going one better). Long live the Generals!

Fourth R. (following suit). Yes, yes, well said!

Fifth R. (in an ecstasy). Long live the glorious Jury!

Sixth R. (not to be outdone). Hip, hip, hip, hip, hip!

Seventh R. (with passionate devotion). Long live the gallant Judge!

Eighth R. (equal to the occasion). Oh, joy! oh, gay! oh, tra-la-la!

Ninth R. (in accents of thunder). Long live the victorious verdict!

Tenth R. (accepting the situation). Ah! Glorious! Magnificent!

Eleventh R. (in a frightened whisper). Long live the Republic!

[The entire population go for "the traitor," and the curtain falls as he runs for his life.]

THE LATEST THING IN CRIME.

A DIALOGUE OF THE PRESENT DAY.

SCENE—Mrs. FEATHERSTON'S Drawing-room. Mrs. THISTLEDOWN discovered calling.

Mrs. Thistledown (taking up a Novel on a side-table). "The Romance of a Plumber," by PAUL POSHLEY. My dear FLOSSIE, you don't mean to tell me you read that man?

Mrs. Featherston. I haven't had time to do more than dip into it as yet. But why, IDA? Oughtn't I to read him?

Ida. Well, from something Mr. PINCENEY told me the other day—but really it's too bad to repeat such things. One never knows, there may be nothing in it.

Flossie. Still, you might just as well tell me, IDA! Of course I should never dream—

Ida. After all, I don't suppose there's any secret about it. It seems, from what Mr. PINCENEY says, that this Mr. POSHLEY—you must promise not to say I told you—

Flossie. Of course—of course. But do go on, IDA. What does Mr. POSHLEY do?

Ida. Well, it appears he splits his infinitives.

Flossie (horrified). Oh, not really! But how cruel of him! Why, I met him at the DRAGNETTS' only last week, and he didn't look at all that kind of person!

Ida. I'm afraid there's no doubt about it. It's perfectly notorious. And of course any one who once takes to that—

Flossie. Yes, indeed. Quite hopeless. At least, I suppose so. Isn't it?

Ida. Mr. PINCENEY seemed to think so.

Flossie. How sad! But can't anything be done, IDA? Isn't there any law to punish him? By the bye, how do you split—what is it?—infinitives?

Ida. My dear, I thought you knew. I really didn't like to ask any questions.

Flossie. Well, whatever it is, I shall tell MUDIES not to send me anything more of his. I don't think one ought to encourage such persons.

For Architects.

Q. Why should the House of Lords always uphold the decisions of the Ecclesiastical Courts?

A. Because it is only natural that the Court of Arches should be supported by its Piers.

WHAT TOMMY WANTS.

(From various Points of View.)

THREE hundred a year for a quarter of a century, and a retiring two-thirds pension. The conscription to drive him into the ranks, and a law to keep him there.

No wine, no beer, and no recreation.

The police to touch their helmets when he passes them, and the best rooms in the first hotels to be kept for his exclusive use. Songs about his prowess in the piping times of peace, and newspaper articles about his daring in the field of battle.

A full-dress debate in the House of Commons.

Entire reorganisation with any number of new regulations.

To be treated like a man of sense up to the standard of a double first or a senior wrangler.

To be considered merely as a fighting machine with the intelligence of an average child of six.

To be sent all over the world to do anything.

To be kept at home to do nothing. (Possibly his own point of view.) Not to be bothered any more, but to be left severely alone.

PROVERB RE-ADJUSTED FOR FRENCH USE SINCE LA TRIAL.—"Labori non omnia vincit."

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Knight-errant visiting a West End Emporium for the purpose of purchasing a Wedding Gift, is unable to accomplish his purpose.

WHAT shall I give to show my mind

Has never changed like yours?

What shall I give with ardour blind,

With love that still endures?

This writing-case, or dressing-bag,

That set of dinner plate,

Yon epergne fashioned on a stag

That's looking for a mate?

Or will you have a looking-glass,

Wherein to greet your face,

That must all other maids' surpass

In plenitude of grace?

Or shall I send some porcelain rare

That hails from far Nankin?

Or statuette of damsel fair

In garment passing thin?

A clock! 'Twould surely tell the time

With quick unerring beat—

It marks the hours, and in its chime

The hours old days repeat.

There is a necklace fit for Her

Who rules our native land;

I'd buy it without more demur

Did you but by me stand!

Oh! little one! Oh! cruel one!

What can I choose for you,

And never speak of what is done,

Nor yet of pledge untrue?



ARTISTIC SYMPATHY.

Susan. "LOR, MISS ELLA, I WONDER YOU 'VE THE 'EART TO PLAY, AND YOU JUST IN YOUR BLACKS FOR YOUR POOR UNCLE!"

Miss Ella. "DON'T BE SILLY, SUSAN! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M ONLY PLAYING ON THE BLACK NOTES!"

If all this shop were mine, I'd say,

"Take all, and I'll be rich,

So that I still could Love obey,

And shrine you in my niche."

But now I can't—you've changed your troth.

A wasted knave am I.

I wish you joy—nay, joy to both,

And bitter thoughts defy.

What can I give you, jewels, ore,

The choicest in the mart?—

No, nothing! for in Nevermore

I gave you once my heart!

JOHN BULL AT HOME.

Mrs. B. (doing her best). Cheer up, JOHN! Things are really fairly satisfactory.

J. B. (dolefully). You mean well, dear, but it's of no use.

Mrs. B. (encouragingly). But the fleet is strong and the army improving.

J. B. (with a heavy sigh). What are they? They won't help me to bear my loss.

Mrs. B. (enthusiastically). But the country was never so rich and so prosperous.

J. B. (shaking his head). Prosperity and wealth are good in their way. But a poor consolation for my loss, my dreadful loss.

Mrs. B. (losing her patience). What is this dreadful loss?

J. B. The cricket contest in Australia! [Tears and curtain.



George S. Gardner fecit.

Tourist (at small Irish inn, miles from anywhere). "LOOK HERE, WHAT DOES THIS MEAN? I LEFT MY BOOTS OUT LAST NIGHT, AND THEY HAVEN'T BEEN TOUCHED."

Landlord (with honest pride). "THEE FOR YE, SOER! AN' BEGORE, IF YE'D LEFT YOUR GOWLD WATCH AN' CHAIN OUT, DIV'L A SOWL WUD 'A TOUCHED THEM NAYTHER!"

THE [REVIEWS OF REVIEWERS.]

IN the current number of the *Author*, Sir WALTER BESANT expresses a fear that "the reputation of the reviewer and the influence of the review" are likely "to decay and die altogether." That this calamity may be averted, Mr. *Punch* has selected a few of the best models for the benefit of the budding critic, who cannot do better than follow one or other of these examples. He has, let us suppose, a novel entitled *Cabbage and Caterpillar* before him for judgment; how is he to word his opinion of it? If his notice is to appear in an old-fashioned journal, he may prefer the

published reputation, and is not difficult to write. *Ex. gr.* :—

"ARISTOTLE lays down, we believe, the remarkably sound principle that the end of a volume should invariably be placed after the beginning, and it is noteworthy that PLATO, by offering no confutation of this theory, tacitly admits its truth. With the help of this profound dictum, therefore, we turn to examine the latest ephemeral production of the moment, a novel with the title of *Cabbage and Caterpillar*. *Genetivus qualitatis cum epitheto*, as VERGIL so touchingly remarks, and we discern the applicability of the line to the character of John James Jones, who figures as the hero of this narrative. How far his conduct

conforms to the dramatic unities of time and place is another matter. But while there is much that is weak, there is also much that is strong in this volume; and while we regret that its author has not seen fit to exercise his talent upon a more suitable theme, we can state with equal confidence that no more appropriate subject could possibly have been found. In short, our verdict may be tersely summed up in that admirable epigram of MOLIERE's, '*Avez-vous le crayon? Non, mais j'ai le papier.*'"

This kind of review impresses your readers, and can hurt nobody's feelings. This last point should always be remembered by the youthful critic. Never "slate" a book, for its writer may one day review a volume of your own. When in doubt, keep it vague. At times, however, you may venture upon eulogy. This is best done in a literary weekly, when you can employ the Cultured Style. It is a little more difficult to manage than the Pompous, but you can win a reputation by it for "rare distinction in criticism." A specimen is appended.

"'Twere scarce of a need obtrudent to pass pat judgment on a work so masterful, so purely rare, as *Cabbage and Caterpillar*. Fain would the critic allow the true disciple to taste a sweet delight, to purchase it hereafter, mere and unkempt, from the second-hand book-stall; so, surely, his the greater rapture. Yet, if 'tis needful to glare abroad its fame, rather than, as were meet, to hide it from the public gross and gluttonous, the task is lightly accomplished. To say that it is magnificent were to insult it strangely, so far its beauties do transcend all modes of speech. Herein you shall find wit, herein pathos, herein all else that makes towards perfection. Gracious and fair as some June blossom is the style; the beautiful secret of beautiful prose irks not, elusive, the author of *Cabbage and Caterpillar*. To say more were something otiose, to hint less were flatly wrong."

When you have written sufficient notices in this style, you will collect them and republish them in volume form, after which your fame as a critic will rapidly increase.

The Egotistic Style is very popular just now, and may be safely recommended. Its special advantage is that it relieves you from the troublesome necessity of reading a single page of the volume. *Ex. gr.* :—

"I picked up *Cabbage and Caterpillar* directly after lunch yesterday; and I may as well mention that my fare had consisted of chops, a pint of lager beer, and cheese. Isn't it strange how one has chops for lunch nine days out of ten? Gone are the old times, when one gladly added raspberry puffs, Turkish delight and sherbet to the meal. I wonder, dear reader, whether, like myself, you always preferred pink sherbet to the ordinary kind? I sigh still when I see it in the confectioners' shops, so distant and dim are the days becoming when I, too, quaffed pink sherbet. Well, age has its consolations; best of all, it brings us tobacco, that soothing gift of the gods. Personally, I incline to the cigarette rather than to pipe or cigar; the taste for things Turkish lingers in me still, it seems. So, as I was saying, I sat down in my second-best arm-chair, lit a cigarette, and picked up *Cabbage and Caterpillar*. Unfortunately, my space is now exhausted, so I can only add that it is a novel of one volume, containing 312 pages, and is bound in green cloth."



PLAIN ENGLISH.

JOHN BULL. "'SCUSE ME, M'SOO! WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON MY GROUND?"

FRENCH EXPLORER. "MON CHER, JE N'Y SUIS PAS." (*Aside.*) "MAIS, J'Y RESTE!!"

JOHN BULL. "YOU MAYN'T BE THERE. BUT OUT YOU GO!!"



A TOO-FEEBLE EXPLETIVE.

MacSymon. "I SAW YOU WERE CARRYING FOR THE PROFESSOR YESTERDAY, SANDY. HOW DOES HE PLAY?"

Sandy. "EH, YON MAN 'LL NEVER BE A GOWFFER. DIV YE KEN WHAT HE SAYS WHEN HE FOZZLES A BA?"

MacSymon. "NO. WHAT DOES HE SAY?"

Sandy. "'TUT-TUT!'"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Who's Who? is an annual that, like the poor, we seem to have always had with us. The edition just out (ADAM & CHARLES BLACK) is, in fact, its fiftieth year. Last year, by the original and well-directed energy of a new editor, MR. DOUGLAS SLADEN, it was transformed into one of the liveliest serials of the kind. It is, in truth, so complete as to enable my Baronite to dispense with several works of contributory information. An especially interesting and valuable item is the private addresses in town and country of one's friends and correspondents. In briefest space it gives all that need be known about a man—the date of his birth, whom he married, where he was educated, what he has done, how he amuses himself in leisure moments, and where he lives. Its nearly 7,000 biographies are supplemented by much useful miscellaneous information.

MR. BRAM STOKER, having lately harried the world, in *Dracula*, with one of the most blood-curdling novels of the age, makes amends by giving us what my Baronite declares is one of the prettiest. *Miss Betty* (PEARSON) is a story of the days of WALPOLE. BRAM, in making studies for his background, has happily caught something of the flavour of the literary style of the age. *Miss Betty* is a charming girl, and wins her affianced from evil ways by a device it would not be fair to disclose in anticipation of the safely-promised pleasure of reading the book.

Art is long, especially when turned in the direction of book-making. Life is short; books to be reviewed are multitudinous; and available space in *Mr. Punch's* columns is exceedingly small. But my Baronite rarely resists the temptation to take up a novel bearing the brand HUTCHINSON. They are a publishing firm of comparatively new standing. But they must have a taster of uncommonly quick, true instinct. Certainly they have of late introduced to the public some promising new hands. MARY E. MANN, the authoress of *The Cedar Star*, was never before heard of in these parts. But she is bound to go far. To begin with she has, what is not a common virtue among women who write books, an excellent literary style. She can draw a character, real live man, boy or girl, in a few strokes, is inventive of plot and abundant in incident. *Betty Gervois* and the Rev. William Carlyon,

commonly called *Bill*, are (especially *Bill*) creations that remind one pleasantly of THACKERAY.

"I am emphatically of opinion," wrote that thorough Briton, JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, in his outspoken *Thoughts on our Art of To-day*, "that the best Art of modern times is as good as any of its kind that has gone before, and furthermore that the best Art in England can hold its own against the world."

Nobly and bravely spoken, stout Sir JOHN! and thanks to Mr. SPIELMANN for quoting these words in his latest publication (BLACKWOOD) entitled *Millais and his Work*. Where indeed would be the modern value of TITIAN and VELASQUEZ without the collaboration of those other two great masters, who give to all pictures the finishing touches, Messieurs Time and Varnish? Without fear or favour is Mr. SPIELMANN'S work written, and it will be heartily welcomed by all readers as at once interesting and instructive.

Bravo, Miss BRADDON! Most interesting is your latest novel, *Rough Justice* (SIMPKIN & Co.), and unsatisfactory in one point only, and that no unimportant one, seeing that, just when your million readers are expecting the condign punishment of the real culprit, who is an out-and-out villain, you quietly let the wretch go free. There may be, however, a cynicism underlying this apparently inexplicable tenderness, as you give him in marriage to a lady of title with money, who is as devoted to him as was *Mrs. Micawber* to her spouse, and so, when this rascally husband becomes a Member of Parliament, she will watch him from the Ladies' Gallery, will meet him at tea on the Terrace, wait for him to go home to dinner, and, in short, never lose sight of him for an instant. So the Baron is of opinion that, you, my dear Miss BRADDON, as the authoress of this scoundrel's being, couldn't have done better for him had you hauled him up before judge and jury, and treated him to a public execution, or had you started him for Klondyke, and got him murdered *en route*.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



Softly. "YES, I WAS B-B-ORN WITH A S-S-S-ILVER S-S-SPOON IN MY M-M-M-OUTH."

Kitty. "OH, MR. SOFTLY, IS THAT WHY YOU STUTTER?"



"BE IT TRUE AS YOUR NEVVY B'AIN'T A-GOIN' TO MARRY THAT MISS GILES ARTER ALL?
"WELL, YOU SEE, I 'VISED 'UN TO GIE UP MATRIMONY, AN' TAKE TO A TRADE."

DARBY JONES ON THE GRAND MILITARY.

THE Grand Military Meeting is a gathering which fully justifies the addition of 25,000 or even more Recruits to the British Army. I confess that whenever I attend this Very Particular "Come-Together" (I use the expression of a Bard not known to that Fame which only attended the Immortal SHAKESPEARE some centuries after his Lamented Departure into the Land where he had to meet the Plagiarised)—I repeat, whenever I attend this "V. P. C.-T.," I am struck by the perfectly amazing Army Corps of Matrons, Maids and Ministers (another softening expression of mine), who assemble, regiment by regiment, in more or less appropriate uniform, in the Members' Inclosure and the Pad-dock. The dash of the Lancer, the swagger of the Dragoon, the "well-I-don't-wear-a-helmet" air of the Horse Gunners, the step-and-fetch-it attitude of the Liners, who never fail to take our Messages of Peace or War across the Seas, the quasi-rollick of the Marines, the amiability of the Ambulance Corps, and the Superb Hospitality of the Household Brigade, are all to be noted—reflected in the Great Garrison of the Amazons, who are always on duty under the romantic command of Field-Marshal JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

But oh! *mon rédacteur*, how these uniform-included Amazons must smile when they see an exquisite Carbineer come a cropper, or an elegant Grenadier popped into the brook, just as you or I would combine the necessary soda with the sustaining Cognac! I am afraid, Sir, that I am ribald because I have often joined in *feminine laughter*, which has not recog-

nised the fact that smashed ribs and broken collar-bones are no more appreciated nowadays by the Chevalier-Sufferers than they were in the days of *Ivanhoe* and *Brian de Bois Guilbert*. "To predict casualties would perhaps be a certainty," as my friend Count VON STICKTOFF, who always rides in the uniform of the 23rd Pomeranian Mounted Police at the Wies-

baden Steeplechase, says; but in the Open Course on Friday the Bard, unbowed down by misfortune at Lingfield, may point a moral as follows:—

You may get the place with *Chaise*,
Then you're aisy to think of B. P.,
And C. P. may your tipsters amaze,
But the pick of the basket is C.

Having propounded this Conundrum, and watch it as closely as a Teetotal Policeman does a *licensed house*,

I remain, honoured Sir,
Your own satellite, DARBY JONES.

ALICE IN HOSPITAL LAND.

MR. PUNCH has a very sincere pleasure, heightened by old memories and personal association, in appealing to all other children and lovers of children to support the fund now being raised for the endowment of an "Alice in Wonderland" cot at the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital. He can think of no more appropriate way of recording gratitude for all that LEWIS CARROLL's books have been to children, young or old; for hours of health made happier, for suffering made more light to bear. Mr. Punch notes with satisfaction that ALICE, the actual original ALICE (now disguised as Mrs. HARGREAVES) is on the General Committee. He hopes that this new month the donations may come dropping in like March Hares. Mr. J. T. BLACK (Messrs. A. and C. BLACK), Soho Square, is Hon. Treasurer and holds the Hat, marked "This style, 10s. 6d."; but smaller (or even larger) contributions towards the necessary £1,000 will be gratefully received, either by him or by the St. James's Gazette, Dorset Street, Whitefriars, E.C.



"HE LOVES ME—LOVES ME NOT!"

MR. PUNCH'S "ANIMAL LAND."

(With Acknowledgments as before.)

The Timm



This prickly biting little Animal is about the cleverest of them. He turns his back round to the others so you can see he hasn't got hardly any tail behind him. He has a precious nasty sting though all the same that will give you fits if you irritate him—it will make you wish you were at some quiet see-saw place. He used to belong to a party of seventy, but he has turned the other sixty-nine out into the cold.

The Leedabar or Dikhiwebsta



This able Animal has such a noble brain that there is only just room for it. It can't get any higher without going right out of the House. It sings like a bird and says it fears no foe in shining armor but hymns seems to suit it best. I think Everybody likes it as long as it doesn't get singing. It tried to make a poller once, but it was dreadfully lame and couldn't. It lives on parchment and stained glass.

The Wheedlepat



This gracefull and culcherd Creature has a very skillful way of getting on the right side of people. They thought at first it was a fish out of water but that was quite wrong. It looks awful solemn and pedick but that is wrong too. It is very kind and goes into every shanty and cracks jokes and pats the pig. It has got a most beautiful bill coming which works like magic. It lives on shamrocks and statisticks with a few batons sometimes for relish.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Feb. 21.—
"Beware when all Irishmen speak well of thee!"

Thought it kind to drop this observation in GERALD BALFOUR's sensitive ear as he sat on the Treasury Bench, after introducing his Local Government Bill. Not that he is the sort of man to be puffed up. But provocation unparalleled. For once united, Irish Members rose up and called the Chief Secretary blessed. Quite a relief to have DAVITT put in his knife and turn it in wounds of landlord, hurt afresh with promise of having half his poor-rates paid by British taxpayer. Others, allured by prospect of deposition of Grand Juries, and of small farmer relieved of moiety of County Cess, might close their eyes to the bribe offered to the landlord. Honest MICHAEL DAVITT, uncompromising where he believes truth to be involved, not to be mollified.

"Conspuez les landlords!" he cried, determined that TANNER shouldn't have a monopoly of French at the House of Commons.

This variation served to make more striking the prevailing note.

"Forget whether you were in the House at the time," I continued, determined to be cheerful. "If you were, you will remember that when, in 1886, Mr. G. brought in his Home Rule Bill, the one enthusiastic cheer that broke the ominous chill of its reception rang through crowded chamber

The Kurnle or Armaghda



This pugacious Animal is always thirsting for slaughter. He has made himself such a nice dry ditch to die in if he can get the others to come on. He wears his coats all out dragging them along the floor so that somebody may step on them. If he can get anybody to stop and look he will eat fire like one o'clock—but it isn't real. Just at present he is taking the hat round. Everybody likes him tho, he is rich a desorrit character and so full of bloodthirstyness. He draws nicely too—all except swords—in fact he is quite a caricature—like me, only I'm a perfect animal.

when he announced that Bill proposed to exclude Irish Members from Westminster. Yet, you know, that was the very point on which both the Bill and Mr. G. were broken. It was selected as the jumping-off ground of the Dissident Liberals.

Don't wish to say anything discouraging. But it's a rum place is the House of Commons. Things are not always as they seem. More especially where a measure deals with Ireland, a hearty reception on its introduction is ominous."

"Oh, G. B.'s all right," said SARK, when I mentioned my kindly offices. "The Irish Members, uncommonly sharp chaps, have taken his measure and like it. Doesn't seem at first sight the sort of man who would get on well in Ireland. But he is, and does. Irishmen of all classes coming in contact with him, know that he really loves Ireland, holds her interest first in his estimation, and is ready to fight for it. He spends more than half his holiday time in the country, and, what's much more, takes Lady BETTY with him. An Irish Member said to me the other day, 'GERALD BALFOUR and his wife together make the best Chief Secretary we've had in Ireland since DRUMMOND's time.' That's a quaint way of putting it, but it's shrewdly said."

Business done.—Irish Local Government Bill introduced. Irish Members hail it with trumpets, omitting psawms.

Tuesday.—When the Irish Members are unanimous, their unanimity leaves nothing to be desired in the way of completeness. As SARK says, the one touch of nature that makes all Irishmen kin is opportunity to finger Saxon gold. Given that, personal prejudices and all other considerations are set aside. The wolf dwells with the kid, the calf, the young lion and the fatling together, and Colonel SAUNDERSON leads

them. Which is the wolf, which the lamb, which the calf, and which the young fatling, are matters of detail that can be settled as soon as the truce is broken. But there is no doubt about SAUNDERSON.

He was up to-night as spokesman of the really United Irishmen, wanting to know from PRINCE ARTHUR when he is going to appoint the Commission on Financial Relations between Great Britain and Ireland? If he has not made up his mind on that point, then at least let him give a day to discuss the business.

—PRINCE ARTHUR almost melted to tears

turn. Supplementary Estimates the first Order of Day. Votes raising in succession question of English and Scotch Education and of policy in South Africa. Just when House thought it was going to get into Committee and do a little work, JOHN DILLON moves adjournment in order to discuss as matter of urgent public importance recent row with police at Westport. So public business set on one side whilst Irish Members rowed round in faint echo of good old times, when PRINCE ARTHUR was Chief Secretary and PARNELL led a united party.



NANSEN STARTLED AT LAST (BY THE PARLIAMENTARY WALRUSES).

[“Dr. NANSEN visited the House of Commons on Monday evening, February 21, and met some old acquaintances.”]

at the menagerie arrangement alluded to above. With faltering voice and hesitating manner he hinted that Ireland had already done pretty well. Brother GERALD's little Bill assigned to the distressful country a trifle over £700,000 a year. (Here the voice of the lamb was heard bleating that the whole of this went to the wolf—meaning the landlord.) PRINCE ARTHUR brightened up a little at this evidence of continued existence of the old Adam, and went on more firmly to declare that he really could not, at the moment, promise any more.

United Irishmen subsequently met in Committee Room No. 15; some disposition shown to give expression to their disappointment with PRINCE ARTHUR's response by dropping the Chairman out of the window. Discovery made that that wary old campaigner had had the windows screwed up, Committee adjourned.

* *Business done.*—First private Members' night of the Session celebrated by a court-out at a quarter to eight.

* *Thursday.*—Whatever Ireland may be in other relations, no question that in Parliamentary matters it is the predominant Party. Really seemed that to-day the other members of the firm might have a

Easy to see what it all meant. On Monday, as mentioned, Irish Members and Chief Secretary publicly embraced. Sang together the well-known hymn—

Then blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love,
And kiss again with tears.

Forty-eight hours' reflection shown the Irish Members that would never do. All very well in House of Commons and with English audience. Not the sort of thing to go down in Ireland. Necessary, with least possible waste of time, to get up public row with Chief Secretary. Westport incident opportune; so motion for adjournment agreed upon, and little plot successfully carried out.

Brother GERALD for his part nothing loth to take a hand at the game. He, too, feels a little uneasy after Monday's performance. Irish landlords inclined to look with suspicion on Chief Secretary who strokes the tangles of JOHN DILLON's hair and toys with TIM HEALY in the shade. Accordingly Brother G. threw himself into the fray with something uncommonly like a whoop of delight. JOHN DILLON roared in quite his ancient style. Nationalist

Members got up steam; Chief Secretary shouted contradiction across floor of House; DILLON made angry rejoinder. Climax reached when veiled but unmistakable allusion was made by Brother G. to WILLIAM O'BRIEN's tr—s. Plot well conceived and played with spirit. But, after all, farce a little hollow. House glad when it was over and work began.

Business done.—On Supplementary Vote for Colonial Service, DON JOSE explains how much better they manage things in France, leaving the Colonial Secretary with a free hand.

Friday.—Estimates, involving far-reaching reform of Army, introduced by BRONRICK in speech of conspicuous lucidity. In old times the Colonels and the Generals, horse and foot, would on such incentive have deployed, making a cheerful night of it. Now modestly retired to the rear whilst those eminent strategists, Field-Marshal Sir CHARLES DILKE, V.C., and Adjutant-General ARNOLD-FORSTER, D.S.O., put matters right.

Pretty to see the Duke of CONNAUGHT listening from Peers' Gallery with rapt attention to ARNOLD-FORSTER. As for four sergeants in uniform in the back Gallery, they were so impressed that, as first syllable of his commanding voice fell on their ear, they with one accord rose to salute. Wanted, they explained, to remain “at attention” whilst he declaimed the Order of the Day. The lay mind of the Crown messenger in attendance on the Gallery implacably dense.

“Oh,” they said, “you can pay attention just as well sitting down. You see, that's the way people listen here.”

Business done.—Army Estimates introduced.

MODERN SCHOOL OF ADVERTISEMENT.

SWEETHEART.—Never despair. Expect you on Saturday. Of course you will come on your new Chainless Cycle, which you have had fitted with LOOFUM's licensed detachable, double tube, non-slipping, pneumatic tyres at the Wheel Works, Westminster.

DARLING MABEL.—I shall never make soup again without using a tin of Brevine, the new Extract of Mutton. Ask your grocer for it.—Yours ever, NELLIE.

“If she be not fair for me, what care I how fair she be.”—Use Gildine, the new preparation for changing black, brown, or red hair into the most glorious golden tresses. One bottle will make you fair for ever. Sold everywhere.

“Don't be angry, father.”—“Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast.” For 3s. 6d. we will send you one of our Matchless Melodions, two for 7s. No home can be happy without one. Plays any melody, restores harmony in the household, and soothes the angry parent. Write at once, JANGEL & Co.

FRED.—Return home, all will be forgiven; but don't forget to bring with you a bottle of “Cherriwine,” the new tonic and preventative for influenza. Only 1s. 9d. per imperial pint, or 21s. per dozen!



[“The Rev. Vicar designate of * * * mentioned at a Church Council meeting, that he, with others, would possibly start a public-house in the parish, as at some time or another, such an institution would certainly be opened. His idea was to carry on the place through a Manager, who would have no interest in the business beyond receiving his fixed salary. By this means it was hoped that drunkenness in the parish would be greatly lessened, and social intercourse increased. The profits would be devoted to some good cause in the parish.”—*Daily Paper*.]

MIGHT WE SUGGEST THAT, DURING THE TEMPORARY HOLIDAY OF THE MANAGER, THE BUSINESS COULD POSSIBLY BE GIVEN A FILLIP BY A VISIT FROM THE ARCHDEACON, AND SUNDRY CLERICS OF THE DIOCESE, WHO MIGHT DISPENSE REFRESHMENTS TO GREAT FINANCIAL ADVANTAGE. OF COURSE ANY ASSISTANCE OFFERED BY LADIES INTERESTED IN CHURCH PHILANTHROPY WOULD, UNDOUBTEDLY, BE GREATLY APPRECIATED.

IS IT GOOD ENOUGH?

(A Forecast suggested by the Army Estimates.)

SCENE—The more or less happy recruiting-ground in rear of the National Gallery. Sergeant discovered attempting to persuade Nibbler.

Serg. I tell you that our army will now be one of the finest in the world. It costs more than any other, and should be perfection.

Nib. Yes, that may be; but I don't see my way to join it.

Serg. Why not? Think of all the advantages! Allowed to wear a splendid uniform!

Nib. Yes, and not get served in the coffee-room of a third-rate hotel.

Serg. But think how well you will look in the eyes of the fair sex!

Nib. Can do that just as well in mufti.

Serg. And then there's a pleasant life of change! No house-rent, no rates, no taxes, no anxieties!—Come, come, you will be happy all the day!

Nib. A matter of taste. The omnibus horses have much the same sort of existence, but I am not sure that their lives are models of peaceful happiness.

Serg. You surely don't compare yourself to them! Why, you would receive a shilling a day!

Nib. Not much when prices are so high.

Serg. And think of belonging to an army, now of immense strength!

Nib. Strong enough on paper, but where are you to obtain the necessary number of recruits?

Serg. From your class—the flower of manhood and the proud production of the School Board!

Nib. No blarney for me! You know as well as I do that you can't get men anywhere.



“On there! Pass along!” (Exeunt.)
Antony and Cleopatra, Act III., Sc. 1.

Serg. It may be so, but I will not admit it. However, to help to remove the false impression, you might join the colours yourself.

Nib. No thanks. I have an engagement that will occupy all my time for the next five years.

Serg. Come, come, that is merely an excuse. Tell me why you won't join?

Nib. Because, my good sergeant, in spite of the chance of a shilling a day clear, I can find work and wages more attractive elsewhere!

A TYPICAL CASE.

(In Three Moods.)

Ah! yes, with BALFOUR I agree,

We Moderates are much too slow,

There's danger in stupidity,

But apathy's our greater foe.

The polling day? I quite forgot,

I've taken off my overcoat;

A beastly evening, is it not?

Our man's quite safe—I needn't vote.

What! “Progs.” returned on every hand!

I read the news with consternation,

And like (who was it?) now I stand

Astounded at my Moderation.

Q. WHAT is the difference between a traveller and a popular vegetable?

A. One has been abroad and the other's a broad bean. [Exit Quirter rapidly.]



SCENE IN THE L. C. CIRCUS.

Joey. ME AND MR. SALISBURY WERE GOING TO SIT ON YOU; BUT WE SHA'N'T NOW!

THE REASON WHY.

(By a New Woman.)

A PLAIN old maid was I,
With spectacles on nose;
I wound my double-ply
And knitted nephews' hose.

And all my brothers' wives,
And sisters who had spouses,
They led such busy lives
With servants, babes, and houses,

That, when they came to talk
About their own affairs,—
How Baby learnt to walk,
But TOMMY fell down stairs;

Of social obligations,
Of dinners and of balls;
Of duty invitations,
And necessary calls;—

I knitted nephews' hose,
And wound my double-ply,
And felt rejoiced I chose
A spin. to live and die.

I owned a peevish cat,
'Twas seldom heard to purr;
It occupied the mat,
And moulted all its fur.

My parrot's ways were worse;
He ruffled in his rage,
And loud and deep he'd curse
When friends approached his cage.

But talk of bird or cat—
Bored would my sisters look!
And yet I had to chat
For hours of babe or cook.

And when MAB had the mumps,
Or FREDDY had the fever,
Or Baby got the jumps
And Mother *had* to leave her,

Why, then to me they'd send,
"Please come at *once*, dear PRUE;
I've so much to attend,—
You've nothing else to do!"

For everybody asks
The help of those who'll aid
In doing others' tasks,
Unhonoured, and unpaid.

In sudden wrath I rose—
It should no longer be!
I burnt my nephews' hose,
The parrot I set free,

I boarded out the cat,
I vowed a solemn vow
That I'd revolt, and that
I'd live my life! So now—

A modern spinster I
With latch-key for my Chubb;
I roll my cigarette,
And cycle to my club;

For I have come to see
Each modern innovation
Can well put in the plea
"Done under provocation."

New duties mine, new aims,
New books, new thoughts, new scopes,
New friends, new spheres, new claims,
New power for good, new hopes.

And so my brothers' wives,
And sisters who have spouses,
Must manage their own lives,
Their children, and their houses;

And this is why they toss
Their heads, and, with acumen,
When they're found out, turn cross,
And dub me "The New Woman."



Jink. "MY DEAR MACFUDDLE, IT'S THE VERY THING YOU WANT! CHARMING HOUSE—LOVELY SPOT! CHEAP, TOO. BUT ONE GREAT DRAWBACK. YOU CAN'T GET ANY WATER THERE!"
MacFuddle. "OH, THAT DOESN'T MATTER!"

A POLYGLOTT MEREDITH.

(We understand that MR. GEORGE MEREDITH's novels are to be translated into the leading European languages. We beg to offer the following as a German sample.)

ENDLICH aber schwebte der jüngste Schmetterling mit prachtvollen Gummischuhen und neuen chemisettes wie ein König bekleidet in die Luft. Da gab es ein Geschrei.

"Wohin, wohin?" murmelte die schöne Diane, eine echte meredithische Engländerin, dessen traurige Geschichte der Zukunft gewidmet sanft oder laut nach Belieben in alle unseren Bibliotheken klingt.

"Wohin?" lächelte sie.
"Wolken sind herrlich," flüsterte er.
"Ich auch sollte Flügel haben," fing die Dame an.

"Hast aber keine," erwiderte gleich das beflügelte Thierchen.

"Netze sind billig," schrie das ärgerliche Frauenzimmer.

"Aber viel billiger lauten die Witze eines Weibes."

Das waren die letzten Worte des armen Schmetterlings: Patsch! da lag er im Netzwerk nieder. Nimmermehr wird er die duftigen Blumen in der Morgenstille begrüßen. Farblos sind seine dem Verderben geweihte einst himmelstrahlende Flügel. Also starb er. Aber die Dame. Sie auch hat ihre Sorgen. Sehnsucht macht Sorgen, aber die Katze liegt stets schnurrend auf dem Sofa. So bleibt es in ihrem Tagebuch aufgeschrieben und die Worte sind noch heute wahr.

BLADES OF A FEATHER.—University Crews.



TRIALS OF A NOVICE.

Unsympathetic Bystander. "TAKING 'IM BACK TO 'IS CAB, GUV'NOR!"

MERE MOONSHINE.

[Some hints for novelists, to be used after July 30, when, according to Professor WALTERMATH, the "second moon" will become visible. *Vide* letter in *Daily News*, March 1.]

I.

"FAITHLESS and unkind!" cried DULCINEA, repulsing her lover with a gesture of haughty disdain. "Cruel and treacherous! Nay, never can I be the bride of a man who lightly breaks his word as thou hast done!"

"Say not so, my love!" protested ALONZO, looking greatly bewildered. "Of a certainty I could never be so base as to neglect aught that I had promised my dear DULCINEA! Kindly have the goodness to explain——"

"Explain? Hath the remembrance of thy vow so soon escaped thee? Didst thou not agree to meet me at midnight beneath yonder oak when the moon was full? Ay, since, owing to my father's displeasure, I can but see thee by stealth, thou didst declare that it must be when the moon was full, the better to gaze upon my face!"

"True indeed," ALONZO replied. "I made a note of our compact at the time. And, on the night of full moon, I was at the appointed spot. But it was *thou* who didst fail, DULCINEA!"

"Untruthful!" sobbed DULCINEA. "Of all false deceivers——"

"Not a bit of it," retorted the other. "At the night and hour appointed I was there, and tarried two hours for thee in vain—it was raining hard, too. Methought the weather, or else the vigilance of thy sire, kept thee within the castle."

DULCINEA gazed at him incredulously. "Then thou wert there only in thy dreams!" she said, indignantly. "Punctual to the appointed hour came I to that oak-tree, and waited vainly for the faithless ALONZO!" And she wept afresh.

"Alack, sorrow hath turned thy brain," said ALONZO, sadly. "I was beneath that tree, but DULCINEA came not! Why, 'tis only two nights past——"

"Two nights? ALONZO, thou art distraught! 'Twas full moon a fortnight ago!"

"Therein I can prove thee wrong," ALONZO replied, producing a pocket-calendar from his doublet. "Here thou mayst read that—why," he broke off suddenly, rushing forward and clasp-
astonished DULCINEA in his arms, "why, now I understand!
gross my folly in forgetting it! We resolved to meet when

the moon was full, but we did not say *which* moon; and nowadays there are two of them!"

"My sweet ALONZO!" cried DULCINEA, embracing him fondly. "That explains all! For when one moon is new the other is already at its full. Pardon thy foolish DULCINEA! For the future, we must needs be more precise. And now thou must fly, for if my stern father should find thee here, terrible would be the consequences."

ALONZO sighed. "Canst thou not quit him for good? Methinks that did I come hither with two swift steeds on some dark night, we might fly together!"

"Nay," replied DULCINEA, sadly. "That were impossible. Thou dost forget that now there are two moons, and consequently, no dark nights. But hark! What is that?"

Even as she spoke a dozen armed men, with her father, the Baron D'AGINCOURT, at their head, leapt from behind the bushes upon the hapless ALONZO.

"Ha!" shouted the Baron in triumph, "so I have thee at last, villain! Bind him tightly, my trusty followers, and dispose of him as I have instructed you! No more wilt thou come trespassing here, I warrant! Heed not his kicking; bind him tightly, I tell you. Ill is it for thee, thou varlet, that thou hast disobeyed the Baron D'AGINCOURT! And cease those silly noises, DULCINEA. Get thee to bed, girl! This fellow will trouble thee no more!"

But the lovely DULCINEA gave one despairing shriek and fell to the ground in a swoon, as her father's men carried off the gagged and fettered form of her dear ALONZO.

II.

On the following morning the Baron D'AGINCOURT sat at his breakfast in a very good temper. Suddenly an idea struck him, and, calling a servant, he bade him summon his daughter.

DULCINEA appeared, pale and distraught, her eyes red with weeping.

"Good morning," said the Baron, with an evil smile. "Pray be seated. Thou hast not breakfasted, I think? This bacon is excellent, I assure thee."

"Father!" cried the unhappy girl, falling on her knees before him, "tell me—tell me quickly—what hast thou done with ALONZO?"

"Tut, tut!" said the Baron, impatiently. "ALONZO? Why,

he's disposed of all right, fret not thyself about him. As a matter of fact, he's dead—comfortably dead and drowned."

"You lie!" said a voice—and lo! in the doorway stood ALONZO himself!

The Baron fell back in his seat and gazed at him in terror. "Tis a spook!" he gasped. "A nasty, horrid spook!"

"Nay," said ALONZO, "'tis no spook! Fear not, DULCINEA, thine ALONZO is alive and well!"

"But I gave the plainest orders," expostulated the Baron. "They were to take thee to the beach and there tie thee to a stake which is covered at high water, so thou wouldst be slowly but surely drowned. The knaves have played me false!"

ALONZO confronted him with a look of triumph. "Blame not thy minions," he said, "for they fulfilled thy commands faithfully. They tied me to the stake so thoughtfully selected—only one fact hadst thou forgotten. For now there are two moons, influencing the ocean equally, but in contrary directions, and, as a consequence, *there are no tides!* At daybreak a friendly fisherman cut me free, and now have I come here—for my Revenge!"

With a crash the Baron fell upon the floor. "Foiled!" he muttered. "Foiled again! A murrain upon that second moon! I yield, ALONZO. Take DULCINEA, with her father's blessing—and be off!"

OUR BOYS.

(By a Father of Ten.)

I.

OF late years I have been much distressed to notice the great and increasing number of men who remain unmarried; and when visiting my friends, I hear on all sides the despairing cry, "What are we to do with our boys? Nowadays women *won't* marry them!" As one who has successfully settled ten dowerless sons, I claim to speak with some authority on this subject, and I venture to hope that my words may be of use and comfort to distracted fathers.

I propose to deal with the question in two articles. In the first I shall discuss generally the relation of the husband to the wife: in the second I shall offer some practical hints on the training of boys with a view to the improvement of their matrimonial prospects.

At the outset, let me say this: it is absolutely necessary to realise once and for all this vital truth, that *man's place is the Home*. Here lies the *crux* of the whole question, and the sooner the fact is understood and accepted, the sooner we shall be spared the pain of seeing our bonny boys neglected and souring into a loveless age of nervous, fussy old bachelorhood. I insist the more upon this, because I know fathers who still cling to what I may call the superstition of an antiquated creed, that home is the *woman's sphere!* Blind to the spirit of the Age, they thrust their sons into such professions as are still open to them, and expect them to compete with woman in her own domain—medicine, the Bar, the Church. The result, of course, is a foregone conclusion. Who expects a man to compete with women in work that requires brain?

There are others again, who send their sons into the professions, not because they ever expect them to make a livelihood thereby, but simply to fit them for matrimony. "What," they ask, "what does a woman look for in a husband? A pretty doll? A plaything? A drawing-room ornament? No, she wants more than that: she wants some one who, if he cannot actually give her advice, can at least talk intelligently about her affairs." At the first blush, there is something plausible in this, and it conjures up so pretty a picture of conjugal co-operation and confidence that one could almost wish it were true. But a very small experience of the world suffices to explode the theory. Women *don't* consult their husbands on business. On any point beyond his immediate domain, women have the heartiest contempt for a man's opinion. And rightly so. What would a father say if his wife advised him how to feed the baby?

No! this is not what a woman looks for in a husband. She wants not an inferior copy, but the *complement* of herself. To the feminine mind nothing is more detestable than the blue-stocking man who tries to talk business or politics, and apes the woman. When a wife comes home tired from the City, she does not wish to discuss stocks and shares; she has been doing nothing else all day; she wants change, amusement, relaxation, and a husband, if he would not drive her out to the club, should be ready to sing and play to her, or entertain her with light pleasant chat. Similarly, when she goes off to town in the morning, she should



Aunt Emily. "I HAVE JUST HAD MY PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN, EVA. I HAVE ONE DONE EVERY YEAR, YOU KNOW."
Eva. "GOODNESS, AUNTIE! YOU MUST HAVE HUNDREDS!"

feel confident that the house will be well ordered in her absence; that the children will be sent off to school, the servants apportioned their tasks, and the babies put to bed before her return; that at six o'clock her slippers will be toasting at the fire, while some one with a bright smile and a cheery word will be waiting to welcome her home.

JEAMES ON THE "CHRONICLE."

March 4, 1898.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—Hi am not aweer whether you have taken conissance of the late County Council Eleckshuns but speakin pussonally hi have been compelled out of defrence to my Lady's wishes to accompnny her in that connectshun into the low nay-broods of the East Hend. And not to hany great puppos, for hi regret to say the Master as been badly beat. But you may imadgin my disgust when my attenshun was called to the followin passage in the *Daily Cronickle*: not that hi hever reads that horgan, bein a radical print, but the cook sees it and my heye fell upon it, has it were, promiscuous:—

"We have a solid East against an almost solid West"—that's hus—"the City that works and suffers against the City that idles and amuses itself. Well, what could these wire-pullers expect—this selfish horde of idle dames who descended on districts which they will never permit their footmen to pollute (*sick*) till they want something more for their husbands or their cousins or their aunts?"

Sir, the hitalics are my hown. Unless the pusson as wrote the above was suffrin at the time from inhebration, hi must attribute his vulgar horror of taste to hover-elation. In hany case he has my pity mingled with contempt. Yours respectkly, JAMES.



"MUMMY, LET ME HAVE SOME WATER TO CHWISTEN MY DOLLY WIV."

"NO, DARLING, IT'S WRONG TO MAKE FUN OF HOLY THINGS."

"WELL, LET ME VACCINATE HER. I'M SURE SHE'S OLD ENOUGH TO HAVE SOMETHING DONE TO HER!"

AIRS RESUMPTIVE.

A LAY OF NEW LONDON.

Originally designed to be sung at the ancient Feast of the Great Twin Brethren, Gog and Magog, in the event of their submersion.

I.

Ho, trumpets, sound a tootle!
Ho, P'licemen, clear the ways!
The Mayors are out, they ride about
To meet the public gaze,
From Wandsworth's oozy reaches,
From Brixton Hill and Bow,
From Holborn (High) and Peckham Rye,
They come to join the show;
They come from proud St. George's,
From the park-like burg of Fin,
From Bishopsgate Without the wall,
And Bishopsgate Within!
Each Mayor has donned a mantle
Wrought of the rabbit's hide,
Their gee-gees paw the pavement,
The horsemen sit outside;
They have pinned on every shirting
A coloured card that gives
The neighbourhoods of which they are
The representatives.

II.

Full in the van rides JOSEPH,
In nodding ostrich plumes,
From out his button's aperture
A purple orchid blooms;

Behind the facial window
That breaks its potent spell,
Looks forth the dry and "single" eye
Of the Mayor of Camberwell;
And with him goes his club-mate,
Strapped on by both his feet,
Bold JESSE of the Devonshire,
Mayor of St. James's Street.

III.

As toward the ark of Noë
Creation walked in pairs,
So in congenial couples
Move the ensuing Mayors:
Just in the wake of JOSEPH
A Chatsworth charger comes,
With patient nerve ignoring
The titillative drums;
To suit his rider's balance
A steady course he keeps,
For on his back the Chosen
Of Piccadilly sleeps.

IV.

Sleeps soundly though beside him
In tortuous caracoles
Prances the Mayor of Wapping,
The gallant Captain BOWLES;
Though near him, hot with spurring,
And recklessly arrayed
In Bosphorescent orders,
Careers the Sheffield blade:
He brings the breath of battle,
BARTLETT, the patriot Mayor,

Adopted by the dwellers
About Trafalgar Square.

V.

Hard by, upon an Arab,
A quite superior blood,
His nimble nostrils spurning
The scent of City mud,
See where the young NATHANIEL,
Our country's only guide,
New Mayor of Carlton Gardens,
Politely deigns to ride.

VI.

On, on they come in squadrons,
Thick as the "evening midge";
There's fleet-of-foot Sir RICHARD,
Elect of Lillie Bridge:
There's M-PLE, Mayor of Sh-lbr-d's,
Curbing his racer's stride,
And JOHNNY B., of Battersea,
The people's joy and pride.
And at the end of all things,
To make the tale complete,
Whips in the noble Marquis,
The Mayor of Downing Street.

I woke, it was a vision,
Night-Mayors and nothing more;
And lo! the Great Twin Brethren
Stood beaming as before.

SUITABLE SONG FOR LENT. — "Come
Back to 'Erring."



“GIVING HIM A LIFT.”

FARMER BUTT (to JOHN CHINAMAN), “YOU STICK TO ME, JOHNNIE. WE’LL GO TO MARKET TOGETHER, AND I’LL SEE THAT NO ONE ‘BESTS’ YOU!”

[“The concessions made by the Chinese Government to British commerce are considerable and valuable.”—*Mr. Curzon’s speech, March 2.*]

MR. PUNCH'S "ANIMAL LAND."

(With Acknowledgments as before.)

The Sullivan



E.T.R.

This little Creature is full of the most lovely tunes and all other kinds of music. Nobody didn't know how humorous wind-instruments was till he did it. He will get a trombone or a hoboy to talk just for all the world like a retired cornet only funnier - it will make you ake with laughing. He writes the most holy tunes too and makes you fancy you are soring about with other angets in the upper boxes. (I wrote this with governess was out of the room - she would say it was a full trevent I expect)

The Tass



This little Animal is awfull good at marbles. Nobody cant do it like him. He knows all about the ancients and what kind of boots they wore on sundays and just how they use to sit about and throw roses and make predictions on things in genneral. They didnt do much else acording to him. You can allways tell where one of his picktures is by the crowd of artisses round it - all putting their noses agensit it and then stepping back and striking silly attitudes. He has got such a big voice that as fast as they stick the picktures up, it shakes them all down again

The Bird - Damny Nile



This kind Animal is always so pleased to see you. He is very enterprising and has a funny way of contracting himself and getting into the bed of a river and blocking it all up till it runs over. I should think the whole place will be full of crockerdials and irrigators and things. He has such a bewtiful beard - it looks as if he would make a very nice prophet. Dont you think so

WHAT THE L. C. C. IS NOW EXPECTED TO DO.

(By the Supporters of the Majority.)

To widen all the streets and start a park in Cornhill.

To improve the bridges from the Tower to Battersea, and thoroughly cleanse the Thames from the Nore to Twickenham.

To make new roads from Charing Cross to Hampstead, Putney, Old Jewry, and Shoreditch.

To rebuild and enlarge the National Gallery, Somerset House, the towers of Westminster Abbey, and the Bethnal Green Museum.

To illuminate London with an improved edition of the electric light, and erect automatic watering-pipes to lay the dust in all directions.

To get rid of fog, rain, snow and sleet, with the aid of science or by some other means.

To house the working classes without causing inconvenience to the well-to-do.

To render the theatres and music-halls models of perfection without interfering with the lessees and managers.

To make the Metropolis an ideal city of marble, and, so to speak, precious stones.

And last, and most important of all, to carry out the above programme without any cost to the ratepayers.

Ye Goddesses and Little Fishes.

[The Misses SAYER, "tall, graceful girls, and triplets," took up by patrimony their rights to membership of the Fishmongers' Company.]

VENUS alone took her degree

By rising from the triplets,

But lo! the heritage of sea

Is shared alike by triplets.

And now all fish who swim to fame

In piscine trios say her name!

TIT-FOR-TAT JUSTICE. — At Ramsgate, two boys, found guilty of stealing from smacks, had to receive "six strokes with a birch." Good! Whacks for smacks!

DRIVERS
BENEVOLENT
ASSOCIATION



THE CABBIES' EXTRA "BOB."

[Lord ROBERTS has been elected Vice-President of the Cab-drivers' Benevolent Association.]

A COMMERCIAL UNIVERSITY.

MR. PUNCH, having heard that a Commercial University is to be started in Leipsic after Easter, is anxious that the authorities of Oxford and Cambridge should place our youths on a fair footing with their German competitors. This could easily be done. It only involves a slight change in the curriculum to the following or similar effect:—

Smalls.—For "Apology" and "Meno" substitute Book-keeping and Shorthand. Latin to be optional, typewriting compulsory.

Meds.—For DEMOSTHENES' *De Corona*, and HOMER'S *Iliad*, substitute General Commercial Correspondence and the Theory of Bargains. In place of ARISTOTLE'S *Poetics*, a special subject must be offered, e.g., hardwares, green-grocery, meat, herring-pickling, hotel management, bogus Dresden china, &c., in which there will be a practical as well as a theoretical subject.

Greats.—Abolish PLATO'S *Republic* and ARISTOTLE'S *Ethics*, and read instead SMITH'S *Ready Reckoner* and *The Complete Shopwalker and Commercial Traveller*. There will be a further examination in the special subject, including the doing-up of parcels with string and sealing-wax, opening of doors to ladies, and general etiquette. By the time a student takes his degree in commerce he will be an accomplished salesman, and Mr. Punch is confident that thus, and thus only, the bogey of foreign competition will be scared away.

'ARRIET read from a daily paper, "Navigation in the Ouse." "I s'pose," said 'ARRY, "as the Members are goin' to 'ave a 'ouse-boat this season. Which 'Ouse? Hupper or lower? Whichever 's to steer? The Speaker or Lord 'Igh Chancellor?"



TRUE SYMPATHY.

Mr. Thompson (who has been pouring out all his troubles to his fair companion). "Ah, I often wish I had been a soldier. Then I should have gone to the front, and my friends would say, 'Poor old Thompson's gone!'"

Mrs. Lavishall. "But, surely, it's not too late to enlist!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Feb. 28.—CHARLIE BERESFORD probably only Member who could have lifted to-night's debate out of hopeless rut into which it had fallen. Army Votes up again; agreed at outset that topic is not one to fight round. Blatant cry of "*Vive l'Armée!*" that fills the streets of Paris finds echo at Westminster. Government decided on spending additional million or so in strengthening Army. Only a traitor would whisper discontent. Conclusion foregone. Might just as well have voted the men and money at conclusion of ST. JOHN BRODRICK's speech on Friday night. That of course would not do. Must make at least two nights of it. So here we are—at least twenty-seven of us—listening to FERGUSSON, who, before he was at the Post-Office, was in the Guards. To-night did sentry-go for nearly an hour round estimates.

When BERESFORD "came aboard" decks almost empty. Everybody seemed to have turned in; strolled back in twos and threes and tens as CHARLIE went on with his yarn. When he sat down quite full muster. Subject being the Army Estimates, C. B. presumably interposed in character of marine. Whatever uniform he concealed, Members listened to his breezy talk with

assurance that at least he knew something of subject; had smelt gunpowder when it was blazing on other occasions than royal salute. Speaks more effectively than he did when last with us. Then rather disposed to make set speeches. To-night talked to the House—or, as for economy's sake he sometimes put it, "the 'Ouse."

Special interest attached to occasion, as it might be his last speech in present Parliament. Candidly admitted that, regarding CAWMELL-BANNERMAN as a self-confessed old-fashioned Constitutionalist, he had for a long time been endeavouring to get him hung. "More or less," he added, relenting, as he looked on the kindly countenance of the ex-Secretary of State for War. Actually, it was C. B. himself who stood on the edge of doom. Tomorrow and next day votes at York election will be re-counted. If there has been any blunder, CHARLIE, though he may remain York's darling, will not be its Member.

"I acknowledge," he said, just now, "that I am only a temporary Member."

SQUIRE OF MALWOOD had referred to him as the one ewe lamb of the Unionist Party, a precious but frail possession, snatched out of the fire of the bye-elections. "Well, I hope," said CHARLIE, making as though he would butt in a vulnerable place the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD,

sitting immediately opposite, "that after Wednesday he will find I am a vigorous ram."

Business done.—Quite a lot. War Office got the men and got the money too. Four Government Bills advanced a stage, and the board being clear on stroke of eleven, Members went home.

Tuesday.—Once upon a time PRINCE ARTHUR, talking to me about the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, said, "Since Mr. GLADSTONE left the House HARCOURT is the greatest Parliament man left to us. We on our side of the House gird at him on occasion. But we are all secretly proud of him."

This characteristically generous tribute from a political adversary justified to-night. The Sheffield Knight, prancing his hobby-horse round the lists, chattered for nearly an hour about Russian designs on China. Sound and fury, as usual signifying nothing. CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES, who ought to know better, appropriated another hour of a sitting predestined to be short. If the SQUIRE had followed example of majority of Members he would have left the House. But Leader of the Opposition saw in Sheffield Knight's reckless indiscretion opportunity of accomplishing act of patriotic statesmanship. Both the Knight and the CAP'EN, tilting at windmills, made various savage thrusts at the MARKISS,



Sir William and the "Vigorous Ram" (Lord C. B.-r.-sf.-rd).

showing how he is a tyro in diplomacy, how much better it would be for the Empire were they installed with plenary power in Downing Street.

Here was an opportunity for a small tactician to make things uncomfortable for Government. The SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, after a preliminary knocking together of two puny heads, thereafter looked far above them, dealing in spirit of lofty statesmanship with the Imperial question to which Sheffield Knight and Seafaring Man had attached themselves. He smiled at midnight entrances with sanguinary telegrams; laughed at scares which make and mar fortunes on the Stock Exchange; expressed full confidence in the Foreign Secretary's intent and action; and only asked that the MARKISS would, with *Prince Hal* confounding *Fulstaff*, "mark now how plain a tale shall put you down."

GEORGE CURZON, compelled by friendly invitation, made a plain statement designed to clear the air of twaddle and fable. Thus, thanks to the Leader of the Opposition, what promised to be an idly spent, if not absolutely mischievous sitting, was transformed into an important occasion.

As GEORGE CURZON put it in one of many finely turned sentences that illumined his speech, the generous and loyal support the Government had received from Leaders of the Opposition in their foreign policy placed graver responsibility upon their shoulders, since they felt they were "acting not merely as the nominees of a Parliamentary majority, but as the trustees of a nation."

Business done.—Second private Members' night of Session. By odd coincidence, second count-out.

Thursday.—Curious how old habits stick man. Ordinary way of addressing

Chairman of Ways and Means after a Member has succeeded in catching his eye, is "Mr. LOWTHER." H. M. STANLEY, up just now on Uganda question, fixing the Chairman with falcon eye, says, "Mr. LOWTHER, I presume?" After pause long enough to afford opening for contradiction if it be forthcoming, STANLEY goes on with his speech.

A capital speaker he is, too; delightfully unconventional. Very rarely interposes; always on subject with which he is familiar. Even GEORGE CURZON hasn't been to Uganda. STANLEY only man in House who knows the place and the people. Talked about them and their hardships with slow utterance and grave manner suggestive of a palaver. No one would have been surprised if, when he sat down, he had grunted, after the manner of *Uncas*, Last of the Mohicans, "STANLEY has spoken," wrapped himself up in a blanket, lit a short pipe, and stared into immensity, silent and motionless.

But alack! the veneer of civilisation lies glossy and thick on our late leader of forlorn trails through African jungles. He wears a top hat, frock coat, and is said to have been seen with gloves on; not those little nine-ounce toys that suffice the prize-ring with playfulness, but DENT's two-buttoned, size 8½.

His politeness almost preternatural. Talking of the railway from Mombasa, he said only a hundred miles had been laid in more than two years.

"One hundred and thirty-two," corrected GEORGE CURZON.

"One hundred and thirty-two. Thank you, Sir," said STANLEY, turning with a low bow in the direction of the voice.

Auctioneer ROBBINS in his prime never did a thing better. One almost expected to hear STANLEY repeat, "132 guineas; going at 132 guineas," and then the rap of the hammer.

Business done.—Uganda vote agreed to.

Friday.—Irish Members receive with mixed feelings rumour persistently current. MACALEESE has brought in Bill making it legal for a man to prefix O or Mac to his family name. Story is that Brother GERALD, more Irish than the Knight of Kerry, will avail himself of the privilege as soon as the Bill receives the Royal Assent. Has an idea that if he were known as THE O'BALFOUR, he would further his heart's desire of being brought into closer and friendlier communication with the mass of the Irish people.

There is something in the idea. Its drawback is, as SARK points out, the easiness of its application to an indefinitely wide circle, and the consequent limitation of personal advantage. If Brother GERALD sets the example at the Irish Office, it will be followed, as a matter of course, by those who come after him. THE MACMORLEY would naturally succeed THE O'BALFOUR, and where would be the distinction?

Business done.—Vote on Account for trifle under fourteen millions agreed to.

ANGLO-FRENCH CONVERSATION BOOK.

(For the use of Parisian Explorers in Africa.)

I AM an officer of the French Republic, and I desire you to remove that flag.

It is impolite to tell me to go to the place you are pleased to indicate.

It is not my business to verify your statement that the flag is wounded, but I must insist that it be hauled down.

I deprecate your threat that you will use violence if I touch it.

I am here because I am France, and France claims this territory.

I do not wish to "get out," for where I rest I desire to remain.

I am not accustomed to the box, and I decline to submit my head to the punching.

I will direct your attention to the fact that I am an officer of high rank, and that you are a simple sergeant.

I am not called in my country "Mounseer," and I reject with all the dignity of my uniform the outrage of a kick.

I will not "sheer off"—I will not budge a step.

You shall pay for this! I shout to you, although you are not, unfortunately, too far off to hear me. England is perfidious. Hip! hip! hip! Long live France!

BRITISH COLONISATION IN THE "FATHERLAND."—MR. FORBES ROBERTSON, with his friendly army of theatrical occupation, has successfully established an English Hamlet in Germany. Said F. R., turning to Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL and quoting the Bard, "Now could I do it Pat!"—and he did. Sure, Mistress PAT CAMPBELL has so mightily taken the Berliners as the unfortunate Shakspearian heroine, that the name of the character should be changed from Miss O'Phalia to Miss Great Success.

A CUP-TO-LIPTON SONG.—"He always 'got home' in Tea." (New version of Mr. J. L. TOOLE'S "He always came home to Tea.")

A FUR COLLAR NOT RECOMMENDED FOR THE COLD WEATHER.—The Chinchilla.

RUSSIAN MOTTO.—Our port in China will be all the better for keeping.



["The Midland Railway Company have made a great improvement in Ladies' Waiting-rooms."—Daily Telegraph.]

WHY NOT GO ONE BETTER, AND HAVE A LITTLE MUSIC, LITERATURE, AND MILD AMUSEMENT?

DARBY JONES ON EQUINE ADVERTISEMENTS.

HONOURABLE SIR,—In an age when the fairest meads and the most remote plantations, to say nothing of mountains, fishing-boats, bathing-machines, and ancient ruins, are adorned by startling placards testifying to the merits of Bolus's Pills or Salvage's Hairwash, it is not surprising that the enterprising advertiser should have conceived the Napoleonic idea of bringing his wares to the notice of the public by means of that noble quadruped the Race-horse. Consequently, of late, we have seen upon our running grounds animals bearing appellations such as we are wont to associate with posters on the hoardings and the places where the names of railway-stations ought to be. The scheme is one of Mammoth Ingenuity. How I have laughed, when picturing the wrath of the Managing Editors of the great dailies, who, without receiving a sixpence for the publicity, cannot prevent their broadsheets from announcing that Mr. JONES'S *Cure-all Liniment* has won the Slippery Eel Stakes, or that Mr. SMITH'S *Fillagoin Whiskey* ran second for the Chortler Handicap! Let me, however, tell these gentlemen that the System is as yet in its Puling Infancy. I can with my Mental Optics behold the day, when the leading Flyers of the Turf will be owned by our most Pushing Manufacturers, when Mr. SOMEBODY'S *Husker's Cocoa Nibs*, Mr. OTHERBODY'S *Humatra Coffee*, Mr. WHAT'S *Pinker's Pills*, Mr. WHY'S *Brickdust Soap*, and Mr. WHEREFORE'S *Bicarbonated Milk*, will be the leading favourites for all the Big Races of the Season—inclusive, of course, of the Derby.

Meantime, let us skip to another Derby, the fair North-Midland Town, whence the railway authorities of St. Pancras issue their decrees, and the Cunning Provender Merchants Mammoth Rounds of Beef such as Sir SPENCER PONSONBY-FANE and his brother Old Stagers tackle yearly, during the Canterbury Week. Fired with the light which has burned from the days of SAPPHO down to those of RUDYARD KIP-

LING, I present the following Prophetic Lines to you and yours:—

The *K. of K.*'s is hard to beat,
The *Metal Hunter* may
Force the *Great Conqueror* to retreat,
The *Welshman* bring to bay!
Of *Caroline the Cave* beware,
And note the *Secret Stride*!
Of *Hiems* have especial care;
I'll couple her with *Pride*!

The ball is at your feet. Kick it through Fortune's goal, and, while blessing me with your ever-acceptable note of hand, believe that I am, as ever,

Your devoted drone, DARBY JONES.

P.S.—Look out at Lincoln for the *Saint*, the *Hebrew King*, and the *Curious Vessel*.

COPY-STEALING NO ROBBERY.

(A page from an Author's Diary.)

Monday.—Find that the proprietors of the *Twaddlers' Illustrated Magazine* owe me a trifle for a contribution. Look them up. Find them represented by a sharp gentleman, who explains that negotiations are in progress for an arrangement. No cash available at present, but "will I call again?" Adopt the suggestion.



"All rights reserved."

Tuesday.—Rather soon to call again, but, wanting the money, look in at the office of the *T. I. M.* Sharp gentleman still business-like. Arrangements in progress, soon be completed. Suggest that I have a solicitor. Sharp gentleman not in the least disconcerted. Solicitor, he says, will tell me that it would be wise to wait. Glad to see me again whenever I like to call.

Wednesday.—Accept invitation promptly. Called again to-day. Sharp-looking gentleman still in attendance. Quite glad to see me. All things going smoothly. Rather annoyed at delay. Threaten to put proprietors into the Court of Bankruptcy. Gentleman explains that proprietors are a company, limited. Only effect of proceedings would be to destroy the copyright. Don't mind telling me that there is a prospect of the sale of the copyright. Won't I look in again?

Thursday.—Once more accepted the invitation. Here I am in the office of the *T. I. M.* Sharp-looking gentleman radiant. The copyright has been sold. So now all will be right. Every one with a claim should present it. Return from the office in excellent spirits.

Friday.—Once more to see the sharp-looking gentleman who represents the *T. I. M.* Present claim, which he says will be dealt with in due course. Will write to me.

Saturday.—Sharp-looking gentleman keeps his promise. I receive a letter from him telling me that the copyright of the *T. I. M.* was sold, but that my claim cannot be dealt with until the demands of the debenture-holders are satisfied. Appears that debentures have been issued to the full amount of the purchase-money. Nothing left for me! Must bid good-bye to my earnings!

Sunday.—Find, from a report of a meeting in to-day's paper, that an important body are promoting a Bill to give writers a lien upon the assets of a company in priority to the claims of debenture-holders. Bravo! But in the meantime, how am I to live? Think I shall try Monte Carlo. Less risky than writing on spec.



A LITTLE CHEQUE.

Mr. Gsch-n. "FOR SIGNATURE, MADAM. NAVAL ESTIMATES."
 Britannia. "TWENTY-THREE MILLIONS, SEVEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-EIGHT THOUSAND!! A RECORD CHEQUE!"
 Mr. G. "TRUE, MY DEAR MADAM; BUT WE LIVE IN RECORD TIMES!"

LETTERS TO THE CELEBRATED.

No. IX.—To MR. W. A. L. FLETCHER,
CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD; COACH OF THE
CAMBRIDGE CREW.

MY DEAR SIR,—Those who know the spirit and the habits of Englishmen in general, and of *Mr. Punch* in particular, will not have been surprised to find your name at the head of this column. For *Mr. Punch*, representing in this matter the great body of his fellow-countrymen, has never failed to pay honour to one who is, in the best sense of the words, a good sportsman and a fine fellow. And he has always looked with an eye of peculiar kindness and admiration on the prowess of those gallant youngsters from Oxford and from Cambridge, who, braving the icy blasts of winter and the stormy waves of our great tidal river, strive for honour's sake alone to show which set of them, the dark-blued or the light-blued, can propel a racing eight the faster from Putney to Mortlake.

Of these you yourself have in the past been one. Once at stroke, once at No. 7, and twice at No. 6, has the broad expanse of your massive back swung past the judge's flag at Mortlake in winning Oxford crews. Strength, stamina, a perfect balance and control of all your limbs and sinews, an undisturbed serenity of mind, dauntless resolution, and, when the occasion called for it, unquenchable pluck—all these qualities were yours as an active rowing man. It was an inspiring sight at the end of a closely contested race, while some lay helpless and gasped in pale distress, to note your ruddy colour and your cheerful smile. So smiled and so flushed some mighty Viking emerging triumphant from a death-grapple with his foe, while the air resounded with the clash of steel and the shouts of contending men.

And now, the days of your labour at the oar being past, you, an Oxford man, have come to teach Cambridge men, once successful, but now fallen through eight successive defeats from their post of pride, how oars should be handled, boats propelled, and races won. It is no small task. For months and months a coach labours with his men. How anxious and unpleasant is the work of teaching and selection for an eight-oared crew, only those who have themselves endured it can fully know. First one man and then another falls short of the promise of his early efforts, and has to recede into forgetfulness uncheered by a blue coat. Accident or illness robs you of your best pupils, the boat you have ordered with care proves unsuitable, but through all these changes and chances he who is instructing must keep his temper, and smile and do his best. His crew looks to him as the Tenth Legion looked to CÆSAR for guidance and encouragement; and, whoever else may falter or fail, he at least must always keep a calm and unbroken front, and breathe the promise of victory. This is the common task of all coaches. But yours has been no common task. You are not a Cambridge man. To you the success of the Oxford crew has hitherto been a matter for delight. And yet you are now, as a Cambridge coach, doing what in you lies to ensure the triumph of Cambridge over your ancient associates. And this you do, not in the hope of gain, or even in the desire for glory, but impelled by that chivalrous feeling of honourable sportsmanship which has at all times, as I know, distinguished men



Jinks. "I WANT TO BUY A DOG. I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY CALL THE BREED, BUT IT IS SOMETHING THE SHAPE OF A GREYHOUND, WITH A SHORT, CURLY TAIL AND ROUGH HAIR. DO YOU KEEP DOGS LIKE THAT?" *Fancier.* "NO. I DROWNS 'EM!"

who wield an oar, and which, as much as anything else, has placed the contest of Oxford and Cambridge on the Thames high in the affection of our sport-loving people. To row or to race is in itself nothing. But to be a chieftain in a brotherhood of athletes who, for the mere love of sport and manly effort, have striven and battled and endured, who, unsullied by even the suspicion of fraud or meanness, have held aloft, as their most cherished possession, high traditions of honour bequeathed to them by their sires—this, Sir, is something, and for this you have the praise of *Mr. Punch*. All Cambridge men wish you well: it is the secret hope of not a few Oxford men that your efforts in helping

Cambridge to stem, if that be possible, the tide of Oxford victories, may be crowned with success. And for myself, Sir, I remain now, as always, your humble admirer.
THE VAGRANT.

A Political Forecast.

SCENE—A Bar in New York.

First Politician (of the Tammany persuasion). I reckon there'll be more pleasant trips to Eu-rope this year than ever.

Second P. How so?

First P. Ain't Congress just voted fifty million dollars for the defences of the country? (*Reflectively.*) Snakes! Wish I'd got a monitor or two on sale.



OFF HIS GUARD.

Farmer (just coming up). "YOUNG GENTLEMAN RIDING YOUR BROWN HORSE, MY LORD, HAD NASTY ACCIDENT A FIELD OR TWO BACK. BARBED WIRE—VERY UGLY CUTS!"

My Lord. "TUT—TUT—TUT! DEAR—DEAR—DEAR! NOT THE HORSE, I HOPE?"

ALFRED'S ALFRED.

Being a proleptic report of the Witenagemote (or meeting of wise men) convened for the 18th inst., to discuss a fitting form for the commemoration of the millenary of ALFRED THE GREAT'S demise; the LORD MAYOR presiding, supported by MR. ALFRED AUSTIN, etc.

The Chairman. I call on Mr. AUSTIN for a speech.

The Poet Laureate (rising). My Lord and Athelings, Ealdormen and Thanes!

This is withal an unexpected pleasure!
Yet, when I think on it, you could not well
Have made a better choice, since I am he
Who did you *England's Darling* in a book.
I see before me certain men of mark
(And others) habited in decent black,
Mourning the disappearance of the late
ALFRED deceased, who, I regret to say,
Became a section of the dreadful past
Nine hundred seven and ninety years ago
Precisely. Add another three withal,
And lo! it makes four figures—does it not?

A Voice. It does.

The P. L. I see you follow me; 'tis well.
Now note, I freely grant that there are some
Who claim attention as belonging to
Even remoter ages than our friend's;
As, for example, ALCIBIADES,
CONFUCIUS, POMPEY, EUCLID, OBADIAH,
ADAM and BEDE. But none of all the lot
(And I could name with ease a dozen more)
Has been so intimately mixed as he
With the incipient aspirations of
Our British Navy!

It is not my wish—
Nay, God forbid that I should underrate

The gifts of Mr. GOSCHEN, when I say
That, if BRITANNIA rules the present waves,
To ALFRED is the primal credit due.

Lord Charles Beresford. Hear! hear!

The P. L. I was, in fact, about to all.

Before his lordship made the above remark,
That it was ALFRED who designed the ships,
The long-oared wherries which at Swanage clave
The Danish esks. The esk, you ought to know,
Is not a quadruped with antlers, but
A boat. You have it in Act IV., Scene 2,
Of *England's Darling*. Yea! or rather, Aye!
(The Press will kindly spell it with an e,
Although, of course, it really hasn't one.)
Aye! more than that: he was an all-round man,
A scholar: knew a power of botany
(I taught him pages of it in the book,
Act III., Scene 4), and trained the young idea
In reading, writing and arithmetic,
Being, as one may say, the prototype
Of London's School Board.

Lord Reay.

Heavens!

The P. L. Aye! 'tis sooth!

Withal he rendered into Saxon jargon
The *Consolations* of BOETHIUS!
You may have read 'em? No?

Sir John Lubbock. A glorious work!
One of the Hundred Pleasures of my Life;
God bless him!

The P. L. Eke the same to you, Sir JOHN.
Likewise he started on his own account
The eight-hours movement.

Mr. J. Burns.

Good old ALFRED!

The P. L.

And

Contributed in leisure moments to

The *Chronicle*, before the NORMAN came
And managed our affairs. He too it was
Welded the bond of Church and State.

Lord Cranborne.

Bravo!

The P. L. And, though a fighting patriot—

Mr. Bowles.

Hear! Oh, hear!

The P. L. He granted territory to the Danes,
A graceful and polite concession.

Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett.

Shame!

The P. L. Yon Thane will be so good as to withdraw
His coarse ejaculation.

Sir E. A.-B.

Never!

The P. L.

Well,

Let us continue just the same withal.
And to the point, how best to advertise
The sense of our irreparable loss!
Having regard to his (our Darling's) tact
In naval architecture, there are some
Would have us, at the nation's own expense,
Build an unparalleled torpedo-boat,
And call it ALFRED.

First Lord of the Admiralty.

Ripping!

Mr. Labouchere.

Not at all!

The P. L. Some, mindful of the monarch's pretty taste
For pure vernacular, would like to found
Professorships of Saxon in the more
Congested parts of Ireland.

Mr. Lecky.

Very good.

The P. L. Myself in this connection had a thought,
A passing thought, of some addition to
The Laureate's endowment.

Mr. Bernard Shaw.

Tut! and pooh!

The P. L. I will ignore that callous observation.
Others, again, on insufficient grounds,
Would institute an Alfred Handicap
At Kempton Park.

Lord Rosebery.

I wholly disapprove!

The P. L. And some, untutored in orthography,
Or wanting to be funny, which is worse,
Would have the London County Council open
An Alfred Millinery Depot in
The Works Department.

Lord Onslow.

Oh!

The P. L. And, last, the people,

Lovers of all things beautiful, desire
Some adamant (or plaster) effigy—
A hearth, with toasted cakes, and in the midst
ALFRED, in pensive mood, belaboured by
A British Matron: fit to be erected
Upon a refuge in the narrowest
Portion of Piccadilly.

Lord Roberts (of Kandahar and the Cabmen's Union). I object

The P. L. I cite no more proposals, though there be
More to be had; but merely make remark
That fortune favours us in point of date.
We do not menace France; nor mean to mar
The genial *status quo* by clashing with
Our neighbours' Universal Exposition.
Nor need we hastily decide withal,
Having three years in which to do the thing.
Two we might spend in tentative debate,
And—

[Left speaking.]

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

Irate Old Lady. I tell you, your man was disgracefully drunk last night.

Proprietor of Livery Stables. Must be some mistake, Mum. Known the man for twenty years, very steady, sober man. Never had any complaint about him before.

I. O. L. But I tell you he *was* drunk. Do you think I don't know a drunken man when I see him?

P. L. S. Can't say, Mum. Man was quite sober, I assure you.
I. O. L. (getting more irate than ever). Then, do you mean to say that I'm a liar?

P. L. S. I never said so, Mum.

[Tableau.]

"GRABIES."—A form of acquisitive disease peculiar to the Russian Bear.



THE TEMPTRESS.

Dolly. HERBERT, DO LET ME HAVE THAT SABLE COLLARETTE."

Herbert. "CAN'T POSSIBLY AFFORD IT, DEAR."

Dolly. "HERBERT, I'LL LISTEN TO YOUR COMEDY."

Herbert. —

Dolly. "HERBERT, I'LL LAUGH AT THE RIGHT PLACES!" [Gets it.]

ENGAGING A SERVANT.

(A Dialogue of the Day.)

Employer (courteously). I am in need of a servant.

Employed (with hauteur). Well, I have no objection to hearing what you have to say, as under certain favourable circumstances I might be induced to accept a situation.

Employer (politely). Can you cook?

Employed (abruptly). That is a detail. What are your terms?

Employer (promptly). From twenty to thirty pounds a year.

Employed (inquiringly). With, of course, everything found—well, that might do. And you would give me a couple of off-days for exercise?

Employer (with a smile). Might manage that, but pardon me, can you cook?

Employed (roughly). You will some day see, perhaps. Needn't bother about that now. Be kind enough to give me your character.

Employer (sweetly). I was about to ask you about yours.

Employed (contemptuously). Indeed! you are slightly premature! The name and address of your last cook. (The necessary information is furnished.) Thanks. After I have heard from her I will let you know whether you will suit. Thanks. That will do. Good morning.

[Exeunt severally.]

STATISTICS.—It has been calculated that about seven thousand American poets have discovered that "Maine" rhymes with "Spain." Mr. Punch begs to remind many of the birds that it can also be used in apposition to "sane," and the reverse.



She. "BUT, GEORGE, SUPPOSE PAPA SETTLES MY DOWRY ON ME IN MY OWN RIGHT?"
 He. "WELL, MY DEAR GIRL, IT'S—ER—NOTHING TO ME IF HE DOES!"

A SEASONABLE COMPLAINT.

March 14, 1898.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You are the friend of every one in general, and of the ladies in particular. Well, I have to ask you to be so kind as to request Jupiter Pluvius (I think that is the old gentleman's name) to be less erratic about his arrangements. I am a lady connected with the Press, and it is my duty in an illustrated paper to set the fashion in dress with a view to the variation of the seasons. In the exercise of my professional duties I now appear carrying an umbrella, now waving a torch, now huddled up in a heavy cloak. My customary costume is distinctly classical, and

I make alterations in it to suit "showery," "very fine," "cold," or "foggy." I have a considerable following who watch my garments with a view to copying my example.

And now for my grievance. The old gentleman who arranges matters with the clouds will insist upon "making hay"—he performs the operation without the help of the sun—of all my predictions. I come out clad in winter garments when we have summer heat, and appear in the thinnest robe when it is snowing! And as I have to go to press—you will know what that means—some half-dozen hours before my public appearance, I am continually looking ridiculous. And it is all the fault of Jupiter

Pluvius (mind you verify his name), who can't or won't make up his mind in time for proper publication. Pray make him behave like a reasonable creature. Dear Mr. Punch, you can make everybody do anything. Dear Mr. Punch, make him do this!

Believe me,
 Always yours affectionately,
 THE GIRL OF THE WEATHER.
 Office of the D-ly Gr-ph-c.

THE CONSUL'S RIDE.

["MR. J. V. FABER, Danish Consul for Newcastle, had an exciting experience the other night, having travelled on the footboard of the express train from London to Peterborough."]

Daily Telegraph.]

Immortalised in Verse for the benefit of the Young Reciter.

HE leapt upon the parting train
 As swift along it sped,
 And while he clung with might and main,
 Wished he were safe in bed.
 "The way was long, the wind was cold,"
 No overcoat he wore,
 And tho' he was extremely bold,
 He thought it was a bore.
 He signalled with his handkerchief,
 His handkerchief so white,
 But to his great dismay and grief,
 None saw his piteous plight.
 He rapped upon the window-pane
 With pocket-knife in hand,
 But all his efforts were in vain
 To make them understand.
 He tightly clasped the rails of brass
 Until his fingers froze.
 His gloves were very thin, alas!
 Which added to his woes.
 Thro' tunnels dark without a stop
 The train rushed in and out,
 And tho' he felt inclined to drop,
 He tried to raise a shout.
 The engine throbbed, the whirring wheels
 Sang as they rolled along;
 The door he hammered with his heels,
 But it was built too strong.
 Enveloped in thick clouds of smoke,
 Upon the step he sat,
 Disheartened, cold, and like to choke,
 When, goodness! what was that?
 The train begins to slacken speed,
 Thought he, "Now saved I am,
 Now comes the longed-for help I need,
 They've sent a telegram."
 But no, it was a sad mistake;
 The road was in repair,
 The driver had applied the brake,
 The train it stopped not there.
 "To jump or not to jump." The thought
 Into his mind did creep,
 But when at school he had been taught
 To "look before you leap."
 Again the train increased its pace,
 He crouched upon the car,
 'Twere better wind and smoke to face
 Than take a step too far.
 His watch he had no cause to doubt;
 "By all the Gods he swore,"
 'Tis seven, and I must hold out,
 Full twenty minutes more.
 "Ye Gentlemen of England" who
 Repose at home at ease,
 Pray what experience have you
 Of terrors such as these?

The engine ceased to belch out flame,
 The lights began to shine;
 And that was how the Consul came
 To Newcastle-on-Tyne.





Indignant Cabbie. "SHOCKIN' BAD 'ORSE, 'AVE I! AND WOT'S THIS HEXTRA TUPPENCE FOR?—TO BUY A NEW 'UN WITH, EH?"

OUR BOYS.

(By a Father of Ten.)

II.

HAVING determined what it is that a woman desiderates in her husband, I now proceed to consider the best means of producing these qualities—in other words, how we are best to fit our sons for the all-important duties of the husband and the father.

Needlework.—I rank this as the very foremost consideration. Every boy should be clever with his needle. There is nothing annoys a woman so much as to find her boots and gloves buttonless, and I have known more domestic unhappiness created, and more homes ruined from this than from any other cause. I do not say that all men should be expected to do fancy work—this is a matter of individual taste: but I do insist that it is the imperative duty of every father to see that his sons are good plain needlemen. A man who cannot make his wife's pyjamas and his baby's chemise has no right to expect to get married.

Music.—This is an indispensable accomplishment. When a woman takes her husband out in the evening, she naturally likes him to make a good appearance in the drawing-room. Every boy, therefore,—ear or no ear, voice or no voice,—should be taught to sing and play. A slight knowledge of music will be found invaluable when the babies wake up in the night. Nothing tries a wife's temper so severely as a lullaby sung out of tune.

French is a polite acquisition, and a wife always expects her husband to be able to translate a menu. Great care, however, must be exercised in selecting the books to be studied, for there is much in the literature that no woman would like to think that her husband had read.

Athletics.—On no point is the relation of the sexes so much misunderstood as in this connection. There is still quite a general belief that women prefer men who can cycle or play tennis with them, and many a poor boy have I known overtax his strength and ruin his constitution in a vain attempt to keep pace with his sisters and their friends. No doubt there are "gentlemen's women" who amuse themselves by taking boys for a cycle run, but they

don't like them in the marrying sense. I have often heard fathers say, "Dear JACK is getting on quite nicely with his bicycle! It will be so delightful for him when he is married, for he will be able to go with his wife on her cycling tours." I shake my head at these remarks, for, in all my experience, I have never known a wife take her husband touring a second time. When a woman rides, she does not want to wait for her husband at all the hills; she wants to go her own pace—to be free. Muscle was clearly intended to be her monopoly: let not man seek to meddle with it. As I said before, his place is the Home. There let him stay. He will be far happier darning the socks and making the strawberry jam than straining after his wife on the dusty high road, knowing that with every turn of the wheel he looks more and more hot, horrid, freckled, and uncomfortable.

These remarks of mine may seem, at first sight, simple and indeed, obvious; but I am convinced that they embody a great and important truth. If parents will carefully study them, they will talk less of the decay of marriage; they will have no difficulty in finding wives for their sons, whom they will live to see settled in happy homes, with bright, merry families growing up about them.

Whither?

[“The Anti-Gambling League has resolved for the present to discontinue its attacks on bookmakers.”—*Weekly Paper.*]

Oh! where is the Anti-Gambling League,

Oh! where, oh! where is its fun?

Has it died at last of fatal fatigue

Since the Hawke found the pigeon was Dunn?

Gone to Paradise, p'raps, but there are folk who tell

That still in this world is an A.-G. L.!

QUOTH an eminent literary man, in the hearing of 'ARRY, "All GEORGE MEREDITH's poetry might be republished under one title as 'Our Georgics.'"

"Oo's 'Icks'?" asked 'ARRY.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, March 7.—That BOBS could fight the world has long known. That he could write it has lately learned. That he can speak, and speak in House

close to seat from which he had risen. But what with contemplation of two hundred thousand fighting-men on the North-West Frontier; what with admiration of ROBERT SANDEMAN in Baluchistan; what with pained reflection on some incidents of Lord RIPPON's Viceroyalty; and what with the

ists are in Opposition, faced by Liberals with a majority the smaller the better. Then TOMLINSON's heroic figure swells with patriotic passion. At briefest notice he is good for an hour's talk; more if it be needed to hamper public business fallen for awhile into hands of men of Belial. With Conservative Ministry in, backed by overwhelming majority, TOMLINSON's occupation is gone. The voice of Preston that once through Westminster's halls the sound of discord raised, is now mute as Ireland's harp.

What TOMLINSON acutely feels is that whilst he, a loyal Ministerialist, must perforce remain silent when so much might be said, his colleague, ex-Private HANBURY, has not only got his stripes, but pay amounting to £1,500 a year. More precious still, he enjoys, as to-night, the privilege of occasionally standing at table and in Ministerial capacity making a speech.

Probably it was this crowning incident that wrought TOMLINSON beyond verge of endurance of his vow of silence. Howbeit he broke it. At commencement of sitting House seemed foredoomed to customary Tuesday count-out. But among notices of motion was one raising question of grievances of Government workmen. Workmen in Government employ and elsewhere have votes. Wouldn't do to ignore their claim to be heard. S. WOODS, in charge of motion, had little difficulty in engaging attendance of quorum. Confidently awaited his turn. There are more ways of killing a hen than wringing its neck. Business must needs close at midnight. If talk kept up on preliminary subjects, motion about workmen, inconvenient to a Government that doesn't like to say "No," and can't in this particular case say "Yes," might be shunted.

This was TOMLINSON's opportunity. With cunning of old Parliamentary hand, got himself immeshed in trawling-net dragged by Scotch Members along Moray Firth. Floundered with prodigious per-



Lord "Bobs" strays over the Scientific Frontier.

of Lords, is his latest contribution to the knowledge of mankind. This gilded Chamber is the sepulchre of speech. To-night BOBS broke its silence with pleasant, clear, well-modulated voice, heard without effort in remotest corners. Gestures few, but suited to the turn of sentence they emphasize. A splendid audience both on floor and in galleries. Commons fled hither from their own House, crowding their gallery, thronging the Bar.

"Privy Councillors are cheap to-day," said SARK, looking at the unprecedented muster before the steps of the Throne.

A sight and an occasion that would have unnerved some men of proved pluck. BOBS took it as quietly as if it were merely a sudden attack by Mongols in the Sapari Pass. Early in his place, which he selected on Front Cross Bench, at the remote end from that Prince of WALES frequents. Neither flustered nor forward, awaited the call. "Lord ROBERTS OF KANDAHAR," cried the LORD CHANCELLOR; and lo! BOBS was there.

Engrossing interest of speech varied by watching consternation of COLVILLE OF CULROSS in prospect of BOBS presently riding him down. Before the Front Cross Bench lies an open space bounded in front by the Table, at which the Clerks cluster: on the left, by the bench below Gangway. At corner seat of this bench sat Lord COLVILLE; a happy position, with the speaker of the evening in full view a couple of paces off. For first twenty minutes BOBS followed ordinary Parliamentary practice of sticking

spectacle of Russia, with elbows leaning on the Hindoo Kush, staring rudely at blushing India, BOBS' blood began to boil.

Commenced series of marching and counter-marching that seemed preliminary to a fresh start for KANDAHAR. After various reconnaissances and feints, the object of his march became apparent. He bore straight down on the Gangway, at corner whereof Lord COLVILLE sat. Arrived there, he faced about, his rear-guard pressing heavily on the enemy from Culross. COLVILLE, the gentlest-mannered peer of Parliament, became painfully conscious of his own legs. He must put them somewhere, and their most natural position seemed in front of him as he sat. But if he left them there, the steady rearward motion of the invading force would lead to unpleasant consequences. So, with a strategy that would have extorted admiration from the captor of Umbeyla had his back not been turned, COLVILLE slowly swung his limbs round till they were landed in safe quarters in the Gangway.

Thus BOBS, having dislodged the enemy, concluded at the corner seat below the Gangway the speech he had commenced by the Front Cross Bench.

Business done.—Lord ROBERTS OF KANDAHAR, championing the Forward Policy, gets considerably "forrader."

House of Commons, Tuesday.—Haven't seen much of late of the Turbulent TOMLINSON. For statesmen of his particular bent these be evil days. His time comes when good Constitutional-



Ex-Private Hanbury guarding the Treasury.

tinacity. Workmen's friends moved closure; defeated on a division; TOMLINSON tap turned on again; British workman washed clean out of House.

Business done.—Seven hours' miscellaneous talk leading nowhither.

Thursday.—This afternoon's papers flame

intelligence that Russia is going to spend nine and a half millions on building war-ships. This evening, standing at table of House of Commons, an elderly gentleman, decently dressed in black, who looks more like a City merchant than a sea-dog, quietly makes a few proposals with respect to British Navy involving an expenditure on the current year of twenty-five and a half millions.

"Colossal!" Lord High Admiral JOKIM calls it.

"Prodigious!" echoes Dominie Sampson U. KAY-SUTTLEWORTH from Front Bench opposite.

House representing British taxpayer made no particular bones about the business. If the money was wanted for safety and honour of the Empire, there it was, with plenty more where it came from. An epoch night in history of Nation and Navy. Never before in time of peace had such preparation for war been forward. As JOKIM mentioned, twenty-six years ago, standing at the very same place, then, as now, First Lord of the Admiralty, he had proposed Navy Estimates for the year. They footed up to nine and a half millions sterling, and were thought pretty high. To-day, they are twice and a half as much, an increase piled up on steadily growing expenditure during the last ten years.

Actual result is possession of a fleet more than equal to the strength of any probable combination of Foreign Powers. In a fine phrase, JOKIM hit off situation. In addition to the Channel Squadron, we have the Australian Squadron, the Indian Squadron, the Cape Squadron, and the China Squadron, always, in all circumstances, in full force, at their appointed posts. As for the wide water-ways of the Western Hemisphere, "we," said JOKIM, "have squadrons where other nations have isolated ships."

This is magnificent; if need be, it is war. Notable and admirable feature in night's proceedings was total absence of cock-crow. Just plain business talk.

Business done.—Got into Committee on Navy Estimates.

Friday.—The Member for Sark still



ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE "VICAR OF WAKEFIELD."

She. "Oh, how charming! I just love the VICAR OF WAKEFIELD! Don't you, REGGIE?"

He. "Ah, yes, OFFLY GOOD—WHAT'S HIS NAME?—UM—IRVING AT—ER—LYCEUM, AND—ER"—(with great effort of memory)—"ELLEN TERRY AS—AS NANCE OLDFIELD."

She. "Yes; but I mean the BOOK. You've read it, haven't you?"

He. "No; COULDN'T READ THE BOOK. I'M SO OFFLY BORED BY DICK'NS!"



The New Leader of the Welsh Party.
(Mr. Alf-d Th-m-s.)

chuckling over telegram from Governor of Bombay, triumphantly read by GEORGE HAMILTON the other night, twenty-four

hours precedent to news that Bombay was in revolt, troops called out.

"In case of rumours of serious unrest among Mahommedans at Bombay," so the telegram ran, "they are untrue."

"In its terse literary style," says SARK, "it reminds me of a message I once received from a local shoemaker, who conceived the idea that a lady member of the household was unduly exigent in the matter of fit. 'Thanking you for parst favours,' wrote my shoemaker, on a crumpled sheet of paper smelling vilely of dubbin, 'I decline to do any more.'"

Business done.—Vote for Men in Navy Estimates carried.

The Dear Things.

He. You know JONES's wife, an old schoolfellow of yours; tell me, is she musical?

She (her dearest friend). I should say decidedly not, or she wouldn't be so fond of hearing the sound of her own voice.

TO OLD NILUS.

A "Labourer's Song," to be chaunted by Messrs. John Aird & Co. (from Beaumont and Fletcher, "The False One," Act III., Sc. 4).

"COME, let us help the reverend Nile,
He's very old (alas! the while).
Let us dig him easie wayes,
And prepare a thousand Playes;
This way let his curling Heads
Fall into our new-made Beds.
How he tumbles here amain!
This way profit comes and gain!"

Very Racy.

Q. When a parent gives his son the "straight tip" about a race, what vegetable does he recall to one's mind?

A. Pa ('s)-snip, of course.

THE MOST CLOSELY-PACKED PART OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—The Press Gallery.



SAGACITY.

"ANYTHING WRONG W' THE SOW, JOHNNIE?"
 "No. SHE ALWAYS SHAMS SICK O' FAIR DAYS!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ZOLA undesignedly, but not the less effectively, has savagely revenged himself for the cowardly indignities done to him by Paris. As the prison doors close behind him, he flings in the face of the city a book ruthlessly recording its baseness, political, financial, social. *Paris*, of which CHATTO AND WINDUS publish a remarkably cheap edition, is not a pleasant book. The only ray of sunlight struggling through the thick cloud of its sordidness is found in the old Legitimists, the *Comtesse de Quinsac* and the *Marquis de Morigny*, seated in loving, hopeless companionship in the faded drawing-room. Even this is a watery beam, not sufficient to lighten the dank darkness. Beside them my Baronite reviews the multitudinous personages of the story, and finds none good, no, not one. Lust, avarice, robbery, blasphemy, murder, anarchy, and other nameless iniquities are, if ZOLA is to be trusted, integral and accustomed parts of the daily life of Paris. It is easy to imagine that the book would be even more terrible read in the native tongue. The translator has managed to invest it with a certain subtle flatness that tends to make its more stupendous passages a little comic. There is one defect that the printer's boy, carrying to and fro the proofs, might be expected to have delivered the reader from. When a French storyteller wants to inhale breath, he mechanically fills up the time by writing *Cependant*. That is well enough in French. Faithfully translated, and spattered about English sentences, it becomes finally irritating. To say that in the 488 pages of Mr. VIZETELLY's translation of *Paris* the intrinsically mean, practically useless, word "however" appears a thousand times, is a studiously moderate computation. THE BARON DE B.-W.

A QUESTION OF RECIPROCITY.—M. VIAND, a French chemist, proposes to impart iron tonics to vegetables. Is this a return for the strengthening qualities given by vegetables to Viand(e)?

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Cavalier is reminded by the uprising of the Golden Crocus of the sums squandered by him in Love and Money on a false Mistress.

FAINTLY, oh! so faintly, the Spring begins to wake;
 She is at hand.
 Faintly, oh! so faintly, the buds are fain to break
 In Crocus Land.
 Gently, oh! so gently, the grass is growing green
 At her command.
 Gently, oh! so gently, the long-lost What-has-been
 Is changed in Crocus Land.

Sweetly, oh! so sweetly, the birds in concert sing,
 And understand
 Sweetly, oh! so sweetly, the joy of coming Spring
 Throughout the land.
 Strongly, oh! so strongly, the sap runs up the tree
 By brave winds fanned.
 Strongly, oh! so strongly, your face comes back to me
 Unchanged in Crocus Land!

Sadly, oh! so sadly, I look upon the Past,
 Once dead and;
 Sadly, oh! so sadly, e'en though it did not last
 In Crocus Land.
 Humbly, oh! so humbly, the snowdrop rose to smile
 All hand in hand;
 Humbly, oh! so humbly, I, like them, drooped awhile
 Abashed in Crocus Land.

Proudly, oh! so proudly, I made myself your slave,
 Least of your band.
 Proudly, oh! so proudly, you heard me madly rave
 In Lost-Time Land.
 Weakly, oh! so weakly, I pen these fragile lines,
 Myself unmanned.
 Dearly, oh! so dearly, I bought the yellow mines
 That were in Crocus Land.

*You understand,
 Gold raged in Crocus Land!*



Tommy (whose Father has promised to take him abroad when he grows up and gains a Scholarship). "WHEN I GROW BIG, MY FATHER IS GOING TO TAKE ME ROUND THE WORLD IN A SCHOLARSHIP!"



"TAIL LIKE A SHAVING-BRUSH? WELL, YOU OUGHT TO KNOW. IT'S THE ONLY PART OF HIM YOU'RE LIKELY TO SEE WHEN HOUNDS ARE RUNNING!"

A LASTING "BENEFIT."

OF course the NELL GWYN, beg pardon, the NELL FARREN Benefit last Thursday was an immense success. The result, over £6,000, topping all other benefits, has this exceptional character, viz., that the sum of money cannot be frittered away, but, by the generosity of the house of ROTHSCHILD, and by their admirably devised financial arrangements for dealing with this fund, Miss NELLIE FARREN will receive a handsome income during her life-time, and, at her decease, £1,000 of the capital will go to the endowment of a cot for the children of actors and actresses, and another £1,000 will be divided between the Royal General Theatrical and the Actors' Benevolent Fund, the remainder being for her family. Isn't this a distribution just after the heart of that other NELL, the Patroness of Chelsea Hospital? Most sincerely do we congratulate Miss NELLIE FARREN on having trustees and advisers so wise and generous. And now, once more to quote dear old *Rip*, we say, "May she live long and brosher!"

VIVÂ VOCE EXAM.

(During Boating-term Time when Boating Terms are about.)

Examiner. Translate "*Auri sacra fames*."

Examinee. "*Sacra fames*," the confounded anxiety of getting, "*Auri*," an oar when you've lost it.

Examiner. Supposing you were confronted by a person to whom you write to politely avoid speaking, how would you signify the same in true boatman-like fashion?

Examinee. I should look stern and bow at the same time.

"THE Fifth 'Cursal' Prebendal Stall in St. David's Cathedral" sounds like the name of a place in the cathedral from which the comminatory sentences in the Ash Wednesday service might have been read.

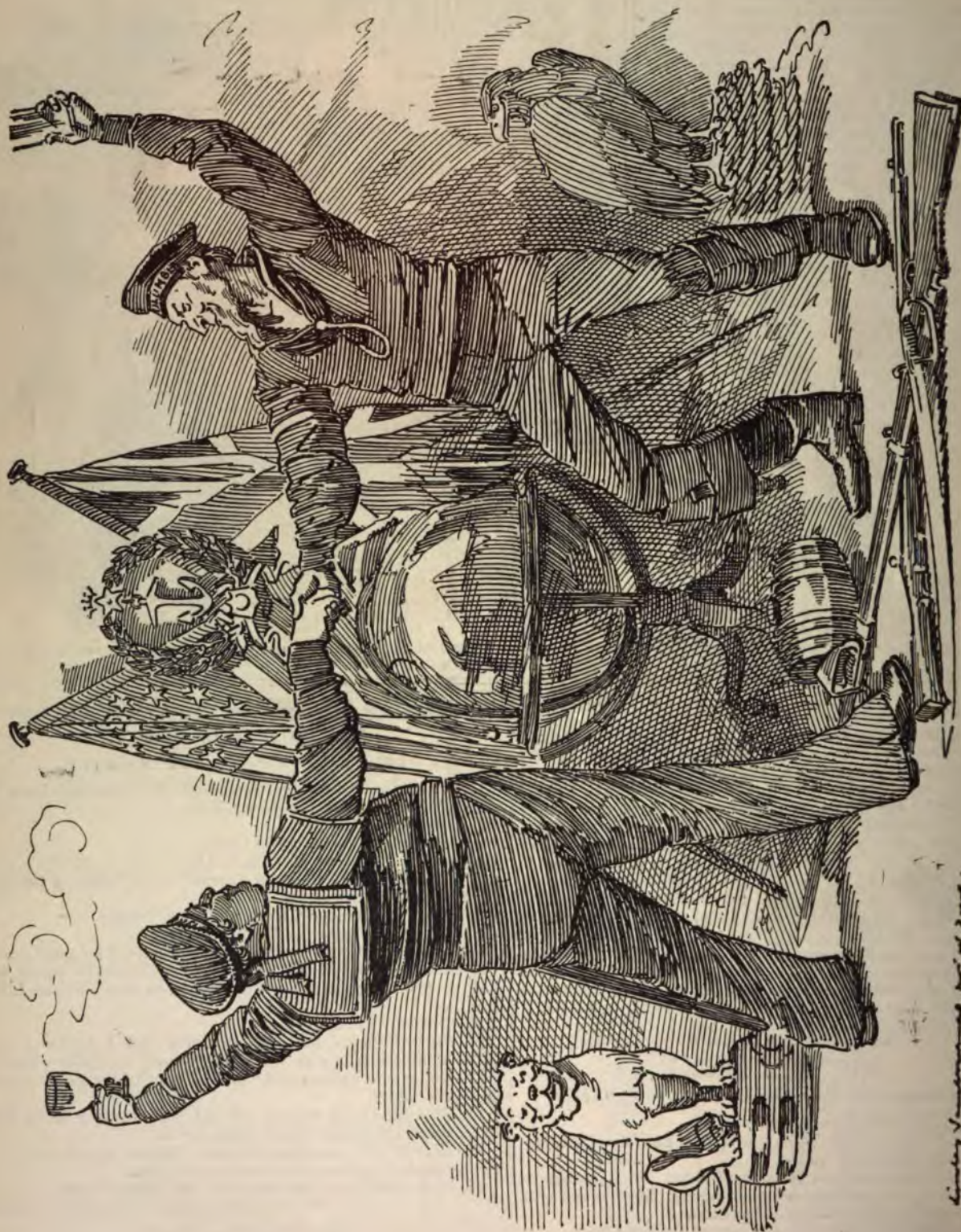
SUGGESTIONS FOR ANY CHARITABLE CELEBRITY IN WANT OF EMPLOYMENT.

(Might perhaps be useful to Sir S. B-NCR-FT.)

1. ASSIST in Arctic Expedition and give readings from *The Cricket on the Hearth* at the North Pole.
2. Become an M.P.
3. Be appointed Governor of Crete.
4. Become a member of the L. C. C.
5. Give readings from *Great Expectations* on behalf of the West Indian Sugar Industries.
6. Obtain the office of "Reader" at the Temple.
7. Learn violin and give JOACHIM points.
8. Coach the University crews (both or either) for next year.
9. Go out on a reading expedition of DICKENS's works with view to pacifying the disaffected tribes on the Western Indian frontier.
10. Ditto in the Soudan.
11. Study billiards, and play ROBERTS (not ARTHUR) a 5,000 up for £500 a side, the proceeds to go to any charitable object.
12. Go up in a balloon and come down (handsomely) for any charitable object.
13. Ride the Derby winner. Grand Stand money to be given on this occasion to some benevolent object.
14. Give English readings, of Latin Classics, at public schools. The proceeds to go towards purchasing a Crib.
15. Give readings of the barometer at Crystal Palace.

[With power to add to their number.]

ON "GREEK INDEPENDENCE" (by Our Open-minded and Out-spoken Schoolboy).—"I'm all for 'Greek Independence!' That is, I mean, 'Independence of Greek.' Let us be independent of Greek! Who wants it anywhere, except he be a churchman or a historian? And even then he can pay for translations."



"BLOOD THICKER THAN WATER."

["The present friendly understanding happily existing between Great Britain and the United States becomes more and more popular on both sides of the Atlantic." — *Daily Express*.]

DARBY JONES ON THE GRAND NATIONAL.

HONOURED SIR,—There are nowadays many High-Priced Contests on the Flat which have in a measure diminished such great Classic Events as the Guineas, the Derby, and the Leger. But no enterprising Manager of a Gate-money Meeting has ever succeeded in tarnishing the hall-marked popularity of the Blue-Ribbon Cross-Country battle at Aintree. There is only one Grand National Steeplechase, just as there is only one Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race, one Eton and Harrow cricket match, and one 'Varsity ditto. There is not a lot of "Fiddle Faddle" with regard to "tests," as has been the case over the substantial trouncings which Messrs. STODDART & Co. have received in the land of the limber kangaroo. No, Sir, an owner lays himself out to win the famous Liverpool prize, and if he be not successful, he must reckon on putting another twelve months between the Present and the Future of his Ambition.

Perhaps the luckiest and pluckiest of cavaliers was Lord MANNERS, when he deliberately announced that he meant to capture the Stakes at first time of asking, and did so, being himself in the pigskin on *Seaman*. He was, I have been informed by noble patrons, known as "Hoppy" at Eton College. He certainly hopped over the twigs in fine style on the occasion referred to. But, on the other hand, there are Ardent riders, who never attain the Wish-for Goal. Year after year they turn up, resolved to put the winning bracket to their names; but the ill-omened jade, Bad-Luck, is the animal on which they are invariably mounted. They are nevertheless a fearless cut-and-come-again tribe, and, after defeat, generally console themselves with the statement, "Well, poor GEORGE FORDHAM didn't carry off the Derby till he had given up all idea of winning it." All Philosophers do not live in tubs; a great many are more familiar with stable-buckets. One thing is certain, that a rider on the Liverpool course can no more take liberties with the obstacles than can President KRUGER with the Right Hon. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN. When some of the Sandown Park heroes get on to the Lancashire Arena, they feel, as the lamented "RODDY" OWEN once observed, "like fighting cocks who don't know their spurs from their toes." Oh! it's a grand stretch of country, and some of the Dot-and-gone Negotiators of the same would be none the worse for an ounce or two of Cobbler's Wax on the saddle. Yet again, a first-rate horseman may, after four-fifths of the journey have been accomplished, come a Cruel Cropper through no fault of his, just as he is about to rush into the outstretched Arms of Victory, simply and solely because some exhausted Quadruped may swerve, collapse, and cause the Ruin of itself and its immediate follower. And sometimes, honoured Sir, nocturnal Turtle Soup and Punch, for which, in conjunction with Ocean Liners and Ready-made Garments, Liverpool is so justly celebrated, have something to do with subsequent disaster.

But a truce to disquisitions on Cause and Effect! Let me endeavour to solve the Rebus of the Day; no light matter, I can assure you and my clients. I make no doubt, honoured Sir, that you have read of, in your time, and possibly seen, Prophetesses who under Mesmeric Influence have been privileged to peer into the



BLUE FEVER.

Visitor (after a long discourse on the virtues of Temperance). "I'M GLAD TO SEE A LITTLE BOY HERE WEARING THE BLUE RIBBON. THAT'S A GOOD LITTLE FELLOW! PERSEVERE IN YOUR GOOD—"

Billie Groggins. "PLEASE, SIR, I'M HOFFORD!"

Unfolded What-must-be. Suffice it to say, for my lips are padlocked, that I have lately been introduced to one of these Fascinating Personages. Her name, simple but convincing, is MARIA, and I made bold to ask her to elucidate the Liverpool Mystery. As a Minor Poet, I venture to versify her reply:—

Oh, beware of the Nut hard to crack!

That's what MARIA whispered to me!

For a "shop" Lift Aloft you may back.

That's what MARIA whispered to me!

The good Proclamation mayhap you mayn't see,
Or the Barkalleurd's name in the placed 1, 2, 3,
But the Glove and the Passage should runners-up be,

While Harry the Puss shows the way to each "gee."

That's what MARIA whispered to me.

Trusting that MARIA has enabled me to give the right *R-word* (jokelet copyright together with Title of Ballad), I remain,
Sir,
Your expectant Vates,

DARBY JONES.

P.S.—Kindly address your customary Honorarium to the General Post Office, Manchester, as I regret to say that your parsimonious conduct of last year has ruined my reputation at certain Liverpool Hotels.

[We are at a loss to know what D. J. means by his postscript, unless he refers to certain accounts, mainly for champagne and cigars, which we did return to Liverpool, not having authorised him to pledge our credit. Liverpooldians, keep your eye on D. J.!—ED.]



RESEARCHES IN ANCIENT SPORTS.

A LITTLE SPIN AT A SKATING RINK.

LITERARY TOUTS.

I.—PLAIN WORDS WITH A BLUE.

IN view of the approaching contest between the rival wearers of the corulean, a representative of the *Chronic Adviser* extended the privilege of an interview to a delegate from one of the antagonistic factions. It was with No. 22A of the Oxtab crew that he entered into conversation, at the exact moment when that stalwart young figure was stepping into his craft preparatory to indulging in a spin between bridges. It may be of interest to mention that he stands 5.10½ in his shooting-boots, while in his Turkish Bath he weighs 12 stone, 10.3 lbs., the last decimal repeating when his lungs are extended to their full capacity.

"And what are your plans with regard to the great event?" inquired the *Chronic Adviser* man.

"Our primary purpose," replied the young oarsman, with a singularly courteous and unaffected intonation, "is to anticipate our rivals at the winning-post. All other considerations pale before this. As to the exact margin by which we gain the judge's verdict, we are not equally fastidious. No, you are quite wrong about the toast-and-water theory. We have jam for breakfast twice a week and meat on Sundays. I say nothing of iced pudding after a full course on the flood."

"Does not the time hang heavy upon you in your enforced retirement from academical pursuits?"

A frank smile flitted across the open countenance of No. 22A. "Well," he said, "of course we miss that indefinable atmosphere which plays round the presence of the college tutor; but we make shift to survive without it. We have a sharp game of croquet on the back-lawn before breakfast. Then, in the intervals of negotiating the course, we try to improve ourselves by reading the criticisms in your *Chronic Adviser*. Nay, do not blush," he added, reassuringly. "We like to know how others see us. It is so difficult to judge for oneself, in a boat where nearly every

one has his back turned to somebody else. Proximity, again, destroys the perspective. Then we have a little round of Poker or Loo to steady ourselves before dinner; and after dinner our coach, the McFLETCH, gives us readings from BROWNING. Then we go to sleep."

"*Mens sana in corpore sano*, eh?"

"You have hit it exactly in HOMER's words. But, in reply to the question which you are going to ask, oh! yes, we are on the friendliest terms with our so-called opponents. We often go and stay at one another's houses, borrow one another's flannels, and occasionally exchange coxswains. Ah! to be sure, you want to know about the coxswains—how we manage to keep them so small? Well, between you and me and the tiller, it's gin that does it; gin and blood-letting. Our man goes to bed every night with a leech on each calf, and two on the bulge of his biceps. But of course, if a cox. is in hopeless love, that's the best emaciator. How does HORACE put it? *O quam me macerat Susanna proterva!*" (Murmurs of recognition from the *Chronic Adviser* man.) "But," added No. 22A, "this system has its drawbacks. At times it tends to distract them from their duties. I have known a cox. take his crew through the wrong arch of Hammersmith Bridge simply because he saw his False Love waving a parasol of the wrong tint from the summit of that structure."

"I suppose you are very strict about keeping regulations when actually in the boat?"

"Particularly so during the race. All conversation, even the most pleasantly humorous, is discouraged. I do not, of course, include under this head those interchanges of courtesy which are common between the rival helmsmen when each is trying to bore the other on to the "flats," or one of the adjacent banks. In these circumstances a lot of latitude is allowed—and employed. But they always embrace with tears later on at Mortlake. What I rather mean is that we discountenance the natural tendency of the active members of the crew to comment upon the whereabouts

of the enemy, or the relative magnitude of the crowds as compared with former years."

"I think I am right in saying that you have taken part in this little affair on a previous occasion? What, if it is not rude to ask, are your feelings during the contest?"

"As far as Harrod's Chimney," he replied, with an evident straining after truthfulness, "I remarked to myself what a splendid exercise rowing was for the development of a perfect physique. From there to Thornycroft's I regarded it as an overrated amusement. All along Chiswick Eyot I overheard myself saying the Kings of Israel backward. By Barnes Bridge I remembered that I had forgotten to wind my watch up the night before, and wanted to get out and rectify the omission. From there to the finish my past career went in rapid review before my partially-closed eyes. No, I do not think that the necessity of getting an appetite for the subsequent banquet by good hard work is ever a strongly actuating influence during the race. I say this after taking the *consensus* of a large body of old University oarsmen, many of them bishops and members of the Stock Exchange."

"I would thank you to give me your opinion about staleness. It is, I understand, an undesirable condition."

"Frankly, you are right. And it is peculiarly deplorable on the day of the race. When you see men strip at the stake-boat with evident lassitude, or other signs of *ennui*, it is most discouraging to their well-wishers. Nothing can be more intolerably boring than a four-mile course when your heart is not in the work. The sameness of things, the similarity of one stroke to another, reiterated as they are through an appreciable fraction of an hour, reminds one of that continual dropping which a person in the Pentateuch—was it not?—so strongly deprecated."

"One more word. Do you consider that weight tells in the long run?"

"Mere tonnage, though always a source of dignity, is not so important as is popularly supposed. What you want is more

horse-power to your elbow. Remember that the crew, if they are good watermen, are always *inside* the boat: they do not propel it, so to speak, exoterically. You follow me? Consequently, a child may see that they, as well as the boat, have somehow to be conveyed to their destination. If, therefore, you could get a crew 'whose weight might be neglected,' but possessed of an elephantine power of propulsion, it should go far towards doing a peerless performance. And now," he concluded, "for my colleagues grow restless, and the winged curses of my coach are already audible through the medium of the phonoblast, you will please release me from further inquisition." And jauntily assuming his seat on No. 22a thwart, and waving his lily hand, the Oxtab craft slipped away at the rate of $9\frac{1}{2}$ strokes in the first $15\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, and $35\frac{1}{4}$ for the complete revolution of the stop-chronometer.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Gentleman, well stricken in years, visits a spot where he had, in his youth, a love passage with a fair French lady.

SOMEWHERE down in the good South-West,
Where England kisses her Channel Sea,
Where the wave may tumble with frothy crest,

Or laugh like a lady with rippling glee,
Where the storm-fiend sweeps with a bitter laugh

On the rolling platform, when sunbeams dance,

And scatters the sand from the seaweed chaff,

I stand on the cliff and I look to France!

SOMEWHERE down in the good South-West,
Where the air is fragrant with scent of pine,

That of all scent is richest, best,
The reek of the dripping turpentine!

Think me not vulgar to sing its praise,

Nor at my threnody look askance,

It was dearest to both in the bygone days—

We stood on the cliff and we looked to France!

SOMEWHERE down in the good South-West,
When the fir-trees bend to the throbbing sea,

Truth has the words and Time has the test

Of the vows that were spoken once to me.

I was so happy and you so kind

(Here I can picture your ev'ry glance!)

But Truth, if not Time, is now left behind—

I stand on the cliff and I look to France!

I stand on the cliff and I look to France,

To the country, whence your fair presence came,

When the throw of a die could give Life's chance

To win all we asked for in Fortune's name.

But the picture is blurred in the good South-West,

I know that I lost my one only chance;—

I'm a grandpapa now without zeal or zest,

And you my equivalent, love, in France!

SUGGESTION FOR THE UNIVERSITIES.—

To confer on distinguished astronomers

"hororary degrees."

HOW TO EFFECTUALLY SILENCE AN

ENEMY.—Why, with a "dum dum" bullet,

of course.



"ESTO PERPETUA."

'ULLO, SWIPES, WOT'S THE MATTER! GOIN' TO A FUNERAL!'
'NO! GOT THIS BY THE HOUR, AND I'M TIRING OF HIM OUT!'

CONCERNING THE L. C. C.

Before the Election.

Brown. Well met, SMITH; but I am afraid I can't spare you a moment. I have a most important appointment.

Smith. And I, too, BROWN. I suppose you are thinking of the L. C. C. election?

B. Of course. Every ratepayer should regard it as of the greatest moment.

S. But do you think it matters much which party is in power—from a ratepayer's point of view?

B. But principle, SMITH, is everything—I repeat, everything!

S. Certainly; but economy is worthy of consideration.

B. Undoubtedly; but economy can be carried too far. It never should obscure principle.

S. I forget your side, but can you sketch your policy?

B. Well, it is rather complicated, but the broad principle is, do what's right. And you, who are opposed to me, what is your policy?

S. Also a little mysterious, but I think I can safely say, avoid doing wrong.

B. But surely you have a better explanation than that?

S. Well, no. To tell the truth, I have not had time to go into the matter very deeply. But perhaps you have had more leisure?

B. Not at all. My impressions are much the same as yours. But I must be off at once. Can't wait any longer. I am going to the poll.

S. And so am I.

[*Ezeunt severally to vote for Twiddledum and Twiddledee.*]

After the Election.

B. Well met, SMITH. So your side won?

S. Did it? I have been so busy that I have scarcely noticed anything. But I can't stay talking to you or any one else, as I have an important engagement. If I don't keep it I shall get into trouble.

B. And so shall I, for I have an appointment, too. By the way, in spite of your side's victory, the expenditure is as heavy as usual.

S. Of course. Always is. Hang the L. C. C.!

B. Certainly, SMITH. Every one can agree on that point. Hang the L. C. C.!

And now good-bye—must be off.

S. And I, too.

[*Ezeunt severally to settle with the rate-collector.*]



The Lodger. "OH, MRS. BAKER, JUST TAKE THE CHILL OFF THIS BOTTLE OF CLARET BEFORE YOU DECANT IT, WILL YOU!"

The Landlady (bridling). "YES, SIR, I 'OPE I KNOWS 'OW GENTLEMEN LIKES THEIR WINE. MY PORE 'USBAND—AN ORFICER IN THE ARMY 'E WAS—'E NEVER DRUNK NOTHINK EXCEPTIN' CHAMPAGNE, AN' ALWAYS 'AD IT WARMED FUST!"

THE RACE IN ADVANCE.

(An Article satisfying the Exigencies of the Situation.)

SATURDAY, March 26, opened with the sun shining, the birds singing, and all nature rejoicing in the approach of Spring. The day was dull and bleak, and the wintry wind swept the reaches of the river from shore to shore like the lash of the storm-fiend. The ladies were clad in the lightest raiment; muslin and chiffon ruled supreme; and many a dainty complexion was saved from the sultry rays of the God of Day by the lace-covered *en-tout-cas*. Furs and umbrellas were much in evidence, and the male sex was in large preponder-

ance. Such was the scene on the banks. On the river itself were crowds of every description, from the craft of yesterday to the skiff of the day after to-morrow. Father Thames never looked brighter—he was enjoying his holiday. It was natural, indeed, that the great silent highway should be all but deserted in such weather. What pleasure could be obtained in sleet and snow? The mighty audience that usually acclaimed the rival crews was conspicuous by its absence.

Who does not know the scene of the race? It has been told by a score of tongues, and the contest of 1898 differed in nothing essential from its predecessors. The dark blues led from start to finish, and reduced the trial of strength to a proces-

sion. Yes, it certainly was a triumph for the Cam. A well-fought fight from Putney to Barnes. There was little to choose between the rivals, but as the signal was given all England—nay, all the world—knew that the laurel wreath was to the Athletes of the Azure.

And so it ended. Well may those who love "the House" or can boast of "Uny," cheer to the echo. Well may they shout for Oxford—grand old Oxford. The battle is over, and the dark blue flag once again appears above the other on the piers of the Thames Conservancy. Well may Trinity and the Hall be proud of their achievements. Well may they toast the *Granta* and cheer the A. D. C. Cambridge is herself again. She has wrested back from the grasp of her rival the supremacy of the river. Three cheers, then, for Cambridge, the Queen of the Thames!

And certainly the victory is a popular one. Oxford has always been the favourite of the Londoner. The Cockney loves the deeper hue. Yes, indeed, the result of the contest was applauded to the echo. Those who live within sound of Bow Bells have no ears save for the murmur of the Cam.

One word more. There is no doubt that, on this as on all other occasions, the best men have won. No doubt it may be argued that faulty steering influenced the result. It may be even suggested that the losing eight lost because the crew were badly placed. The stroke should have been elsewhere, to make room for a more deserving colleague. But no, all such ideas are ridiculous. Say what you will, the victory has gone to the better—that better which is also known as the best.

[Covering letter accompanying the above.

—DEAR EDITOR.—You see, as you are out before the result of the boat-race is known, I have done an article which is capable of a double interpretation. Whichever side comes in first you can point to appropriate applause. Ask your readers to delete for themselves the superfluous passages. The final paragraph will do for either side. You comprehend? Yours to the death,

YOUR BOATING CONTRIBUTOR.

Note from the Editor.—Communication used. The Public, having gone through the preliminary of paying their money, are now invited to exercise the right of making a choice.]

EVOLUTION.

ONCE you timidly would flee
At the very sight of me,

Pretty CHLOE,
Then you learnt my gaze to woo,
As your courage bolder grew,
And your smart apparel, too,
Yet more showy.

Then came rational attire;
Traits you aped that once with ire
You'd disparage;
You, once at my pipe irate,
Learned to smoke yourself of late;
Now you want a separate
Smoking carriage.

Since then, CHLOE, habits free
You affect now that in me
Once annoyed you,
And your progress I disdain,
Would that you your boon could gain—
So at least I in the train
Might avoid you.



THE NEW "STROKE."

RIGHT HON. ARTHUR BALFOUR. "HOPE YOU'LL BE FIT AGAIN SOON. I'LL DO MY BEST WHILE YOU'RE AWAY."



IN THE MOVEMENT.

Athleta. "I WANT TO SEE ONE OF THOSE WAGNER CYCLES PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT, AND, IF I LIKE IT, I'LL SUBSCRIBE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE reading world, more particularly those interested in political history at the commencement of the century, have reason to be thankful that Lady GREGORY was finally induced to sample out the contents of the "large iron-clamped leather-covered box at Coole." It bore the inscription "Correspondence of the Right Hon. WILLIAM GREGORY, 1813-1835." The Right Hon. WILLIAM, grandfather of Lady GREGORY's husband, was for eighteen of those years Under-Secretary for Ireland. In that capacity he came in personal contact or correspondence with most of the statesmen of the day. His letters to them and theirs to him, hidden away for more than half a century in this old box, throw vivid side-lights on the history of the time. In *Mr. Gregory's Letter-Box* (SMITH, ELDER) we see in considerable detail how bitter was the opposition that barred the way to Catholic Emancipation. It also becomes apparent, the more effectually since it certainly was not Mr. GREGORY's intention to make the disclosure, how at that time Ireland was farmed by, and for, the personal and pecuniary advantage of Englishmen. In these pages my Baronite catches glimpses of Lord TALBOT, the Marquis of WELLESLEY and Lord ANGLESEA, in succession Viceroy; of Mr. CANNING, Mr. GOULBURN, Mr. LAMB, some day to become Lord MELBOURNE; Lord LIVERPOOL, O'CONNELL, SHIEL, and Sir ROBERT PEEL. There is a good deal about this last, dealing with the time when he was Chief Secretary, perhaps the least illuminated portion of PEEL's life. The old leather-box giving up the ghost of its contents, proves afresh how

Whatever records leap to light
He never shall be shamed.

At the Chief Secretary's Lodge, as in after years in Downing Street, Sir ROBERT PEEL was always the same—honest, imperturbable, implacable, moved only by a sense of duty, not to be turned aside from its path either by threats or cajolery.

From Mr. ANTHONY HOPE's *Simon Dale* (METHUEN) it is made

to appear that His Gracious Majesty CHARLES THE SECOND and his contemporary Gracious Majesty King LOUIS of France were mere amateurs in a repulsive trade which, in this matter-of-fact and highly moral "so-called" nineteenth century, would have landed them (had they not been royalties) and their agents (who would of course have been disowned by their employers) in the dock at Bow Street or in the nearest police-court. *Tempora mutantur*, and it was a reactionary period after the overstrained puritanism of Old NOLL. Mr. ANTHONY HOPE crowds his canvass, but contrives to sustain the reader's interest in his hero, who is a bit of a fool, and in his heroine, who in some respects may call to mind THACKERAY's *Beatrice*, and Sir WALTER's *Alice*, in *Woodstock*. Yet the author contrives to touch us by working on our sneaking kindness towards the vulgar orange-girl, Duchess of St. Albans, the very human and soft-hearted NELL GWYNNE, "the Protestant (word unmentionable to ears polite)," as it is historically recorded she styled herself when facing the mob. In this fancy portrait of NELL is the pith of the book. It is the glorification of NELL and not the fortunes of *Simon and Barbara* that will "catch on." There are not a few strikingly melo-dramatic situations, of which the most daringly-devised is when, at their wits' end in a boat, *Simon* parts with a *Louis*, and is thereby reduced to his last guinea. But the prettiest and most touching passage in the whole book is to be found in the commencement of the last chapter; and fully to appreciate this, it is essential to read the whole romance from beginning to end says

THE BARON DE B.-W.

SONGS FOR THE NATION.

"I have had a considerable share in framing my country's laws, which, indeed, is no mean privilege, yet I should esteem it a still greater privilege if I had been permitted to add to the number of her songs."—Gladstone.

ONE of the blessings of an advanced civilisation is the "nigger" song. To write an efficient "nigger" song, take the word "coon," repeat it a good many times, combine it with "honey," add the moon and stars, and spell to taste. "Alabama," "Mississippi," "Carolina," "banjo," and about twenty other words may be used as local colouring. My present specimen is put forward in the hope that some inspired musician may Rouse the Great Heart of the Nation through its humble instrumentality.

A "COON" AND "HONEY" SONG.

I.

Oh! honey, all the skeeters is asleep,
Am yo' sleepin' ?
Say, honey, all de stars begin to peep,
Am yo' peepin' ?

If yo' flash on me, BELINDER, yo're illuminatin' eye,
Yo' will cook me to a cinder, I shall wither up an' die—
Am yo' peepin' thro' de winder ? Is yo' gazin' at de sky ?
Am yo' sleepin' ?

Refrain.

Let me croon, honey, croon
To de moon, honey, moon,
For de moon is a boon to a copper-coloured coon.
I'se a coon, honey, coon,
I'se a coffee-coloured coon,
Oh, honey, honey, honey, tho' I haven't any money,
I'se a Coon !

II.

Oh! honey, don't yo' hear dis nigger sigh ?
I'se a sighin' !
Say, honey, as de piccanninies cry,
I'se a cryin' !

Tho' my voice is full o' blubber as an egg is full o' meat,
My lungs is ingj-rubber, dey is tough and hard to beat.
Won't yo' listen to yo're lubber, as he warbles at yo're feet—
I'se a sighin' !

Refrain.

Let me swoon, honey, swoon
'Neath de moon, honey, moon.
For the moon is a boon to a dandy-coloured coon.
I'se a coon, honey, coon,
I'se a cocoa-coloured coon,
Oh, honey, honey, honey, tho' it isn't very funny,
I'se a Coon !



First Combatant. "—! —! —! —! &c."
Second Combatant. "'OW CAN I! 'E'S USED ALL THE BEST WORDS!"

Bystander. "WHY DON'T YER ANSWER 'IM BACK?"

A YARD MEASURE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I gather from the newspapers that there has been considerable commotion with regard to that imposing edifice the Grosvenor Hotel, situated on what has been justly described as one of the finest sites in London. With this quarrel I have nothing to do, being a total abstainer—from company strife; but I do venture to draw your attention, and that of the authorities as may be, to the disreputable yard adjacent, wherein cabs, omnibuses, and other vehicles assemble, to collect and distribute passengers by two important lines of railway. Surrounded by wretched wooden palings resembling those of the primeval village-pound, this inclosure reeks with possible accidents, and is saturated with probable collisions. It is an eye and by-way sore in the midst of West-End traffic, a back-to-date memorial of the infancy of travel, in short, a disgrace to circulating civilisation.

Compare this pernicious pen (no, Sir, I am writing with the best broad-nibbed quill—"pen" having more meanings than one, you'll observe) with the well-arranged court at Charing Cross, or the cleanly and well-arranged approaches to Waterloo, Paddington, Liverpool Street, Euston or St. Pancras, or even round the corner at the fairly-roomy entrance of the L. C. & D. station, and you have the difference between confusion and compact order. Inansom or on foot the voyager hieing to Victoria Station runs a risk not discounted by the fact that he has in his pocket a weekly periodical assigning £1,000 to his nearest relatives by reason of sudden demise.

I ask, then, Sir, that this open space

round and about the L. B. & S. C. R. should no longer be the playground of the reckless javey or the irresponsible 'bus-driver. I demand, in short, that Victoria Station yard should be assimilated to the requirements of the (yet unregistered) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Humanity.

Mr. F. GOODAY (name of bright omen) has lately taken in hand the reins of the ever-enterprising Brighton Railway Company. May we hope that his arrival at London Bridge may mean *auspicium melioris avi* at Victoria?

I am, dear Mr. Punch,
Your obedient servant,
ONE FIVE TIMES NEARLY RUN OVER.
Accident Club, W.

THE DIARY OF A NINE-DAYS' WONDER.

First Day.—A letter appears in a daily paper, say, calling attention to a case of alleged ill-treatment of a feudatory population by the authorities of the suzerain. The journal (being short of subjects) deals with the matter in a ten-line editorial.

Second Day.—Six letters appear in the daily in support of the original epistle, and the affair is discussed in a leading article. The question is touched upon in more than one of the evening papers.

Third Day.—The entire press, Metropolitan and Provincial, full of the alleged ill-treatment. Special telegraphic intelligence relative to the "outrage" wired by an important news agency. The matter discussed at nine-tenths of the dinner-tables of London.

Fourth Day.—Question in the House followed by Ministerial explanation. Late editions of the evening papers express

dissatisfaction, and arrangements for public meetings in various parts of the kingdom completed.

Fifth Day.—Popular assemblies everywhere. Mass meeting in Hyde Park. All the light musical pieces provided with topical song and encore verses on the subject. The matter engrosses the attention of the nation to the exclusion of everything else.

Sixth Day.—The contents bills full of it. Movement of fleets and armies given, accompanied by press interpretation. The City begins to take notice of the topic, and bulls and bears prepare for a contest.

Seventh Day.—Fall in Consols. All the Bourses in Europe affected. Crisis in the City. Full-dress debate in the House of Lords, and the fate of the Ministry in the balance. All domestic matters neglected, that undivided attention may be given to the consideration of the great topic of the hour.

Eighth Day.—Matter begins to wane in importance. Some of the papers give it only half a column, and others merely a side-headed paragraph of a dozen lines. City regains composure. Topic voted stale at the dinner-tables. Encore verses in the topical songs cancelled.

Ninth Day.—End of the boom. No comment of any sort in the press, with a solitary exception. Sub-editor at the last moment "shovels in" a letter that has been standing over for some days, to the disgust of his chief. Reclamations in the sanctum.

Twenty-four Hours later.—The "alleged ill-treatment of a feudatory population, &c." entirely forgotten, and the British public thinking about something else.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 14.—THE SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE knows what it is to suffer. He has seen old friends and companions dear, like DON JOSE, advanced from his side, where they long took part in guerilla warfare, to be Cabinet Minister, corner stones in the edifice of Conservatism they once with him beleaguered. He has seen himself passed over at a time when many agreed with him in the belief he had fairly won the guerdon of office. He resented that by "going for" the wrong man, pursuing with relentless animosity a colleague of Mr. G.'s, who had no more to do with his just disappointment than had the Member for Sark. That an exception to his ordinary habit. Usually, being of philosophic mind, prone to cynicism, he bears things and grins.

One exception, beyond his belated attack on Lord ROSEBURY, is the spectacle of the two Front Benches supporting each other. That is a trial against which his habitual equanimity is not proof. To-night he broke forth in burst of scolding that startled the House. COLONIAL SECRETARY, his heart touched by the sorrows of St. Vincent and the dolours of Dominica, proposed, out of his great bounty, to relieve them at expense of British taxpayer. That beast of burden has of late grown so inured to giving doles that he might have been expected to plump down this comparatively small sum without a murmur. SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE protesting, carried with him into Lobby only 78 Members; 236 voted for doing the handsome thing with other people's money.

Among them hon. and right hon. gentlemen on Front Opposition Bench. When they came back they found the SAGE waiting for them. From convenient contiguity of corner seat below Gangway he turned and rent them. Leaders forsooth! "In order to lead an Opposition, you must head it in the Division Lobby;" whereas, as usual, occupants of Front Opposition Bench back up the Government. The SAGE's esteemed Leaders laughed. Much more genuine was the mirth on opposite benches, whence this fresh evidence of division in the camp of the enemy was fair to see.

Business done.—Progress with Supplementary Estimates.

Tuesday.—"If there's dancing among eggs to be done," said SARK, admiringly watching CAWMELL-BANNERMAN talking round the Home Rule Question, "H. C. B. is the safest man to do it. He's lost the waist of early youth; weighs a stone or so more than goes with perfect grace; but he knows what he's about."

Tail wagging the head after old familiar fashion on Liberal side. House invited to-night to discuss Home Rule Question. On principle that you can't have too much of a good thing it was called "Home Rule all round." The young men of the Party thought such discussion would be a nice way of spending a Tuesday evening. No topic more certain to create fissures in ranks of Liberal Party, into which jeering Ministerialists might thrust the finger of scorn. To a good Liberal that an irresistible attraction. Accordingly, resolution carefully



Robinson Crusoe and his Man Friday.
(Sir CH-RL-S D-LKE and Mr. M'K-NNA.)

drawn up, placed on paper, with inevitable result of attracting flock of amendments.

As soon as conversation started, spluttering in Liberal camp began. Everybody differed from everybody else, whilst Ministerialists rubbed their hands and chortled in their joy. Effect on Front Opposition Bench curious. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, who is just recovering from bed of sickness—was, indeed, down here yesterday—suffered sudden relapse that tied him to his own fireside. JOHN MORLEY, who has his views on Home Rule, kept them to himself. Bluff BOB REID, rising from the extreme end of the bench, a position indicative of as little responsibility as possible for its counsels, seconded the motion, and was immediately set upon by HALDANE. CAWMELL-BANNERMAN, from the place of the Leader of the Opposition, protested he "spoke only as a Scotch Member." So if any of the eggs were broken they mustn't be charged to the future account of the Liberal Party. On a back bench WILLIE REDMOND posed, big with a speech, delivery of which preluded the pleasant count-out. Near him, scarcely less portentous in his tragic air of self-importance, lounged brother JOHN, who sardonically laughed "Ha! ha!" as successive speakers on Liberal side protested their inalienable devotion to Home Rule for Ireland. "Only not to-day, not to-day."

On the whole, our dear House of Commons in its meanest, most pitiful aspect, not unfrequently assumed when it chances to touch the pitch of the Irish Question.

Business done.—House counted out at five minutes to nine.

Thursday.—"It is," SARK says, "a minor but very real injustice to Ireland that it's national emblem in the floral department should be the shamrock. The Englishman's rose, the Scotchman's thistle, and, for the matter of that, Taffy's leek, may be worn for a reasonable time in condition of freshness. The first thing the shamrock does when you put it in button-hole or caubeen is to wither, presenting shrivelled-up appearance that is neither decorative nor inspiring."

Something in this, at least as far as London is concerned. In Westmeath the shamrock may remain defiantly fresh through the lengthening March day. At Westminster it straightway shrivels up at touch of the Saxon wind. Only close observation could detect the emblem displayed on the manly bosom of PATRICK O'BRIEN as, just now, drawing himself up to full height, he looked down on PRINCE ARTHUR, and asked him, what about the port that bears his name in the far, far East?

For some time the situation at Port Arthur has perturbed PATRICK. Wherefore nobody knows. That his interest is deep and abiding is testified by repeated questioning of GEORGE CURZON. That adroit young man, superfluously assuming air of innocence, has made reply without giving answer. Time after time P. O'B. has come up to the scratch with inquiry in varied form as to what Russia is doing or wants to do at Port Arthur? The actually wily Under-Secretary has given baffling reply. But he does not know PATRICK O'BRIEN,



THE RECKLESS ONE.

Wife of Injured Cyclist (who, having found considerable difficulty in getting on his bicycle, and none whatever in coming off, has never ventured to attempt more than three miles in the hour). "WELL, I DO BELIEVE HE'S HAD A LESSON AT LAST! I WARNED HIM ABOUT 'SCORCHING.' I SAID TO HIM, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO DO WITH THE 'RECORD'!"

who traces his descent direct from WILLIAM O'BRIEN, the early King of Ireland whose untamed crest was a pair of breeches rampant displayed on a hedgerow vert. If the underling will not answer, he will go to the master. So, gracefully recognising in PRINCE ARTHUR "the representative of the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS," he addresses his prize-poem of a question to him.

Alack-a-day! PRINCE ARTHUR declines to walk into PATRICK'S parlour. GEORGE CURZON saunters up and affects to make reply just as if the question had been addressed to him, whilst giggling Saxons chuckle at the discomfiture of the gentleman from Kilkenny.

"It may be St. Patrick's Day," said SARK, sympathetically. "It certainly isn't PATRICK O'BRIEN'S."

Business done.—Light Dues Bill read a second time, after eloquent protest by CAP'TEN TOMMY BOWLES.

House of Lords, Friday night.—Pretty to see COUNTY GUY strolling in just now as if there was nothing particular the matter. The matter was that House had met to pass third reading of London University Commission Bill. Measure in charge of his Grace the Lord President of the Council. It was the old, old story:—

Bird, beast and flower proclaim the hour;
But where is COUNTY GUY?

"Where?" cried LORD CHANCELLOR, looking anxiously round the House. "Where?" echoed GRAND CROSS, peering behind the Woodsack, as if the Duke, in sportive mood, was playing hide-and-seek.

At length, when things were growing serious, COUNTY GUY strolled in, with one hand in his pocket, and on his countenance a disposition to yawn. His imperturbability sublime. With unhastened step he reached the Ministerial bench; seated himself in leisurely fashion; slowly rose; moved formal resolution; resumed his seat; and, having done some service to the State, felt he might indulge in personal gratification. So he yawned.

Business done.—House of Commons having voted the men for the Navy, votes the money too.

A HERO OF MATTER OF FACT.

(Extract from *Something better than a Romance*.)

["At the present rate of decrease the professional burglar and pickpocket will soon disappear."
Daily Paper.]

THE man crept away from the house. The moon was shining brightly, and he did his best to avoid detection. He carried with him a bag containing the results of his expedition in spoons, candlesticks and tea-pots.

"Stop!"

Yes, he was arrested. There was no escape. The constable blew his whistle, and an excited crowd gathered around.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the constable, "I am glad to tell you that I have been successful. He is in our hands. This is a proud day for this city—this country!"

"Let me go," cried the man, struggling to be free.

"Into a palace," returned the Mayor,

courteously removing his cocked hat of office. "Certainly, my dear Sir—all your wants shall receive attention."

"And you shall be photographed, and the statue waiting with a face blank in the market-place shall receive the finishing touch of your portrait." This came from the Lord Lieutenant of the county.

Then there was organised a procession. Headed by flags and bands of music, the hero of the hour was escorted to the Town Hall. The cheering was deafening.

A few hours later a goodly company assembled in the banqueting saloon. There had been a splendid luncheon, and the customary toasts had been drunk with enthusiasm.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the Mayor, who presided, "I now come to the speech of the day. The health of our guest—may he live long to enjoy the honours we confer upon him."

Then came a mighty burst of cheering which shook the building to its foundation.

"But I say, guv'nor," whispered the hero to his neighbour, the police-constable who had arrested him, "why are they making all this fuss about me?"

"Don't you know?" was the response.

"Why, go along with you!"

"Stow your chaff. Come, why are they making such a fuss about a poor chap who was doing nothing except trying blessed 'ard to make a living? Why am I the 'ero of the hour?"

"Because you are the only burglar in England!"

And the constable joined in the cheering.

GOING TO THE DOGS.

To the Editor of Punch.

SIR,—A few weeks ago, a dear relative was taken suddenly ill. Our family doctor failed to discover the cause. Eventually he was removed. Amongst his papers we found the following:—

Question. If you may not set a dog at large, what should you do with him?

Answer. Set him at LONG!



One of the doctors at Brantwood considers this sufficient to cause the present mental condition. Another doctor has kindly sent us the inclosed sketch; and we are glad to possess it, as we have no portrait. The case is hopeless! SPECTATOR.



INSULT TO INJURY.

Dismounted Sportsman (just come up with Hounds, after a long chase on foot). "Hi! CONFOUND YOU! GET OFF MY HORSE, YOU RASCAL!"

Out-of-place Groom. "OH! 'EE'S YOURS, IS HE, GUV'NOR? WELL, I'M SURE YOU'RE WELCOME TO 'IM. THE OLD SCREW 'AS BEEN ON 'IS 'ED THREE TIMES, AND NOW 'EE'S GOING DEAD LAME. THE WUST 'ORSE I EVER RODE!"

THE WAY WITH THE MILITIA.

(A sketch founded upon imagination.)

SCENE — The Home of Red Tape. Enter to Eloquent Chief a number of Auxiliary C.O.s.

First Commanding Officer. My lord, we come here on behalf of the militia to—

Eloquent Chief (interrupting). The militia! Ah! you have touched a sympathetic chord in my breast! Believe me, I have the greatest admiration for the militia—the good old militia!

Second C. O. Then would your lordship kindly—

E. C. (as before). Believe me, I would do anything for the old constitutional force, that grand old army that rallied round the colours five hundred years ago.

Third C. O. You are very kind, but would you—

E. C. (as before). Indeed, indeed, I would do anything, everything. I regard the militia as the backbone of the British Army. It is simply marvellous how much they do, how well they march to the band, how regularly they train for twenty-seven days in the year! The militia is the glory of Britannia, the ruler of the waves.

Fourth C. O. You are most complimentary. But we would ask—

E. C. (as before). Ask anything, everything. I repeat, there was never so gallant a force as the militia. And when the time comes they will win Waterloo, Alma, Inkerman, and Tel-el-Kebir, like

their brethren in the service battalions. The old constitutional force is the most magnificent in the world. It is impossible to do too much for it.

Fifth C. O. Well, my lord, will you give our rank and file a helmet?

E. C. (aghast). A helmet! Oh! come, I say, this is asking too much! A helmet—a helmet that no one has ever used before? Oh! that is really going a step too far, it is indeed!

[Scene closes in upon the situation.]



Future R.A. proceeding with his Canvass.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

(By One who has tried them.)

MUST really decide where to go for five or six days at Easter. Weather always awful. Usual Springtime. North-east wind, frost, snow and dust. Something like last week. Can't stop in London. One Sunday or Bank Holiday in London mournful enough. But four of them consecutively! Impossible!

Innocent persons go to the south coast of England, thinking that fifty miles nearer the equator one is in quite a different climate. Bournemouth? Bosh! All sandy dust and depressing invalids. Torquay? Twaddle! Probably rain all the time, if not snow. England no good. Scotland or Ireland? Worse!

Must go, as people say vaguely, "abroad." How about Paris? North-east wind, frost, snow and dust, worse than here. Streets windy, theatres draughty, cafés and restaurants suffocating. Brussels? Nothing but rain. Aix-les-Bains? Probably snow. Nice? That might do. No frost or snow, but very likely a north-east wind, and certainly lots of dust. Besides, thirty hours' journey out and thirty hours' journey back, would only leave about sixty hours there. No good. Rome, Seville, Constantinople, Cairo? Still farther. Should have to leave on the return journey before I arrived. Where can I go to at Easter to be warm and comfortable, without so much trouble? I know. To bed!



Linley Sambourne del. et sculp.

A MATTER OF INTEREST.

Modern Shylock (leaving Money-lending Committee). "I PRAY YOU GIVE ME LEAVE TO GO FROM HENCE—I AM NOT WELL."

The Merchant of Venice, Act IV. Sc. 1.



THE ADVANTAGES OF A CLASSICAL EDUCATION.

Brown narrates one of his best Stories which, from various motives, he translates into the French tongue. A loud guffaw is heard from the Sideboard Host (with great presence of mind). "VIR PEDIS EX GALLIÆ EST!"

FLITTINGS.

(Per Ocean Bottle-post.)

*In the South Atlantic,
Three miles off Land (perpendicularly).
Six Bells, Feb. 27, 1898.*

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Yeo-ho and ahoy! If this ever reaches you, it is to tell you that the very good ship *Triton* (this is within a cable's length of her name) has been at sea for just a fortnight, bound for the Cape on her second trip. She bears on board about a thousand souls all told, five horses, a couple of cows, two or three parrots, of third-class behaviour, and a few canaries, which have not as yet taken berths inside the ship's cat.

We left Southampton on an even keel, but there were plenty of French rolls for breakfast next morning in the Bay of Biscay, so we were agrotat (*sic*) for the rest of the day in such seclusion as our cabin granted. The next event of importance was Madeira. Here we had about four hours in which to watch the natives (one of them a one-armed boy) diving for our spare coppers, to breakfast on shore, to do the sights of Funchal, to buy deck-chairs, if not whole drawing-room suites, of wickerwork, to visit Santa Clara and the other suburban resorts, and, most necessary of all, to ascend by the new mountain railway to the church of Nossa Senhora de Monte, and then to descend two thousand feet by *carro*, or toboggan over the cobble-stone pathway. It was a

lot to do, but we did it on our heads—especially the last-named athletic performance. Our steersman, MANUEL, certainly deserved his pint of Madeira at the "Half-way House" for his agility and dexterity in taking us down a decline of one in two, past corkscrew corners, and hordes of beggars.

English money seems to be quite the medium of currency at Funchal, and English is spoken by the enterprising islanders while you wait (or until your last shilling is spent). Even a tea-garden sort of place is dignified by the name of "Earl's Court," to attract and solace the homesick Londoner. Meanwhile, it was market-day on board the ship, and great was the company of merchants with all kinds of wares. These are bundled off neck and crop by 11 A.M., and we settled down to the serious business of the voyage—the election of a Sports and Entertainment Committee, the consumption of six meals a day, the daily sweepstakes and auction on the run, the dissection of everybody's character, and the other inevitable humours and incidents of an ocean trip.

We fetched a compass, or whatever the nautical phrase is, round the Canaries in a sea-fog, for fear of running up against Teneriffe, and since then we haven't sighted land, nor seen a ship, or even a whale or waterspout, nothing more exciting than a few coveys of flying-fish, and, I think, half a dozen porpoises. At the moment of writing, however, I see a solitary albatross, and lose no time in in-

forming your readers of the fact. We crossed the line without feeling the slightest bump. We have passed through the tropics with only one hot night, and our feet, like our thoughts, are now turning towards Fleet Street and home, as we near the Antipodes.

We have had the usual fancy-dress ball with some decidedly impromptu costumes. One of a large theatrical company was quite unrecognisable as Sheffield's Ape, taking the first prize, and has since been busy restoring himself to human form. The captain's clerk appeared in a series of quick-turn changes, such as a comic sailor or a deplorable old lady; while the ship's doctor contributed an awe-inspiring impersonation of Old Moore or somebody in the wizard profession.

The sports and other entertainments have passed off without bloodshed. Our captain, a breezy, jovial Irishman, received the ladies with open arms at the finish of their fifty yards race, and the comedians who performed in "Are you there?" and the other humorous items fully rose, or tumbled, to the occasion, as the case might be. Take it all round, we have had a particularly good time of it. Pleasant company and pleasant weather. Out of reach of letters and telegrams, and face to face with the ocean.

We are now in the teeth of a strong south-easter, and the writing-room is beginning to dance. I therefore hasten to catch the post.

Yours, very much at sea, X. Y. Z.



ACCURACY ABOVE ALL.

! Mrs. Crossley (at a "Private View"). "REALLY, YOU GIRLS HAVE NO MEMORIES AT ALL. OF COURSE IT'S WHAT'S-HIS-NAME RESCUING WHO-DO-YOU-CALL-IT FROM—OH, YOU KNOW—AT THE SIEGE OF THAT PLACE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Egypt in the Nineteenth Century (SMITH, ELDER) is an attractive-looking book with an excellent map. But the belated reader soon discovers that its author, Mr. CAMERON, lacks the gift of lucidity. He is choke-full of his subject, and is prone to splutter it forth in bewildering fashion. My Baronite, diligently pursuing the thread of the narrative, occasionally found himself in Syria when he thought he was in Egypt, or reading about IBRAHAM PACHA when it really was his father, MEHEMET ALI, who was referred to. One thing at least comes out clear from the muddle. It is that of all the services England has incidentally done to humanity by extension of her empire, nothing surpasses the wonder wrought in Egypt. The condition alike of the finances and the fellaheen, as compared with what they were in the time of MEHEMET ALI or of ISMAIL PACHA, exceeds any transformation fabled in the *Arabian Nights*.

Mr. FISHER UNWIN has commenced the publication of a complete set of the Waverley novels under the title "The Century Scott." For my Baronite the type is a little small, but it is beautifully clear, printed on good paper, daintily bound, and all for a shilling. Them as is rich and rides in chaises may plank down half-a-crown, and have it bound in leather.

The commencement of GRANT ALLEN's *Incidental Bishop* (PEARSON Limited) is excellent as an exciting prologue to a story that ought to have been an amusing comedy of farcical errors with a happy solution. *The Incidental Bishop* is anything but this; and the possibility of the tale is destroyed by the glaring character of the improbabilities. Better would it have been had Mr. GRANT ALLEN followed in brevity the example of the late Captain MARRYAT's *Mr. Chucks*, the boatswain, whose story of his own life, as told to young *Peter Simple* (Ch. XIV.) is so closely analogous to that of *The Incidental Bishop*, that, at first sight, it would seem as if the modern author owed his inspiration to the older

one, and had simply substituted *Tom Pringle* for "*Mr. Chucks*," and the missionary for "*Lord A—*." In MARRYAT's novel *Mr. Chucks* puts on his lordship's clothes, his lordship having died at sea, and is welcomed everywhere as "my lord," while, in GRANT ALLEN's, *Tom Pringle* puts on the missionary's clothes, the reverend gentleman dying at sea, and after being received everywhere as an Anglican clergyman, a bishopric is conferred on him. MARRYAT's *Mr. Chucks* is ultimately hauled up at Bow Street, and commences life again on board ship: ALLEN's *Tom Pringle* dies a pseudo-bishop, and his fraud is never discovered. Captain MARRYAT's story has the advantage over Mr. GRANT ALLEN's of being told in seven pages, whereas the latter occupies two hundred and forty-eight, and, with the exception of the prologue about the slave-trader, I must own to a preference for the shorter treatment of the original idea.

It is curious that Captain MARRYAT (of whose collected works a delightfully readable edition has recently been published by DENT & Co.) should, on two occasions in the same novel, have made one of his minor heroes, the *Mr. Chucks* above-mentioned, avail himself of the device of appropriating somebody else's clothes, and then adopting the name of the deceased wearer. The ruling passion of wishing to bear a title and dress as a gentleman was too strong for *Mr. Chucks*, and, in his second attempt, he succeeded! No doubt Captain MARRYAT, as a nautical novelist, excused himself to himself for the repetition of "the means," seeing that, on repetition, they were justified by "the end" achieved. Wanted, a MARRYAT of the present day to give us a racy nautical novel, descriptive of life aboard the huge armour-plated turret ships and such-like modern fighting monsters of the deep. Pity Lord CHARLES BERESFORD hasn't a novelistic twist. One good MARRYAT-like novel would do more good to the cause that his lordship has at heart than a hundred speeches, be they reported never so widely. THE BARON DE B.-W.

AFFECTIONATE FURNITURE.

SIR,—As a Philosopher it has always struck me that apparently inanimate objects possess affections. Arm-chairs have probably deep-seated feelings. I was struck by this advertisement in the *Times*, "Notice.—Wall Papers like O'd Silks." Do they? I trust that the sentiment is reciprocal, and that "Old Silks like Wall Papers." I am aware that "Old Silks" may mean "Old Queen's Counsel," but why should they like "Wall Papers"? No, I prefer to take it literally as proving my theory. Inanimate objects have their likes and dislikes. The humble chair does not mind being "sat on." A hat may hang fondly on its own dear little "Peg." An ill-used sofa, oppressed by its burdens, may exclaim with *Falstaff*, "Lord! how this world is given to lying." A book may feel itself a prisoner when it is bound. In this respect, the club entitled "Ye Sette of Odde Volumes" will supply many instances. How many an apparently "easy chair" could, an' it chose, write "*The Sorrows of Sat-in!*"

Yours,
X. CATHEDRA.

In the *Daily Telegraph* report of the Grosvenor Hotel inquiry, March 25, we read:

"Mr. Justice BRUCE and a common jury, of whom no less than seven answered to the name of SMITH, had before them yesterday a further development," &c.

What! call this a "Common Jury"! A most "Uncommon Jury," as, despite the fact that a considerable proportion of the great SMITH tribe are, like the poor, "always with us," it is rare to find in a select company of twelve, seven out of the number, not related in any way to one another, answering to the name of SMITH. It is a record. Pity the case was not before Mr. Justice A. L. SMITH.

LOST!—A Voice, after a severe attack of influenza. Its owner remembers having dropped his voice while injudiciously stopping to talk to a friend at the corner of Park Lane. He will be glad to recover it as soon as possible, as it can be of no possible use to any one else. The finder, on forwarding it to "Vox et Præterea Nil," at this office, will be handsomely rewarded.



TIME—2 A.M.

Dr. Choler (down speaking-tube). "WHAT IS IT?"
Voice from below. "THE FIRST OF APRIL!"

AIRS RESUMPTIVE.

THE WOMAN WITH THE DEAD CERT.

(With the Author's admiring regards to his friend,
MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Academy Coronec*.)

ENTRANCED by thé soul-captivating light,
Red, green and sapphirine, piercing the
night,
From bulbous bottles in a moonéd row,
Through thé chemist's and druggist's shop-
door, lo!

I passed. Without, a terrier, á dumb thing,
Draws his blind master attached by a string,
Straining. He was so strong almost I wept,
Wondering how the patient beggar kept
Up. Thinly from a far Teutonic band
Soldiers of thé Queen floated down the
Strand.

And lo! along the ardent street,
The usual average of feet,
Braving the clotted traffic's tides
In buttons or elastic sides!
And I was 'ware how one in haste
Went by with both his boots unlaced!
Across the road, outside a bar,
A dull mechanic motor-car
Stood uncomplaining while within
Its driver slowly swallowed gin.
With shame my human fibres shook
At this significant rebuke;
Right in my heart I felt the stab
Dealt by the mute electric cab.

So to the counter warily I drew
And hailed the chemist: "I will trouble
you

For some Miltonian troches, if you please,
Which to the voice give comfortable ease,
When mellifluously it would rehearse
Blank, or, in other phrase, iambic verse."

And even as I spake, oh, lo! I saw
A woman sipping sal volatile, raw,
Out of a test-tube. Her sinister eye,
That shone like á bay-window dreadfully,
Was furnished with an infelicitous cast
Such as I deemed should indicate a past
Disillusioned. A nice, funereal plume
Lent to her hat a quiet touch of gloom.
Partly for ruth no word I found to say,
And partly since a truant troche lay
Athwart my throat. At length the silence
stirred,
As when in thé green dark an early bird
Twitters. Her tale she told without re-
serve;

Keenly I remember her placid nerve.

She had, when life was full of tranquil
hay,

A beloved husband, by profession a
Dynamiter. Most proud indeed was she
Of his infernal ingenuity.

It chanced a public edifice was blown
To bits, with people in it. Cause was
shewn

None; but a paltry furlong thence they
came

Upon the artist's collar, with his name
And blood thereon. But of the rest of him
Not so much as a fragmentary limb
Anywhere found they. Thé Coróner said
That the deceased had merely saved his
head

By an alibi. So in weeds she went,
Doubtful at first, but growing confident
As one that hath a dead cert. By-and-by
After a lustre of celibacy
She married with a publican and drew
Beer at his bar; nor even so much as knew
Who Mrs. ARDEN was.

But on a day,

She serving liquors, lo! there chanced that
way

A lurid reveller of familiar mould,
Dight in a massive chain of Yukon gold;
And on her first husband, before she wist,
Swooned heavily the conscious bigamist!

Anon the police held their man in thrall;
And, ere the second moon's full coronal
Came round, from thé scaffold, clean-shaved
and cropped,

Sated, arranged, deliberate, he dropped,
Leaving a sullied widow; yea, and lone,
That should be; for they whispered he had
gone,

Her second mate, that morning, being wed
With the barmaid. This also was a dead
Cert. Here her welling tears that might
not dry

Fell in the test-tube very bitterly.

Therewith the chemist, having overheard,
Sobbed like a babe. The motor-cab,
referred

To in a previous passage, moved about
Involuntarily; and lo! the shout
Raucous-insistent of the Specials broke
The stilly mud-blue nocturne; and I spoke.
Pitiful words I spoke that filtered through
Her arid feelings as the divine dew
Freshens Sahara. In the mirror she
Ordered her gear. The sal volatile
I paid for, with the troches, nett; and so
Moving with rhythmic step, composed and
slow,

Into the large, elusive night I glide
With that strange woman, my affianced
bride!

AN ECCLESIASTICALLY STRICT M.F.H.
—One who never will allow any "meet"
during Lent.



Brown Patridge & Co.

"SOMETHING LIKE A MEDICINE."

Doctor. "NOW REMEMBER, MY MAN, THREE OR FOUR DROPS OF THIS MIXTURE THREE TIMES A DAY—AND INHALE."

Patient. "BE I TO TAKE IT IN FOUR OR SIX HALE, GUV'NOR?"

THE SORROWS OF A SOLVER.

Tuesday.—Notice in to-day's *Upper Ten* that a "special prize" of £50 is offered for the solutions of a set of acrostics published in this paper. These childish puzzles can offer no serious difficulty to a person of my intelligence, and I really don't see why that £50 shouldn't be mine. And as I've a spare quarter of an hour just now, I may as well solve this one at once; it can't take me more than a few minutes. The first thing, I believe, is to find the "uprights" on the "proem," so I'll begin with that, so it is:—

"Baffling conjecture and opprest,
The weed-extractor is at rest;
Why then delay? The truth is clear,
Coffee is not like bottled beer;
But she, who merely bites her pen,
Declares that four times three are ten!"

Sounds a little strange, certainly. But it must be perfectly simple.

Wednesday.—Sat up till two this morning over that wretched proem; strange to say, I haven't yet made out the "uprights" from it. And it kept running in my head while I was trying to write some business letters this morning. Now I must forget it and do some work. (Two hours later.) Done nothing but think of those hateful

lines. Well, perhaps it would be better to finish the thing at once, and put it out of my mind. I won't trouble about the "proem," but go straight on to the "lights"—that is, I feel sure, the best way, after all. What's the first light?

"Take mutton-chops without surprise,
And add a curious taste in ties."

Perfectly simple. . . . Odd that the word doesn't strike me at once. . . . Take "mutton-chops." . . . Well, I'm sure to guess it directly. Could it be "Parliament"? Or "Buttercup"? Or "Algebra"? (Later.) Went for a walk to think it out. Met Miss Snooks, who said that I tried to cut her, and asked what I was thinking of. I answered involuntarily, "Take mutton-chops," &c. Fancy she was offended, but can't trouble about that; I've got that £50 to win.

Thursday.—A sleepless night. In the course of it thought more than once that I'd found the word, but somehow it doesn't seem to fit. Perhaps I'd better go on to the next light; it may be easier. It reads:—

"What if they are? At least, you know,
They might have been, and will be so."

Come, that's simplicity itself. The word is— On second thoughts, I'm not certain. . . . Met Mrs. Brown just now. Fancy she told me that her two children were ill with diphtheria. At the time, however, I didn't take in her meaning, and replied, "What if they are? At least, you know," and the rest of it. As far as I remember, she called me a brute. Not that I care; the only thing in the world that interests me is that confounded acrostic, which I simply can't escape from. Wish I hadn't got to attend Mrs. Robinson's "reception" to-night. But perhaps the answers may come to me before then. I'll try the last light:—

"Here, says Mythology, we seek
The soul of each departed Greek."

Friday.—I'm afraid I disgraced myself last night—all through that miserable acrostic. Some idiot was playing the piano at Mrs. Robinson's party, and every one was holding their breath as he reached the softest part, when an idea—or, to speak more accurately, a "light"—flashed upon me, the last light of the acrostic. Forgetting where I was, it seems that I suddenly shouted out, "Hades!" at the top of my voice. Not quite clear as to what happened subsequently; some vague remembrance of having been shown out at an unusually early hour. Now I'll just find those other lights.

Saturday.—Have just burnt the *Upper Ten*, and should like to burn the Acrostic Editor with it. Mrs. Brown and Miss Snooks have compared notes, it seems, with Mrs. Robinson, and every one believes that I've taken to drink. All my acquaintances looked the other way when I met them this morning, and I had been on excellent terms. Every one of them was a personal friend, not merely an acquaintance. But they all cut me. Not a doubt about it, they cut me. And they know how sensitive I am! But I'm only amused—distinctly amused, and quite, quite calm. In order to prove it, I'll just write down a few dispassionate remarks on Acrostics in general, and the one in this week's *Upper Ten* in particular. To begin with—

[The passage that follows is quite unfit for publication.—ED.]



"HOLD ON, JOHN!"

MR. PUNCH'S "ANIMAL LAND."

(With Acknowledgments as before.)

The Painticheef



This Animal is wonderfull clever and lerned and plays at marbles with the Tadd. He stands at the top of the stairs in among the plants and goes on shaking hands with them all as they come up untill he falls back exorsted. Then they prop him up with ferns and collums and things and he just bows till daylite. He has got two awfull nice possitions to stand in too. He keeps a warm comfortable home in Trafalgar Square for old worn out masters of schools that are shut up. He is dreadfull particular who he takes in. He wont have them if they have gone cracked. (I shall send this picture to the Academy - he may like to put it on the line in the Blacking-White Room.)

The Morl
or
Philopat

This kind honest Animal is very fond of bubble and likes to play at billiards a house on the green for them to file in. He is wearing the green right through with trying so hard. When he is on the steamer he nails things on to the mast. It is very odd he sits for Scotland and stands up for Ireland. He is a beautifull talker and riter and coveness says he is a pevriss in stile (whatever does she mean). He is struggling to learn the sword-dance over two umbrellas. It is awfull hard though and he keeps all on kicking his ankells till he has to sit down on the floor - then he plays on the bag-pipes like the heroes in India but the neyboers do complain so he will have to give it up or else move into another district.

The Punchiboss
or
EphseeBee

This humours little Creature has a most comical brain - full of happy thoughts. He settles on everything directly you put it in front of him. He is awfull kind to children so he gives me great enjoyment when I do my pictures nice and which it all most allways now. He does buzz round you though and prod you up. He likes to get a good run on the boards sometimes. He has a skillful little way of knocking off a piece if it comes in his way - he is very strong in the wings. He has got a awfull clever lot of drawers and writes together - all of them penwusses and tips of English beuty. (I must get this put in sometime when he is away - he might not like me to berlesk him after his politeness and forechaght in letting me beggin so young.)

The Fowla



This abill Animal is wonderfull strong and stirood and it can jump up and carry the whole house along with it if it likes to. It is very sellis and watery and has got a large pesenting body behind it. It knows all about howdahs and raphs and things and it can turn pounds and shillings into pence while you wait. It knows the difference between a millitry road and a footpath and it made it itself or if someone else did - which is more than some people do. It can make the forpeshamille wish he had never had a birthday. It is a very nice cortier and queens like it immensely. It wears a indian shork on state occasions, it doesn't fancy kilts. It is leader of the libral party - so is about half a dozen others too - they all do it at once but it dosnt matter much just now.

The Woolz



This brilliant little Creature is a fearsull filer he is all over glory and litals and ilectrick lights. He likes to have his battles ready overnight then he does them in the erly morning before the milkman calls when everyone else is in bed and asleep. He gets all the powder and baynets and cammerers and reporters ready and it can all be in the papers the same day. Then he prases everybody else for sitting so nobbly - it sounds just like Warterlew - but some how there is not so very many killed though it does look so terrible in the time-lie. That is his cleverness I expect. Parlyment always thanks him for it - he certainly does make a neat job of it - and he has such a nice way of bringing home umbrellas and tortue-chambers and things to show he has really been there. If he does anything else he will have to be made a Jackoom.

The Kortnee



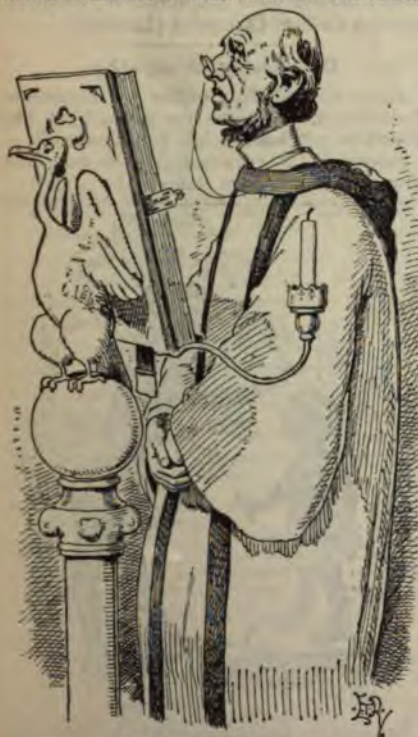
This Animal has got a head full of roles and reggulations. It is awfull fond of all kinds of riddles the ones it likes best are those nobody can make head or tail of - the abstruser the better. They make your hair all come off to think of them. He use to set in a chair and see they all behaved. He did it nicely that they measured him for a bigger chair but it fitted someone else but so he lives in a tub now like Diogenes. He gives awfull nice lectures to poverly and says order order to himself. He wants to have comms of parlyment all different sizes according to the height of the voters - he calls it preporshnal representation. (I hope I have said it right) and it silly. He is a leader of fashion. He has got a patente westcoat of a very funny colour that is most becomming. They say he comes out all over brass buttons at night - he must look radiantly beautifull.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 21.—“Here endeth the First Lesson.” When, just now, LECKY sat down after supporting second reading of Irish Local Government Bill, the ear was strained to catch this familiar announcement. So complete the illusion, as the voice rose and fell with pulpit cadence, that J. G. TALBOT, pulling himself together with guilty start, not quite sure he hadn't been dozing off, hurriedly turned over the pages of Orders of the Day, as if it were a folio prayer-book, and he in search of the next portion of the Morning Service. The eye helped to deceive the ear. Looking across at the Member for Dublin University, with his folded hands, his head held a little on one side in meek depression, a seraphic smile occasionally lighting up his saintly countenance, there lacked only a little of BURNE JONES's colour and sunlight shining through him, to realise the effect of a painted and consecrated window in some solemn aisle.

Picturesque, but not practicable, and, in the main, a pity. House of Commons always ready to sit at feet of historian of *England in the Eighteenth Century*, and bid him discourse. But in his solicitude for the improvement of European Morals from AUGUSTUS to CHARLEMAGNE, he should avoid the pulpit voice and manner. Happily they are not inseparable from his House of Commons speech. House remembers with pleasure the success of one of his earliest deliverances, when he unexpectedly came to assistance of HORACE PLUNKETT in pleading for amnesty. SARK says the variety of the two circumstances explains the difference of style. The first speech was delivered on spur of moment. He just talked to House in musical voice out of full



Lecky at the Lectern.



'Arry (whose "Old Dutch" has been shopping, and has kept him waiting a considerable time).
"WOT D'YER MEAN, KEEPIN' ME STANDIN' ABAAT 'ERE LIKE A BLOOMIN' FOOL?"
'Arriet. "I CAN'T 'ELP THE WAY YER STAND, 'ARRY!"

knowledge and kindly heart. To-night brought down notes of convincing oration that should equal his reputation. Having his sermon written, he instinctively intoned it.

Business done.—Irish Local Government Bill read a second time.

Tuesday.—Quite exciting scene between MICHAEL JOSEPH FLAVIN, Esq., Member for North Kerry, and the Right Hon. the SPEAKER. Ostensible business of House second reading of Consolidated Fund Bill. Really might be supposed in advance that this would not suggest debate about Ireland. Such supposition only betrays ignorance of resources of Irish ingenuity. The Fund including Ireland in its dispensation, Irish matters might be talked about. If JOHN CODLIN DILLON didn't make a speech, JOHN SHORT REDMOND might; and what would they say in Ireland? An anxious moment whilst question that Bill be read a second time put from Chair. Was JOHN SHORT lurking about somewhere, and

would he catch the SPEAKER's eye before JOHN CODLIN grasped the optic? Fortune favoured J. C., and before the amazed House quite knew where it was, he had embarked on a long speech about distress in Ireland.

Though Members generally ignorant of what was to the fore, MICHAEL JOSEPH had received the tip. In the quiet recesses of his library he had composed a prodigious speech. Brought it down secreted about his person upon innumerable sheets of paper. At critical moments these got mixed, and there were long pauses whilst MICHAEL rearranged the folios.

After one of the pauses the bull appeared on scene. Like the birth of Jeames, its origin is "wropped in mystery." SARK says he believes it belonged to another folio of the notes. However, there it was, rampaging round a peaceful parish in the West of Ireland. Congested Districts Board had something to do with it. Whether they sent it of their own accord, or in re-



THE GAOL OF THE FUTURE.

(AS SOME WOULD HAVE IT.)

Warder, "HOPE YOU ARE QUITE COMFORTABLE, SIR! LATEST EDITION, SIR! LIKE ANYTHING MORE! LIKE THE DOOR LEFT OPEN, SIR!"



NOTES OF TRAVEL.

The Cunard "Special" full speed for London.

John Bull (of the World in general). "THERE IS NOTHING TO BE ALARMED AT. SURELY YOUR AMERICAN TRAINS GO MUCH FASTER THAN THIS!" Jonathan (from the West in particular). "WHY, YAAS. BUT 'TAIN'T THAT. I'M AFEARED IT 'LL RUN OFF YOUR DARNED LITTLE ISLAND!"

FLITTINGS.

Cape Town, March 8, 1898.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—Before trekking up country among the *vleis* (not fleas, I hope) and *kopjes*, where you have to be your own postman, I should like to imitate your famous advice, and impart a few "Don'ts" to those of your readers who intend to visit South Africa. As I am just a week old as far as life in this colony is concerned, my counsel will doubtless be accepted for what it is worth, *i.e.*, about one tickie, or 3d.

In the first place, don't come out here unless you have an unlimited capacity for standing, and being stood, drinks. It is a thirsty land, and great is the consumption of fluids. Don't say "How do you do?" to a man before you have asked him what he will take. The bar is the only starting-place for a conversational exercise.

Don't waste any time in looking for the Southern Cross. It is like an insignificant and lop-sided kite, and should be abolished without delay.

Don't try to eat a South African peach. It has to be cut and peeled like an apple, and feels like a billiard ball. It is, I believe, used for that purpose in the remoter districts where the game is played.

If you have come to your last sovereign, don't have your things washed. My washing bill comes to 19s. 1d. this week, an und-r v-st and p-r of p-ts being charged fivepence each. *Verb. sap.*

Don't take it as a personal affront if the Customs Officer enquires if you are landing any *cats*, when you have your wife or sister with you.

Don't expect Parisian cooking at the



["Agents are offering to supply milk from Normandy for London."—*Daily Paper.*] If we are to have Normandy milk, why not Normandy milkmaids? They would be distinctly picturesque.

hotels, as you certainly won't get it. You have to wash your own grapes and be thankful.

Don't wash more than you can help. It is a pity to make the water dirtier than it already is.

Don't omit a visit to the really fine public buildings of Cape Town, such as the Houses of Parliament, where the officials are courteousness itself in explaining things to strangers.

Don't talk about a magnificent "blow-of-the-eye" (as "Auguste" would term it), until you have seen Table Mountain and its attendant peaks rising precipitously behind the city.

Don't forget to journey to Grooteschuur (Mr. Rhodes' residence), but don't ask me to pronounce this and other Cape-Dutch names.

Don't expect to sleep when there are electric-cars, Salvation bands, steam-whistles, praying mantises, Malays, mosquitoes, and Bulawayo troopers in full blast within earshot.

Yours negatively,
X. Y. Z.

Conversation Overheard in the Garden of Britannic Flora.

Rose. Well, I never heard of such impudence. A kitchen vegetable!

Thistle. Not fit to feed donkeys on!

Shamrock. A wretched mongrel of an onion! This, bedad! is another injustice to Ireland! Not even a dacent pratle!

[Then the Leek, who had overheard the above cruel remarks, wrote to Mr. Gl-dst-ne, and received a consolatory post-card, which caused it to blossom into a Welsh orchid.]



CONSOLATION.

Miss Scott. "YES, SHE HAS BEEN SAYING ALL MANNER OF WICKED THINGS ABOUT ME."

Friend. "YOU SHOULD NOT HEED HER, DEAR. SHE MERELY REPEATS WHAT OTHER PEOPLE SAY!"

LITERARY TOUTS.

II.—THE REPORT PREVIOUS.

"I hesitate to say what the functions of modern journalists are, but I imagine they do not exclude the intelligent anticipation of facts before they occur."—*Mr. Curzon in the House, March 29.*

Among the most popular *canards sauvages* is a breed which may be tersely represented by the following chronological tree:—

WISH

THOUGHT.

(Shakspeare, *Henry the Fourth, Part II.*)

A specimen plucked from the *Chronic Adviser* (March 24) will suffice.

RESIGNATION OF LORD S-L-SB-RY.

HIS PROBABLE SUCCESSOR.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

"We have received the following information from a source so exceptionally trustworthy as almost to warrant us in hesitating to publish it. It will be within the memory of the most callous that the Cabinet was hurriedly summoned at 2.30 A.M. on Tuesday. They did not go home till morning; and at 8.15, or more than an hour after sunrise, smoke was still issuing from the chimney of the *private fumoir of Devonshire House*.

Later in the day, the Duke, who is usually a stern, cold man, ranging apart, was seen in the purlieus of St. Stephen's, habited in a flowered waistcoat, and conversing with one or more of the constables on duty.

"The Leader of the House, who was expected to play a tie over the Tooting Bec course during question hour, is alleged to have scratched on the plea of nervous prostration.

"At 4.30 P.M., a well-known Queen's messenger was being measured for a travelling suit. At the same hour, Colonel L-CKW-D ordered from his West End tailor an inflammatory waistcoat.

"Our information is that these movements had nothing to do with the simultaneous visit of the naval attaché of the Helvetian Republic to Mr. C-RZ-N's ante-room. Many of our contemporaries have been misled as to the significance of this projected consultation.

"Facts, our informant tells us, will only develope slowly. The official acknowledgment of the actual resignation of the Premier may be delayed for months, or, it may be, for years. None the less is it already, for all practical purposes, a *fait accompli*."

March 25.

"As we hinted in our last issue, the Foreign Office has denied all knowledge of the facts upon which our statement of yesterday was based. This provides yet a further example, if one were needed, of the dilatoriness of a Government whose information on public matters is invariably posterior to that of the advanced Press. It is at the same time readily conceivable that the very announcement of the Premier's resignation, made in these columns, may have been the involuntary cause of its postponement.



Proposed alteration in the Chinese Willow Pattern Plate after the Russian Occupation of Talienwan.

"If not, then time alone will show who was right, we or Lord S-L-SB-RY."

Pass now to Foreign Affairs, which afford a wider scope for winged Fancy. In order to keep abreast of the New Journalism, Mr. Punch has been compelled to dispatch a staff of prophets to the hottest corners of the globe, for the purpose of anticipating eventualities. On the verge of going to press he is privileged to publish the following head-lines and other exclusive novelties, of which the official confirmation is not expected till after the Easter recess.

REPORTED RISING ON THE RIVIERA HAS FRANCE JOINED RUSSIA?

MENACING ATTITUDE OF THE ALPINE CORPS.
LORD S-L-SB-RY ESCAPES FROM BEAULIEU
IN AN OPEN BOAT.

(From Our Special Monaco Commissioner.)
Hotel Nécropole, Monte Carlo.
April 5.

The Far-East-West-African problem has reached an acute crisis. War-clouds loom in the offing. It is the night before the battle.

In an interview with the head *croupier* this morning I gathered that, in the event of France combining with Russia in a hostile demonstration against Great Britain, the Principality of Monaco would maintain

AN ARMED NEUTRALITY.

A young friend of mine at Beaulieu telegraphs that shortly after dawn yesterday a company of the famous Alpine Corps, armed to the teeth with ropes and ice-choppers, went through a series of warlike evolutions opposite Lord S-L-SB-RY's picturesque villa, which commands an uninterrupted view of the Mediterranean.

Under cover of the hour of *siesta*, the Premier, accompanied only by a faithful butler, who carried a tea-basket and

SIX AIR-BLADDERS,

put out to sea in his new outrigger, and headed for Bordighera.

The wind was contrary and the sea extremely inclement.

Eluding the French fleet, which lay round the corner off Villefranche, they were eventually forced, after battling with heroic fortitude for a day and a night on the deep, and suffering unexampled inconvenience, to put in to Ventimiglia, which is in the territory of Italy,

OUR ONLY FRIENDS.

Here his Lordship was last seen, wet to the skin, trying to get the air-bladders through the *douane*.

Piper MILNE, the hero of Dargai, has been telegraphed for.

LATER.

All is quiet at Cimiez.

The QUEEN drove out as usual this afternoon.

It transpires that Lord S-L-SB-RY yesterday reviewed a regiment of the Alpine Corps, and subsequently entertained the officers at *déjeuner*.

He remains at Beaulieu, where he finds the climate pleasingly salubrious.

There has been a clerical error about the hero of Dargai. It was not MILNE, but FINDLATER, and neither has been sent for.

The new outrigger has not yet arrived from England. It has to be ordered first.

The sea is calmer than ever.

The relations between Great Britain and the European Powers continue friendly and unstrained.

LATER STILL.

I have broken the bank.



A TEST CASE.

"OF COURSE I KNOW HE'S AN AWFULLY STRAIGHT-LACED SORT OF JOHNNIE; BUT IT'S RATHER A TALL ORDER TO SAY HE NEVER USES STRONG LANGUAGE, ISN'T IT?"

"I DON'T KNOW. I MET HIM THE OTHER DAY, AND HE SAID IT WAS OPPRESSIVELY WARM!"

In the best quarters this is regarded as likely to furnish a *causa belli*.

STILL LATER.

I have lost all my winnings.
Everything points to peace.

EASTER EGGS.

THE undermentioned folk, we beg
To state, deserve an Easter egg.
For instance, to the Oxford eight,
An egg their win to celebrate.

The piper of the Gordons gay
Who at Dargai ne'er ceased to play,
Tho' shot and wounded in both legs,
Honours shall have for Easter eggs.

To Mr. TREE, who should be proud
Of his amazing Roman crowd
Which with a lifelike movement sways,
We tribute pay, an egg of praise.

To ladies who with forethought kind
Remember those who sit behind,
And leave their hats on cloak-room pegs,
We offer thanks for Easter eggs.

To that just Judge, the Lord High Chief,
Who grants to editors relief
From libel actions, him we deem
Worthy the egg of our esteem.

To best of burlesque boys, "Our Nell,"
Who lately has been so unwell,
The egg of comfort, if not wealth,
And Easter egg of perfect health.



"WE'RE GOING TO THE LYCEUM TO-MORROW NIGHT, TO SEE THE *MERCHANT OF VENICE*."
 "OH, YOU LUCKY GIRL! I'VE ALWAYS SO WANTED TO SEE IRVING PLAY '*SHERLOCK HOLMES*'!"

OUR SECOND CHILDHOOD.

["I hear that 'stool-ball' is likely to become the fashionable game at garden parties this year."
A Ladies' Journal.]

MRS. ALAMODE's party on Tuesday last was favoured with delightful weather, and a large number of guests, including most of the leaders of Society, had accepted her invitation. The entertainment was thoroughly *chic* and up-to-date. After tea—the chief items of which repast were lemonade, peppermints, and jam-puffs—most of the company took part in an exciting game of "touch-last," which was carried on with great zest, a Cabinet Minister and an eminent scientist winning loud applause by their skill. In another part of the grounds came across two well-known poets, who

were playing "leap-frog" with evident enjoyment.

THE annual marble-match between Oxford and Cambridge takes place this week, and is certain to attract an enormous crowd. Most of the events seem more than usually open, but the Light Blues will probably succeed in "hopscotch," while they can hardly hope to defeat their rivals in "five-in-a-ring." It is certainly hard luck upon the Cambridge team that, by an absurd University statute, they should be debarred from practising on the Senate-House steps, which would form a highly advantageous training-ground. Since, however, they went into strict training a fortnight ago, they have been coached by Master THOMAS TITTLEBAT, the eminent

champion of Swishemall College, and under his able tuition they are certain to prove a strong side.

I AM often asked by my readers where they can obtain really first-class skipping-ropes at a moderate figure. They cannot do better than visit Messrs. SMITH AND ROBINSON'S Bond Street establishment, where many of the smartest people have bought their skipping-ropes for this season. The latest fashion is to have them with jewelled handles, and the rope dyed a bright magenta colour. The same firm are also noted for their peg-tops, but owing to the great demand for these articles, I hear that orders for them cannot be executed in less than a month's time. However, there is a rumour that whip-tops will become more fashionable before the season is over.

A CHARMING hoop-gymkhana was held at Diddledum Court last week, and most of the events were well-contested. A most exciting three-mile race was won in gallant style by the Bishop of the Diocese, who defeated the Earl of SHOREDITCH by half-a-length. I noticed that the right reverend gentleman bowled an iron-tyred "Invincible," while his rival propelled a wooden "Coventry Flyaway." Both these hoops are splendidly made.

THE selection-committee of the All-England N.P.C. have an anxious task before them in choosing a team of nine-pin players to represent us against Australia. In the last test-match, it will be remembered, we were decisively beaten. But some good judges aver that the delivery of one of the Australian team was distinctly unfair. It is to be hoped that there will be no room for any doubts of this kind when the return match takes place at Lord's next week.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to deprecate the foolish policy of certain enthusiasts who are attempting to revive the public taste for such games as cricket, golf, and lawn-tennis. Their efforts, as he truly points out, are foredoomed to failure. Pastimes of this description are suitable enough for schoolboys, who are able to find pleasure even in a cricket-match. But, happily, it is useless to expect in the present day that grown-up persons will waste their time over these eminently childish amusements. How strange it seems to reflect that our ancestors once preferred the infantile game called "foot-ball" to a recreation so thrilling as "hide-and-seek"!

"THE SPECTRAL TRAIN."

In the *Standard* of Friday, April 1 (a suspicious date, it must be conceded), appeared a letter stating how its writer once saw two trains when there was only one! The first, he went on to explain, was a "spectral train," which, "after a short interval," was followed by a real train. Then he concludes with the question, "Was the phantom caused by a double reflection?" It may have occurred to some ribald sceptics to ask whether the letter would have been written after "double reflection"? For our own part, being on moderately good terms with certain familiar spirits, which agree with us on most occasions, we are inclined to think that the writer in question actually did see a "spectral train." The following interrogation answered in the affirmative would put the matter beyond doubt, namely, "Was the train made up of Bogey carriages?"



£

“STANDING BY.”



UNNECESSARY.

Mother. "HAVEN'T YOU GOT YOUR GLOVES, ALEXANDER?"
 Alexander. "NO, MOTHER. BUT MY HANDS ARE QUITE CLEAN!"

BOADICEA.

In the metre of Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH'S "Revolution" in Cosmopolis.

BOADICEA, BOADICEA!
 Melodramatically waving amazed in the day's young beams,
 Thou, the triumphant, tonant, towering upper!
 Thus tootles the tin trumpet of the poet.
 Oh dear, oh dear!
 Like his poetry thou seemest a nigerous nightmare after
 superfluous supper.
 Crazed and amazed thou standest, colossal pursuer
 Of the gorgeous green Atlas omnibus, so it seems
 To people gazing a glacial wonder,
 The butcher, the baker, the brewer.
 Blow it!
 How could bold Battersea BURNS brazen thy braggart beauty,
 Ridging up a red roaring jaw-gape?
 Was it his democratic duty
 To let thee for ever prank on the paralysed populace?
 Where is HARCOURT to defend us,
 He, the admirer of fortuitous factories of jam,
 The tonant critic of architectonic crimes,
 The clarion denouncer of New Scotland Yard;
 Amort all passion, grasping for grace?
 Where are the thirty, more or less, learned, more or less, in art,
 Who wrote to the
Times?
 Where are they, where is he?
 Where is anybody to make a fuss,
 To suggest that we could cram
 Thee, oh BOADICEA! and most of our statues, somewhere
 inside that police station;

Horridly herculean hard!
 In some obscure, tenebrious, unilluminated part,
 And clear away thee, and them, and it, in one copious,
 crimson conflagration!

EASTER TRIPPING.

(A Personally-Conducted Letter.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—By the time these lines are in type—if you are good enough to print them—the great British Public will be considering where to go for the brief Spring recess. This being so, I think it my duty to put before your readers, with your permission, the result of my calculations. I say without hesitation that it is perfectly feasible to get to Rome and back for a five-pound note, and the journey may be made in comfort. There is no necessity for roughing it.

To start. The Channel route via Dover and Calais is a long way the best. It costs but a few shillings. One can reach Paris in half-a-dozen hours—or thereabouts. Of course, one must not be lavish in one's expenditure in the City of Pleasures. A day's board will only come to a shilling or two judiciously expended. Then off to Switzerland, and by the Simplon into Italy. A few hours may be spent at Stresa, Milan, and Genoa. Then direct to Rome. In the City of the Popes and the Cæsars living is cheap if one finds out where to go. It will be well to reserve a few shillings for a guide book—a most excellent substitute for a guide. And having reached Rome, no doubt one's purse will be found to be exhausted. You cannot get to Paris under a sovereign, and travelling thence to Switzerland costs a sovereign more, and a sovereign will be needed for the railway journey to Italy. The remaining forty shillings will have served for refreshments on the road. Added together, the expenses come to £5. Q. E. D.

Yours very faithfully, A PRACTICAL MAN.

P.S.—By the way, I find that I have not allowed funds for the journey home. This is a detail. If worst comes to the worst, one can walk.



THERE'S THE RUB!

First Old Villager (to Second ditto). "I MET TH' OLE SQUIRE THIS MORNIN', AN' 'JOHN,' SAYS HE, 'YOU DROVE ME FOR NIGH ON FORTY YEAR.' 'I DID, SIR,' SAYS I. 'WELL,' SAYS HE, 'YOU'LL BE INTERESTED TO KNOW THAT I'M STARTIN' A MOTOR-CAR.' 'INDEED, SIR, I'M VERY SORRY,' SAYS I. 'WHY?' SAYS HE. 'WELL, SIR,' SAYS I, 'IT'S LIKE THIS: STARTIN' A MOTOR-CAR IS ALL RIGHT; I 'AVEN'T A WORD TO SAY AGEN IT, IF A MAN 'AS NO ONE DEPENDENT ON 'IM; BUT IT'S WHEN YE COME TO STOPPIN' IT THAT THE TROUBLE BEGINS!'"



UNFEELING.

Bystander (to Amateur Jockey, whose mount has unseated him). "D'YER MIND DOIN' THAT AGAIN, CAPTIN? MY PAL 'ERE DIDN'T QUITE SEE IT!"

CHANGING FROM DAY TO DAY.

(Extract from a Leading Article picked up in Fleet Street.)

THERE is no doubt that a crisis is at hand. We are in the midst of alarms and rumours of war, and the coming cloud of disaster rises above the horizon. The day for half measures is over, and now it is the duty of every Briton—be he soldier, sailor, or civilian—to keep his powder dry and to be ready, aye, ready. It must not be forgotten that England is England, and what the "tight little island" once has done, can and may have to be re-accomplished.

And yet Peace is not only an ideal. After all and before all, men are a band of brothers. There is but little difference between the Russian and the Anglo-Saxon, the Teuton and the Celt. Human nature is very human, and blood is thicker than water. We may fight lions and tigers, but common sense forbids man—intelligent man—taking up the sword against his brother. It is unnatural. It is unwise.

But honour is honour. As our national bard has tersely put it, he who steals a purse steals trash. But honour is honour. The sword is the last resource it is true, but it must be unsheathed when the good fame of a nation cries for protection. It has been this jealousy of reputation that has called into existence DRAKE and MARLBOROUGH, WELLINGTON and NELSON.

And yet who would shed blood for an idea? In these days of modern civilisation the pen has taken the place of the cannon. Is not ink stronger than gunpowder, paper than dynamite? And what is honour? Is it not a sentiment that varies in interpretation? The honour of the Hottentot is not the honour of the European. Then why fight for an idea? The notion is not only pernicious, but absurd.

In conclusion, there is but one word more to be said. It may be advanced by the captious that what we have suggested above

is more or less contradictory. The purist may even go so far as to declare that what we have asserted in one paragraph we have contradicted in its successor. Be it so. But let our readers remember that at this season of the year most things have to be written in advance—aye, and much in advance—to secure the well-earned leisure of the Easter Vacation.

Note and Query to Sir H-nry Th-mps-n (Inspector of Food Feeding).

N. Being in "the temperate zone," it is incumbent on us to live temperately. Of course. In the "intemperate zone" the duty would be equally evident.

Q. Might an author, who makes his livelihood entirely by contributing regularly to magazines, be fairly described as "one who lives on 'cereals'?"

MR. PUNCH observes that there is a general wish to make the Crystal Palace a National Institution. Mr. P. cordially endorses the views of the promoters of the movement, but suggests, in view of the Exhibition of 1851, that the undertaking should be extended in its scope, and that a new international slab be placed beneath the great Constructor's bust under the Terrace, inscribed "Pax-stone," as a memorial of International Peace.

"THE COMING RATE."—Generally a very rapid one if it is a bicyclist, and then also a very dangerous one to the unprotected pedestrian.

"AN IMPORTANT FACTOR."—A Scotch agent who has to collect the rents.

ITEM ON A MENU OF LITERARY PABULUM.—"Shakspeare and Bacon."

DARBY JONES ON THE ALEXANDRA PARK SPRING MEETING.

HONOURED SIR,—You, and, I trust, my other noble patrons can appreciate whether your Humble Vates deserves well of his fellow-citizens. You little know the pride with which even the very minor Prophets point to their successful prognostications, nor what little capital is needed to make a Gullible Public hand over its Hard-earned Shekels for "One-horse Snips," "Wires from the Course," "Stable Secrets," and "Special Certainties." Far be it from me to depreciate the Astuteness of those Seers who, having given, say, *Cotopaxi* at 5 to 1 on, and *Chimborazo* at 6 to 4 on, proclaim the Triumph of their Perspicacity with a vigour, which causes the Man-out-of-the-Know to surmise that the Victorious Quadrupeds were probably owned, bred, trained, aye, and even ridden by these vociferous gentry, but I do say that a Professor of Equine Research, who by dint of Hard Study is enabled to sift the Wheat from the Chaff, and pick out plums such as the diminutive John Horner never dreamt of, from the Currant Cake, I repeat, that Toiler of the Turf is worthy of more gold, silver or bronze than the unseemly assaults from toe-capped boots, which—alas! I speak feelingly—often fall to his lot. And it is in the early Spring that the *Illuminati* are busy with the Records of the Past, remembering deeds which the Careless Punter never calls to mind, while they look up weights and distances, and generally polish their Memories with Chronological Facts.

But let us back to our Gee-Gees, and to that "Spring, Spring, gentle Spring," which used in bygone days musically to intoxicate our ears at Covent Garden Theatre, and yet drove us to thoughts of self-destruction when repeated by the Banditti of the Barrel-organ.

I turn in what may be called a Week of Desolation to the gathering at Alexandra Park—to my mind, a curious sort of show, where some Jockeys finish nohow and some Horses nowhere. There are many Mysteries, believe me, honoured Sir, developed on the Sward which abuts on the International Exhibition of 1862. Here the Genial and Generous Licensed Victualler, especially on a Saturday, is in full swing, but nevertheless he rubs coats in Tattersall's Ring with some of the most Aristocratic Philequists (my own, own word) who ever wore Newmarket Coats or wore patent leather boots. There are ladies too, as well, who have indulged in fish often of the Fried Order for their luncheons, but are none the less as hearty as if they had made their *déjeuners* on beef steaks or mutton chops, while drinks effervesce, from champagne to bottled stout. In short, esteemed patron, Alexandra Park is jovial. Having said this much, let me put my selection into poetical *précis* worthy of Lord SALISBURY and HER MAJESTY'S Foreign Office. It runs as follows:—

Beware of the Furniture Bart,
Beware if the Rooster is there;
But look out if the Yankee should start,
And the Un-named may make us all stare!

Having thus wandered into a land not often touched upon, I remain, honoured Sir,

Your obedient and Argus-eyed Servitor,
DARBY JONES.

SOMETIME AFTER CHARLES LAMB.—Reports from China: Pig tales.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 28.—Monotony of voting millions for landlords, for denominational schools, for Army and Navy, varied to-night by further progress with measure that will transform approaches to the Palace of Westminster and open up new vista of Westminster Abbey. As CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES pu's it, we are wasting two ironclads and a cruiser on mer;



TWO IMPRESSIONS OF THE O'MACALEESE!

"I move, Sir, that you report progress!"

streets and buildings. AKERS-DOUGLAS has business in hand. May be depended upon to carry it out thoroughly. Since HAUSMANN began his work in Paris, no Minister has had such opportunity. First Commissioner will write his name large on the very heart of the metropolis.

AKERS-DOUGLAS already beginning to taste the sweets of adulation. He is the last man willingly to wear borrowed plumes. He remembers, if others forget, that the inception of the idea, the drafting of the scheme, belongs to the credit of his predecessor. If anyone is to adopt CICERO's unmelodious boast,

O fortunatam, natam, me consule, Romam!

it is HERBERT GLADSTONE. It was he, whilst First Commissioner of Works, who buckled to a task of which some of his forerunners, notably DAVID PLUNKET, dreamed.

SARK, from whom no secrets are hid, tells me how HERBERT managed to get round the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. The

SQUIRE hampered, as is the common lot of Liberal Chancellors of the Exchequer, with the task of paying off debts incurred by late tenants of Downing Street, had no money for Westminster improvements, or so he told HERBERT. That astute young man, having exhausted other arguments, had a plan drawn up showing how the neighbourhood of the Abbey and the Houses of Parliament would appear when the new avenues were opened. This he sent as sort of New Year's Card to his

Progress was reported!

esteemed Leader. The SQUIRE brooded over it till its fascination became irresistible, and he undertook to find the money to start the scheme. Thereupon HERBERT went to work, drafted his Bill, got preliminary Parliamentary sanction, was ready to begin the work, when ST. JOHN BRODRICK's little cordite plot blew him and his colleagues out of office.

"Yes," said the SQUIRE, "but I left behind me a surplus, and established the bases of other surpluses, that enable AKERS-DOUGLAS to do the thing thoroughly. Thus do oxen for others bear the yoke, thus do bees for others make honey."

Business done.—Public Building Bill, involving expenditure of two-and-a-half millions at Westminster, read second time.

Tuesday.—In solemn silence House hears confirmation of what the MARKISS some weeks ago contemptuously dismissed as the legend of Talienwan. The only person unmoved is the Under-Secretary. Questioned on the point, he, with studiously



THE OLD SOLDIERS SPRING TO ARMS!

indifferent manner, reads a memorandum to the effect that the Russian Ambassador has notified Her Majesty's Government that by a convention, signed on March 27, the usufruct of Port Arthur, Talienwan, and the adjacent territories, has been granted to Russia by the Chinese Government.

That blessed word usufruct! Collared, grabbed, is our rough English way of describing the transaction. "The usufruct granted" is the polite Russian's way of putting it, anxious above all things not to offend insular sensibilities.

To outward appearance Members as unruffled as the Under-Secretary. Beneath the surface beat waves of bitter resentment. "Supposing," good Conservatives say to each other, "that Mr. G. and his men were in office just now, and had done this thing, what should we say and do?"

As it is, impulse of revolt threatens to overcome lifelong habit of discipline. BASHMEAD-ARTLETT bounds on the bench more than ever like an india-rubber ball suffering from indigestion. CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES thoughtfully rubs the crown of his head with the tip of his hooked arm. YERBURGH resolves to give another dinner at the Junior Carlton, where the State may be saved over coffee and cigars. P. & O. SUTHERLAND contemplates further conference of eminent men in the Board Room of the offices in Leadenhall Street, speeches strictly limited to forty-five minutes' duration.

Most ominous of all is the apparition of MARK LOCKWOOD in a waistcoat that seems to have been steeped all night in the blood of the enemies of the British Empire. The planet Mars a mere washed-out pocket-handkerchief compared with the hue of the Colonel's waistcoat. Since the Mad Mullah dyed his turban pea-green, and stirred the Afridis into fighting mood, nothing like it has been seen under the abashed sun.

"What does it mean?" I, in affrighted whisper, asked SARK.

"It means war," he said, moodily.

Curious to note, as the Colonel marches up the House, the reflected glow of his waistcoat shedding a sunset hue on the pale faces fringing the benches to the left, how, like a trumpet call, it affects the veterans.

Captain Sir ELLIOTT LEES of the Dorset Yeomanry; Major LEGH of the Lancashire Hussars Yeomanry; Colonel WALTER LONG of the Royal Wilts Yeomanry; and Captain GEORGE WYNDHAM of the Cheshire Yeomanry, involuntarily square their shoulders and grip between their knees an imaginary war-horse.

Only SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, softly smiling at many things, sits master of himself though China fall.

Business done.—The Legend of Talienwan confirmed.

Friday.—"Poof! TOBY," said LORD CHANCELLOR, mopping his majestic brow, "Easter holidays don't come too soon. At least, not in this shop. Used to work; been a slave to it all my life, especially when I had to study briefs. Begin to



TOBY AND THE CHANCELLOR.

"It's too much for one man, Toby!"

think I've had enough; just think what we've gone through since Session opened. At a quarter past four I walk up floor in stately robes; open proceedings with prayer (usually there are no proceedings, but that no matter). Then I sit on Wool-sack whilst the few Peers present chat for the ten minutes intervening before time when public business commences. Sharp on stroke of half-past four public business called on. We read a Bill a second or third time. Or somebody answers a question somebody else has mumbled. Then

the MARKISS, or in his absence COUNTY GUY, if he chances to have arrived in time, moves adjournment. I put question, declare 'Contents have it,' and three minutes after hour of public business has struck, sometimes as much as five minutes, I'm a-sailing down the House like some stately Argosy, as you put it, bound for home. It's too much, TOBY, too much for one man, and he no longer in the forties. Can't last, you know. I'll soon have to be living on my country and my pension."

Business done.—House of Lords adjourned for Easter Recess, peers promising to look in on Tuesday afternoon to hear statement on situation in the Far East.



THE BURDEN OF TAXATION.

"What will he do with it?"

[For the financial year ending March 31, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has received £106,614,004, or fully Three and a quarter Millions more than he anticipated.]

A VOICE FROM THE PRESS.

WHAT is the voice I hear
In *Standard* and *Times* and *Star*?
Sentinel, say! (I am far from clear
About your identity—far,
Or why you are sentinel, where you guard,
and what in the world you are.)

"By the truisms which it obtrudes,
By its obvious fiddlededee,
By its time-honoured platitudes,
The voice is familiar to me—
'Tis the Laureate bold at a penny a line or
whatever his price may be.

"He tells us in verses six
What might have been told in one,
Or better still, for his metre sticks
Like a fly in the jam, in none,
And when he has finished we know as much
as when he had just begun.

"There's much of the usual sort,
Original, very—e.g.,
That 'we are the lords of the main'—is
short,
The usual thing, you see,
When the Laureate starts at a penny a line
or whatever his price may be."



Rough Rider (to old Creeper, who will not let his horse jump). "NOW THEN, GUV'NOR, IF YOU ARE QUITE SURE YOU CAN'T GET UNDER IT, PERHAPS YOU 'LL LET ME 'AVE A TURN!"

OUR HUNT "POINT TO POINT."

LAST week our Point to Point steeple-chase came off. So did several of the riders: this merely *par parenthèse*. I offered to mark out the course, and, as I intended to escape the dread ordeal of riding by scratching my horse at the last moment, I thought it would be great fun to choose a very stiff, not to say blood-thirsty, line. Awful grumbling on the part of those unhappy ones who were to ride. Just as the bell rang for saddling, Captain SPROOZER, ready dressed for the fray, came up to me with very long face, and said, "Beastly line this, you know, PHUNKER. I call it much too stiff."

I smiled in pitying and superior manner. "Think so, my dear SPROOZER? My horse can't run, worse luck, but I only wish I were going to have the gallop over it."

"So you shall, then!" cried a rasping voice, suddenly, from behind me. Sir HERCULES BLIZZARD was the speaker, an awful man with an awful temper. "So you shall. My idiot of a jockey broke his collar-bone trying to jump one of the fences on this confounded course of yours to-day, so, as I am without a rider, you shall ride my mare *Dinah*."

Swallowed lump in my throat as I thanked him for his offer, but thought I had better decline, as I didn't know the mare, and besides that, I—

"Oh! all right, I know what you are going to say: that you're not much good on a horse"—(nothing of the sort! I was not going to say any such thing, confound the man!) "Of course, I know all that, and that you're not much of a rider; but I can't help myself now. It's too late to

get a decent horseman, so I shall have to make shift with you."

Deuced condescending of him. I made a feeble effort to escape, and would cheerfully have paid a hundred pounds for the chance of doing so. PHIL POUNDAWAY, great friend of mine, came up and said (sympathetically, as I thought at first), "I should think you'd prefer to get off it, wouldn't you, PHUNKER?"

Thought he would volunteer in my place, so was perfectly frank with him. "My dear PHIL, I'd give a hundred to get off—"

"Ah! you will, I expect, at the first fence, without paying the money!" he grinned, as he turned away.

Murder was in my heart at that moment. I got on *Dinah*, and, feeling like death, rode down to the starting-post. Thoughts of a misspent youth, of home and friends and things, came o'er me. I seemed once more to see the little rose-covered porch, the—

"What on earth are you mooning about?" thundered the Blizzardian voice in my ear. "Take hold of her head tighter than that, or you'll be off!"

The next moment the starter yelled "Go!" and away, like a whirlwind, we sped across the first field, towards a huge, thick blackthorn fence, the one I had thought to see such fun with. Fun! I never felt less funny in my life, as we approached it at the rate of two thousand miles an hour! The mare jumped high, but I jumped much higher, and seemed for a brief moment to be soaring through the blue empyrean. Somehow, the mare managed to evade me on the return journey earthwards, and, instead of alighting on the saddle, I found myself "sitting on the

floor." A howl—it might have been of sympathy, but it didn't sound quite like that—arose from the crowd, and then I thought that I would go home on foot, instead of returning to explain matters to Sir HERCULES. As a matter of fact, I don't much care for associating with old BLIZZARD, at all events, not just now.

SONGS FOR THE NATION.

"Λάος ἄρε ἃ λύξου σόνος ἐσσηντιάλ."

'Arrystophanes.

It is evident that the Nation is yearning for singable songs in the 'Arry dialect. The late lamented ARTEMUS WARD would probably have said, "Let her yearn"; but a stern sense of duty impels me to try and meet the need, created by the *Daily Chronicle*. I have a comforting impression that all that is necessary to insure correctness is to "chinge" as many "a"s as possible into "i"s. By this means I secure the "local colouring," which, by the way, has undergone a complete change since DICKENS spelt Weller "with a wee, my Lord." A catchword, *à propos* of nothing, is always useful, so I have duly provided it.

'ARRY THE OPTIMIST.

I.

Oh! you should see
My gal and me
(MARIAR is 'er nime),
When we go daown
To Brighton taown
To 'ave a gorjus time.

She wears sich feathers in 'er 'at,
She's beautiful and guy,
But it ain't all beer and skittles—flat!
And 'ere's the reason why:

Refrine—

She 'urries me, she worries me,
To ketch the bloomin' trine;
She 'ustles me, she bustles me,
She grumbles 'alf the time;
It's "'ARRY do," and "'ARRY don't,"
Which "'ARRY" will or "'ARRY" won't
(It goes against the grine),

But—

(Triumphantly.)

We 'as a 'appy 'ollidy,
We gits there all the sime.
—'Urry up, 'ARRY!

II.

And when we reach
The Brighton beach
It's sure to pour with rine;
A pub is not
A 'appy spot
For us to set and drine;
Yet there we set and tike our beer
And while awy the dy,
Though we don't 'ave words, no bloomin' fear!

MARIAR 'as 'er sy.

Refrine—

'Er langwidge is for sangwidges,
She's sorry that she cime;
The weather's wrong, 'er feather's wrong,
I 'as to tike the blime.
It's "'ARRY" 'ere, and "'ARRY" there,
And "'ARRY, you're a bloomin' bear,"
And "'ARRY, it's a shime"—
(Spoken.)—Which is 'ard on a feller!
And then we 'as to ketch the bloomin' trine again, and she do talk, but never mind—
(Brightly.)

We 've 'ad a 'appy 'ollidy,
We gits 'ome all the sime.
—'Urry up, 'ARRY!



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AND THE JINGO BIRD.

Henry Seymour Shaw.

A FEW YEARS HENCE.

EASTER AT TALIEH-WAN.—Personally-conducted tour by the Siberian Railway. Calais to Talien-Wan, without change of carriage. Lectures in the train by the Bishop of BOKOTA, Professor PUMPERNICKEL, and a member of the now-abolished Tsung-li-Yamen. Splendid views of the railway-stations at Brussels, Berlin, St. Petersburg and Irkutsk, as the train passes through. The national dishes of each country served in the refreshment car. First-class tickets, hotel, carriage-drives, baths, boot-cleaning, admission to Excelsior International Music-hall, Talien-Wan, cigars, and all expenses. Inclusive terms, twelve guineas. Extension to Peking, by special permission of the present Russian Governor, 2s. 6d. extra. Persons joining the party are required to remove their hats when in the presence of the railway porters or any other Russian officials. Visitors to Port Arthur are blindfolded when passing within a mile of the fortifications. British subjects are earnestly requested not to grumble at anything. Any complaints which they may wish to make, when they have left the Russian dominions, should be addressed to the Japanese Ambassador at St. Petersburg. This tour is highly recommended to sufferers from nervous disorders. Only three weeks in the train. Two days at Talien-Wan. Testimonials from the most eminent authorities. "A delightful trip."—The Bishop of BOKOTA. "Wunderschön."—Professor PUMPERNICKEL. For all particulars, apply to the Twentieth Century Tourist Agency.

CIVIL AND MILITARY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have been much struck by the account of a recent misunderstanding at one of our great universities, which, it is said, owed its origin to the brusqueries of the towing-path. The matter was quickly amicably arranged, and consequently leaves but a memory, and perhaps a lesson. I say a lesson, because, does not the incident teach us that urbanity is the best policy? And I would apply the teaching to the parade ground. Surely towards the end of the century, we can dispense with the roughness of the drill-sergeant in favour of the polished diction of the well-educated instructor. The suggestion is *à propos* of the moment, as in the near future the annual addition to our constitutional force will present themselves for training. To make my meaning plainer, I will adopt the dramatic form of narration.

SCENE—The Barrack Square. PRESENT—A Squad of Recruits standing at ease. The Drill Sergeant enters, when the rank and file come smartly to attention, smile, and salute.

Drill Sergeant. Thank you, my friends. Your reception of me is too kind—too cordial. And allow me to hint, too, that it is unnecessary to salute any one beneath the rank of a commissioned officer. But you mean kindly, my lads, you mean kindly.

First Recruit. We were glad to see you, Sir.

D. S. I am pleased to hear you say so. But it is my duty to remark that talking in the ranks—without consent—is unlawful. And now we will form fours.

Second R. A most difficult manœuvre. And if, gallant chief, we make a mess of it, I hope you will extend to us your pardon.



EASTER MONDAY.

'Arry. "DO YOU PASS ANY PUB'S ON THE WAY TO BROADSTAIRS, CABBY?"
Cabby. "YES. LOTS." 'Arry. "WELL, DON'T!"

D. S. (smiling). You are not likely to make me angry. But I am sure you will forgive me if I beg for silence.

First R. Most certainly. We quite agree that discipline must be preserved.

Second R. Entirely so. And now, good Sir, you were saying—

D. S. That forming fours is no difficult operation when properly understood. You have been so kind as to number off?

First R. We have, Sir. We got into our places, rear and front rank, and in open order, before you reached the ground.

D. S. Thank you. It was a kindly thought. At the word "fours," the even numbers will step back a pace and then take a pace to their left, each man covering his comrade when "deep" is added. Should "right" or "left" or "about" take the place of "deep," then each man will follow the direction. I hope you understand me?

First R. Nothing could be clearer. Your explanation is admirable.

Second R. Exactly. Pray accept our heartfelt thanks for your kind courtesy. &c., &c., &c., &c.

There, Mr. Punch, if this system were adopted instead of the gruff treatment of the time passing, I am sure all would go well with the British army.

Believe me,

Yours in all sincerity,

ONE IMPERFECTLY ACQUAINTED WITH
TOMMY ATKINS.

Lines by a Rejected and Dejected Cyclist.

You do not at this juncture
Feel, as I, the dreadful smart,
And you scorn the cruel puncture
Of the tyre of my heart!
But mayhap, at some Life-turning,
When the wheel has run untrue,
You will know why I was burning,
And was scorched alone, by you!



JAMES G. G.

"AGE CANNOT WITHER, NOR CUSTOM STALE!"

Returned Native (to Country Carrier, who has given him a lift). "WE DON'T SEEM TO BE COVERING THE GROUND SO FAST AS WE DID TWELVE YEARS AGO."

Carrier. "YE'RE WRANG THERE, MR. BROON, FOR IT'S THE SAME BIT BEASTIE!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE author of *The Londoners* (HEINEMANN), MR. ROBERT HICHENS, calls his eccentric story "an absurdity," and so it is. As amusing nonsense, written in a happy-go-lucky style, it works up to a genuine hearty-laugh-extracting scene between Mr. Bush and Mr. Lite, and then between the major-domo and his employer with a telephone between them, and it is a pity that soon after this capital farcical situation the story is not brought rapidly to a conclusion. When *The Private Secretary* was first produced it was in four acts, and was a comparative failure. On being reduced to three acts, it blossomed out and grew into a memorable success. Unfortunately, *The Londoners* cannot now be abbreviated, but had Mr. HICHENS finished it in 249 pages, instead of doing the joke to death in 338 pages, it would have achieved a quite exceptional popularity in these days when we have to turn back to DICKENS, MARRYAT, and LEVER, for a hearty laugh, and to THACKERAY for a most enjoyable quiet chuckle. But "for a' that and a' that" *The Londoners* is one of the most outrageous pieces of extravagant absurdity we have come across for many a day.

A new edition of Mr. W. S. GILBERT's well-known *Bab Ballads and Songs of the Savoy* (GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS), with no less than 350 illustrations by the author, and a capital portrait of him as frontispiece, is a welcome addition to any library. On the title-page is an eccentric vignette, almost Thackerayan, representing an infant, supported on a music-stool by female hands, in the act of thumping, with both its little fists, the key-board of a piano, on the stand of which rests an open music-book. Whether this be intended to represent a certain gifted composer obtaining material support from somebody, to whom the hands belong, while engaged on the innocent pastime of making tunes to the author's lines, or whether it symbolises the "Bab," or "Babe" himself, supported by Applause "with both hands," is

a question which the author alone can satisfactorily determine. However, connecting the infant phenomenon on the title-page with two other infant phenomena (one speechifying and the other listening) on the cover, it is but fair to suppose that these amusing *Ballads*, with their quaint illustrations, were originally devised with no other purpose than that of wiling away a few spare moments with a book of whimsical verses, out of which one could pick "here a bit and there a bit and everywhere a bit," then put it down with a smile, and return to it when serious. Although, in the Public School of Poetry, these *Ballads* are not to be ranked in the "first division upper fifth," with the humorous poems of HOOD, "BON GAULTIER," THACKERAY, BARHAM, or CALVERLEY, yet they may be considered as holding a unique position in the "Remove," bracketed with that other nonsensical verse-writer, LEWIS CARROLL (who, however, might have owed some of his inspiration to the *Bab Ballads*), and we should be inclined to place not a few of the ballads in the "Upper," and the remainder in the "Lower Remove." The quaint illustrations seem to be from the hand of a talented admirer of DICKY DOYLE's inimitable handiwork. The songs from the operas necessarily lose two-thirds of the point given them by actor and composer. By the way, was there in the mind of Mr. H. G. WELLS an unconscious reminiscence of having read the *Bab Ballad* on the "Perils of Invisibility" when he devised his *Invisible Man*?

"Old Peter vanished like a shot,
But then—his suit of clothes did not."

Which situation, as comically illustrated by Mr. GILBERT, was, if I remember aright, very much the predicament of Mr. WELLS's invisible hero.

The public taste, always fickle, is undoubtedly growing tired of kail-yard literature. Too many CROCKETTS spoil what, to begin with, was a sufficiently toothsome broth. My Baronite, however, ventures to advise the inquiring reader not on this account to

turn aside from *Fighting for Favour*, a romance by W. G. TARBET, which Mr. ARROWSMITH, the Ulysses of country publishers, has just added to his cheap series of novels. The dialogue is not too kail-ey, whilst the fight with the pirates, whether on land or sea, is as stirring a bit of writing as any published of late.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

"OUR LEARNED FRIEND" IN A PORTRAIT PREDICAMENT.

"I REALLY think, PORTINGTON," I said to my admirable and excellent clerk, "that this communication was of sufficient importance to have been forwarded to my private address."

"Well, Sir, I believed it to be a circular, and you know you do sometimes come to your chambers. Why, Sir, you have been twice this year."

"My visits here would be more frequent if I did not consider that my interests were absolutely safe in your hands. But, really, this was a sad oversight."

I confess I was greatly annoyed. I held in my hands an invitation from an eminent firm of photographers to grant them a sitting. In a lithographed letter they expressed their intention of publishing my portrait in their popular periodical, *Famous Faces*. The packet had been lying unopened for weeks at my Temple address. There was no knowing to what inconvenience the eminent firm may have been put by my apparent dilatoriness in sending a reply.

"Well, Sir," said my worthy retainer, "I am very sorry, and I can't say more. I thought it was a circular, because the other gentlemen got the same sort of despatch and they didn't pay any attention to them."

I smiled at the idea. Imagine any one asking for the presentment of DE PUTRE POTTE's with a view to publication! However, I determined to repair my sin of omission as early as possible, and proceeded forthwith to the studio of my correspondents. I was received with great cordiality by a young lady of considerable personal attractions, and shown into a sort of conservatory on an upper floor. After a few moments I was joined by a gentleman in a costume not unsuggestive of the undress of a Royal Academician.

"Yes?" he said, in a tone of interrogation.

"You were good enough to ask me to sit for your publication, *Famous Faces*. I am here to comply with your request."

He walked backward a few paces, and then forming his hands into a frame, looked at me through the aperture. Then he hurriedly departed and as hurriedly returned, bringing with him a forensic wig.

"Please put this on."

I hesitated, for I noticed that it was the head-dress of a Lord Chancellor.

"Well, perhaps it is only a little premature," I suggested, with a smile; and then I was struck by a happy idea. "I suppose you would not object to my publishing the portrait if I made suitable acknowledgment?"

"Oh, no, you must not do that, for we shall hold the copy-right. But I daresay, should the occasion arise, we might come to terms."

I was pleased to hear this, as I had in my mind the appearance of the memoirs which I have been engaged in writing for some years past, under the title of, *From the Gown of the Student to the Chancellor's Wig*. The photo about to be taken would form an admirable frontispiece to the second volume, the picture of the first tome of course being myself in the days of my pupil-hood. I assumed the wig and also a gown in appropriate complement. After the customary requests to smile, look pleasant, and nearly dislocate my neck in the attempt to assume an easy position, the portrait was fixed and I took my departure. In due course I received a proof, and was extremely pleased with the artistic result of the sitting.

Months passed. Deeply engrossed in my autobiography, I have little time for the consideration of other matters save those of a strictly professional character. However, the affair of which I am writing, if not entirely forensic, is, in my judgment, of the gravest moment.

"Have you noticed this portrait, Sir," asked PORTINGTON, placing a picture of myself before me. I glanced at it hastily, and recognised the subject. "You are wearing the robes of a Lord Chancellor."

"Yes, distinctly premature," I returned, "but we cannot prevent a photographer from assuming, if he pleases, the functions of a prophet."

"But do you see the name of the publication, Sir?"

"No doubt *Famous Faces*. I was to appear in that periodical."

"No, Sir, *Dressmaking for Duchesses*. They have put you in



A "BRITISH" SOLUTION.

Bella. "PORE OLD CHAP! I WONDER 'OO 'E WAS!"

Alf. "I DUNNO 'IS NAME, BELLA; BUT YOU CAN SEE RIGHT ENOUGH 'E WAS REFEREE IN A 'CUP TIE FINAL' ONCE. THEY MUST 'AVE 'AD SOME GOOD OLD FUN WITH 'IM 'FORE 'E LOOKED LIKE THAT!"

the pages devoted to advertisements, and, begging your pardon, Sir, were you taken in a group?"

I seized the paper, and found (as usual) that what my admirable and excellent clerk had suggested as the case was justified by the evidence before me. My portrait was in the sheet reserved for trade announcements in the journal mentioned. I was represented seated in my robes discussing a meal with a young lady of great beauty. The picture was inscribed, "The Luncheon Adjournment," and the commending label was, "They are thoroughly enjoying Somebody's Sausages." No doubt the idea desired to be conveyed was, that I and my fair companion were both enchanted with the comestibles of Mr. Somebody. For a moment, I was speechless with indignation.

I need scarcely say that I shall take the earliest opportunity of calling the proprietors of *Famous Faces* to account. In the meanwhile, what makes the matter the more embarrassing to me as a married man, is the fact that the young lady of great beauty, with whom I am depicted devouring Somebody's Sausages, is unfortunately not my wife. (Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump-Handle Court, April 12, 1898.

Outside the County Court.

Jenkins (to JORKINS, a debtor). What, only five bob a month! How did you manage it?

Jorkins. Why, always addressed the judge as "my Lord," of course.

PLACES WHERE ETON BOYS NATURALLY LAY THEIR STOCK IN.—The "sock" shops.



"Operator" (desperately, after half an hour's fruitless endeavour to make a successful "Picture" from unpromising Sitter). "SUPPOSE, MADAM, WE TRY A POSE WITH JUST THE LEAST SUGGESTION OF—ER—SAUCINESS?"

THE BOSS.

WITH that effete congeries called Europe
Our starry Eagle now proceeds to cope;
And when this urgent Fowl puts down his
claw,
His flap is final and his whoop is law!

The late respected MONROE (now a saint),
When here below he wore his warrior paint,
Letting his patriot eye roll large and clear
Around the occidental hemisphere,
Decided once for all to tuck the thing
Beneath the Eagle's prophylactic wing.
Whoever on that Doctrine cast a doubt
The Eagle would arrange to wipe them out!
Not that he wished to widen our domain,
O no! he merely reckoned to restrain
Deciduous despots who proposed to sit
On Freedom's hallowed patch of perquisite.
That is the Doctrine, palpably inspired,
Which makes the Ancient World so deadly
tired;

Which when our President *pro tem.* intones,
Crowned monarchs squirm upon their
crusted thrones!

True, there are regions on our local map
Which just at present we have failed to tap;
Spots, such as Canada, that still agree
To truckle to a palsied tyranny;
But yet the blessed principle is there,
And anyone may feel it in the air.

Some time ago a painful case arose
In which we quoted MONROE through our
nose

Quite loud. It did not have the same effect
As we had been encouraged to expect.
The other Anglo-Saxons thought the bluff
Was good, but not precisely good enough,
And they would "raise" us. At this juncture, we,

Guessing how difficult it is at sea
To fight successfully without a fleet,
Replied that water cannot well compete
With blood for thickness. This, they said,
was so;

And, if convenient, they would like to
know

Who MONROE was. And thus, with mutual
jest,

And many a threat of amity, we pressed
Each other to the heart.

But well we knew
That, when we next should have occasion to
Run MONROE out, we really must select
Our enemy with caution—in effect,
A negligible nation, either one
Without a ship or any sort of gun;
Or, if it had an armament at all,
That armament should be extremely small;
We building hard meanwhile.

And now the hour
Has come, and with it comes the very
Power

We wanted—old, corrupted, worn with war,
And proud as Satan. We are going for
That Power, if possible, upon the foam
Close by; we never fight away from home;
The sea is so intolerably wide
It bores the Eagle: so we play this side.
Unless, of course—and here opinion varies—
Our Bird is bent on bruising their Canaries.

And what a cause the noble creature
pleads!

See how his filibustering bosom bleeds
For Man. Disinterestedly humane
(As Eagles go) he wishes to explain
The nature of the leading Christian graces
As suited to the rule of subject races.
Himself, in simple kindness, used to smack
The Afric nigger, who is coloured black,
And Injun (red); he therefore ought to
know.

And it is just that he should boss the show
Without the help, whoever he may be,
Of any blamed European referee.
May Heaven, our only need, defend the
right,

What time the gentle Eagle strips to fight!

Before this trifling gem appears in type,
The fatal moment may be fairly ripe;
Or else it mayn't. One thing alone is sure,
Which is, that our designs are good and
pure:

We never wanted (on our solemn word)
A little bit of Cuba for the Bird!

IMPLEMENTARY.—A contemporary heads
an article, "Ho! for Klondyke." We
should have thought that "Spade or Shovel
for Klondyke" would have been more ap-
propriate.

FROM OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE ONE (still
dodging custody).—Q. Why is a daily paper
like a lamb? A. Because it is always
folded.



SENTINELS.

["The occupation of Port Arthur left us no alternative but to occupy Wei-Hai-Wei if we meant to restore the equilibrium which Russia had disturbed."—*Daily Paper*.]



"HOW DO YOU DO, MISS LESLIE! SO AWFULLY GLAD TO SEE YOU AGAIN. SO VERY SORRY YOU WEREN'T AT LADY BROWN'S DANCE LAST NIGHT. THERE POSITIVELY WAS NOT ONE PRETTY GIRL IN THE ROOM!"

"I AM NOT MISS LESLIE. BUT I WAS AT LADY BROWN'S DANCE LAST NIGHT!"

A PROMISING INVESTMENT.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—In these hard times, I am sure you will be glad to hear that I have discovered a really safe investment. It is a new fabric that grows upon trees a few score of miles from the coast of one of the most recent of our savage settlements. The fabric can be used for a variety of purposes, as a roofing to a railway station, a baby's rattle, an umbrella covering, or a coating to an ironclad. It can be easily cleaned, and takes a magnificent polish. But you need not trouble yourself about that. I am satisfied it is all right. It is certain to make any one's fortune the moment it is brought into the market. It will be seized at once by builders, buttermen, tailors, smiths, green-grocers, butchers, architects, glass-house builders, and the like. There are already clamorous demands for it from Cheltenham, Chiswick, Homerton and Hornsey Rise. The question of traffic is simple enough.

About five thousand really seasoned soldiers would be amply sufficient to clear the road from the forest to the coast. Should the natives give any trouble, the watercourses (if any exist) might be augmented with their blood. But that, again, is a detail.

So pray plank down your last dollar. You must get a return upon your capital of from five hundred to a thousand per cent. I must conclude, as I am off to my stockbroker.

Now, I have got all these particulars from the pioneer shareholder, who knows all about it. Pray understand me for the last time. I assure you nothing I have ever touched could be safer. And now away to the City.

Yours sincerely,
SIMON SIMPLE.

P.S.—Yet another word. I may tell you that I met the pioneer shareholder in Berkeley Square. I know he was speaking the truth, because he told me the story after I had given him a penny for fetching a cab.

A GALLANT DEED.

(By a War Correspondent not required at the Front.)

It was a magnificent moment. The very pick of English chivalry stood ready to make the charge. The intervening space between them and the object of attack was filled with cavalry. The horses dashed past with the sound of thunder.

The bravest of all those gallant people started in advance of his companions. Some trembled, some prayed, all wondered! But he was not to be kept back. He steadily advanced under the hoofs of the horses, scorning the wheels of the wag-gons. His object was to reach the other side, and what mattered it to him whether the riders and drivers swore? He opposed the throng with determination.

For a moment there was a pause. For a second he was driven back. The carts came past like a whirlwind. He could hear the hoarse cries of those in command. But he kept on. He would not be beaten. He remembered the doings of his Plantagenet ancestors, and went his way.

At length his pluck, his energy, were rewarded. Passing through countless dangers, within sight of the very jaws of death, he reached the other side. Then there was a shout of welcome. Then arose a chorus of congratulation. And should not he receive a recognition of his courage? Does he not deserve the Victoria Cross?

And what was the incident? Was it a battle? Was it a siege?

No; the incident was something far more interesting.

A man had passed a London crossing, and, marvellous to relate, had not been killed. No; nor even wounded.

And yet some advance there is no daring and no pluck left in the nineteenth century!



[The Whitehall says the GERMAN EMPEROR is anxious to rent a house in Scotland for the Autumn.]
EXTRA SPECIAL SCOTCH. THE MCWILHELM OF McMALLY PHISTY.

MR. PUNCH'S "ANIMAL LAND."

(With Acknowledgments as before.)

The Tolymp or Luciwits



This brilliant little Creature perches up in a gallery and peeps through the ratings and brings out the most wonderful pen-and-ink notes. He pretends to be asleep but he is all the while awake really. He has the most lovely head of hair—they say it is some kind of Essence what he has made up himself that makes it come so luxuriously. He rubs it into the members too sometimes but he has such a pleasant skilful little way of doing it all round and just touching on the points of their bills that they rather like it I believe.

The Reed or Bildaphlect



This splendid but desining Animal is awfully good at ships. He has a curious little taste for liking them to keep on the surfiss and close the right way up which was very annoying to the amperchures who manange these things for vs so nicely in parlyment. He is full of strength and boyancy and stebility. There isn't no one quite like him I think—so is his ships they seem to last for ever as good as new. He writes such vigorous letters that is a mobble of viting and he is a good powett to (It is a grate pity he didn't teach his son how to spell he seems to get worse and worse—he is a perfect dissgrace.)

The Thrums



This delightful little Creature is very retiring and knows a interview directly by his stelling tress. When he hears one he runs like a listening and gets under the sofa-cushions or inside the peyakhno or crawls in under the slates till it is all over. He used to live in a old licht-house once. He is a marvelous mixture of the most comical humour and the most leutiful paythoss. He is a regular Ramsplit singey at cricket. He was to have gone to Ostralia with Mr Stodert but they thought it was better for the Empire that he should not. You should see him snick them among the slippers (I hope that is right) When he goes in to bat the fielders all come close up to him just to take hints in batting.

"REFORMING THE JUDGES."

THE following letters are worth quoting from the *Daily Bail*. There are others, but these three give the gist of an interesting correspondence.

To the Editor of the *Daily Bail*.
Newgate, April 11.

SIR,—As a burglar of long standing, I have often had occasion to notice the pitiful way in which people knock under to HER MAJESTY'S judges, until they (the judges) naturally consider themselves everybody and everything. This is foolish and wrong. A little firmness on the part of a prisoner at the bar will often work wonders. I myself once interrupted a long tirade by a judge who was passing sentence upon me, by asking him if he were an escaped lunatic. The result of this unexpected assertion of manly independence was satisfactory and startling. The judge died instantaneously in a fit—a great moral object-lesson for all concerned. With a little care, we might reform our judges off the face of the earth.

Yours, &c., "JEMMY."

Old Bailey, April 12.

SIR,—I have read with interest the letter in your last issue on the subject of "reforming the judges." But your correspondent, Mr. JEMMY, makes a great mistake if he supposes that he will succeed in reforming the judges! "Where will he begin? With their costumes, which are absurd; their tempers, which are intolerable; or their manners, which in many cases, alas! are practically non-existent?" I have constant opportunities of watching them, so that I certainly ought to be a good judge. In fact, I would be a better judge than any of them for half-price.

Yours ever, A COURT USHER.

The Loryit



This queer little Animal has got himself smothered in with lorrels and he doesn't hardly ever show—there has been too much rime outside for him I expect. He is always hearing voices what nobody else can. Once it was like wimmen and children screaming out for help. Now it sounds like Ammerican. It says it wants to have done with its worn-out tail the tail of a anshed wrong (It doesn't seem to mean much—does it) When there is Royal babies going on he has to supply the Royal family with nice fresh odes and poetry of a joyfull character—That is what he is for—it must be a dreadfull life.

April 13.

SIR,—While we continue to pamper our judges in the way we do, we have only ourselves to thank for their shortcomings. They are "so intoxicated with the exuberance of their high pay," that the average meek criminal is afraid of them. We must reduce their salaries to 25s. a week, and

let the money they absorb be spent in increasing the comfort of prison life. At the same time, let them pay a round of friendly visits to all those whom they have sentenced. Many a worthy burglar "remains for years in misery, feeling that there is a gulf between him and his" judge. This ought not to be, and the first thing to be done is to get the Lord Chancellor off the Woolsack. Let the judges take warning! It is as dangerous for them as it is for the bench of bishops to "dance upon the thin crust of a smouldering volcano."

Yours intimately,

TICKET-OF-LEAVE.

A PROTEST.

(Offered after the Celebration of a distinguished Foreigner's Birthday.)

WHEN certain Ibsen-worshippers
A present to the master offer,
Although our faith is strong as theirs,
We stand aloof and play the scoffer.

For, while their forms thus larger bulk,
Givers and gift alike despising,
We slink into our tents and sulk,
With sneers about "self-advertising."

Yet if their action we resent
With jibe and flout, and do not spare it,
'Tis not the bold advertisement—
But that they did not let us share it.

A Matter of Taste.

Vulgar Parvenu (who is watching the interior decorations of his house). Don't you think that tapestry 'eats the rooms?'
Artistic Decorator. Very possibly, Sir; you see, it's Goblin (Gobelin).



[According to *Country Life*, Croquet, which was revived last Summer, is likely to increase in popularity this year. A splendid opportunity to revive the Pastime and the Costumes of the early Sixties at the same time.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 4.—CHARLIE BERESFORD at it again about the dark period of his career when he was yet a boy. Would have House believe that if ever there was a thorough rascal, a terror to his tutors, a pain to his parents, a warning to all nursery's, it was CHARLES WILLIAM DE LA POER BERESFORD, whose boyish iniquity darkened the mid-century. Early in Session he openly confessed to shuddering House that he had himself "been a scallywag." Later, discussing in Committee Navy Estimates, he made Members' flesh creep by hinting at his pranks as a cadet on the *Britannia*.

"If," he said, "I had been sent to prison every time I broke bounds I should have spent the flower of my youth in gaol."

SARK knows nothing about the *Britannia*, but he happened to be one of the Rev. Mr. FOSTER's pupils at Stubbington, Fareham, Hants, when CHARLIE BERESFORD was there. It is little more than forty years ago. The gallant admiral just shipped his first jacket and trowsers. SARK says he positively smelt of pinafore; was the meekest, mildest, best-behaved boy in the whole school. Had an almost cherubic voice; used to sing in the choir of Fareham Church. When the boys would let him, he liked to stand up after tea, fold his hands before him, and pipe a screed which ran something like this:—

In a Sunday School I am a scholar, la, la!

I dearly love my Papa and my Ma, Ma, Ma!

I dote upon my teacher too, so true, true, true,

And what he bids me try to do, I do, do, do.

Teacher, teacher! Why am I so happy, happy,

In my Sunday School?

I put away on Sunday all my toys, toys, toys,
And never go and play with naughty boys, boys,
boys,

Who into wicked men will surely grow, grow, grow,
And where at last they'll go to, I don't know,
know, know.

Teacher, teacher! Why am I so happy, happy,
In my Sunday School?

He rarely got beyond this second verse, the audience regarding its drift as personal. Usually, at this juncture, they set upon and buffeted him. Discipline borne with exquisite meekness. One Summer after-

noon, having sung the first two verses with the customary consequence, he sneaked back to the school-room, climbed on window-sill, and his linnet-like voice was heard trilling:—

I keep my little hands and face so clean, clean,
clean;

My little heart within is all serene, rene, rene.

I stand quite still upon my little feet, feet, feet,

And pretty little verses I repeat, peat, peat.

Teacher, teach—

At this moment the pack, rushing out



The Truth about the Scallywag!

Lord Ch-rl-s B-r-sf-rd as he was in early youth!

of school-house, were upon him, and CHARLIE saved up the rest of the chorus for another time.

Very interesting these reminiscences of a great man's boyhood. Show how curiously memory is warped when it takes autobiographical turn. The hero of the *Condor*, looking back upon his blameless boyhood, has created a bugbear of a boy. Probably, even SARK's personal testimony, now made public for the first time, will not convince him of his hallucination.

Business done.—Second reading of Prisons Bill.

Tuesday.—House adjourned for Easter Holidays. As the Gentleman wrote on his office door in the City when going off for five years' penal servitude, "Back again d'reckly." To be precise, we shall be at work again on Monday week, the 18th.

THE EMPTY MUZZLE.

In Memory of "Nibs." An English Gentleman.

On the bell-pull by the cottage fire

There hangs an empty crown

Of leather intermixed with wire,

A mouse-trap upside down.

And yet the helmet of a knight,

Brave, stalwart, staunch and kind,

Who never feared to face a fight,

Nor left a foe behind.

A gentleman of high degree

As ever yet was seen,

Who gentle as a dove could be

While chivalrous his mien!

Who can forget his loving eyes

That welcomed a caress,

Or answered orders wondrous wise

With all but spoken "Yes"?

Dear honest heart, for nine long years

We journeyed side by side,

Shall I then seek to stay my tears,

My sorrow try to hide?

E'en if mankind my grief contemn—

The many or the few—

I only wish that one of them

Were loyal friend like you!

THE END OF "LENT" (with acknowledgments to a certain Parliamentary Committee).
—The abolition of Usury.



SIR GEORGE AND THE DRAGON OF USURY.

["It is bad enough to know that men are the victims of this system of usury, but when this abuse has grown to such proportions that married women become the prey of the money-lender, surely the time has arrived when this trade should be put down by the strong arm of the law. . . . In my judgment they are a curse to society and a danger to the community."] *Sir George Lewis's Letter to the "Times," April 4.]*

Mr. Punch loudly says, "Hear, hear!"

OUR CLUB.

THE other day we had our annual general meeting. The Chairman of our Committee stated that the finances of the club were in the most flourishing condition ("Hear! hear!"), and that, with continued attention to economy on the part of our excellent House Committee and of our admirable Secretary ("Hear! hear!") we might hope not only to remain prosperous, but even after about twenty years to accumulate a fund with which to buy the freehold of the club-house. (*Loud cheers.*)

This statement has aroused immense enthusiasm amongst the members, who are unanimous in their desire to buy the freehold as soon as possible. We should all feel so much more comfortable. It has been pointed out that even the Athenæum does not possess a freehold house. Everyone has been suggesting some economy which will enable us to surpass the Athenæum.

JONES, who is rather particular about his food, proposes that the club dinner should be cut down. Some members grumble at the fish. Let us have only sardines. Others complain about the meat. Let us get it from Australia. As for poultry and game, have none at all.

ROBINSON, who is very particular about his drink, thinks we might do a lot with our wine-list. The grocer in the next street has some claret, which is really excellent, at the price.

BRIGGS, who gets a heap of papers by his side and reads through them steadily, says we might save in papers. Let us have one halfpenny paper and *Punch*, and no more. But the other members blame BRIGGS for his extravagant ideas, and say we could do without the halfpenny paper.

WILKINSON is the man who always gets in the most comfortable arm-chair and falls asleep in front of the fire. He now says we waste a lot of money on Turkey carpets and leather-covered seats. Let us have oil-cloth on the floors and sit on plain wooden chairs.

GREEN, who writes an immense number of letters on the club paper, proposes that we should pay for our stationery as we pay for our cigarettes, a penny a sheet.

WHITE is an indolent man, and rings the bell if he wants a

paper from the other side of the room. He now suggests that we might do without waiters. Heaven helps those who help themselves. Let us help ourselves.

BROWN, who has proposed some of our greatest improvements, though he is rather a duffer, now makes the most valuable suggestion. He is mortally afraid of draughts, thinking perhaps, as he is a little man, that he might easily be blown out of the room. He says that if we all wore our hats, as they do in some very swell clubs, and also brought ulsters and railway rugs, we could do without fires altogether. The saving in coal would be immense.

We all agree that, if we had cheap wines and cheap chairs, no carpets, no papers, and no waiters, no fish, no fowls, and no fires, we could settle down comfortably, knowing that in fifteen years, or less, the freehold would be ours.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE CHEAPEST.

ONE fond farewell, from one who used to love you,
'Bus-roof accept in verses pseudo-sapphic;
Where oft I sat contentedly above you—
London's loud traffic.

Farewell the seat where comfortably seated
Daphne and I so often rode together,
Drank in soft airs, and frequently repeated—
"Glorious weather!"

Yet even so some churl devoid of breeding
(Though one could bear it patiently enough there),
From cheap cigars strong odours, little heeding,
Frequently puffed there.

But, pleasant journeys, henceforth I must end you,
Since, to provide tobacco for the many,
There now a first-class cigarette they'll vend you—
Four for a penny.



QUITE RESPECTFUL.

Fair Cyclist. "Is that the INCUMBENT of THIS PARISH?"
Parishioner. "Well, 'e's the VICAR. BUT, WOTEVER SOME OF US THINKS, WE NEVER CALLS 'IM A HENCUMBRANCE!"



"LAST, BUT NOT LEAST."

"WHY DO YOU CALL HIM A GOOD JOCKEY? HE NEVER RIDES A WINNER."

"THAT JUST PROVES IT. HE CAN FINISH LAST ON THE BEST HORSE IN THE RACE!"

TALL SCORING.

(A Bowler's Nightmare.)

SEATED in my study, I had just read in one of the evening papers that, in a recent cricket-match between Melbourne University and Essendon, the former side had compiled the record score of 1,697 in their first innings, when . . . "In my study," did I say? What an absurd mistake; why, I was sitting in a cricket-pavilion, looking on at a match. And, apparently, I was talking to an old gentleman seated at my side, who was making remarks on the game. Suddenly a loud cheer proclaimed the fall of a wicket. My companion turned to me wrathfully.

"Just what I was saying," he exclaimed. "These men aren't the slightest use. Why on earth they are played for the county I can't think. Look at that, five of the best wickets down for something under seven hundred runs! Perfectly sickening, I call it!"

"I beg your pardon," I asked, in some surprise, "but what did you say was the score?"

"There it is, Sir," he replied, brandishing his umbrella in the direction of the tele-

graph-board. "Read it yourself—680 runs, five wickets, last man 152. And they told us he was a coming man! 152, indeed! Simply paltry!"

"Dear me," I ventured to say, "but isn't that a pretty fair innings?"

My companion became more indignant than ever. "None of your beastly sarcasm. You know well enough that if nowadays a man can't make three or four hundred at least, he might just as well not go in at all. Ah! that's more like it," he broke off, as the new batsman let out at a half-volley. "Well run, Sir! Go again, go again! Seven or eight more yet! There, that's all! Stay where you are! Seventeen," he added, turning to me again, "a very pretty hit."

"Very," I assented, dubiously, "but, pardon my ignorance, for I haven't seen much cricket lately, is there any chance of this match ever being finished?"

"Of course there is," was the answer. "I dare say it will be quite short, and won't last over a fortnight, although of course it's set down as a three-weeks' match. There's a pretty stroke!" he added, as one of the batsmen dexterously snicked a fast ball through the slips for

thirteen. "Come, we'll soon have the thousand up now."

"And what," I enquired, "do you consider a good average score?"

"Well, that depends. But on a tolerable wicket a strong batting side ought never to be dismissed under three thousand. As, however, this is only a trial match against the colts, I dare say the county will declare their innings closed pretty soon. Did you see that over? JOHNSON drove that slow bowler for sixteen three times running, and then put him trickily to short leg for eight. Look, there's the thousand going up now. Ah," he exclaimed, as the players all walked towards the pavilion, "I told you so. They've 'declared.' Sorry for you, Sir, since you won't get your innings!"

"My innings!" I gasped. "But—but—I'm not playing!"

"None of your jokes with me," said the old gentleman, with some asperity. "If you're not playing for the county, why are you wearing the county cap, and how is it you're down on the card? I know who you are, right enough. Be off with you, you've got to get out into the field now; there's the bell!"

Overwhelmed with surprise, I walked across to the scorer's table. There, sure enough, was my name among the list of the county team. So I went out to speak to the captain, who was already placing the field, meaning to point out that there was some mistake. To my astonishment, he called out to me by name, throwing me the ball. "You may as well begin at that end," he said. "I've put long-on about a quarter of a mile behind the wicket. Will that suit you?"

Then two batsmen appeared, and I began to bowl. Of all that happened subsequently I have only a vague recollection; after a short time a kind of grey horror came upon me. But it seemed as though I were bowling for centuries to a pair of demon batsmen, who smote my most cunning deliveries for miles. It made no difference whether I sent in short-pitched balls or yorkers, all were treated alike; and when I was not bowling I had to run for hours—or so it seemed—before I could catch up the ball, whenever a batsman made one of his terrific hits in my direction. In vain I appealed piteously to the captain to let me go home. "Nonsense," he said, "you're bowling excellently. Why, they've only made forty-two off your three last overs!"

How long the dreadful game went on I cannot say. At last, when the score was somewhere about two thousand, we got a man run out (he was trying to steal a twelfth run off a cut that went straight to cover-point), and therewith stumps were drawn for the day. I sank to the ground utterly exhausted, and my captain came and looked at me derisively.

"Remember, we start play at 7 A.M. sharp to-morrow," he said. "Mind you're here in time."

"And we've only got one wicket!" I groaned. "That leaves nine to get, nine more wickets, and each of them—"

A strange smile came over the captain's face. "Nine more?" he interrupted. "You forget, this is a colts' match, and we're playing against a twenty-two!"

At these awful words, I gave a shriek of despair and fainted . . . and awoke to find myself in my study, seated before the fire, and with the evening paper still upon my knee.



Lucy Sanderson

A FRESH START.

Kaiser. "YOU GOT MY WIRE ABOUT YOUR SUCCESS IN EGYPT, JOHN?"

Mr. B. "THANK YOU VERY MUCH; SO KIND OF YOU. BUT, *FACTA NON VERBA*, YOUR IMPERIAL MAJESTY. HOW ABOUT ACTING TOGETHER IN CHINA?"

DARBY JONES ON THE CITY AND SUBURBAN.

HONOURED SIR,

On the occasion of the City and Suburban Handicap—note how artfully the title was chosen, "*City and Suburban*," whereby a direct interest in the race was given to all dwellers East, West, North and South of St. Paul's Cathedral—the Merry Londoner, far more jolly than the gloomy Parisian, bursts forth from his domestic stronghold, armed with his Wife and Children, solaced with Uncles, Aunts, Cousins, and Second Cousins, and fortified with Friends and Acquaintances. He is not, as a rule, an Aristocrat, but his coach, break, or "cherry-bang," is "up to the nines," the bottled ale flows like the Song of a Minstrel, and the Sweeps are sufficient to overwhelm the traditions of May-day. The Merry Londoner means to enjoy himself at the opening of the Season, and opens with it like a Springtime bud. For him, therefore, do I invoke the Muse and mix the Possible with the Probable, and here goes:

Cagliostro is no friend of mine,

For the *Sun* I can have no respect,
But the *Donkey* may break up the line
And make light of the *Royal Elect*.

Her Cousin in *Scarlet and White*

Will fall to the *Primrose and Rose*,

And the *Norseman* may make a fair fright

When the *Bay horse* is finding his toes.

Scotia's Knight in the scarlet and blue

May the *Rooster-Assassin* distress,

And "*Amphi*" the battle renew

When the *Ladyfort* seems in a mess.

Put the *Mason* tool down with the rest,

And the *Ready-Desirous* for me,

And the *Merry Rose* fight in the test

With the *Saint*, who's the winner, I see!

Such, honoured Sir, is the humble, but
I trust harmonious, prognostication of
Your obedient humble henchman,

DARBY JONES.

THE PIPER.

[“The Piper of Dargai is being inundated with offers of marriage from ladies of rank and fortune.”
Daily Paper.]

Who would be
A piper bold,
Sitting on high,
Piping on high,
A wonder to see,
On the summit cold
Of Dargai?

I would be a piper bold.
I would sit with my pipe the whole of the
day,
And fill the sick-ward with the smoke of
plug,
For my pipe would be a pipe of clay.
And at morn, when the postman's bugle
blew,

I would sit at the fireside, warm and snug,
And open my letters and *billets doux*—
Offers of marriage in scores that came
From ladies anxious to share my name,
Eagerly, eagerly—

Ladies of fortune and high degree,
Enclosing their photos that I might see,
And all of them dying for love of me,
Hopelessly, hopelessly.

Then would I, with a critical air,
Examine the pictures and pick out the fair,
But the ugly I'd throw to the fender below
To burn in a flare.

I'd write to the beauties and tell them to
call

As soon as they could, and we'd laugh and
we'd chat

All day merrily, merrily.



NOTES OF TRAVEL.

Irish Emigrant (emerging from the steerage, feebly). "WHERE'S THE SAILS? WHAT IS IT MAKES THE SHIP GO ALONG?"

Fellow Passenger. "THIS AIN'T NO SAILING SHIP. THIS IS A STEAM SHIP, THIS IS. FIFTEEN THOUSAND HORSE-POWER."

Irish Emigrant. "FIFTEEN THOUSAND HORSES! THINK OF THAT NOW! AND WHERE'S THE SHTABLIN'?"

Talk of the mermen! With envy and gall
They'd be greener than ever to see me at
that

All day merrily, merrily.
Still, there's one or two things they could
teach me, maybe,

How to court a dear damsel, and how to
embrace,
But I'd find a more dry, less rheumatic
place

Than those nasty damp moss-beds under
the sea;

I'd practise the lessons that they taught me

In the dreamy shades of Netley's glades
Laughingly, laughingly.

Oh! what a happy life to face!
Who wouldn't be one of the Gordon blades
With the ladies all making love to me?
We would live merrily, merrily.

SHAKESPEARIAN MOTTO (from *King John*,
Act III., Sc. 1) OF ENCOURAGEMENT TO
THE DOUGHTY KNIGHT, SIR GEORGE LEWIS,
IN HIS CRUSADE AGAINST THE MONEY-
LENDERS. — "Constance. O, Lewis, stand
fast!"



["An 'Imperial Railway Administration' is now a part of Chinese bureaucracy."—*Daily Paper*.]

IF CHINA IS TO HAVE RAILWAYS, OF COURSE THE DRAGON MUST ENTER INTO THE DESIGN OF THE LOCOMOTIVES, &C., AS ABOVE.

OUR STEWARD.

A NOTE FROM THE YACHTING DIARY OF
TOBY, M.P.

S.-y. "Maritana," *Loch Etive*, Tuesday.
—Our Steward has just gone ashore under care of captain and the ablest-bodied of our crew. Glad he got clear of the yacht without catastrophe. So awkward to have an exploded steward alongside, especially when you've just had the ship painted a spotless white. Some story in MARRYAT—I forget in which novel—where a seafaring man (or was it a bum-boat woman?), after a lifelong application to the rum-bottle, lit his (or her) pipe in a casual way. The fumes of an old spirit-cask, as it were, caught light, and the verdict of the coroner's jury was "spontaneous combustion." Our Steward lit his pipe as he tumbled into the boat. Happily nothing happened.

It wasn't rum in the case of Our Steward, but methylated spirits of wine. Evidence of its persuasiveness was visible when, yesterday afternoon, we joined the yacht for a cruise Skye-ward. Our Steward's devotion to his duty was effusive but ineffective. Going below to dress for dinner, we found there were no lights.

"No lights!" said Our Steward, his face beaming with desire to be of assistance; "there soon shall be."

Produced box of matches; smote a score on his breeches; as in most cases application of the wrong end was made, result disappointing. At last struck a light.

"Ah!" said Our Steward, turning to survey us with radiant glance of benevolence prolonged till the light burned down to his toil-worn fingers, and was cast away on the newly-carpeted state-room floor.

More matches struck; some lit; applied to top of metal candlestick. Touching to watch, in flickering light falling on Our Steward's ruddy countenance, the look of coaxing entreaty that made it irresistible. "Come now," he said, cooing the candlestick as if it were a fretful infant that wouldn't take its food.

Being merely a guest, didn't like to interfere with trusted servant. At end of quarter of hour of futile match-striking,

looked at candlestick; found there was no candle in it.

"Dear me, now," said Our Steward, his face lighting up with beam of pleased astonishment. "Think of that!"

Nothing disturbed him. At dinner, he planted out a dish of cutlets in the flower-pot; gently but firmly took away my soup after I had had two spoonfuls; knocked over a glass of champagne when handing round the bread; and quite forgot the fish.

He was up bright and early in the morning, joyous in the consciousness that candles were not needed. Our berths were under the dining-saloon, approached by a steep flight of stairs. Soon after five, Our Steward was about. Breakfast was fixed for nine o'clock. In a well-ordered ship there is nothing like being well ahead of your work. So about half-past five Our Steward began laying the cloth for breakfast. The process was long and monotonous. It began with his bursting into the dining-saloon and clattering down on the table a handful of spoons and forks. Forks seemed to bring to his mind the memory of knives. Forth he went in search of

them. But down below two people were sleeping. It would never do in a chill April morning to leave the deck-door open on them. The draught might waken them, if it did no worse. So Our Steward, flying off to the galley, shut the saloon-door with a bang like a pistol-shot.

Back again in no time, humming softly to himself,

"A sailor's wife a sailor's star should be,
Yoho! Yoho!"

flung down on the table, quite in time, a bundle of something I knew were knives; softly whistled another bar of *Nancy Lee*, whilst (I imagined) he regarded his handiwork with that gaze of benevolent interest he had last night bent upon the amazingly empty candlesticks. Going out again, and, still mindful of the comfort of the sleeping passengers, he banged the saloon-door as before.

Plates were his next prize. There was no doubt about this, for he let one fall. A low whistle of astonishment in which there was just the slightest touch of irritability at the perverseness of the thing, followed. Then, lo! a strange thing happened. The door of my state-room was wide open, in full view of the staircase. I caught sight of a booted foot cautiously descending. It was followed by another foot, with nothing on but a stocking much frayed at the heel. Gradually there came into view a broad stern as of an East Indian. It was Our Steward descending the staircase backwards. What for, Heaven only knows. As soon as he got to the bottom, he, with the same stealthy footstep, re-ascended, and the pistol-shot of the closing saloon-door announced his departure.

I fancy he must have thought he was going out on deck to the galley, and did not discover his mistake till he got to the bottom of the stairs. Much touched by his solicitude. Wouldn't wake us on any account. Had evidently begun to take his boots off; thought he had completed the job. Meanwhile walked on tiptoe.

More dishes; more plates; and, as we later discovered, tumblers instead of teacups, set on the breakfast-table. A finely subtle touch that. At half-past six he had nicely finished his work, and, surveying it, softly whistled a stave of



"WHEN A STREET IS UP"—
A very old-fashioned and most effectual way of
"Diverting the Traffic."

Nancy Lee. Another bang of the door; a brief interval; he was back again. I heard a trickling of water down the staircase. Then the stockinged foot, coming first this time, followed at considerable interval by the booted heel. Soon the rounded stern hove in sight; then the capless head. It was Our Steward, breathing heavily, depositing at the bottom of the stairs a can containing what was left of our hot water.

That was the last I saw of Our Steward, save the parting view as he went ashore in charge of the captain. The Commodore, coming on deck and finding him a little mixed, straightway ordered him to be put on shore. An empty bottle that had contained methylated spirits of wine, found in the store cupboard, explained all.

BIG GAME.

[A dead fox has recently been displayed in a West End shop, hanging up amongst the game and poultry.]

I DISCOVERED with amazement
Lately that, in certain ways,
Talk of "these degenerate days" meant
Something more than just a phrase.

Now I offer in confusion
Praisers of the past a sop,
I have lost one more illusion—
In a game and poultry shop.

To my utter stupefaction,
There with partridges and hares
Said to be of Russ extraction
(E'en though dead, perhaps, to theirs),

Midmost of a row of rabbits—
Still the recollection shocks—
Now oblivious of its habits
Hung, alas! a gallant fox.

There it was, past all denying,
I would tell no schoolboy's "cram"—
Lion, not precisely lying
Down, but hanging up, with lamb!

Here was fare a prince might pamper!
Happy thought—a fitting end—
Send it in an Easter hamper
To an ardent hunting friend!

Asked the price, the poulterer sought to
Bargain—"Just what I can get."
"Get? Why, six months' hard, you
ought to!"

We have done no deal as yet.

What's the use of indignation?
Decadent poulterers may display
Placards, in a generation,
"Fox is good and cheap to-day!"



"No Larks!"



"HOME, SWEET HOME!"

Husband (to wife, just returned from Continental trip). "NOW, DEAR, ISN'T IT DELIGHTFUL, AFTER THE BUSTLE AND RACKET OF THOSE FOREIGN HOTELS, TO BE BACK IN THE PERFECT TRANQUILLITY OF OUR OWN HOME, AND—"

Cook & Co. (entering hurriedly). "KITCHIN' CHIMNEY A-BLAZIN', MUM! BETTER 'AVE IN THE FIRE ENGINGS QUICK, MUM!"

FLITTINGS.

Kimberley, March 21.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I write a few lines, in the intervals of mosquito-slaying, in praise of the Great Karroo and the railway which bears you to the North across it. I will spare you a description of the Hex River ascent, where the line plays a species of cat's-cradle with itself up gradients of one in forty, and where you have an engine at each end of the train, which seems, like a kitten, to be running after its own tail, and where there is a "wash-out" every other day or so, and the sleepers go floating down a mountain-torrent—let sleeping logs lie, I say. It is the Karroo which takes my fancy. I don't know where it begins or where it ends, but there is enough of it for the most eagle eye. There is a free and independent ring about the very name, a mixture of halloo and crow, exhilarating as the air which blows across you at an altitude of four thousand feet. As for the scenery, there is bright red earth and low grey shrubs, flat-topped kopjes, or hills, in plenty to break the skyline, ant-hills in abundance, an occasional herd or drove (which is it?) of ostriches, a settler's hut or a tree at intervals of about ten miles, and a thunder-storm every day. What more do you want?

Then as to the train. When we parted with the Johannesburg section at De Aar Junction (look this out in Bradshaw) our carriage was hitched on to a goods train of eighteen trucks, which contained Kaffirs, brandy-kegs, and other etceteras. It was, I should say, a train specially adapted for botanists, picnickers and pedestrians, as it went so slowly up inclines that I got off four times and picked flowers and generally disarranged the landscape. The line is like a switchback and goes up and down, and also around any inconvenient hillock that may be in the way. Some of the stations are simply name-boards, nothing more, but the names at any rate are familiar, e.g., Chalk Farm and Richmond Road, miles from any habitation, out in the open veld. Then we bought a bottle of milk at Honey Nest Kloof (a romantic name!), and when we asked the dusky vendor if it was ostriches' milk, he said, "Ah, yes!" and nearly exploded as he disappeared round a corner. He will probably relate to his dying day the tale of the two confiding pale-faces whom he once took in on a point of natural history. Towards the end of our pleasant thirty-six hours' run we indulged in some shunting practice, with the result that the carriage-lamp imitated Newton's apple, and fell within an inch of the head of Yours precariously,

Z. Y. X.



James T. Pugh del.

Jones (alluding to the song). "NOT BAD; BUT I THINK THE GIRL MIGHT HAVE PUT A LITTLE MORE SPIRIT INTO IT WITH ADVANTAGE."

Lushington. "JUSH 'T I WAS THINKIN'. LESH AVANOTHER!"

LITERARY TOUTS.

III.—THE SOCIAL KIND.

AMID the signs that indicate

The coming hurly-burly,
Cards for receptions, cool and late,
And others, warm and early,
The polo-match, the Church bazaar,
The dance of virgin gallants,
You read it—"Mrs. PUFFIN-PARR
At Home. To meet the Talents."

How well I know that woman's card!

It meets my weary eye on
The glass of every sucking-bard
And young dramatic lion!

And from enquiries I have made
I gather this about it—

No literary stock-in-trade
Can be complete without it.

I spoke of her to THOMAS BROWN
(GAWAYN LE BRUNE, he spelt it);
That author's literary frown
In specious laughter melted;
"Who is she?" Well, she runs a kind
Of what we call a *salon*;
Where (see the notice) one may find
Tout ce qu'il y a de talent.

"But who my hostess is, or what
Her reason for existence,
These questions, frankly, I do not
Pursue with marked insistence;
I use her caravanserai,
Like other public hostels,
For meeting brother-genii,
The pick of Art's apostles."

"Take me," I said, "for I would know
That bright and hallowed region,

Where men of light and leading go
And prattle by the legion;
Surely some spell of power untold
Lies hid behind those portals,
That lure within one common bower
So many rare Immortals."

In brief, I went. My host betrayed
A taste for my effusions;
To all my published works he made
Appropriate allusions;
Till in his ear my future themes
Were touchingly confided,
And when I left he knew my schemes
At least as well as I did.

Next week I chanced upon a "par"
Signed by "The Burrowing Badger":—
"GAWAYN LE BRUNE, that nascent star,
Long noticed in the *Cadger*,
Has done a volume, nearly due—
French Morals and the Ballet;
Last month, to catch the local hue,
He crossed (by sea) to Calais.

"His book, which all should now secure,
Smacks of OVIDIUS NASO,
With photographs *d'après nature*,
Très chic, if we may say so:
One of our younger rising firms,
PUSH, BROTHERS (doing nicely),
Has bought the copyright on terms
Too high to quote precisely."

Much marvelling how my friend LE BRUNE
(Plain THOMAS BROWN, in private)
Such booming in the eye of noon
Could possibly connive at,
I read again: "JOHN JONES" (that's me)—
"His smart elucidation
Of HABAKKUK will prove, *on dit*,
A perfect revelation."

Full details followed. I had been
The victim of a vulture,
A feeder off the fat, or lean,
Of other people's culture;
A licensed literary tout
Who battens on his betters,
And runs the column—"Chats about
The Chiefs of Art and Letters."

So was I taught the mystic truths
Of mutual market dealings
Beneath a social salve that soothes
The artist's finer feelings;
How host and guest work hand in hand
On lines a little greasy,—
The enterprising squeezer and
The enterprising squeezer.

A HAPPY HOLIDAY.

Now I really do not care a
Hang about the Riviera,
In the daytime you've a gay time,
But the nights are very cold.
And for any kind of touring
Which I used to find alluring,
I for biking had a liking,
But I now have grown too old.

Then the constant change of weather,
To my thinking, altogether
Knocked the notion of an ocean
Trip completely on the head;
I've a horror, too, of "trippers,"
'Arrys, 'Arriets, and "nippers,"
So a jolly quiet holi-
Day I spent at home in bed.

NICE OF RUSSIA.—Out of compliment to
the Leader of the House of Commons, the
CZAR proposes to re-name Port Arthur,
"Port Arthur-Balfour."



“WELL DONE, ALL!”

ATBARA, APRIL 8, 1898.



DIAGNOSED.

atient. "I'M FEELING WRETCHED, DOCTOR. I TAKE NO INTEREST IN ANYTHING, HAVE NO APPETITE, CAN'T SLEEP—"
 doctor. "WHY DON'T YOU MARRY THE GIRL?"

PONGO'S PROTEST.

ROTEST? Ah, yes! And the being I'd bless who would shame the fine dames with less wisdom than pelf, who indulge us in doctors and dandyish dress, until a poor doggie's ashamed of himself. In our own silly fashions our mistresses deem us delightful to creatures less foolish than they. They tugs me in *chiffons* and stuffs me with cream, but my life, I assure you, is other than gay. I go to doctors, and tailors, and barbers! Oh, faugh! I have my boots, fur-lined wrapper, with bracelet and card-case, could, if I could, hide my face with my paw, or I'm an unwilling dog-dandy; a hard case! An idiot mistress may dress as she will; she's heartless, and brainless, and victim to fad; she'll make me the victim of milliner skill, and a horrible outrage that drives me half mad. Look at me! Shaved, curled, and cosseted up till I look like some caricature of a poodle! What would mamma think of her favourite pup? I wish I could cut the whole precious caboodle, and be wild, free, and natural caper and scamper about London streets, or far plains like a dingo, or from fool-women who selfishly pamper. I'd rather be Toby the Punch dog, by Jingo! My coat and frilled collar are all meant in fun, but mine! you can't think what a guy I am made! A tight-swaddled waddler; can't frisk, much less run, I'm too plump for a jump, and it's years since I played. I don't know my own coat, curled all o'er like a wig, and I'm glad of the fur-lined top-coat just to hide it. I'm stupid, short-winded, and fat as a pig; I'm mere waddling wardrobe, with misery inside it. My togs—so I'm told—are worth full twenty pounds, my toilet-club, doctor, and tailor cost money, I though with my mistresses that freely abounds I waste it on making me wretched seems funny. My night-gowns and handkerchiefs only would make my poor family happy. I feel like a hog:

And when at my mistress's fondling I wake,
 I am tempted to say "Is thy servant a dog?"
 A dog? No, a wretched, degraded, fat mass
 Of fad-made monstrosity; selfish and silly.
 In looks, as my mistress, but she is an ass
 By choice, whilst poor I seem the same willy-nilly.
 There! That is my protest. Now who'll back it up
 In a way more effective than my feeble snarling,
 And gratitude earn from a poor puffing pup,
 Who's a plague to himself though his mistress's darling?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *Dearer than Honour* (HUTCHINSON) E. LIVINGSTON PRESCOTT has very nearly written a big book. If he had treated this first version as a rough note-book, left out some episodes and written in others, he (or isn't it she?) might have succeeded. The germ thought is a noble one; but it grows amid rank weeds of impossibility. My Baronite is not disposed to insist upon the prosaic in romance land. It is quite conceivable that a man of *Ludovic Ord's* supremely fine nature might have sacrificed and suffered all he did for the sake of the girl he loved. But he would require some further proof of necessity than was supplied by the machinations of the melodramatic villain *Finucane*. Moreover, all the scenes in connection with *Sister Sophia* are ludicrously out of drawing. That the author feels these truths is indicated by the sub-title, *A Fool's Tragedy*. But why make such an incredible fool?

A Soldier of Manhattan (SMITH, ELDER) fought at Ticonderoga, and, under the leadership of WOLFE, stormed the heights that led to the Plains of Abraham and the conquest of Quebec. Mr. JOSEPH ALTSHELER has evidently made painstaking study of the period, and reproduces its episodes and characters with commendable fidelity. But his hand lacks the magic touch with which some earlier workers in the field of historical romance are gifted. His men and women are woefully wooden, and his battle scenes, carefully drawn from the best records, lack the glow of fire. Withal, the book is, my Baronite says, well worth reading, as dealing with a little-studied episode in the history of the Empire.

With much gratification hath the Baron read Mr. S. R. CROCKETT's *Lochinvar* (METHUEN), a spirited romance full of doughty deeds, clanging and clashing of weapons, firing of pistols, hair-breadth escapes, strange Scotch language unintelligible to the pock-pudding Englishman, skirmishes, and such a surfeit of exciting sensational scenes as would have sufficed Sir WALTER SCOTT as material for three novels, and a modern dramatist for at least a couple of melodramas. And that the essential "female interest" should not be lacking, Mr. CROCKETT gives us two full-blown heroines, one of whom he is compelled to kill, and two other fledgling heroines, whose necessary disappearance from the story causes a pang of regret to the reader, as it must have done to the author. But why doth Mr. CROCKETT so gently treat his melodramatic villains? Of course, as he lets down his arch-scoundrel easily, he is in justice compelled to permit the aforesaid arch-villain's "creatures" to escape scot-free. Alas! that it should be so, for up to the very end did not the Baron, with palpitating heart and bated breath, await some awful catastrophe which should put an end, and in excruciating tortures too, to "the Butcher, the Calf, and the Killer"? If "my Lord Barra" be permitted to escape, as he is, then hath mercy, and not justice, prevailed with the romancer. With real pleasure does the Baron recommend to all lovers of bustling melodramatic romance Mr. CROCKETT's stirring and picturesque story of *Lochinvar*.

In *The Lust of Hate* (WARD, LOCK & Co.), GUY BOOTHBY makes use of his own Dr. Nikola as "*Diabolus ex machina*," and as that mysterious, necromatic scoundrel is not brought to an untimely end, it is presumable that he may be ready to hand whenever his agency is again required for some other audaciously-schemed plot. The story, in which the situation of shipwrecked hero and heroine on a desert island vividly recalls a few of the incidents in CHARLES READE's *Foul Play*, is exciting; but the *dénouement* is inartistic, being not only too evident, but far too abrupt. In fact, the story is spoilt in order to give Dr. Nikola a chance of being ready when wanted for "Mr. BOOTHBY's next." What a pity it is that Mr. Sherlock Holmes cannot be revived in order to be pitted against the nefarious Dr. Nikola!

THE BARON DE B.-W.



GOING DOWN TO THE HOUSE AFTER THE HOLIDAYS!

SO MUCH MORE LOCAL COLOUR MIGHT BE INTRODUCED IF OUR ARTIST WERE ONLY CONSULTED IN TIME BY THE AUTHORITIES. AS IT IS, HE HAS ONLY HAD TIME TO MAKE A ROUGH DESIGN FOR THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION. IT WOULD BE IMMENSELY POPULAR IN THE STREETS!



UNENVIABLE POSITION OF MR. POTTLES, WHOSE RECORD DRIVE HAS JUST LANDED FAIRLY IN THE RIBS OF IRASCIBLE OLD COLONEL CURRY, OUT FOR HIS CONSTITUTIONAL CANTER.

THE COMPLEAT DUFFER.

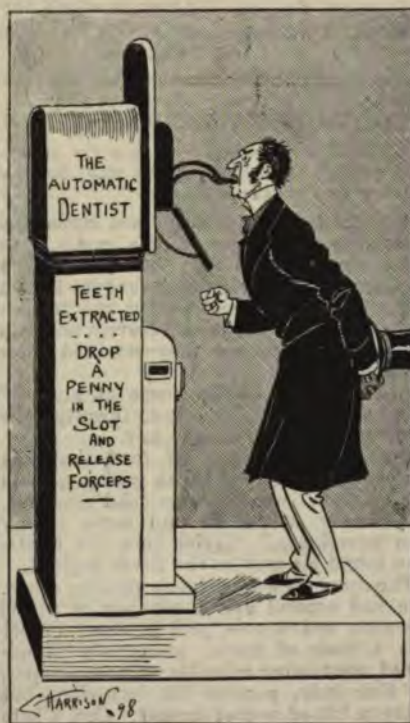
I HAVE fished in every way,
Fished on every kind of day,
But my basket still remains *in statu quo*,
Not a stickleback will rise,
Not a gudgeon as a prize
To the quite amazing flies
That I throw.

When I try the purling brook,
Many trout just have a look
At my fly, or at the minnow, that I spin.
With fishy leer they squirm
Off, and my belief is firm
That I'd better use a worm
On a pin.

Wherever I get leave,
Still I fish from morn to eve,
Though I never—hardly ever—rightly cast,
With a body soaking wet,
With a mind intent and set
On success achieving yet
At the last.

In my coat of wondrous tweed,
And on every wandering weed,
Hooks and flies unnamed invariably I fix.
Here I cannot land a fish—
I can only hope and wish
I may creel a goodly dish
In the Styx.

PORKER VERBA (from our own Irrepressible One, still at large).—Q. Why is American pork not allowed to enter Germany? A. In order to protect the interests of Ham-burg, of course.



["A machine for amputation is being installed at the Emergency Hospital at Boston."—Daily Mail.]

THE AUTOMATIC DENTIST WILL NO DOUBT FOLLOW THE AMPUTATION MACHINE.

THE PATRIOT'S VADE MECUM.

(Translated from the French for use at the Second Zola Trial.)

Question. What is your idea of the whole duty of a citizen?

Answer. To regard everything from a purely sentimental point of view.

Q. Is it necessary that the sentiment should be justified by facts?

A. Certainly not; such a consideration may be dismissed as a worthless detail.

Q. How is France governed?

A. Chiefly by cries.

Q. Is the cause of the cry of any importance?

A. No, so long as it is accepted by the majority.

Q. Are there any special names for the minority?

A. They are usually described as "traitors," "spies," "cowards," "thieves," "assassins," and the like.

Q. You say that France is chiefly governed by cries; give a few instances.

A. A cry has been found strong enough to dethrone a dynasty, upset any number of Governments, and to establish three and abolish two republics.

Q. Has a cry any power in the law courts?

A. It has had supreme power, controlling judges, witnesses, and juries.

Q. But may not foreigners consider all this excitement, violence, and thoughtlessness slightly hysterical?

A. Possibly; but the consideration can be speedily set aside.

Q. How? Not by a cry?

A. Yes; by a cry of "Long live France!"



"WOT OH, BILL! WHERE 'AVE YER BEEN THIS LARST THREE MONTHS?"

"WHERE 'AVE I BEEN? WOT A QUESTION TO ARST! I SHOULD 'A THORT YOU'D 'A SPOTTED THAT FROM ME GIT-UP. I'VE JURST COME BACK FROM KLONDIKE!"

KING CRICKET.

THE canny Scot may talk a lot
Of golf and its attraction,
And "putt" and "tee" for him may be
A source of satisfaction;
While maidens meek with rapture speak
Of croquet's fascination,
Tho' I suspect 'twere more correct
To call their game "flirtation."
But cricket's the thing for Summer and
Spring!
Three cheers for cricket, of all games the
king!

The man who boats his time devotes
To rowing or to sailing,
In shine or rain he has to train,
With energy unfailing.
A tennis set finds favour yet
With merry men and matrons.
In lazy souls the game of bowls
Is not without its patrons.

A day that's fine I do opine
Is much to be desired;
An "even pitch" I ask for, which
Is certainly required;
Then add to that a "steady bat,"
A bowler "on the wicket,"
A "field" that's "smart," then we can
start

The noble game of cricket.

A PARADISE for whist-players and mas-
se-patients should be found (judging by
name) in "the Rubber Estates of Pará."

"TAKING THE ALFREDIAN CAKE."

(A Historical Romance re-written for an ap-
proaching Millenary, by one who does not
believe in Traditional Heroes.)

THE belated huntsman passed across the
drawbridge and entered the castle. In
those Saxon times only some half-dozen
retainers stood awaiting strangers in the
hall. The Danes had taught the inhabi-
tants of the British Isles a certain measure
of prudence, but yet they retained their
freedom.

"Is the lady of the house at home?"
asked the aristocratic caller, throwing the
reins of his horse to a lackey.

"At your service, my lord, but the
countess, who is partial to cookery, is in
the kitchen," was the respectful response.

"Thither will I go and serve as my
own introducer." Saying this, the hunts-
man found his way to the lower regions.

The countess was certainly making cakes.
She had around her a number of subtle
essences and sauces, and in front of her
was a book of home, gorgeously illumi-
nated, containing valuable culinary recipes.

"Fair lady, pardon this intrusion, but
I am a bit of a chef myself. Can I help
you?"

The countess evidenced some confusion.
Then she made obeisance, and being called
away by other visitors, quitted the rush-
strewn apartment.

Left to himself, the sportsman carelessly

SLOPING FROM SILOMIO.

THE following paragraph, communicated to the *Times*, is inter-
esting beyond the stirring information of international import-
ance it conveys to the wondering world:—

"The Chinese Minister, who is at Eastbourne, paid a visit to Sir ELLIS
ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, M.P., and Lady ASHMEAD-BARTLETT at Grange House
yesterday morning, and in the afternoon drove to Beachy Head. His Excel-
lency returns to London to-day."

In the House of Commons, when SILOMIO rises to put matters
right, whether in China or Peru, Members incontinently walk off
into the Lobby, and thence to remoter corners of the building.
The Chinese Minister, after a morning visit to the distinguished
statesman, drives straightway to Beachy Head, and makes prepa-
ration for early return to London. Thus doth one touch of
ASHMEAD make the whole world kin.

FROM OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER IN CRIM-TARTARY.

... AT that minute CRUM-TATO forced me violently on to the
edge of a two-bladed razor (peculiar to the country), while my
faithful followers, GINGAH SNAP and ORANG PIP, were fastened
by steel manacles to four fir-trees, which our diabolical persecutors
had discovered growing out of the side of a precipice descending
some 50,000 feet into the valley of the Lincrusta River, wandering
like a streak of molten lead in the realm of the Unknown. I felt
the two-bladed razor on each of my feet. It cut both my corns
and my toe-nails. At the same time CRUM-TATO presented a re-
volver at my head. It pressed my forehead, but at that moment
I perceived by glancing down the barrel that it was not loaded.

There was a great pause, during which I took some shorthand
notes and drew a picture of the sufferings of GINGAH SNAP and
ORANG PIP. The ruffian and his satellites hesitated to finish
their work, and as they discussed the situation, I winked in covert
fashion to my comrades. It was enough! In an instant we had
armed ourselves with some cocoa-nuts, which border-gipsies on
their way to Lhassá Races had abandoned by reason of the death
of their donkeys. Our cowardly opponents fled before our well-
directed shower of missiles. I rapidly released my companions,
and we were free! free! free! for we had only to skip the frontier,
leaving behind us some undesirable Yaks and those instruments
of torture which have never been seen in Europe, and probably
never will be. The British Resident was absent, but we were
"all there."

mixed certain ingredients together into
the shape of a cake, and setting it before
the fire, waited the result. He threw
himself upon a couch and fell into a slum-
ber. He had not been unconscious for an
hour, when he was aroused by a blow.
Springing to his feet, he indignantly con-
fronted his assailant. It was the countess,
now furious with anger.

"How dare you?" she cried. "How
dare you? You have allowed the cake to
burn!"

"A blow!" he exclaimed, pale with
rage. Then he blew his horn. In a mo-
ment the kitchen was filled with soldiers.

"Take that woman," he continued,
pointing at the now trembling countess,
"to the deepest dungeon under the castle
moat."

The lady was loaded with chains.

"Who is this tyrant—this lawless ty-
rant?" she asked, as she was being con-
veyed to her cell in procession.

"Why, lady, the king."

"What, Alfred? Listen to me, varlets.
I tell you that the day shall come when
this monster of cruelty and stupidity shall
be known in the land of his birth as
"ALFRED THE LITTLE."

And so it came to pass. For a thousand
years later—at the close of the nineteenth
century—the prophecy of the countess be-
came fulfilled. ALFRED THE GREAT, in those
days of historical enlightenment, disap-
peared, to reappear as ALFRED



[According to the *Daily News*, EMIL BRUGSCH-BEY proves that the Egyptians had comic papers.]

A FRAGMENT OF THE TITLE-PAGE OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN *PUNCH*.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.—Our Fashion Column.

DEAREST ARABELLA,—Now that all the world is on wheels, of course you also go in for "biking"; AMY rides in the Park every day in knickers.

To a country mouse like yourself, love, this may at first seem *un peu risqué*, but *noblesse oblige*, could she do better than follow the example set by the Duchess of TRINKUMALEE and the really smart set in the world of fashion? I think not.

You must be dying to know all about EVA's wedding; as you are aware, she married the Hon. BERTIE BOUNDER, the best-dressed man in London, so 'tis said; the ceremony was celebrated at the now fashionable church of St. Giles, before the Bishop of BATTERSEA, assisted by the Vicar of VAUXHALL and three curates, so there is every reason to believe that she was properly tied up.

The bride's uncle, "old Kangaroo" as he is called, gave her away (*entre nous*, he made his money in the tea trade, "Kangaroo Hill Brand," hence his sobriquet). As JACK SHARPE remarked in an audible whisper, "Given away with a pound of tea." Clever, was it not? But JACK never lets a chance slip of saying a smart thing. After the ceremony there was a reception at the Polony Hotel, where most of the presents were on view. I counted fifteen pepper-casters and eighteen salt-cellars, so EVA is nicely set up in this respect.

She had fourteen bridesmaids and six pages dressed in CHARLES THE FIRST costume; a full description of the bridesmaids' dresses and the bride's *trousseau* is held over until my next.

Here is a nice recipe for a light luncheon dish:

Take half a pound of liver and three red herrings (mind that they are red), cut in thin strips, and stew gently over a slow fire, break the yolks of half-a-dozen plovers' eggs, pepper lightly with parmesan, add two or three cloves and a cupful of the finest golden syrup, dust all over with red pepper, and serve *en canape*.

Ever your devoted,

SOPHONISBA.

OUR FIREWORKS

(By Jones Major.)

THEY were a distinct success. Every one knows TORCHE's Guinea Box (17s. 9d. at the Stores) and all its treasures. We were a little perplexed at the instructions. There was one thing looking like an old-fashioned dress-improver that had something on it about putting a greased string through it. Well, SMITH Minor got the twine of his peg-top and held it with another fellow, and I lighted it. It fizzled, and then flew in a fury of red and green flames. SMITH Minor dropped it like a hot potato, and then the beastly thing followed us, throwing coloured balls at us now and again and letting off crackers. Then we had a partial failure with our rocket. It went up all right for about three yards and then turned to the left and kept in that direction. It was amusing to see the leisurely way in which it set to work. No hurry—to speak of—for a rocket. Then there were the roman candles. Splendid when none of the fellows were fooling. However, one was started off sideways, and nearly set fire to a haystack. For all that it was most effective, and caused a perfect thrill of excitement. Then we had a Jack-in-the-box. We didn't know how to light it. But BINKS Minimus (who is a plucky little chap for his inches) held it in his hand until it began fizzing. It was a quiet, well-conducted flame at first—quite delicate. Then, suddenly—without a bang of warning—it began cracking about all over the shop. Poor BINKS got a number of nasty burns. Then there was a thing called "The Golden Grove Tree." We put it on a stick, and instead of remaining there it jumped down and twirled about on the ground. It looked very pretty, and we shouldn't have minded it much, but it *would* let off fire-balls at us. The roman candles were all right because we knew what they would do, and they did it. No humbug about them. They were quite a relief to an affair with twists and twirls and a long touch-piece, that was called "A Mexican Treasure," and went off with a fizz sideways and blazed away in the greenhouse. The balloon was all right though it *did* come down on a haystack that would get in its way while it was descending. By great good luck the spirits of wine had burned themselves out, so there was no accident.

Our last effect was to let off everything that was left simultaneously. Rockets, catherine-wheels (from 5s. apiece to 6d. a dozen), squibs, and crackers. It certainly was glorious, but might have been better had not the various lights killed one another. At the end of the performance we found a greenhouse alight, ditto a haystack, ditto the goals in the football field. Besides these slight casualties there were a few odds and ends, such as a smashed library window and a scorched rabbit-hutch.

But for all that we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, and trust that old Dr. BIRCHWELL (our excellent head master, whose birthday occurred just after our return to school from the Easter vacation) fully appreciated our efforts to do him appropriate honour.

PROPHETS MAKING PROFITS.

(A fanciful suggestion of how it may be done a good deal in advance.)

SCENE—Sanctum of "Star-gazers' Annual." Prophets discovered at their work for 1899.

First Prophet. There, I think that will do. Let's see. We have got a famine for January, a war for February, and an earthquake for March. What shall be our article for April?

Second Prophet. Might put down another war. They always come out straight. May mean a battle of Waterloo or a stand-up fight between a couple of carmen.

First Pro. Quite so. Have you sprinkled in a few deaths of Statesmen?

Second Pro. Have a dozen to the eight months. First-rate kinds. Equally suitable to a BISMARCK or a gentleman holding office for a fortnight in some South American Republic.

First Pro. How about our list of regular subscribers? Have you revised it?

Second Pro. As well as I can. Same result as last year. Our readers are either under sixteen or well over sixty.

First Pro. Old maids as usual much to the fore?

Second Pro. Of course. They take the lead as our chief supporters.

First Pro. Quite so. And now, as we have got the matter in something like shape, we might have a shot at the gentlemen who pay for inside sheets and back pages.

Second Pro. Certainly, and let us hope it will turn out a prosperous day for—to quote the good old annual—"unscrupulous adventurers seeking the cash of the unwary."

[*Exeunt to try their luck in the world of bold advertisement.*]



PALM OIL.

Old Bull. "TUT! TUT! HERE 'S HALF YOUR POOR RATES FOR YOU, AND HALF YOUR COUNTY CESS FOR YOU. JOHN BULL PAYS IT. NOW, GO AWAY, BE GOOD BOYS, AND DON'T QUARREL ANY MORE!"

Sidney Sutherland. Tel.

MERRY MAY.

(By a Sufferer, in anticipation, from its Merriment.)

"CAST not a clout till May be out!"
Oh! sound advice, sagacious giver!
Had I but heeded it, no doubt,
I should have spared my liver.

Oh! merry, merry month of May!
Only your jests are merry, merry,
'Tis only pretty Springtide's way,
And humorous—ah, very!

The joke of bringing blossoms out
By frost and the east wind to perish,
Is a sweet pleasantry, no doubt,
All humorists should cherish.

The jape of tempting flannels off
By one mild morning, warm and sunny
Followed by hail-storms and a cough,
Is most supremely funny!

Oh! merry May, you find *your* mirth
At human misery in mocking;
So you're the merriest fiend on earth;
To *me* such mirth is shocking!

Crackling of thorns beneath the pot
Is mellow music to your laughter.
We smile at May's poetic rot,
And *you* at what comes after.

To see men suffer, hear men cuss,
To May, no doubt, is vastly jolly;
But to transfer May's mirth to us
Is muddle-headed folly.

RHODES.

(In the metre of Mr. George Meredith's
"Napoléon," in "Cosmopolis.")

CANNON not his name,
But the name of an eminent jockey;
However, this is a nebulous nothing, much
the same
As making Austrian
Rhyme with CHARLEMAGNE,
Or using adjectives, invented or obsolete,
Or anything else which in the mixed Mere
dithean metre may be
Admired.

Oh! bodeful, unhandkerchiefed, decrescent,
Puritan, pig-headed KRUGER,
Mannerless, graceless, laughterless, unapt
At repercussant casts calamitous—
Whatever that may mean—clumsy, unneat,
In clothes of a shocking bad cut, which
would disgrace even a hydrocephalic
aérolite;

Nor even by such ascendent ambitions fired
As might make budge an incandescent boot-
maker.

Oh! LABOUCHERE, the luminous,
The immarcessible voicer of the veridical,
ever right;

The smiter, panther springer, trapper sly;
The penetrant, the tonant, tower of towers;
The Critic, last of vital in the proud
Enslaved, when most detectively endowed.
Oh, my eye!

You would all go mad if I went on like
this for a few hours,
All become declamant dizzards into Bedlam
clapped.

So here goes;
Decrescent Tyrant, juggling with Johan-
nesburg, and lustrous Leviathan,
Learned in the manufacture of machine-
made Northampton

Boots:
I'm getting on:



ERRAND BOYS.

First Boy. "WHERE'ARE YER GOIN' TO, BILL?"

Second Boy. "I'VE GOT TO GO RIGHT OVER 'AMMERSMITH BRIDGE TO BARNES, THEN I'SE GOT TO GO TO PUTNEY AND BACK BY FULHAM ROAD, THEN TO 'IGH STREET, KENSINGTON."

First Boy. "WHY, I'VE GOT TO GO TO 'IGH STREET. YOU GO ON, I'M IN A BIT OF A HURRY, BUT I'LL WAIT FOR YER!"

The cumulative, quenchless, persistent
Titan,

The unweaponed confabulator on the ma-
lignant Matoppos,

The condemnatory critic of unctuous recti-
tude,

At whom avuncular Pretorian PAUL repel-
lent hoots:

It's bad enough for you to have to read
this poetry,

But think of me, struggling to write
It!

Well, as I was saying in words murk and
thick,

Likewise friable and grumous, which
sounds like the Jabberwock; perhaps
out of spite,

Or ill-nature,
The shareholders, similar to scornful mas-
todons or quiring Cherubim,

Or staggerant in the spirally upward of
rapture,

Have elected him
Once more a director of the Chartered
Company.

There, now I've finished, or I should have
had a volvent cerebral apoplectic fit;

Bring me a brandy and soda, quick!



HOW IT'S DONE.

SCENE: Dealer's Yard. Customer going out to try Horse.

Friend of Dealer. "HELLO, SAM! WHAT'S UP? NEVER HEARD YOU STAMMER LIKE THAT OVER A PRICE BEFORE!"

Dealer. "WELL, YER SEE, GEORGE, WHEN I DUNKNOW 'EM, I JIS SAYS, HUN-UN-UNDERED—GIVES ME TIME TO SEE HOW THEY TAKES IT, AND IF IT DON'T SURPRISE 'EM TOO MUCH, I JIS CLAPS ON AS MUCH OF ANOTHER 'UNDER'D AS I THINKS THEY 'LL SWALLER!"

INTERESTING AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE.

(By Cable from our Special Correspondent, in spite of the War.)

MR. ABRAHAM P. QUICKSETT, who last year purchased the "Spread Eagle Hotel," Bellinzona City (Mo.), has just financed the Washington Axe Caravanserai in Florida to the extent of two million dollars, with a proviso that all alligators on the estate shall be considered as real property. He has entered into a large contract with an enterprising firm of bootmakers.

Last night, Mrs. HIRAM P. BRIQUETTE, wife of the eminent coal merchant, gave a ball at the Thousand Street Hotel. Mrs. BRIQUETTE, who was appropriately robed in sombre tulle decorated with flame-coloured lace and black diamonds, received her guests in the entrance lobby. Mr. BRIQUETTE superintended the cloak department. Many members of the old Kicker-nocker families were present, among whom I may mention Miss POLLY SCISSORS, the well-known blonde, Miss MINNIE VAN KORK, Miss KATRINE HOOK DE HOLLAND, Mrs. CHORTLER, the charming bride of Mr. EPHRAIM CHORTLER (né THORNBUSH, of Wall Street), and the Terra del Fuego attached.

There has been a rumour lately (and I may add, not without foundation) that Senator CINCINNATUS PORKOPOLIS of Cincinnati has been in treaty with the British Government for the sale of Windsor Castle the South Kensington Museum. Sena-

tor PORKOPOLIS, it should be mentioned, is one of our most respected citizens. He began life by making boot-laces out of straw at St. Louis (Mo.), and later on by his industry succeeded in getting a clerkship in the house of SCRATCHEM & Co., the famous brush-makers. Attracted by the value of swine, he soon obtained a corner in the breed, and adopted a name, which is now (registered) to be found in any World's Directory. Miss MARIE ANTONETTE POINSETTIA JANE PORKOPOLIS, his daughter, is, whether or no her father's stupendous offer for the British Public Buildings be accepted, certain to be the leading belle at Buckingham Palace this season. She has resolved to accept no husband lower than an English Duke or a German Prince.

A novelty in the matter of supper-parties has been arranged by Mr. CALEB X. CHIPMUNK, perhaps the most enterprising of our "blue bloods." He has taken the whole of the "Rip Van Winkle Restaurant," and bidden for Thursday next a select number of guests, all of whom are to appear in white costumes. Thus (so I am given to understand), Mrs. CYRUS PADDER, the most fashionable lady corsetière, who owns six blocks of houses, is to represent a white peacock, her husband, a genial member of our leading clubs, a white owl, Mr. and Mrs. WASHINGTON BROWN-JONES-SMITH-ROBINSON a pair of turtle-doves, Count CHINKO the silver dollar, and Mrs. MAC-LAZARUS a swan.

THE SCORCHER.

He travels along at the top of his speed,
You might think that his life was at stake;

To beauties of nature he never pays heed,
For the record he's trying to break.
He stiffens his muscles and arches his back
As if he were still on the cinder-path track.

He races regardless of life and of limb,
Caring naught for the folk in his way;
For chickens and children are nothing to him,

And his mad career nothing can stay;
So wildly he wheels as if urged by a goad;
By coachmen he's christened "the curse
of the road."

He'll pass on the left and he'll ride on the right,

For the rules of the road caring naught;
His lamp he will not take the trouble to light

Till a pretty smart lesson he's taught.
But lecture and fine him as much as you will,

The trail of the scorcher is over him still.

ADVICE (founded on Report of Committee of Inquiry into Communication between Railway Passenger and Guard).—A tip in time saves you from considerable inconvenience.

SEASONABLE VEGETABLE AND EARLY MARRIAGES.—Spring Onions and Spring Unions.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Vanity Fair for six shillings! A volume clearly printed, gilt-edged, handsomely gowned, illustrated by some of THACKERAY's sketches, and by a portrait of the author with softer lineaments than my Baronite has seen elsewhere. Not least precious is what is modestly called an "Introduction" by his daughter, Mistress ANNE RITCHIE. Our fathers, regarding from Elysian heights this latest enterprise of SMITH, ELDER, remembering how they paid a shilling for the monthly numbers of a work that took nearly two years to bring forth, will sadly feel they lived too soon. We of the *Punch* table, which still shows the W. M. T. carved long ago by touch of a vanished hand, like to think that the immortal yellow-backed Numbers first saw the light under the auspices of our BRADBURY and EVANS, to this day of Bouverie Street. *Vanity Fair* is the precursor of a new and revised edition of works whose charm is enduring and perennial. It will embody additional material and hitherto unpublished letters, sketches, and drawings, garnered from the original manuscripts and notebooks. The complete edition, extending to thirteen volumes, will comprise in itself a priceless library.

Mr. ALLEN RAINE promises to do for Wales what, in these later times, following WALTER SCOTT at long interval, Mr. BARRIE and IAN MACLAREN have done for Scotland. His *Welsh Singer*, recently published, and already in the third edition, revealed the birth of a novelist who had broken fresh ground. *Torn Sails* (HUTCHINSON) will maintain and extend his reputation. It is an idyllic story of life in a Welsh village, where all the men are brave and most of the women beautiful. It is the old, old story, simply and charmingly told, of Woman's faithfulness and Man's unfaltering love. The Mishteer, his right-hand man Ivor Parry, his late love *Gwladys*, and, above all, his early love *Mari Vone*, are drawn with pathetic force. It is not a cheerful tale. Rather one of

Torn sails and broken mast.

But

The boat is safe home at last.

In *A Reputation for a Song* (ARNOLD), MAUD OXENDEN has given us an admirable "comedy of errors" in every sense of the term. The plot has just that delicate touch of true pathos in its strongest situations without which no comedy can be perfect. A more interesting story it has seldom of late been my good fortune to come across, excellently well told without needless comment or superfluous description. So absorbed in the fate of the principal characters will every reader, taking the Baron's advice, become, that, each one, as he lays down the book for good and all, will be inclined, in spite of his gratitude to the authoress, to owe her a grudge for not having provided an epilogue simply announcing, as if from a newspaper, the death of that provoking *Dora Copperfield* of a woman called *Stella*, and this, after an interval of asterisks, should be followed by a broken chapter, narrating how, some years after the above-mentioned sad event, the most loveable *maestro*, having retired from business and living abroad, had unexpectedly encountered *Guy Jervis* and his wife "*Gwen*," honeymooning on the continent. However, it has the true art of *Sam Weller's* valentine, and, ending abruptly, we "wish there was more."

THE BARON DE B.-W.

SMALL AND SELECT.—The Dwarf Company which, under command of Mrs. General TOM THUMB, and directed by Trumpeter KIRALFY, is coming to the Olympian Palace, vacated by the Giants of the "Greatest Show on Airth." These dwarfs are to play burlesques, a class of entertainment considered by very superior persons as the lowest form of drama, and, therefore, just suited to these very small people, who cannot belittle themselves by their performance. The dwarfs' low comedian, being only three feet high, must be quite the lowest comedian ever seen. They have only to be "little and good" to be sure of success; and that it is essential for them to make "pretty tall" sums is evident from the fact that, individually and collectively, they are all at the present moment "uncommonly short."

Conundrum for Sir H-nry Th-mps-n.

WHEN does a traveller become a strict vegetarian?
When he dines *en route*.



"I SAY, WAITER, THIS SALMON CUTLET ISN'T HALF SO GOOD AS THE ONE I HAD HERE LAST WEEK."
"CAN'T SEE WHY, SIR. IT'S OFF THE SAME FISH!"

A WORD TO THE WISE.

JUDGING by the experience of our own "Travelling Fellow" and of his fellow-travellers, we should say that the *Métropole* Hotel, at Folkestone, is very hard to beat, as being one of the most spacious, most luxurious, and best conducted, on fairly reasonable terms, that the aforesaid travellers have patronised for some considerable time. It is dangerous to praise. A hotel, woman-like, is "*varium et mutabile semper*," depending so entirely on those who are "here to-day and gone to-morrow," and not back again at all if dissatisfied. Therefore, let this hostelry, now in its youth, keep up to the mark and be careful not to allow the menu of to-day to be inferior to that of yesterday, but ever to give promise of even still better things to-morrow, and to see that the promise is fulfilled. Our Travelling Fellow, being inspired to ask a puzzler, wishes to know why the *Métropole* is like one of three Spanish matadors who have been tossed by a bull in the arena? The answer, he says, is because the hotel is "one of the Gored 'uns!" (Meaning, as we infer, "one of the Gordons.")

[Our T. F. has left the country.]

A GREAT LOSS.—Distinctly so to the Alhambra, where for so many years Mons. J. G. JACOBI has led his musical army to victory. The "Mons," it may be, is about to retire into private life, attended only by his faithful body-servant, a touching picture of a "Mons" and a "valet." The talented conductor's "beano" or benefit is to take place at the Alhambra, we believe, on May 12. After that the glory of the ballet music will have departed for, it is said, America. Couldn't M. JACOBI include Spain, and so bring harmony to both countries?

THERE IS "WAR IN THE AIR!"—And so there may be, if armed balloons are ever sent up by two belligerent forces.



The Cleaner (showing Tourists round the Church). "VOILÀ LE MAÎTRE-AUTEL, 'M'SIEU' ET 'DAME."

British Matron. "Oh, to be sure, yes. You remember, George, we had FRENCH BEANS À LA MAÎTRE AUTEL FOR DINNER YESTERDAY!"

THE WARRIOR'S LAMENT.

["The Prince of MONACO, who is an officer in the Spanish navy, has addressed a letter to the QUEEN REGENT, expressing in warm terms his regret that his private duties prevent him from discharging his naval duties."—*Daily Paper.*]

OH, a sailor's life is the life for me,
Lashed by the bounding, sounding sea,
With the blue above and the bilge below,
And a general sense of Yo-heave-ho!
But how can I ride on the wrathful deep
With private engagements here to keep?

I would love to lather the open main
Under the yellow and red of Spain;
To wield command—and a mild Manila—
Right in the van of the old flotilla;
But something tells me I'm not to roam,
For piety best begins at home.

I sniff the tootle of war's alarms,
Where the young Canaries are up in arms;
And I feel the edge of my keen Toledo,
Sharp as the snout of a trim torpedo;
But Princes are shackled by rights divine,
And one of them is—to draw the line.

Think what a Monte-Carloist feels
When Aragon calls and the two Castiles!
For the ban is out and the arrière-ban,
And Spain must fight to her last true man;
But practical duties have to be done,
So Spain must fight to her last-but-one.

My heart is away with my own brave tars,
Possibly handling ropes and spars;
And it would, if it could, be beating warm
Beneath its nautical uniform;
But personal claims are apt to clog
The passionate pulse of this old sea-dog.

Here am I fettered, foot and hand,
To the numerous needs of my native land;
For under my rigid, sovereign rod
I rule an army of six-score odd;
And I flatter myself it would be the deuce
If I were away and the lot broke loose.

Here from my singular sea-girt rock,
In a manner of speaking, I feed my flock;
I guard their ways from the enemy's wiles
Over a surface of eight square miles!
What, if I went, would be their fate,
Fleeced by the stranger within my gate?

Hungry he comes from East and West,
Welcomed at large (as a paying guest),
Though his soul is full of the fell intent
Of breaking the source of my hard-earned
rent,

Where the flower of Monaco grind my mill,
Toiling and spinning the fretful pill.

So it's oh! (once more) for the spanking
main

Under the yellow and red of Spain!
My heart goes out to her flag afar,
But I keep my head for the rouge-et-noir;

For Duty first is the rule and plan
Of a Prince who is also a Family Man.

Below my prison that fronts the bay
I notice the glad sea-gulls at play!
One passes westward! Upon my word,
I would I might follow that beaming bird!
This self-denial's a sickly bore;
Still, Duty first, as I said before.

APPRECIATIONS.

BLAME not the critic, public, pray,
When unrestricted panegyrics
He heaps on worthless book or play,
And eulogises vapid lyrics;
When in each goose a swan he finds,
With abject flattery when he grovels
Before those common garden minds
That dash off piles of dreary novels.
No,—but if he eschews with care
The slightest *souçon* of detraction,
His only object is to spare
His editor a libel action.

PLANTATION SONG (*addressed by Miss Columbia to Mr. John Bull*).—"I want you, my honey, yes, I do!"

OBVIOUS NOTE ON THE BUDGET.—The end of the Surplus. Smoke!



THE DUELLO.

"OH, THE PITY OF IT!"



["A French scientist is said to have invented a method of administering pills to plants, so as to keep them in health."—*Evening Paper.*]

A POSSIBILITY OF THE NEAR FUTURE. THE PLANT OUT-PATIENT DEPARTMENT AT THE HOSPITAL.

AN INTERVIEW OF THE NEAR FUTURE.

(A Communication hourly expected after recent developments.)

I ENTERED the study. It was in the customary condition of confusion, showing that the occupant had the most elementary ideas anent order.

"What do you want?" was the first question put to me.

"To make a few inquiries," was my prompt reply.

"I can attend to nothing; I am too busy."

"It would not appear so," I returned with a smile. "You seem to have ample leisure. And that reminds me that I want five pounds."

"If you expect me to provide it, you will have to wait a considerable time before receiving the desired sum."

"Indeed! Why can you not let me have it?"

"Because I cannot afford it. Times are hard just now."

This gave me the opening I desired, and I took advantage of the opportunity to press it.

"What do you mean by hard? That the rates are unpaid and the rent in arrears?"

"Well, certainly, I have received a final application for the first, and a second notice for the last."

"How about the household books?"

"They are, so I am given to understand, very much in arrears."

"Dear me! Then you are scarcely solvent?"

"Well, that is putting it rather too strongly," said my interviewee. "I believe I can pay my way if I am given time."

"However," I returned, with a smile, "I suppose you would prefer to keep the present condition of your affairs a secret from the world at large?"

"No doubt; no doubt."

"Then if you are so good as to hand me five pounds, we will forget all about it."

"I have already explained that I cannot really afford the expenditure."

"Then it will be my painful duty to publish a report of our interview—as a warning to your creditors."

"You will do no such thing."

But my father was wrong. I have!

THANKS TO THE BUDGET.

SCENE—Sanctum of Employer. Enter Employee.

Employee. I think, Sir, you are quite satisfied with my conduct?

Employer. Unquestionably. During the long time you have been in my service you have merited my most perfect confidence.

Employee. Then, Sir, I would ask you to confer upon me a great favour. You know my salary?

Employer. One well earned. For all you do, it is poor wages. You manage all my correspondence. You invest all my savings, and you are the life and soul of every enterprise I undertake. It would be impossible to recompense you to the extent of the obligation under which you have placed me. Most certainly, your salary is well earned. It amounts to seven hundred and fifty guineas a year.

Employee. I beg you, Sir, to change that sum from guineas to pounds.

Employer. A strange request! Why, that would reduce your salary to £699—with a few odd shillings!

Employee. True, Sir; but had I less than £700 a year I could claim to be assessed at £70 a year less than my full revenue by the authorities on the income tax.

Employer. But surely that would be of no benefit to you? Mind, the income tax is to-day only at 8d.

Employee. I know, Sir; but things have



L'homme "qu sait attendre."

to go but slightly wrong and the impost will rush up to 5s. and over. Say that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has made a slight miscalculation in the number of moribund millionaires, say that there is an alteration in the taste for cocoa—with the smallest encouragement the income tax would rise by leaps and bounds. So, good Sir, change, I pray you, my salary from guineas to pounds.

Employer. As you will!

Employee. A thousand thanks! And now I am insured for the future.

[Scene closes in upon a calculation.]

"POST EQUITEM SEDET ATRA CURA."

I FEEL like hanging up within the walls Of chaste Diana's temple an old master As a thanksgiving—for my age recalls

An ode of HORACE, taught me by a pastor,

Wherein a mariner did offer up Such votive offering for his salvation.

Now I am one, who "walked" a wretched pup

Out of a pack, and found it my damnation.

For, once invested with the fair renown Of being a sportsman and a man of money,

I found the title I could not lay down, And was obliged, although my seat is funny,

And hands are vile, and I do hate a horse (Which is, as Pinchbold said, a fearful creature),

To hunt a season, and to fall of course Right often, spoiling many a lovely feature,

And much discomfited upon the ground. And so I thank the Fates for their forbearance

That I alive, with limbs intact, am found, And pretty much my usual appearance.

With grateful heart I bid farewell to this, My first and last experience of hunting.

In spite of doctors, I believe a kiss Is safer, or the shock of railway shunting.

The breeched and booted a recruit have lost;

I'm going South—we're steaming out of Dover.

My stud is sold for half the price it cost—

Thank Heaven that the hunting season's over!



DR. CHAPLIN IN STEPNEY.

eye-glass. Sitting must needs close at ten minutes to seven. If Bill not read second time to-day, its chances of passing this Session grievously imperilled. The lecture evidently only half delivered; pages of the washing book still filled with profound analysis, sound diagnosis, advice not elsewhere dispensed under two guineas a visit. When it was over, there was no time for debating the Bill, and debate stood adjourned.

Business done.—None.

Thursday.—Next to the blood of the martyrs, nothing more precious than the pleasantry of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. Compared with his position as a humourist the judge on the bench, or the police-court magistrate, is not in it. In the latter case it is understood that much is expected from the Usher. A candidate with a broad smile and a lusty laugh is said, in the neighbourhood of Bow Street, to have overwhelming chances for promotion to a vacancy. With us the nearest approach to the Usher is the Messenger. But if to-night, when ST. MICHAEL was convulsing the Court—I mean the House—with laughter, any of the estimable officials stationed either at the bar or behind the SPEAKER'S chair, had presumed to lead off the laughter, he would have received a month's notice.

There was, in truth, no need of friendly or professional assistance to make ST. MICHAEL'S jokes go off. "I tried a little sermon on economy two years ago," he said; and Lord! how we laughed. "It had no more effect on the rest of the House (laughter)—especially on my own colleagues (roars of laughter)—than if it had been delivered in Church." (Shrieks of laughter, amid which a stout Member above the gangway, conscious of a tendency to apoplexy, discreetly withdrew.)

But ST. MICHAEL'S supreme success as a

rival of SYDNEY SMITH was when he slyly observed that he is "an abstainer both from tea and tobacco." We laughed so that, really, he could not continue for a moment or two. When in the cool of the evening we come to analyse this particular joke, the ingredients seem scanty. But a joke isn't a quart of milk, or a pound of butter, that you may send round to the



Sir Michael. "Well, gentlemen, is it to be Tea or Tobacco? Don't all speak at once!"

County Council Inspector, and have it analysed. From your true joke there unaccountably exudes a certain subtle aroma, which, mingling with the atmosphere, titillates the nostrils and creates cacination. Of this mysterious aroma the House was full throughout CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER'S speech. If ST. MICHAEL had only concluded by sitting down on his hat, he would have completed a triumph which, as it stands, will be ever memorable to those privileged to assist at it.

Business done.—A merry night with the Budget.

Friday.—Maiden speech of Stepney's new Member still talked of. Like other wise men, MR. STEADMAN comes from the East.

The "lydies" in the gallery charmed with his rich vernacular.

"Only it would have been so much better," one said, "if he had come down in the picturesque garb of Stepney—velveteen suit, broad braid, pearl buttons and red kerchief, that dimly recall ancient Spain."

Is reserving that for occasion when he moves or seconds Address in reply to Speech from Throne. Meanwhile, the balmy accent of the East is for daily use; a musical addition to commonplace chorus of debate.

Business done.—Committee of Supply, but no votes.

DARBY JONES ON THE GUINEAS.

HONOURED SIR,—In these days, when Ten Thousand Pounds Stakes are growing as rapidly as Mushrooms in a Norfolk or Suffolk pasture, it seems almost invidious to allude to that Classic Contest known as the Two Thousand Guineas; but thank goodness! there are still Patrons of the turf, to say nothing of the G. G. P. (or Great General Public), who cling to old Favourites with the Tenacity of the proverbial Ivy for the Immortal Oak, and prefer to win fewer Pieces with more Honour. By them, the race for the Guineas is always looked upon as the Stepping-stone to the Derby, as is the latter yet another help onwards towards the Doncaster Leger. But speaking from a Comparative point of view, how rarely has the Triple Crown of the Turf been bestowed on the Heroes of the Flat! There have been Giants over the three Courses, and also a great many Dwarfs. As my respected grandsire used to observe when comparing our Ancient Aristocracy with the "Newvowretches" (so he termed them), "There be Dukes and Flukes turn an' turn about." However, knowing that you generally prefer eggs to cackle, I venture to lay the following, always mindful that a certain Ronald at Epsom certainly ruffled my Bays. Here goes:—

We Nine may be upset

When he's going strong and free,

The *Finch* his match have met

When the *Jay* is foremost "gee."

No *Voicy Saint* for those,

Who the *Cricket Weapon* see,

Who will tread on *Affghan* toes,

But Lord *Beaconsfield* for me!

Such, honoured Sir, is the result of the midnight oil and whiskey consumed in your Noble Interest, and in that of my Esteemed Patrons in general from Wei-hai-wei to Moreton-in-the-Marsh, by

Your humble and devoted lamp-lighter,

DARBY JONES.

UNCONSCIOUS HUMOUR AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY!



IN FUTURO.

["Students at the University of Freiburg are to be insured in the sum of £750 against accidents within the academic precincts."—*New York Critic*.]

AFTER perusing the above, Mr. Punch cast his prophetic eye down the columns of the *Times*, where he read the following advertisements:—

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.—Matriculation at this College insures an Undergraduate against measles, whooping-cough, scarlatina, twins, and railway accidents.

WHO WANTS A BICYCLE?—A brand-new, first-grade "Swallow," listed at £28, complete with lamp, bell, pump, and ball-bearings throughout, is to be given away! All you have to do is to enter yourself as a gentleman commoner at Trinity College, Cambridge. The above beautiful machine will be sent, post free, to every applicant on receipt of £30 as caution money.

DOUBLE ADVANTAGE.—Why not insure your life at the University of London, and at the same time get a degree?



Back premises and both
drugs will alright
see Greenwich Wells' Report!



THE PICK OF THE PICTURES.

WALK up! Walk up! Refer to Mr. Punch's Notes before opening your catalogue. Now—

No. 23. 'Tis by HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A., therefore it must be a first-rate work. *Ca va sans dire*. But who is it? Is he a Bishop? a Chancellor? or a Queen's Counsel? Lace all about him. Some more lace, perhaps a cap, on table at his elbow. He (whoever it may be) is saying to himself, "Shall I put it on?" The reply must be, "If the lace cap fits, wear it." Catalogue says 'tis "Mr. Littler, Q.C." "LITTLER" is a "persona grata." By the way, while on the subject, just drop into Gallery No. 3, and look at

No. 189. *Encore* HERKOMER, R.A. Admirable! "A Tight Fit." Here is more lace, and of a very superior quality to that worn by the gentleman who hangs out at No. 23. Judging by the expression of the unfortunate individual's countenance, he is sadly regretting his happy home, his easy smoking-jacket, and comfortable slippers.

No. 76. "The Turned Head." By MILLET. An uncommonly stiff-necked Puritan, who has got his head so awry that nothing but a surgical operation will ever restore it to its normal position.

No. 138. Here, Mr. EDWIN ABBEY, A., with great wealth of colour, shows how an obstinate young lady in yellow and green refuses to learn a new step which an affected dancing-mistress is smilingly insisting on teaching her. As the recalcitrant damsel is inclined to turn nasty and say rude things, she is being coaxed away by a gentleman with a glorified pincushion on his head. A hound, quite ashamed of the proceedings, is going away in the wake of an exhausted pupil, who, having finished her lesson, is being led out, staggering. It will probably be as popular as is the artist himself, for, say his admirers to him, "What's the odds as long as you're ABBEY?"

No. 152. By STANHOPE A. FORBES, A. Little child who has been playing, during service time, in the churchyard, is pursued by the sexton, and caught by her grandmother, who is coming out with her prayer-book. Little girl evidently has no tangle ready. Pathetic picture. Notice the remarkable roof of the church, apparently formed out of one solid piece of slate!!

No. 198. This will be the picture of the year. If it isn't, "we're another," that's all. Three cheers for the "Bits of rare Old Chelsea," here collected and exhibited by HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A. "God save the Queen!" shout the soldiers of the "Old Guard" on Jubilee Day; and the colour of their coats, of their left hands, and of the drapery, signifies their "reddiness" once more to serve their Queen and Country! "Rouge gagne!"

No. 222. Delighted to welcome the work of the President, Sir E. J. POYNTER, P.R.A. A Dancing Girl in a Marble Hall. The

catalogued number of the work is its best description, No. 222. Yes! as the slang of the *Æsthetes* used to have it, "It is quite Too two two!!"

No. 233. Portrait of a Gentleman, who explains his sad case thus:—"My wife says, that even on a hot summer day I must not stand to an artist to have my portrait painted unless I wear my thick fur-trimmed overcoat." H. T. WELLS, R.A. "Done in Oil Wells."

No. 243. "Dangerous Practical Joke." Gentleman fast asleep, with head and arms on table, decanter emptied. Disgraceful, of course; but the lady, pardonably annoyed, is not justified in her attempt to draw his chair away suddenly, and bring him to the ground. One glance at the colouring will show that it comes from the hand of the master, W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.

No. 228. Charming portrait. But why this dissatisfied expression when being painted by ORCHARDSON? "Oh, smile as thou wert wont to smile!"

No. 258. Who is it? At first glance, without reference to guide, it will be probably taken for a very indifferent presentment of H.R.H. Prince of WALES figuring, it may be, in some official costume proper to his dignity as Duke of CORNWALL, allowance being made for the colour of the robe detracting from the facial resemblance, just as "circumstances alter cases"; but if it isn't, who is it? [For solution of puzzle, refer to guide, No. 258; ask for No. 258, and see that you get it, as on Press-view Day it was labelled No. 237, which is Mr. BRAMLEY's portrait of "A Sadler" (not a bit leathery, but he is very much "up in the stirrups"), while No. 258 is Lord MIDLETON, by WALTER URWICK, who has not employed much "middle tone" in this picture.]

No. 305. "'Poppy' Land." Lady, after picnic lunch and plenty of "Pop," somehow wanders away, and gets holds of a scythe. She has her eyes shut to her danger, and a Pickwickian smile illuminates her countenance. She "cuts a pretty figure"—as she will do, pretty severely too, if that scythe isn't taken away from her. H. A. OLIVIER.

No. 347. Represents a trial at Quarter Sessions in the old Justice-room of the very ancient Town Hall of Sandwich. No one, but the veriest Goth, could possibly have wanted this splendid old oak-panelling painted and varnished! One would as soon have it white-washed all over. But H. WEIGALL has done it, "to order" presumably, and immortalised himself by his life-like representation of the gas-chandelier overhead.

No. 343. Portrait of John Aird, Esq., by LUKE FILDES, R.A. So magnificent a beard ought to have been treated by HUBERT HAIR-COMBER, R.A. 'Tis a masterly portrait. The only fault is that instead of being full length it is Kit-Cat. Now, all who know the genial and hearty JOHN AIRD, M.P., must feel

that, on this occasion, they can't see enough of him. But, "bearded like the Pard," 'tis admirable, so far as it goes.

No. 346. Charming girl's portrait, by G. H. BOUGHTON, R.A. But oughtn't the drill instructor to have been called in to give the word of command, "Eyes right"?

No. 403. Oh! How the ladies will all like this!! "Here's a pretty baby boy!" "Such a sweet little pink of perfection-faced cherub!" "O, the Ticksy Wicksy Wee! Pooty 'itty sing! He shall have a nice gold chain and a medal to play with, he shall, the blessed little dear!" And who is the clever artist whose child this picture is? Why, SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, A. And who is the smiling cherub Why it's Heavens! "Sir George Faudel Phillips, Bart., G.C.I.E." "May he live long and prosper!"

No. 414. Portrait of Anderson Critchett, Esq., M.A. and F.R.C.S., by FREDK. GOODALL, R.A. Capital likeness of "Handy Andy," the Oculist, who deserves to be treated by a Master of 'Eye Art. Hope the portrait's health will improve during the season, but, it looks very delicate.

No. 445. By PETER GRAHAM, R.A. ("Rear Admiral"). This ancient mariner is never more at home than when he's at sea! Yeo ho, my lads tack a bit, and steer round to

No. 448. By JOHN BRETT, A., another sea-piece. Here are two "variations in C"; No. 445 is C major, and No. 448 C minor.

No. 458. Picture by MARY GROVES. Three children about to sing to an organ accompaniment. We should have called it "A Threatening Squall." Tell that to the marine-painters.

No. 603. Marvellous painting is this "portrait of a shent'leman," by JOHN S. SARGENT, R.A. This "Sargent" of the R.A., who has done so much to raise himself from the ranks, most assuredly deserves a "commission"; and that he has plenty of such "commissions" as he desires and deserves, is evidenced by what he exhibits in this year's show. Look at this No. 603. Mr. MASHER WERTHEIMER and his poodle; the master with his tongue in his cheek, the faithful quadruped with his tongue out. "Sly dogs both." The master has evidently just concluded a first-rate bargain, and the "little dog laughs to see such fun!" MASHER ARTHEIMER himself is a veritable *objet d'art*.

No. 609. How superlatively disdainful of No. 603 appears "The Chairman of the P. & O. Steam Navigation Company," as, with tip-tilted nose, he tries to walk out of his frame in order to inform the admiring spectators that, though he and No. 603 own the same art-parent in Colour-SARGENT, R.A., yet that he, Sir THOMAS, has no connection with the gentleman at No. 603, although, here, they are in the same line. Bravissimo!

No. 628. Mr. GEO. S. WATSON shows us a reverend gentleman who has fallen fast asleep in his chair while preparing his sermon, thus probably anticipating the effect of his own preaching on tomorrow's congregation. In the next room, only separated from him by a strip of canvas, is

No. 623. M. CARL BREITENSTEIN, struggling with a violin-cello, and evidently saying to himself, "I'm an 'aggrieved parishioner!' I'll wake him up!" T. BLAKE WEIGMAN.

No. 626. Advice. If you find the place becoming too warm and "stuffy," just go and spend a quiet five minutes in front of this picture by Mr. JOSEPH FARQUHARSON. He calls it "The Weary Waste of Snows," but there's no waste here. Happy the purchaser who can buy these "nives" for anything like "Nix."

No. 959. And here's another, by THOMAS SOMERSCALES. Not snow, but sea. There's a warning breeze, and the sky is becoming overclouded! Get away as quickly as you can, and take this picture with you. Unhook it, and hook it.

No. 645. Miss HELEN CRIDLAND very cleverly depicts "Distraction in Church." During solemn service a naughty boy has caught sight of a beetle (not shown in picture), which he is evidently longing to pick up and throw at two small children who have also seen it, and are dreadfully frightened.

SCULPTURE.

The Committee of Arrangement is to be congratulated on the placing of the statues. First—

"The Statuary Quadrille," as intended to be performed by Nos. 1967, 1963, 1965, and 1961, respectively sculptured by ANDREA C. LUCHESI, WILLIAM R. COTTON, THOMAS BROOK, R.A., and ALFRED DRURY.

No. 1967 is a gentlemanly savage "setting," with a war-dance step, *en cavalier seul*, to No. 1962, a lady who refuses to take any notice of him until she has finished measuring her waist with a tape, and given the necessary instructions to her dressmaker.



TURTLE-DOVETAILING.

"The latest development of phrenological enterprise is the establishment of a phrenological matrimonial bureau, to secure the introduction of persons desiring to be married to partners with suitable or harmonious phrenological endowments."—*Daily Paper*.]

Miss Evergreen (who has been introduced to Mr. Slowboy). "WELL, IT MAY BE A LOVELY HEAD, BUT AIN'T HE GOT A BIG BUMP OF CAUTIOUSNESS!"

Nor is her attention to be distracted from her work by the quite uncalled-for blandishments bestowed on her by quite an outsider, who is a dark-green gentleman "mid noddings on" (No. 1694, F. W. POMEROY), who, holding up a cocoa-nut by its hair, is saying, "See what I've won at three shies a penny! Come and have a bit!" The third party in the quadrille, No. 1965, is so ashamed of her position that she casts down her eyes demurely, and refuses to notice the signs made to her by the other lady, No. 1961, who is waving a torch. Had these four appeared at a Covent Garden ball, they would have been ejected by the police.

No. 1895. "Rather Out of It." A statuette, very perfectly executed, of Field-Marshal Viscount WOLSELEY, K.P. ("Kornered! Pah!"), who is casting an envious glance towards the position of

No. 1962. F.-M. Lord Roberts (HARRY BATES, A.), who, though much reduced in bronze, is mounted on a charger (with a tricky head), and is quite *en évidence*.

No. 1820. Beauty, quite unadorned, reclining on a tree. "Sleeper on a Branch Line." GEO. COWELL.

No. 1934. Bust of a gentleman very much annoyed because his bath sponge will cling to his chin. ONSLOW FORD, R.A.

No. 1852. Enthusiast of "cup and ball." Must practice every morning before dressing. FLORENCE PARKINSON.

No more time or space for further hints to all about to visit the R.A., which, on the whole, is as good as any previous show, and in some respects (herein notified), a great deal better.

NOT AN UNCOMMON DISEASE. — London "jumps" from Kentish "hops."



THE KING OF THE SEAS.

King Coal (log.). "AHA! PEACE OR WAR, THEY CAN'T GET ON WITHOUT ME!"

NON-CONTENTS BILLS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am much interested in the American-Spanish War, and rush for my evening papers with the avidity of a chicken after flies. And I so admire their contents bills that I venture to give a few specimens.

THE LINKMAN.

Rumoured
GREAT NAVAL BATTLE
Expected.

THE SPITFIRE.

Approaching
BOMBARDMENT OF
HAVANA.

THE NIGHTJAR.

HORRIBLE MASSACRE
AT MANILA
Anticipated.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

THE CONSTELLATION.

EXTRA SPECIAL.
BLOWING UP OF A SPANISH
BATTLE-SHIP
Not confirmed.

THE GIMLET.

CALLANT CAPTURE OF NINETY-EIGHT
AMERICAN MEN-OF-WAR
's Spars.

Such, Sir, are some of the lurid advertisements which nightly attract coppers from my pocket when "the lights are low." I do not complain, because, like the sheep-dog, I am getting used to the cry of "Wolf!"

Yours pacifically,

NELSON O'HIGGINS BROWN,
Bird's Eye Hotel, W.

"DUM DEFLUAT AMNIS."

[The Spanish-American war is likely to have a depressing effect on the book-trade.—*Daily Paper.*]

PHYLLIS, when you ask me why
Nobody my books will buy;
Why each masterpiece of thought,
With consummate genius wrought,
No one asks at book-shops for,
'Tis undoubtedly, the war.

'Twas the same a year ago.
When the reason then you 'd know,
I replied: the cause must be
The confounded Jubilee;
Further back I traced a like
Slump to the infernal bike.

Ever thus from year to year
Patiently I persevere;
With my most uncalled-for rhymes,
Still I wait for normal times—
Still from year to year detect
Some fresh cause for my neglect.

THE CURRENT LANGUAGE OF FLOURS.—

"Hang it all! bread up another halfpenny a loaf!"



"I SAY, 'ARRY, DON'T WE LOOK FRIGHTS!"

BRAVO, BRIGHTON!

[The Brighton Town Council proposes a new bye-law, prohibiting "any loud and continuous outcry or noise" in the streets.]

"BRITONS never will be slaves,"
So we bear with touting,
Bawling hawkers, rogues and knaves,
Loudly shouting.

Harmless, tinkling muffin bells
We have stopped for ever.
Would we check discordant yells?
Never, never!

Freedom we must all enjoy,
That no laws can smother;
We're entitled to annoy
One another.

So the law protects the one,
Yelling when he need not,
But the thousand he may stun
It will heed not.

Bravo, Brighton, lead the way,
London then might follow,
Check the voices which, all day,
Howl and hollo.

Neither you nor I would seek
To discourage selling;
Fair to all, let hawkers speak,
No one yelling.

May you get your bye-law passed,
Helping to enlighten
Other English towns at last.
Bravo, Brighton!



Rector (short-sighted). "WELL, RICHARD, ^{HARD} AT WORK, EH? LET ME SEE, YOU ARE RICHARD, AREN'T YOU?"
Labourer. "NO, SIR, OI BE JOHN, SIR. YOU 'AD THE PLEASURE O' BURYIN' RICHARD LAST WEEK, YOU REMEMBER, SIR!"

A "PREVIOUS" ENGAGEMENT.

(From Our Own Commissioner with the Winning Side.)

THE Captain stood upon the ship
 And rolled his eagle eye;
 Seaward he gazed, then boldly raised
 His phonoblast on high;
 "My tars!" he said, "the time has come
 For us to do or die!"

"This naval war has been in hand
 Some half-an-hour or more,
 And the patriot Press by now, I guess,
 Blasphemes along the shore,
 Waiting for us to paint the deep
 Pink with the foeman's gore.

"They want their copy within the hour,
 And a good half-hour has gone;
 And a private ark is the only mark
 Our guns have been trained upon;
 A ten-cent tub that wasn't aware
 That a war was going on.

"Now the Nation's Press is a whole-souled
 crew,
 And it don't like fooling around;
 And I'm blamed if I know (to an ocean
 or so)
 Where the enemy's fleet is bound;
 But, top-side up or the other way on,
 That fleet has got to be found.

"Shin up, shin up the various ropes
 And look with all your might;
 And let me hear if things appear
 To be likely to loom in sight."
 He ceased and worked his weather orb,
 Closing the other tight.

Scarce had the cook got lashed aloft
 When he made a useful find:—
 "Oho!" said he, "what's this I see
 Right aft?"—that is, behind—
 "I calculate it's a man-o'-war,
 Or something of the kind."

The skipper raked the spot and spoke:—
 "I reckon that that is so;
 And don't you make no darned mistake,
 We boss this little show;
 So bank the fires eternal high
 And let her fairly go."

A shout ensued: the stokers heard,
 And they came up fizzling hot;
 Each mother's son embraced a gun
 And begged to have a shot;
 To teach the foe a thing or two,
 And also what was what.

Nearing, they spied a friendly flag,
 But they never eased nor checked;
 "May I be dead," the Captain said,
 "If that is all correct;
 So get your range on the starboard port"
 (Or words to that effect).

For joy the steward reeled to leeward,
 A warrior born was he;
 And the bo'sun's eyes as he sampled the
 prize
 Shone with a fearful glee,
 With a light, you bet, that was never yet
 Remarkd on land or sea.

The signals flew, the cable flashed,
 And the country felt the thrill,
 When the probable rout of the enemy's
 scout
 Blazed in the evening bill,—
 Just as the neutral ship steamed in
 To her haven under the hill.

An Imperial Question.

*Jackins (in the smoking-room of the
 Bathos Club, referring to the Far Eastern
 crisis).* I say the whole matter rests with
 the GERMAN EMPEROR!

Pawkins. And I repeat that the parti-
 tion of the Celestial Empire solely con-
 cerns the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA!

Cawkins. Or the EMPEROR OF JAPAN!
Little Hawkins (timidly). But what
 about the EMPEROR OF CHINA?

Jackins (impressively). And who the
 dickens is the EMPEROR OF CHINA, SIR?

[Sudden stoppage in the conversation.]



SWAIN Sc

HONOUR À LA RUSSE.

BRITISH LION. "WHAT! NOT COME IN HERE! WHY, YOU GAVE ME YOUR WORD!"
RUSSIAN BEAR. "MY FRIEND! *HOW* YOU MISUNDERSTAND ME!"
BRITISH LION. "DO I! ALL RIGHT! NEVER NO MORE!"

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR NOVELTIES IN LADIES' COIFFURES.



See: The Cottage Loaf.



The Roman Lamp.



The Number 8.



The Shower Bath.



The Bottle.



The Gondola.

DARBY JONES ON THE CHESTER CUP.

HONOURED SIR,—I think that You and my other Esteemed Patrons may assuredly mark Wednesday, April 27 as a Real Primrose Day, when my Straight-out Selection, *Disraeli*, romped in for the Guineas at Newmarket. It was ordained that *Mr. Punch* and his humble satellite, D. J., should be the ONLY foretellers of the victory of *MR. WALLACE JOHNSTONE*'s bay colt at the remunerative odds of 100 to 12. In all modesty I can only repeat the ancient Roman adage, *Palmarum qui meruit ferat*, which, you being a Public School and University Scholar, I need not translate for the edification of those only acquainted with the Vulgar Tongue. As usual, the customary acknowledgments of my Prescience are not to hand. The Diamond Rings, the Cases of Champagne, the Boxes of choice Cigars, and, above all, the Cheerful Cheques, which we welcome in our progress over the Hunting Country of Life, are all wanting. But, like the Flying Dutchman (the Mariner, not the Quad-ruped), I still intend to circumnavigate (if that be the correct definition) the Cape of Good Hope. It is true that I have received several communications respecting our Joint Success—this reads like a Culinary Triumph—but they mostly run as per following sample:—

"DEAR SIR,—Seeing that you have picked the winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, we should be glad if you would settle at your earliest convenience our bill against you of £23 14s. 2d., otherwise," &c.

A plague on such sordid minds! Did I not bestow on them by the Gift of Prophecy through your inestimable Agency a Boon for which they might have waited during Years of Tears. I give them My All—My Brains—and nevertheless they bombard me as though they were the American Fleet and I Havana or Manila. But in the politest terms let me turn the minstrel tap on to the Roodee. "Charge, CHESTER, charge!" is my motto, and Chester will undoubtedly charge during this week. Let me alleviate the pecuniary difficulties of visitors to the Hereditary Earldom of H.R.H. the Heir Apparent by singing—

North American Coast I will shun,
And the Maid with a smile not advise,
But the Aster Girl may with a run
Be the tip that is good for the wise.
Yet I cannot forget that the Red
May figure between 1 and 3,
And Charlestown may take a long lead;
But I'll swim with the Man of the Sea.

So, my noble sportsmen, weather the

storm in your Appropriate Jerseys, and trust to the Double-sighted Glasses of my August Employer and His and Your low-lying, but truthful, Racing Recluse,
DARBY JONES.

[From what we learn, D. J. has, since Newmarket, developed into a very early Turf butterfly. We are not surprised, but earnestly entreat any sportsmen of his acquaintance to impress upon him that even a Purple Emperor or Camberwell Beauty originally owes its origin to Grub Street.—ED.]

CHEERS FOR THE "QUEEN'S."—Queen's College, London, this week has been celebrating the jubilee of its foundation. This, the pioneer of Nuneham and Girtton, proudly claims to be first of those homes of "sweet girl graduates," destined some day to rule the world. Women have but to enter Parliament to govern the House, as they already reign over the home. In the meanwhile, "Queen's" has only to prosper in the future as it has in the past, and all will be well.

Thoughts (without Rhyme).

(On reading a review by W. A. of "Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant.")

Who killed Cock-SHAW?
I, said the ARCHER,
With my little long-bow,
I killed Cock-SHAW.



BAD NEWS FROM NATAL.

(A Fancy Sketch at the Zoo.)

[The last Hippopotamus has been slaughtered at Natal.]

A SERIOUS MATTER.

Grandfather (to Miss PANSY, who is somewhat flushed and excited). What's the matter, my pet?

Miss Pansy (aged eight). Oh, grandpa, me and my kitten have been having the most awful row. We've often quarrelled before and made it up again, but this time we're not on speaking terms.

NOTE BY OUR POLITICAL OBSERVER.—France having annexed our Sovereign, the Heir-Apparent, the Duchess of YORK, and our Prime Minister, as well as other notabilities, will now probably discuss the question of War or Peace with—Dr. TANNER. We have a few more hostages to good faith still available. Indeed, *Mr. Punch*, if necessary, would not scruple to leave London for the Riviera with a return ticket guaranteed by President FAURE.

One Way of Looking at it.

Mr. E. Gotist (at the All-night Club). This war is deuced hard luck for me, for I always consume Havana cigars and Virginia tobacco, and now I shall get neither.

[Sighs mournfully.]
Mr. Cheerybob. Well, anyway, there's sure to be plenty of smoke somewhere.

[E. G. doesn't see it.]

THE MOST POPULAR FOWL ABOUT THIS TIME OF YEAR.—The Klondyke or Golden Plover, laying eggs averaging three shillings a-piece in the market. And, remarks DARBY JONES, the Plover generally lays five, six, seven, or even eight to one on the Field.

Q. What is the difference between a widower recounting his loss and the cry of a gouty person?

A. One is a tale of woe, the other a wail of toe.

LATEST CHINESE WARE.—Willow-willow-wail patterns.

DEFINITION OF DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SELFISH AND UNSELFISH PERSONS.—I's and no-I's.

CULINARY ARGUMENTS NOT RELISHED BY THE DERVISHES.—KITCHENER'S maxims.

THE ESSENCE OF MODERN WARFARE.—
"Coal and commissariat."



THE PATRIOT U.S.A.

Owner of Spanish Poultry. "GUESS I'LL KILL THOSE FOWLS, ANYWAY!"

[According to the *Daily Mail*, "the hatred for Spaniards has grown so intense among the patriotic farmers of Westchester County, New York State, that they have begun killing all the Spanish fowls which they own. Colonel GREEN, of the Portchester Infantry, says he has killed six Spanish roosters which he owned, and that his neighbours are following his example."]

HERE'S three times three for Colonel GREEN
And Westchester farmers all!
The bravest patriots ever seen
To answer duty's call!
They might not meet the Spanish fleet
On the high seas cheek by jowl,
So with bowie and knife they began their strife,
And slaughtered the Spanish fowl!
They avenged the *Maine* on the farmyard don
Who dared in their ears to crow,
And his wives and chicks were set upon
With many a deadly blow!
E'en the hapless egg could no quarter beg
As it crunched 'neath the stalwart heel,
And the chick unborn must have known the scorn
That all honest patriots feel!

Here's three times three for Colonel GREEN
And that rooster-slaying band,
Who showed the foe what men may mean
When threatened their native land!
And the Eagle's cry well nigh bust the sky
As he soared o'er the foreign crew,
And in proud Madrid men their faces hid
When they learned what Revenge could do!

CYCLING CONUNDRUM.

Q. What article of the cyclist girl's attire do a couple of careless barbers recall to mind?

A. A pair of nickers.

BEAUX ARTS.

"CARAN D'ACHE" is the pseudonym assumed by M. EMMANUEL POIRÉ, just as HABLOT K. BROWNE was known as "PHIZ." The name is easier to dash off in speaking than is POIRÉ; for "D'ACHE," were it only pronounced "Dash" (which it isn't), would exactly describe the artist's method, or at least that phase of it about which there is so much dash and "go." But "D'ACHE" is pronounced "darsh" (with a very liquid "r"), which upsets the simple and unpretentious English-speaking jokelet. What's in a name? Something. And here is something more than a name. CARAN D'ACHE is an artist of all work in black and white. We have not yet seen him in colour. His favourite subject appears to have been the Great NAPOLEON; specially his cocked hat and long coat. CARAN D'ACHE is very fond of "going Nap," which is more than any spectator will do when seated in front of his caricatures, all distinctly French, and the majority of them not to be easily "understood of the people" here though they will be generally appreciated. Some are irresistibly funny; as, for example, the drunken elephant. The animal tells his own tale—a performance quite unique. His exhibition is at 148, New Bond Street, placed by the artist himself, pictorially, under the special patronage of Mr. Punch. As CARAN D'ACHE he is hard to beat; as "Monsieur POIRÉ" he cannot be "pair'd," or coupled with anyone. He is *unique*.

FLITTINGS.

Pretoria, April 3.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—If you want to enjoy a quiet Sunday, don't come here at the time of one of the quarterly Boer *nachtmals*, or religious festivals. I sit in a room of the Grand Hotel, with its *steep* overlooking the Church Square. All round the Church, and right up to the Government Buildings, some hundreds of burghers have trekked in from all parts of the country with their twelve-span ox-waggons, till the place resembles a mixture of a gipsy encampment and a farmyard. The square, I believe, is public property, so four times a year the worthy doppers come to town and thus assert their right of ownership. They outspan their cattle, and boil their black pots at the very steps of the Legislature; and not even *alle machtig* OOM PAUL can say them nay. Still, in the day-time, it is a sight most distinctly worth seeing.

It is now late at night, but a vigorous chorus is going on, composed chiefly of Boer families chanting most dreary tunes, *fortissimo* and *lentissimo*, Transvaal babies and dogs trying to out-yell each other, cows lowing, and Kafirs chattering, until one feels inclined to address them in forcible double-Dutch. Unfortunately, I cannot think of any more emphatic epithet than *boedelberedderaar*, which I am told means merely bailiff.

The S. A. R. railway authorities cannot be said exactly to welcome the harmless Uitlanders on their arrival from the South at a desolate frontier station called Vereeniging. They are shunted about for five hours between midnight and dawn, and at 5.30 A.M. all their belongings are turned out on the platform to be minutely overhauled. They are then severally massaged and pommelled all over in the Douane, to see if they conceal any Maxim-guns or Mauser-rifles about their person. In spite, however, of all these precautions against any repetition of the Raid, I know of a lady who smuggled a revolver through, wrapped up in a kid-glove, which was actually handled by the unsuspecting Customs-officer as he investigated her dressing-bag.

I have shot OOM PAUL (with a camera) as he was leaving Government Buildings. Unfortunately the usual small boy contrived to thrust himself into the foreground at the critical moment, so there is another good caricature gone wrong. I am just about to have an audience of the President in his wayside shanty, and hope the old man will not order his "Zarps" to take me out to immediate execution for *lese-majesté*, or highway-snapshooting.

However, Pretoria is an excellent place to spend a few minutes at. In spite of all the depression, it seems to be going ahead, and they are running up some fine public buildings, especially the New Law Courts, where Justice (according to Boer ideas) will take up her abode till the last Outlander has been put in "trunk," and Boerdom will reign supreme. Then the Latter Lammas Sittings will be held, and KOTZE will cease from troubling, and the Millenium will be here. Till then, an Englishman can feel at home in the Residency.

Yours patriotically,

Z. Y. X.



HYDE PARK, MAY 1.

Country Cousin. "WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS, POLICEMAN?"

Constable. "LABOUR DAY, MISS."

"DETERIORA SEQUOR."

["Here, in London, we created the darkness by the innocent process of cooking our mutton chops."]
Sir Wyke Bayliss at the R. S. of B. A.]

A FOUL impenetrable cloud

The blessed light of heaven shuts
 From your sad visage, like a shroud—
 Our Lady of the Smuts;

Each arabesque and traceried niche
 Its all-pervading soot-flakes choke,
 Daubed to a blackness as of pitch
 From lurid smoke.

Ah! that while filth we broadcast fling,
 To fall around in grimy drops,
 Our souls we should be bartering
 For mutton chops.

We yearn and pine for purer air,
 A London beautiful and bright,
 Whose form and colour should be fair—
 Whose marble white.

Thus musing with a heavy heart,
 Dejectedly we sit and munch;
 For, though of course we doat on Art—
 We must have lunch.

AN APPEAL TO ALMS.—London is the richest city in the world, and yet the London Hospital is in a very poor way. During the last two years there has been a deficit of £30,000 in the necessary income, and now a large capital expenditure has become imperative. The domestic arrangements require money for improvements;

electric lighting is a requisite that cannot be afforded. There is no photographic department, although the Röntgen-ray work is of the last importance. Then, what can be done? Why, the philanthropists must wake up and walk up. Legacies are valuable, but *bis dat qui cito dat*, and *post-mortem* charity is not nearly so satisfactory as the benefaction of "ready-money down." *Verbum sap.*

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 25.—Something pathetic about war-worn figure of CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES as he begged permission just now to intervene "for moment" in debate on second reading of Evidence in Criminal Cases Bill. It was a lawyers' night. You might almost hear the rustle of their gowns. The accessories of the scene lent themselves with singular effect to the illusion that we were in the Criminal Court. SPEAKER, in wig and gown, canopied in chair, looked the learned Judge to life. At the table below were the clerks, also wigged and gowned. There was the gallery of spectators facing his lordship; on either side the jury-box rising tier on tier. Nearest approach to prisoner in the dock was Sergeant-at-Arms seated in his chair, with innocence written in shining letters on his placid brow.

The lawyers kept up the illusion by

rising in succession from either side and flatly contradicting the reason and the logic laid down earlier by their learned friend. As one star differs from another in glory, so did ALFRED LYTTTELTON differ from BOB REID, EDWARD CLARKE from TIM HEALY, HEMPHILL from the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, and CARSON from them all. TIM, invigorated by touch of his native earth, was in fine form, giving pleasant ripple to long languished debate. EDWARD CLARKE's brief speech one of the most finished pieces of oratorical debate heard in House this Session. A mellow voice; perfect elocution; gestures just enough to enforce argument or illustration; masterly array of argument; unfailing lucidity. Quite a gem of a speech. Like other gems moderate in size.

CAP'EN TOMMY strayed into this den of lions with the nearest approach to sheepishness possible to one of his dauntless build. Is just now chiefly occupied with keeping the nations of the world right in matter of the rights and duties of neutrals in time of war. In question hour others attempt to baffle Ministers with problems elaborated with the assistance of the midnight oil. The CAP'EN listens, and when they have all finished, cuts in and finishes the job. This evening PRINCE ARTHUR, furnished with papers, successfully resisted attack made from various quarters. When CAP'EN TOMMY fired a shot across his bows he straightway capitulated.

"I'm afraid," he said, with that mixed metaphor that bewrays the landsman, "that my hon. friend is getting beyond my depth."

The ocean of universal knowledge has no depths the CAP'EN cannot plumb. Diving into the debate, on the sea of which bobbed the wigs of luminaries of the Bar, the old salt serenely disported himself, showing them all how to do it.

Business done.—Evidence in Criminal Cases Bill read a second time by 229 votes against 80.

Tuesday.—"Lest we forget, Lest we forget!" 'Twas BASHMEAD-ARTLETT murmuring his Recessional in the unwilling ear of PRINCE ARTHUR. MACLEAN—whose perennial air of having just comfortably dined struck Dr. AMBROSE the other night, and suggested to him a phrase the SPEAKER promptly called on him to withdraw—been wanting to know what the MARKISS said when China hinted that she would do anything in despite of Russia if assured of British protection? PRINCE ARTHUR made haste to disclaim any intention of guaranteeing Chinese territory. This was BASHMEAD-ARTLETT's opportunity, and he seized it by the hair. Been rather quiet of late; said to be suffering remorse for having worried GEORGE CURZON into a sick room. This opening to his old haunts irresistible.

"I wish," he said, "to ask the right honourable gentleman if he has forgotten the resolution of the House of Commons in which it was declared—"

SPEAKER down on him like hawk on hapless sparrow. "Do I understand, Mr. SPEAKER," twittered the sparrow, "that you rule my question out of order?"

"Certainly," answered the hooded hawk, "it is not a request for information, but a speech."

Life in the House of Commons, as BASHMEAD sadly remarked in the sympathetic ear of Mr. PATRICK O'BRIEN, would be tolerable only for the SPEAKER.

"Do I forget, dear TOBY?" PRINCE ARTHUR bitterly said, when, at twenty minutes to eleven p.m., questions being comfortably over, House began business of the sitting, "I think not. As you are good enough to say, considering the fierce light that beats about my seat in the House of Commons I get along pretty well. But if you ask me how I came to adopt on behalf of the Government the Sheffield knight's resolution affirming the sanctity of Chinese territory, which at the moment Russia and Germany were carving up, I frankly tell you I don't know. When the lady asked Dr. JOHNSON why in his dictionary he had mixed up the fetlock and the pastern of the horse, he answered shortly, 'Ignorance, Madame, sheer ignorance.' If you ask me why we walked into BASHMEAD-ARTLETT's clumsy trap, I answer, 'Temporary aberration of the tired intellect, dear TOBY. Pure idiocy.'"

Thursday.—The supernatural quietude that suffuses Committee on Local Government Bill threatened just now with rupture. Proposal made that County Council may appoint visiting Committee to prisons. JOHNSTON OF BALLYKILBEG moved to insert proviso that no men who had themselves been in gaol should be appointed on visiting Committees.

As far as *personnel* of House of Commons is concerned, this not such sweeping proposal as it would have proved fifteen years ago. At that epoch an Irish Member who had not been in prison was rare as snakes in Iceland. For one to make a speech in Parliamentary debate without incidentally alluding to something that happened (or didn't happen) "when I was in prison," was the exception. Different now; only small proportion of present race bear that mark of high distinction. Still, there are some who proudly claim it, as there are families who boast direct descent from the comrades of the Conqueror. On behalf of these JOHN DILLON protested, startling Committee with mention of alleged fact that BALLYKILBEG himself was of the elect. This news to most. Everyone asking what he was "in for." SARK says he believes it was for speaking disrespectfully of the POPE.

Business done.—Getting on nicely with the Local Government Bill.

Friday.—The MARKISS on his way home from the Riviera, bringing his sheaves with him in the shape of better health. Everyone glad to hear this. We're all proud of our MARKISS, in spite of the Legend of Talienwan and some others. In the comparative leisure of life in the sunny South the MARKISS has been sauntering along some of the untrodden ways of SHAKSPEARE. Much struck by passage he came upon in *Henry VI., Part I., Act I., Scene I.*

"The Earl of SALISBURY craveth supply
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny."

"Supply is all right," says the MARKISS, "thanks to ST. MICHAEL. Much charmed



Sir Micawber Hicks-Beach. "Annual income twenty pounds; annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six; result happiness!"

when reading his speech on the Budget to find with what art he took credit for a government which, finding the national revenue steadily growing, increases, *pari passu*, the expenditure, being careful to keep the balance just on the right side, so they may boast that, having spent within a fraction of all, they have not

run into debt. Principle not new, of course. Mr. Micawber long ago formulated it. "Annual income twenty pounds; annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six; result happiness." But it's one thing to recognise a truth, quite another to embody it in practice. The first line of the quotation is all right as far as the latest successor to the Earldom of SHREWSBURY is concerned: t'other is startlingly appropriate. Must hasten home and make a few examples. Shall swing TOMMY BOWLES from the yard-arm; drown YERBURGH in the biggest butt of wine to be found in the Junior Carlton's cellar; and, if the Lords show any sign of joining the revolt, I'll make BASHMEAD-ARTLETT a peer."

Business done.—Discussion on the MARKISS's foreign policy.

MAHMOUD EXPLAINS WHY HE LOST THE BATTLE OF ATBARA.

CHIEFLY BECAUSE HE DIDN'T WIN.

THE PROPER POSITION FOR A GENERAL WHEN THE FIGHT BEGINS.

THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING UNDER THE BED.

"No," observed Mahmoud to the interviewer, contemptively hitting his A. D. C. over the head with a brick, "the reason you won was that I lost. Simple, isn't it? And curious, too, because your English soldiers can't fight for nuts. Your infantry is wholly useless, and your cavalry infinitely worse. You ask me, 'Did the British artillery do us any harm?' Not the least bit in the world; they killed nobody. The fact is, your big guns are nothing like ours; and your artillerymen can't shoot straight. 'Then, why were we defeated?' you say. Well—er—Oh, I really don't quite know. Seems funny, don't it? Our men are all magnificent soldiers, from me downwards—especially me. You say you saw part of our cavalry bolt as your troops approached? Ah, that was all my artfulness! I did it on purpose, so that you shouldn't have a chance to steal our horses! See?" Then, drawing himself up proudly, he exclaimed, "No, I did not run away. I am not a woman. As to hiding under the bed, where else, I should like to know, ought a General to be? They should always take up a position there; then you know where to find them. I first gave orders as to the disposition of my troops, and then, prudently, 'did a guy.' Don't your Generals get under beds when the shooting begins? H'm, very foolish of them to expose themselves to fire; they might get hurt. I never do. Had I known you possessed so many soldiers, I should, of course, have brought more; but that, being a Dervish Bank Holiday, I had allowed half my cavalry to go to their annual Beanfeast. No more at present. Adoo!"

"Come, Kate, thou art perfect!" As of course she was. "You have witchcraft in your lips, KATE!" as Master WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE hath it; and so, with these two quotations from the Bard, doth Mr. Punch heartily welcome Miss KATE TERRY on her return to the stage.



THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

Squire Mayfly (just arrived at his pet piece of water). "AH, GLORIOUS TIME O' YEAR! MOST INSPIRING! EVERYTHING BURSTING INTO RENEWED LIFE! OUGHT TO HAVE A THUNDERING GOOD KILL TO-DAY!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

*Concerning Isabelle Carnaby (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is the most brilliant book my Baronite has read this year. Miss ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER has made her curtsy to the public before as a writer of dainty verse. This is her first novel. It may safely be predicted that, if success has its usual influence as an incentive, it will not be her last. It is probable profounder study and practice may add something to the weight of the *dramatis personae*, and to the movement of the plot. In her first book Miss FOWLER has been content to present the very ordinary people whom we meet every day in Society, living their more or less undistinguished lives. Such as they are, they are faithfully reproduced. That she has capacity for probing profounder depths is shown in the exquisitely-written chapter where the *Rev. Mark Seaton* is financially ruined, and friends and neighbours with delicate movement come to his help. *Martha*, the old handmaiden, not only declines to accept the month's notice given by her mistress, and insists on staying on without wages, but on the plea of being relieved from "covetousness and the love of money creeping upon me in my old age," induces her simple-hearted master to take charge of her savings. Miss FOWLER's dialogue sparkles upon every page with the form and polish of comedy. When authors win established positions, some ill-advised friend bores the public with collecting their good things, and presenting them in disjointed form in a three-and-sixpenny volume. Any one so disposed would find sufficient material in Miss FOWLER's first essay. The charm of the book is added to by the little verse which precedes each chapter. One is short enough and good enough to quote as illustrating Miss FOWLER's shrewd humour and her dexterous turn of phrases.*

*A woman's tongue is ever slow
To tell the thing she does not know.*

That Queen BESS must have been a dangerously fascinating person is evident from the true histories of her Majesty derived from unquestionably authentic sources; that she was a marvellous beauty it is impossible to conceive, judging, that is, from her portraits, one of which, namely that by ZUCCHERO in Hampton Court Palace, forms the frontispiece of Mr. MARTIN A. S. HUME's most interesting and amusing book on *The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth* (T. FISHER UNWIN), compiled from papers in the Public Record Office. ELIZABETH was, indeed, "fancy free," but her time of "maiden meditation" must have been uncommonly short, seeing that as the youthful Lady ELIZABETH she indulged in such "romping"—to put it very mildly—as would have been considered indelicate even in those days of stiff costumes and of curiously free and easy manners when the costumes were off. Queen BESS was a consummate mistress of diplomacy, preferring in any and every case, whether political or social, to be mistress *par excellence*, in every sense of the word. Lucky the men who escaped her fascinations! That she never really intended to marry is, of course, a certainty, for she was a veritable *Don Giovanni* in petticoats. Miss BETSY TUDOR, "leading lady" of the British Historical Drama, was a thorough *artiste*, and she so stage-managed effects, and play-acted so admirably, as to be an immense favourite with her subjects in the pit and gallery. A tyrant is sure to be popular if only the tyranny be exercised on the right class. The imperial and imperious ELIZABETH, this strong-minded, vain, epicene queen, with her wonderful red hair and her "incurably diseased leg," incapable of true love, but yielding to every sudden fit of amorous passion, who lived only to be courted, flattered, fooled to the top of her bent (she herself regulating the fooling), and who, after condescending on occasion, like the blameless *Miss Sally Brass*, to be treated as "a good fellow, and a jolly dog, and so forth" by such Dick Swivellerian companions as were under her royal thumb, would suddenly turn like a raging wild beast on the lovers whose familiarities she had permitted and encouraged. Woe to any younger woman who should dare to cross her path! Her masterful diplomacy, inspired and carried out by CECIL and LEICESTER, as is well shown by Mr. HUME, went far towards establishing the future greatness of England. The fortune of this country was made by a successful Bet on the throne.

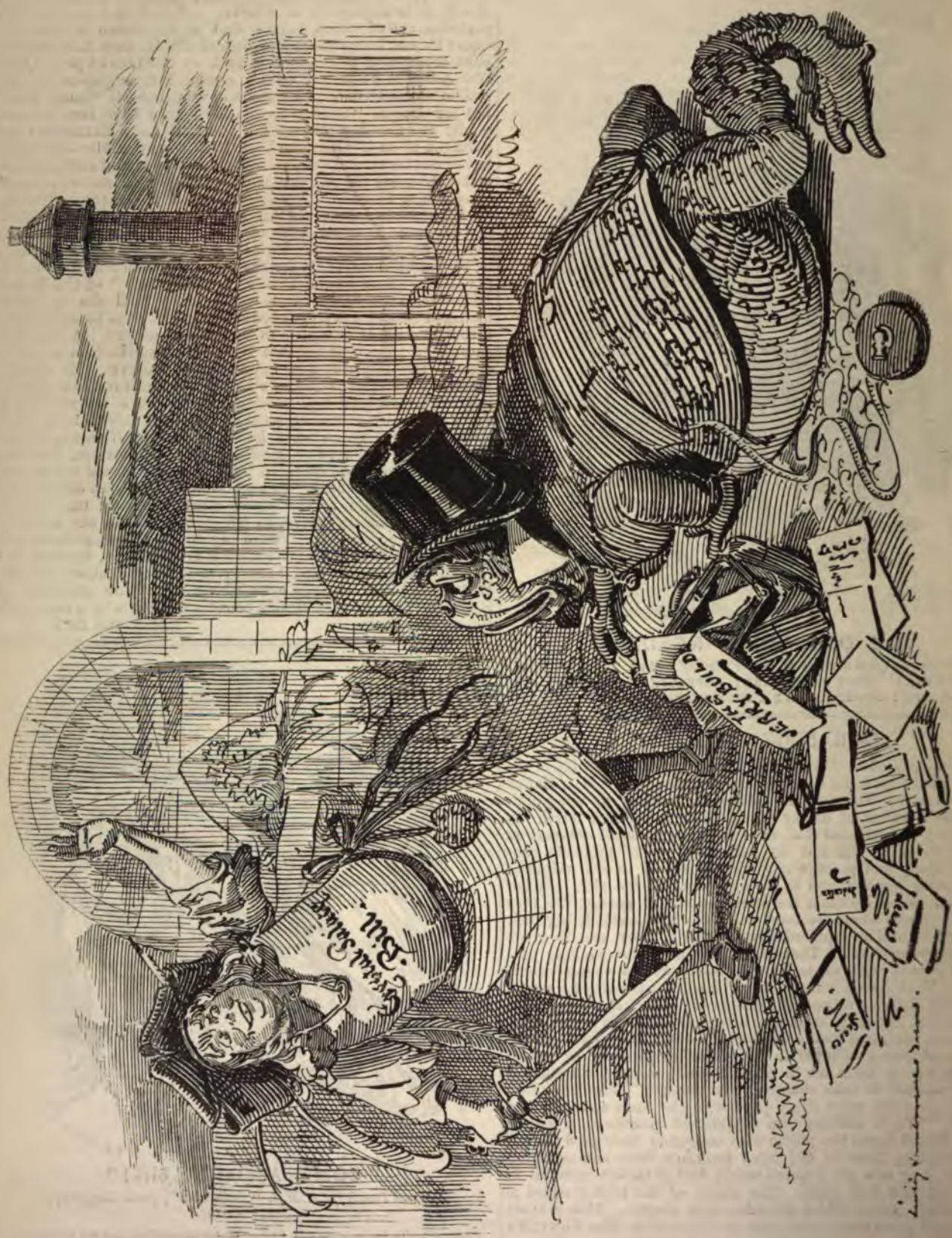
THE BARON DE B.-W.



"COME ABOARD, SIR!"

Admiral Punch (of H.M.S. "Britannia") greets the youngest Sailor Prince.

[According to the newspapers, Prince EDWARD of York last week abandoned the costume of babyhood, and was put into his first suit—a sailor suit—most fitting rig-out for the son of his father and the youngest cadet of the House of Britannia.]



TO THE RESCUE!

OR, THE FAIRY BILL, THE PRINCESS CRYSTALINA, AND THE DEMON TOAD.

Henry Woodhouse Del.



SATISFACTION WITHOUT PROFANITY.

(A Sketch in a famous Dutch City.)

SPORTIVE SONGS.

An Aramis of the Past reproaches Mistress Somebody during a Spring pilgrimage to Scotia with reprehensible conduct to himself and three companions, whom she allured whilom.

A LITTLE Song of Somebody!

I sing in the early Spring,
'Mid a mist of whiskey-toddy,
With the faint green on the ling,
That stretches for miles and miles
With a fir-tree here and there,
The sort of spot in the British Isles
That makes a Southron swear!

A little Song of Somebody,

Astral, yet worldly wise,
For she sprang from a sea of shoddy,
With her wondrous amber eyes.
From a sea of shoddy she sprang,
To arise by a Scottish loch,
And with her began the *Sturm und Drang*
That we do not greet with "Hoch!"

A little Song of Somebody!

Why was she ever born
To drive us to whiskey-toddy,
And give us the husk for corn?
Why did she smile the smile
That fettered our reason then?
Why did she try all Vivien's guile
In King of Rowan's Glen?

A little Song of Somebody

Who succeeded for what she bid,

And over the whiskey-toddy
We agreed She meant and did
In this brutal Northern air
That makes the blood run cold.
I allow she was passing fair,
We foolish and none too bold!

A little Song of Somebody

That in this budding time
Brings that Lancashire girl and shoddy
Into metre, into rhyme.
There were four of us Musketeers
Who swore to be leal and true,
But three have traversed the Sands of
Years,
And I pilgrim alone and renew
My vows with the bitterest rue
To you, Sweet Somebody, only you!
Why were you false, and oh! so cru-
el? (Pause.) *Mountain Dew!*
You drove me to Mountain Dew!

HINTS FOR BIKING BEGINNERS.

1. Insure your life and limbs. The former will benefit your relations, the latter yourself.

2. Learn on a hired machine. The best plan is to borrow a machine from a friend. It saves hiring. Should the tyre become punctured, the break be broken, the bell cracked, the lamp missing, and the gear out of gear, you will return it as soon as possible, advising your friend to provide himself with a stronger one next time.

3. Practice on some soft and smooth ground. For example, on a lawn; the one next door for choice. A muddy road, although sufficiently soft, is not recommended—the drawbacks are obvious.

4. Choose a secluded place for practising. It may at first sight appear somewhat selfish to deprive your neighbours of a gratuitous performance which would be certain to amuse them. Nevertheless, be firm.

5. Get someone to hold you on. Engage a friend in an interesting conversation while you mount your bicycle. Do you remember *Mr. Winkle's* dialogue with *Sam Weller* when he attempted skating? You can model your conversation on this idea. Friend will support you while you ride and talk. Keep him at it. It will be excellent exercise for him, physically and morally. Also economical for you; as, otherwise, you would have to pay a runner.

6. Don't bike; Trike.

During the Recent Wet Weather.

Mr. Tompkins. As usual, drip, drip, drip.
Mrs. Tompkins. Well, I rather like it. There's something of a poet-laureate about the sound.

KNOW-BODIES.—The writers of "personal paragraphs."

THE NEW GALLERY.



No. 171. The Ghost's H'Aunt.

On entering the North Room and turning to the right, the visitor will be struck by—

No. 262. A prophetic pictorial illustration of an imaginary case. Here you may see Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR and Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN brought up before a magistrate, charged, after an all-night's sitting, with having infringed the licensing laws, by selling various intoxicating liquors at the bar of the House. ARTHUR looks anxious, and is evidently in a most painful position in consequence of a table having been thrust between his legs; while his companion, with an orchid, a little the worse for wear, in his button-hole, has assumed an air of supreme indifference to results, and evidently wishes it to be understood that there exists no sort of collusion between himself and his companion in the dock. It is a pathetic picture, on which Mr. SYDNEY P. HALL is to be congratulated, and which may be hereafter remembered as "the Hall in the New Gallery."

Now proceed at once to—

No. 207. Do not consult your catalogue, the artist's name is on the picture, "ARTHUR MELVILLE." If this be a portrait, how pleased with the work must be the sitter, whoever she may be, at being thus immortalised! She is quite the Queen of the May-day, a Queen "of Shreds and Patches." It is "Rag Fair" idealised. Every visitor to the gallery owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. MELVILLE for giving them this "thing of beauty" which, as will be seen by reference to No. 207 illustration on this page, our talented artist has genuinely appreciated.

No. 209. The surplus of the rags from No. 207 have been collected in a waste-paper basket, and are now being emptied into a running stream. Notice the scraps in the foreground—we should say, in the forewater. There ought to be a notice up, "Rubbish must not be shot here," i.e., just at this point, as the infringement of the rule mars the effect of an otherwise charming landscape by ANDERSON HAGUE.

No. 221. "An Anxious Moment." Gentleman having sat for a full-length portrait, doubts whether the coin he has about him



NEED HIGH LIGHTS BELOW STAIRS!
No. 207. "There, I told yer 'wot it 'ud be, Mr. MELVILLE, there's a ring at the front door bell—it's missus come 'ome and caught me settin' for yer in 'er noo Velassky gownd, and a nice mess I've made on it!" By ARTHUR MELVILLE.

will be sufficient to include the portrayal of his legs. He is searching his last pocket, when in a burst of generosity the artist, Mr. FREE LANCE CALKIN, decides to "throw in his legs anyhow." And has done so.

No. 223. Lady who can put up with anything from her husband except a paltry excuse. "So! You wish me to believe that, do you?" she is saying. The expression is wonderfully conveyed, and sincere congratulations must be tendered to the great Colour-SARGENT, R.A., who, as is evident from his excellent work wherever it may be seen, is not a man given to flattery.

"SARGENT won't flatter you, no, not a wee bit.
Magna est veritas et praevaleret!"
Ars Poetica.

No. 236. "Pig-uresque." W. H. Y. TITCOMBE.

No. 241. Delightful picture by Miss MAY L. GOW. Gow on and prosper! Lovely mother and child both doing well, and done well, too. Only—child's left eye won't let its right eye know in what direction it is looking.

No. 200. Another delightful portrait by the Colour-SARGENT, R.A., showing how a lady, like Mariana in the moated grange, has become "a-weary, a-weary," while sitting to him for her portrait. She is annoyed with him, and is surreptitiously sliding off her chair. He should have called this sitter "An Early Riser."

No. 192. Lady playing "this little pig went to market" with fingers of left hand. Cleverly "taken in the act" by BYAM SHAW.

No. 88. Mrs. MARIANNE STOKES shows

No. 215. The Berthe-day Clayes-figure.
By J. J. SHANNON, A.R.A.

us how a knight in armour comforted his lady love when she had a toothache. "Never mind, dear," he is saying, "we'll send for MARIANNE; she'll point it for you, and that will be a great relief."

No. 116. Another toothache picture! This one by Mr. GEO. BOUGHTON, R.A. But Mr. G. B.'s good lady has no one to comfort her. She is a *dame seule*. These two should be in Mr. TOOTH's exhibition.

No. 135. Clever painting this,—very. But, I beg your pardon, whom did you say it was meant to represent? "Mrs. Patrick Campbell," says the artist, E. Hallé. No! Go along with you, Mr. Hallé! *H'allez donc!* Perhaps it was meant to be Hallégorical.

No. 57. This picture would be invaluable to any advertiser of medicinal remedies for all sorts of afflictions. You've only to put the name of the pills, or whatever it may be, on the banner borne by the central figure, and there you are. No charge made to Mr. WALTER CRANE for this inspired suggestion for "The World's Conquerors."

No. 14. "A Trying Moment." The new song. Here is admirable Madame EAMES, admirably depicted, whom every opera-goer and concert-frequenter will at once recognise. She is, like a good child, "seen, but not heard," while practising a song to the rather hesitating accompaniment, on a harpsichord, played by a foreign cavalier, probably that eminent composer, Count FORINABAR. It is a story (a JULIAN STORY) with the moral, "Practice makes perfect." A "Story without words," which tells its own tale.

No. 129. "No more coughs, colds, or sneezings. Try our new waterproof cape!" Traveller for above-mentioned invention is touring in the lake country, and saying cheerfully, "Me voici! Here I am with my nice clean collar and wristbands, pot-hat in hand, and no umbrella! I'm a very dry subject for any artist, but here I will take my stand till he has finished my picture, as the more haste the less Speed will be able to do."

No. 163. Another by C. E. Hallé! He modestly calls it "The Signal." To

which those who like it can add the word "success," and those who don't can substitute the opposite. It represents a girl holding a cigar-lighting lamp. Title, "Alight here!" Represented with a good deal of spirit, especially in the lamp.

No. 151. "In a Glass Darkly," Mrs. NORA HARTLEY exhibits some lovely roses. They are indeed, as the sporting men say, "good pluck'd 'uns." Mrs. NORA is hereby Hart'ley congratulated!

No. 100. The Hon. JOHN COLLIER depict a charming ingenue.

"Oh! I am an ingenoo!"

"Don't I know a thing or two!"

Song from "The Dancing Damsel" (burlesque).

No. 117. A gibbet on "Gallows Hill." Evidently painted by one of the "Hanging Committee." It is attributed to ARTHUR RYLE.

No. 392. "Ticklish." "Oh, dear!" muttered to herself the unhappy lady, "these flowers are tickling my ear and the back of my head, and I mayn't stir, or Mr. EDWIN A. WARD will be so angry!" A prize A-Ward-ed.

No. 306. We know that place; it is Sandwich. Just the very identical, with Dutch church and the marsh-land miasma rising, to which none of the Sandwich men will of course own. But they will be indeed proud of their own special moon, like a gigantic orange in the sky, as also of the solitary cow in the meadow, with its back turned disdainfully to the above-mentioned fire-balloony moon, over which nothing on earth, or in sky, would induce this particularly proud cow to jump. Yet the cow scorning the action, while below it, is "above it"! ARTHUR ELLIS did it. May some public-spirited Sandwich Man give him "El-lis d." for his trouble.

Some artists must be hungry this year. Mr. WEIGALL has got one Sandwich in the R. A., and Mr. ELLIS another Sandwich here. Which takes the cake? But they're so full of Sandwich they cannot require it.

So, in the spirit of *Touchstone's* rhymes:

Here is an end, with Five One Three,
Of the Sixpenny List of the New Galleries.
Just half of the price of the Academies.

THE CUE FOR KEW.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—We know that the high and mighty Authorities privileged to tax the down-trodden ratepayers are about to construct at enormous expense a new viaduct over the Thames in place of the present Alpine structure known as Kew Bridge. Permit me, as a constant riverain observer, to draw attention to the fact that this scheme is sheer waste of money, for at low water the volume of the stream is simply nil: a child could walk across the ill-concealed bed. Some twenty cartloads of gravel and a ton or so of freestone would make an excellent and convenient causeway of communication between Middlesex and Surrey. Indeed, were instructions given to the several water companies to pump a few more million gallons out of the river, there would be no necessity for either gravel or stone. Trusting that my suggestion may meet, through your esteemed agency, the Official Eye,

I am, Yours obediently,

AN ECONOMIST.

Ducks and Drakes Villa,
Strand-on-the-Green.

THE POLITICAL DOUBLE ALMOND.—A Question of Philippines.



AT A COUNTRY FAIR.

Mrs. Bloggs. 'YOU 'LL NEVER GET ME TO BELIEVE AS THEM DELUSIONS IS REAL!'

THE LADY SACCHARINE.

[“15,000 copies of Professor SCHENK's book have already been sold. In consequence of his theory that a saccharine diet tends to the production of girls, Viennese ladies now eschew sugar, and the demand for sweets has all but disappeared.”

Daily Paper.]

SHOULD they a marron glacé see
The ladies shudder tremblingly;
Ices they ban and sweets they flee,
Nor is there sugar in their tea
Where sugar once hath been.
The cane no longer flaunts his pride,
The vulgar beet hath drooped and died—
“The curse is come upon me,” cried
The Lady Saccharine.

Neglected lies the gay Bath-bun,
Neglected the mixed biscuit. None
Will look on wedding-cake. Not one
Dare taste a chocolate—all shun
Meringues like things unclean.

The change—how hath it come? Whence
flew

This sudden bolt from out the blue?
Whose was the ruthless hand that slew
The Lady Saccharine?

Royal Commissioners? Ah, no!
No foreign bounty struck the blow,
Nor the wild grief that 'gan to flow
When it was found that faithless JOE
Declined to intervene.

It was HERR SCHENK—but you have read
What HERR Professor SCHENK has said?—
So be the blood upon his head
Of Lady Saccharine.

Mr. Forthort (reading paper). Well,
here's bread up again a half-penny a loaf.
I don't know what we shall do!

Mrs. Forthort (suddenly inspired). Why,
live on biscuits, of course!

[Domestic economy immediately established.]



PRECAUTION.

Donal'. "A 'M SAYIN', TAM, WHAT FOR DAE YE TAK' YIR DRAM A' AT A'E MOUTHFU'?"
 Tam (gravely). "EH, DONAL', MAN, A ANCE HAD MA GLESS KNOCKIT OWER!"

THE WAR.

BEAUTY AND VALOUR.

OUR CORRESPONDENT RUNS THE
GAUNTLET OF THE GUNS.

(With acknowledgments to the *Daily Chronicle's* Special Correspondent at Key West—issue of May 5.)

Two nights ago, to the accompaniment of ringing cheers, I dived into the deep off the blockading squadron. I was alone. I had asked for volunteers to swim with me to Cuba, but the response had lacked enthusiasm.

It was my design to be the first to convey to the insurgents a report of the sack of the Philippines.

Shrouded in murky darkness I came in under the guns of Matanzas, deeming myself fortunate to escape with the loss of my breath. Pushing on fearlessly into the interior, through the ruins of a blasted tobacco-grove, melancholy handiwork of Iberian despots, I reached the camp of *Libertad*, and received a veritable ovation.

The scene as I departed—for my destiny allowed me not to linger—was strangely striking. The military band, covered with parti-coloured bunting and Rembrandtesque in the *chiaroscuro* of the torchlit night, played a passion-pent ma-

zurka. Against the background of a toolshed shone out the gleaming muslin dress of a Cuban girl, more handsome than your readers would readily believe. Leaping from her coign of vantage on a pile of packing-cases, she drew towards me, the tears of joy still hot upon her cheeks, her bosom heaving with intolerable emotion. As she raised her *sombrero*—in the picturesque manner of the country—her raven tresses fell about her shapely feet. Then, laying aside her maidenly reserve, she flung her arms in one passionate coil about my neck; and in a voice that rang out above the leading bassoon, a wild note of longing mingled with its triumph, she shouted, "*Viva Cuba Libre*" (which was indifferent grammar) full in my trembling tympanum. A hundred rocks sent back the shattering echo.

Reluctantly I tore myself from her welching embrace, and set my course upon the path of duty. Ah! shall I ever set eyes on that lithe and lissome form again? *Quien sabe?*

As I waded out from the beach in the dim promise of a roseate dawn the guns of the fort opened fire on me, with that deep roar and ruddy glare which are not infrequently associated with the discharge of artillery.

Diving below the surface, I emerged beyond range, though I could still catch

the sullen booming of their foiled attack. Later, I was pursued by what proved to be a friendly destroyer. Its bow-chaser was actually trained on the back of my head, when a wild cheer issuing from a thousand port-holes announced that I had been recognised by a thin red badge of courage that I happened to be wearing in my hat. I declined the courteous offer of a lift.

When at length, on the second day, I touched earth at Key West, the tale of my prowess had anticipated me. The town was *en fête*. The air was heavy with the breath of Union Jacks.

As I write at this hour, reclining on the poop of the flag-ship of the Press flotilla, clad in my summer night-gear (for beneath a tropical sun my sodden garments hang to dry upon the rigging), the assembled navy gesticulates.

I distinguish eight several orchestras, exclusive of the regimental band of the Dandy Cow-boys, discharging the British National Anthem at the astonished welkin. Massed in a fluttering bevy along the breakwater, the best girls of a thousand nautical heroes make me the cynosure of their sea-blue eyes.

For myself, I am unaffected; but I joy to see how the bonds that bind our kin to us grow visibly tighter each minute under my very nose.



THE PRIZE BRAND.

COUSIN JONATHAN. "THESE LOOK VERY NICE! WONDER IF THEY'LL BE THE BETTER FOR KEEPING "

PROCEEDINGS IN RE "THE MEDICINE MAN."

LAST week a warrant was issued against Messrs. H. D. TRAILL and ROBERT S. HICHENS, described as of various occupations in connection with general literary business, summoning them to appear at *Mr. Punch's Court of First-Instance-of-Their-Doing-It*, to answer the charge of conspiring together for the purpose of compelling Sir HENRY IRVING, lessee and manager of the Lyceum Theatre, by prac-

by the best critics that if he had not acted as he had acted on the production of this—this—er—er—remarkable piece—yes, remarkable piece—the entire fabric would have collapsed on its first being brought out and placed before the search-light of Public Opinion. What was true of himself was equally true of every member of his company. He could not exactly call to mind all the circumstances attendant upon his acceptance of this—this—er—quite remarkable drama. To the best of his recollection and belief he had

ments, had been produced. Ordinarily, Sir HENRY continued, he considered himself, and was generally considered, as "uncommonly wide awake," and hence his acceptance and production of this—er—remarkable drama, was only applicable to himself and his countless friends and supporters among the public on the hypnotic hypothesis. (*Applause.*) He had no hesitation in saying that it seemed to him that, while under the hypnotic influence of Messrs. TRAILL and HICHENS, he had no consciousness of exercising an absolutely free will in the matter. "I believe," wearily added Sir HENRY, who had given his evidence with considerable reluctance, "that I did tell the public in my first-night speech that this piece would run till July. When I said this I must still have been under the hypnotic influence aforesaid."

Mr. BRAM STOKER, acting manager at the Lyceum, on being called, said he was the author of a mesmeric, hypnotical, diabolic kind of romance, entitled *Dracula*, and therefore knew all about hypnotism. Hypnotism in a book was one thing; on the stage quite another.

Mr. BEERBOHM TREE said, "Friends, Romans, countrymen!" He begged pardon; he thought he was *Antony*. Yes, he had tried hypnotism at the Haymarket Theatre. At that moment he could not recall the name of the play or its author. From his own experience, he should certainly be of opinion that his good friend Sir HENRY, when accepting this play, must have been under hypnotic influence. While on the subject, he might observe that there was a kind of hypnotism in *Julius Caesar* at Her Majesty's, and also a ghost, and if— Did you say I could stand down? Oh! certainly.

Mr. *Punch's Own Reporter* said he had never seen Miss ELLEN TERRY appear to greater advantage. She was wonderful! He emphatically said "appear," because there was very little to do that was worth doing, and little to say worth the saying; but whatever it was, Miss TERRY did it and said it inimitably. Sir HENRY was admirable as *Dr. Tregenna*. Mr. MACKINTOSH was repulsively powerful as *Bill Burge*, being in as marked contrast to Miss ELLEN TERRY, as was *Caliban* to *Miranda*. Mr. NORMAN FORBES was perfect as the silly, simple, fussing parson; and Mr. BEN WEBSTER, most ingeniously made up, did his utmost to make something out of a very, very small part, as did also Miss ROSE LECLERCQ in what was, he supposed, intended by the authors to be the "light comedy" portion of the play. The plot of the play was weak and uninteresting. There was, here and there, a sharp line in it, but as a whole the dialogue was commonplace. Did he think Sir HENRY was hypnotised and going against his better judgment in the production? Well, he was bound to say it did look uncommonly like it; but he hoped the offenders would be leniently dealt with, and merely bound over to keep the piece—that is, their next piece—to themselves. He thought they might be dismissed with a caution, or ordered to come up for judgment a few months hence, if called upon to do so.

Can I suggest any improvement? Yes, it is this:—cut out *all* the dialogue and the non-essential characters; then reproduce it, set to Music, as a Play without words, the story being told in pantomimic action, after the manner of *L'Enfant Prodigue*.



"MIND V. MATTER"; OR, DR. PROSPERO TREGENNA AND THE BURGEE CALIBAN.

tising on him certain hypnotic arts, to accept and produce a certain drama, written by them in five acts, entitled *The Medicine Man*. It is expected that several other charges will be brought against Messrs. TRAILL and HICHENS, notably by a certain *Dr. Nikola*, mesmerist and hypnotist, and by *Count Fosco*, who accuses them of having taken one of his chief characteristics, namely, his love for birds, and given it to *Dr. Tregenna*. Messrs. TRAILL and HICHENS have not been seen since the first night of the piece, and up to the present moment have succeeded in evading arrest. The following evidence, however, was produced, fully justifying the course taken in the present proceedings:—

Sir HENRY IRVING, who appeared to be suffering from considerable exhaustion, said that he had known the defendants for some time, and was on good terms with them, as he hoped he was with every one. (*Applause in Court.*) They had no reputation as dramatists, and, on looking back, he could scarcely realise how he could ever have been induced to act as he had done. Though, by the way, he was assured

sat late at night some months ago, with Messrs. TRAILL and HICHENS, discussing the subject of—er—mesmerism generally, and of what could be done with it if properly treated—of course by Messrs. TRAILL and HICHENS—in a drama at the Lyceum, where, as *Mathias*, in a very strong sort of hypnotic play called *The Bells*, he had achieved a great and undoubted success. How long this discussion lasted he was unable to say: nor could he distinctly remember either his dropping off to sleep or the departure of Messrs. TRAILL and HICHENS. On awaking from what he now felt morally convinced had been a hypnotic trance (*sensation in Court*)—yes, he would emphatically repeat, a hypnotic trance (*still greater sensation, and several ladies carried out fainting*)—he found on the table before him a contract signed by his own hand, in which he undertook to produce this hypnotic drama written by Messrs. TRAILL and HICHENS. In consequence of such promise the drama in question, after considerable personal toil and trouble, the authors of the work having had scarcely any practical experience of the stage and its require-



Waiter. "DID YOU RING, SIR?"

Traveller (as a gentle hint to previous arrival). ANOTHER FIRE WAITER!"

IN THE OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN OF MAY.

FIRST breath of Summer! welcome glad!
With rosy apple-blossom clad,
And white-thorn in its bride's array
That promises the flowers of May,
And lilacs breaking into bloom,
With long lithe sprays of golden broom,
With chestnut boughs, whose dainty green
But faintly hide the buds foreseen,
And gilly-flowers yellow-brown
That daisies red and white will crown,
To show the sun-kissed primrose race
That rivals live to join their grace!
And violets with scented chime
Ring out their scent with lemon-thyme,
While sparrows multiply and ease
Their appetite among my peas
Just bursting from the mother-ground.
Albeit, when I look around,
I can't be angry—'tis their way!
Our Spring time is but sparrows' play.

WANTED!—"For the Imperial Institute!" "4,000 New Fellows!" The Newer the better! *Advice:* If every Fellow who meets any other fellow says to him, "You're a Fellow," to which the retort courteous must be, "You're another," then evidently one new Fellow is there and then created on the spot. Perhaps, as my dear old idiotic friend, Lord Dundreary, of the Sothern States, was wont to observe, "This is a sort of thing that no fellow can understand." But if the Imperial Institute Fellow takes the new-made Fellow's subscription and gives him a receipt, then in this case *le jeu est fait*, and the Fellow, who but a moment ago was only a simple fellow, will then be enlisted as an Imperially Instituted Fellow. Q. E. D. Signed—HENRY DE HANWELL, Earl of Earlswood.

Shakspeare on Sarah B. and her Imitators.

MISS DASH, the distinguished amateur, undertook the rôle of *La Tosca*, in which Mme. SARA BERNHARDT made so great a success, but there were in it



"No Notes of Sally."

Troilus and Cressida, Act V., Sc. 3.

SUGGESTION FOR A NEW NAVAL SCHOOL.—Sir,—We have the "Blue-Coat Boys"; why not a lower school for younger chaps, who would be the "Blue-Jacket Boys"? Yours, MIDDY McKIDDY.

TO A FAIR LINGUIST.

["A recent visitor to Billingsgate, who had worked there when a boy, was astonished at the comparative absence of bad language he noticed now."—*St. James's Gazette.*]

OH! fisher maiden, who of old
In accents of a vulgar scold
Vociferated,
Even to you can culture reach
Since now we find your parts of speech
Are expurgated.

Is it that your once uncouth mind
By modern progress grows refined
(Or only duller)?
And can you show a soul less black,
To compensate us for your lack
Of local colour?

Alas! in this degenerate age
Where should we find the average
If once we struck it?
When Billingsgate's a frost and sham,
While ladies sometimes now say—dash,
And bishops "chuck it."

WHY NOT?—There is a "Worshipful Company of Wyre Drawers," of which a Bishop (Mr. JAMES "of that ilk") is Master. Surely some well-known Parliamentary agent might start "The Worshipful Company of Wire-pullers," and himself (no name mentioned at present) become the first chairman.

MAY 7. "Lord ROSEBURY born." This should be observed as the real "Primrose Day."

NOTE FROM DARBY JONES.—On the week always back the strong.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 2.—It's all very well for MACDONA to get it put in the papers that his trip to China is undertaken for party and patriotic purposes. The MARKISS, cavillers say, has not made so much out of dismembered China as might have been expected from GEORGE CURZON's colleague. The Empire is thereby the poorer, and the Unionist Party suffer. Rotherhithe to the rescue!

MACDONA, representing a private syndicate, will go out and see whether Germany and Russia combined can withstand Rotherhithe.

In days succeeding, coming early or coming late, he found his own familiar berth occupied. To-night hailed the SPEAKER from moorings at further end of bench below gangway. House, discovering his plight, roared with laughter and cheers. But what's fun to them is death to the simple-natured, warm-hearted old Salt, who had grown affectionately attached to his quarters.

Heaven is just, and the CAP'EN has not been solitary in his sorrow. MACDONA, spectator of it, suffered at least as much. Couldn't sleep o' nights; lost his appetite; finally resolved to flee the country. Try China; combine business with penitence. This the true inwardness of his disappear-

labours." All very well for young things like LORD CHANCELLOR to make light of superhuman effort. But we must take care of the MARKISS.

There is the staff, too, to be considered. No one who hasn't been Black Rod can imagine how wearing it is to mind and body solemnly to put on a sword-girt ancient uniform preparatory to attending in state a sitting of one branch of the High Court of Parliament, and five minutes later to be slipping out of it into a suit of dittos. It is the same in degree with all the officials of an underpaid, overworked staff, who too seldom receive mark of the public sympathy, which nevertheless unobtrusively abides with them.



OUSTING THE MAILED FIST!

A new (and rather dangerous) game for respectable middle-aged and elderly gentlemen.—It requires no sense of humour.

That's MACDONA's version, and Whip WALROND, moving to-day that he be discharged (as from a torpedo) from service on the Petroleum Committee, loyally backed him up. SARK knows better. Remorse, not unaccompanied by fear, accounts for MACDONA's flight. Just after Members came back from holiday, CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES, making for his moorings astern the Treasury Bench, found them occupied by another craft. MACDONA, dropping down a tide ahead of TOMMY, had secured the berth. The CAP'EN naturally thought it was all a mistake, that MACDONA would sheer off as soon as he hove in sight. Not a bit of it. The CAP'EN, affecting to regard the matter in light of joke, winked his weather eye, and playfully poked MACDONA in the ribs with his mailed fist. MACDONA threatened to report him to the Harbour-master if he didn't keep clear. The CAP'EN, almost dazed by this audacity, paid out his cable and cruised about below the gangway, feeling more like a derelict than he had done since he was launched.

Turned out to be an organised plot.

ance from Parliamentary scene. At least, so SARK says.

Business done.—In Committee on Irish Local Government Bill.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—After brief recess their lordships once more buckled to their exhaustive labours. Yesterday, four minutes after public business had commenced, the MARKISS moved the adjournment. No one said him nay. LORD CHANCELLOR, putting question, declared "the contents have it"; rose from Woolsack, stepped in solemn state adown the hushed floor, past the humbled bar, so out into startled space.

To-day, growing more reckless, the House sat for full five minutes. Where is this going to stop? Hope there will be no ill-considered disposition to rush the MARKISS into another breakdown. In blooming health after his holiday. Always ready to sacrifice himself. If the House will go on prolonging its sittings, be sure no murmur will come from the MARKISS's lips. That consideration makes it more incumbent upon the peers not to recklessly extend his "sufficiently onerous

Business done.—In House of Lords, LORD CHANCELLOR took his seat on Woolsack at 4.15. Prayers over by 4.20. Ten minutes for private conversation. At 4.30, Clerk at table mumbles something over sheet of foolscap. LORD CHANCELLOR says in a breath, "Question-is-that-this-Bill-be-read-a-third-time-those-of-that-opinion-say-content-the-contrary-not-content-I-think-the-contents-have-it."

Here the MARKISS observes, "I beg to move that this House do now adjourn."

LORD CHANCELLOR responds: "Question-is-that-this-House-do-now-adjourn-those-of-that-opinion-say-content-the-contrary-not-content-I-think-the-contents-have-it."

4.35.—Noble lords go home glowing with consciousness of having done the State some service. LORD CHANCELLOR thinks of applying for increase of salary. This sort of thing can't be done four days a week through an aggregate of twenty weeks in a year for £4,000, even plus £6,000 for what fellows in the House of Commons indecently allude to as his dual office of Lord Chancellor.

House of Commons, Thursday.—Irish

Local Government Bill threatens to stick in the mud. Landlord section of Irish Members show disposition to pocket their bribe and go quietly away. The Nationalists equally ready to pouch their share of the plunder; but they won't go quietly away. TIM HEALY largely responsible for expansion of talk. If in course of night's sitting he speaks what will make two columns' report in Irish papers, it will never do for JOHN DILLON to have only a column and three-quarters. That put right, other Members insist on getting their share. SARK says if BROTHER GERALD could only manage to cut the cables that connect the sister islands his Bill would be through Committee in a week.

Amidst clamour of incessant talk, DALY suddenly flashes luminous forefinger on fatal flaw in Bill. Sub-section of clause 13 empowers LORD CHANCELLOR to remove from office any county coroner whom he may regard as incapacitated for duty. "Sir," said Mr. DALY, fixing the faltering Chairman with flaming eye, "I remember a few years ago there was much unpleasantness about removable magistrates. Now, Mr. LOWTHER, I don't want to see the county coroner made a removable fixture."

Committee roared with laughter. DALY regarded their flippancy with puzzled, yet haughty, stare. All very well for them to laugh. Laughter no argument. Let them, rather, set about to cut out from the heart of the Bill this cankering worm. Through the saddening century Ireland has suffered much at the hands of the Saxon. To have her county coroners made removable fixtures may prove the last straw that will open the door to insert the wedge of anarchy.

Business done.—Still in Committee on the Local Government Bill.

Friday.—SARK sometimes a little reckless in his desire to give information. Just now showing round the House an American citizen. "Who are these?" asked the stranger, glancing at a group of waiters standing by the dining-room.

"Those?" said SARK, looking at the seedy black coats, the frayed shirt-fronts,

the not quite speckless napkins, and the well-oiled hair. "Ah! those are ex-Members."

Business done.—Debate on CECIL RHODES and all his works.

EASTWARD HOCH!

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I read in the daily papers that France is urging the Celestial Cow at Pekin to consent to be milked to the extent of thousands of square miles of territory, and that Germany, with a view of checkmating both England and Russia, is supporting her Gallie neighbour's pretension. Very likely, but not *wholly* with that object if my Röntgen Ray perception be of any account. Let me explain why? The population of France, unlike that of every other country, decreases year by year. No one knows this better than an Imperial Personage always on the Spree. He has said to himself, "Hum! hum! ha! ha! in a few years there will not be enough citizens to people France itself. Good, wonder-bright idea! Let us encourage them, meantime, to plant the Tricolour in all the remotest parts of the earth, and drain the *Patrie* of its fighting sons. When the European smash comes, what will the decimated Gauls do when opposed to the million-maled fists of the Teutonic Michaels? What, indeed? Encourage French colonisation? Certainly, certainly, and once more, certainly! Hoch! hoch! hoch!" An excellent prophetic cartoon would be the *Hamburg War-hen* sitting on the *Cochin China* egg.

Your obedient servant,
HORATIO HAWKEYE.

Diplomatic Club, W.

TURF QUERY.—When the legal authorities shall have finally decided what is a place within the meaning of the Act, will they make illegal all "place betting?"

THE REAL HOOK OF HOLLAND WAITING FOR A GREAT CATCH.—Young Queen WILHELMINA.

A SONG OF SPRING-CLEANING.

(By a Perturbed Poet.)

Now will I sing
A song fraught with meaning,
'Tis of the Spring,
The horrid Spring-cleaning.

Annual pest
Which drives me demented,
Ghost of a jest
Some madman invented;
Like to the wit
Of practical joking,
No fun in it,
But simply provoking.

Nothing at hand—
Pens, pencils and papers,
Will at command
Cut curious capers.
Inkstand is found
In coalscuttle hiding,
Pens on the ground
'Neath carpet abiding,
Books anywhere
But in their own places,
Papers— Well, there,
They've gone! Left no traces.

Rooms inside out,
One and then t'other;
Servants about,
Bustle and bother.
Vainly I try
To make an effacement,
Hunted am I
From garret to basement.
Pail, brush and mop
Are placed on the staircase,
On me they drop,
Yet mine is no rare case.

Oceans of dust
Ev'ry side rising,
Truly I must
Own 'tis surprising.
Whence did it come
Such great profusion!
Spoiling my home,
Causing confusion?
Varnish and soap
Homelessly blending,
Signs, let me hope,
This Spring-clean is ending.

OPERA SEASON. WAGNER'S CIRCUS APPEARS IN COVENT GARDEN.



THE Opera Season has commenced. WAGNER much to the front, at all events, for the opening of the programme. *Lohengrin* heads the list with Madame EMMA EAMES, EDOUARD DE RESZKE, and "Sig. MANCINELLI" as "omnibus conductor."

Madame BAUERMEISTER is "always with us," and long may it be ere her well-known name is "gone from our gaze," as the poetic traveller observed when presenting his tourist ticket to the collector. For this Wednesday, WAGNER's *Die Walküre* is announced, under the orchestral

directorship of HEIT HERMAN ZUMPE. "Zampa" we know, but "ZUMPE's" acquaintance we have yet to make. Success to the season, of which, the warbling WAGNER is to be the feature.

N.B.—C-L-N-L M-P-L-S-N please copy. Old Musical Campaigner! Forwards!



A DUBIOUS COMPLIMENT.

Dauber. "NOW THIS IS THE PICTURE I WANT YOU TO SEE. IT IS CONSIDERED MY GREATEST PRODUCTION. AND, MIND YOU, I COULD ONLY GET ABOUT A MONTH FOR IT BEFORE SENDING-IN DAY."

Fair American. "REALLY, NOW! WELL, I GUESS YOU OUGHT TO HAVE GOT SIX MONTHS AT LEAST FOR A PICTURE LIKE THAT!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Lady Jizabel (C. ARTHUR PEARSON, LTD.) is a story "with a vengeance!" How this vengeance is worked out, how retribution falls on the wicked, and how the good are rewarded, will be ascertained by the numerous readers to whom this weird sensational story will appeal, and to whom the Baron confidently recommends it. There is in the heroine a touch of *Mrs. Skewton*, mother-in-law of *Mr. Dombey*, with a dash of *Miss Havisham* in *Great Expectations*; while, in the plot itself, there is just a reminiscence of *WILKIE COLLINS's Moonstone*. All the same, it is none the worse for this flavouring, probably accidental. *Dr. Harry Dusk* is the hero, and the tragic scenes take place in the house of his aunt, which, as the reader will already have guessed, is a 'aunted' ouse.

My Baronite suspects that *Mars* (HUTCHINSON) would never have been written if S. DARLING BARKER had not read *The Heavenly Twins*. The skittish, reckless, warm-hearted, well-meaning girl, of surpassing grace and beauty, is a difficult type to mould. It does not find its highest exemplification in *Mars*, whilst the effort at smartness in conversation, rarely rising above slang, is repellant. One good thing in the book is the scene where *Mars* meets the unrecognised destroyer of her father's life, and, all unconsciously, wins him to the decision to make retribution. That has promise in it.

The Pen and Ink Sketches made during a *P. and O. Voyage* by Mr. HARRY FURNISS, published at Effingham House, Strand, contain some of this artist's best work from his sharp-pointed pencil. Ladies shown as "dressing under difficulties" is excellent, of course as an effort of imagination, as how could a gentleman artist be admitted to the mysteries of a lady's cabin, even during the most eccentric conduct of the roughest and rudest sea without at least getting a considerable "dressing" himself? But at the illustration facing p. 100 has not Mr. FURNISS slyly shown us "how it's done," by representing a little black-and-white chap looking in at the port-hole of a lady's cabin? Perhaps.

In *A Run Through "The Nibelung's Ring,"* Mr. PHILIP LESLIE AGNEW (BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co.) gives us the clue to the

Wagnerian maze of *Das Rheingold*, *Die Walküre*, *Siegfried*, and *Götterdämmerung*. To present a clear and concise summary of the "plot" is a task that would have taxed the powers of the keenest judge in summing-up, for the benefit of the jury, the case of *The Rhine Maidens Co. v. Wotan and Others*, in which so many interests of various parties to the suit are essentially involved. This task, which might have been the thirteenth labour of Hercules, Mr. PHILIP AGNEW has triumphantly effected, and if a convert to WAGNER wishes to become a master Cyclist (Wagnerian, not Bikerian), he cannot do better than study this book, and so to master the master, and thoroughly appreciate the operatic story of this golden legend of the Rhine and the Rhine. That WAGNER was well up in nursery lore, and had more than once seen a good old-fashioned English pantomime, when demons, dwarfs, fairies, monsters, and big-headed people occupied the stage, is, *chez nous*, a deep-seated conviction. What is one of the principal situations in the opening but an adaptation of an incident occurring in that truly sensational story, *Puss in Boots*? This book appears just at the right moment, when the Wagnerian operatic season has commenced. To every operagoer this brochure of Mr. PHIL AGNEW—who should now write himself down as Mr. PHIL-HARMONIC AGNEW—will be as interesting as it is instructive; while to the pleasure felt by all genuine Wagnerian "Cyclists" it will give a most welcome "fillip."

THE BARON DE B.-W.

ACADEMICAL DIALOGUE.

Mr. Know-Little, Junior. I say, what does "Cancellarius" mean at the University?

Well-instructed Senior. Let me see, wasn't there a dance called the Celarius?

Mr. K.-L., Junior. No, it's not a dance. It's a man. It's some University swell.

Well-instructed Senior. Oh, then—I see—it's derived from the verb "to cancel." He is the chap who looks after the votes of the Senate and the University papers generally, and cancels anything he doesn't like.

Mr. K.-L., Junior. Oh, thank you so much! [Exeunt severally.]

"Oh, did you ne'er Hear of a Gallant Young Waterman?"—The amateur champion of the sculls, yclept GUY NICKALLS, is to be rewarded with GOLD! At least, the union of the above-mentioned hero with Miss GOLD is announced. Fancy commencing married life with a Golden Wedding! Excellent omen.

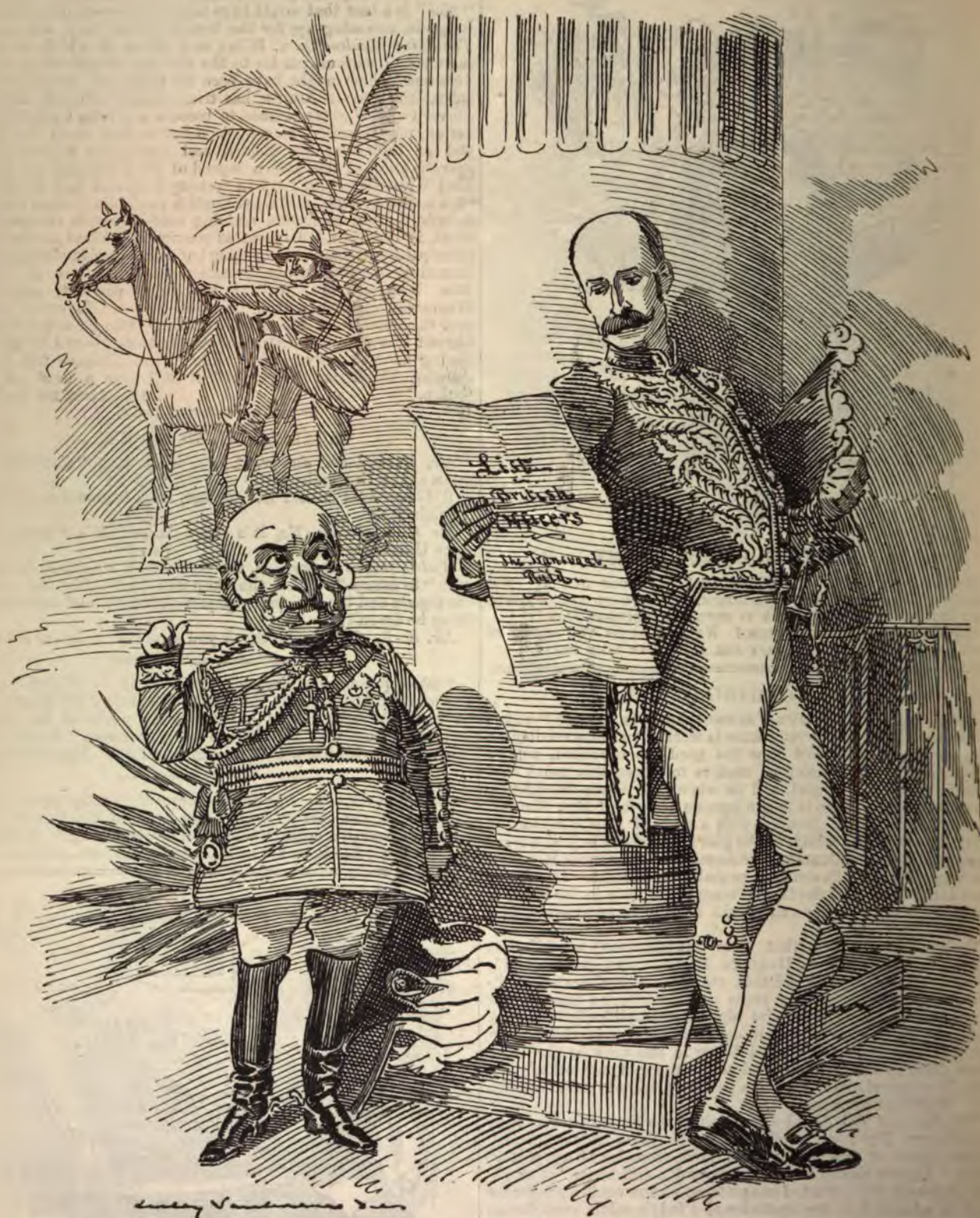
APPROPRIATE.—In *The Golden Legend*, recently given at the Albert Hall, the part of *Lucifer* was given to Mr. BLACK. But he was, observed a critic, "somewhat disappointing." Evidently *Lucifer* is not Black, or not so black as he has been painted.



"GRAN'PA, CAN I HAVE A SHILLING, PLEASE?"

"WHAT D'YOU WANT A SHILLING FOR?"

"TO CHANGE INTO PENNIES TO SAVE UP WIV."



A CASE FOR CLEMENCY.

Field-Marshal Punch (addressing Lord Lansdowne, while indicating Mr. Cecil Rhodes). "Now, my Lord, they've reinstated him, how about Willoughby and the others!"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Lover, head of a Firm celebrated for its particular wares, having been entreated by his Mistress to change his plebeian names and abandon business, answers in no amenable strain.

I QUITE remember all you said,
Your letters o'er and o'er I've read,
And hope you won't deem me ill-bred,
If I resent your tone, love!
My father made his "pile" with glue,
The "Hold-me-tight," invention new,
That caught the many, not the few,
In fact, it stood alone, love!

This compound gained a world-wide fame,
And still to-day it is the same—
I write without a spark of shame,
For it cannot be beaten!
The Public was not slow to see
That "Hold-me-tight" a gem must be;
And it brought in the £ s. d.
On which I went to Eton.

All opposite to humble me,
You claim a long-time pedigree
From ancestors who crossed the sea
On Welsh or Scottish borders
As henchmen, Frenchmen, *train de luxe*
Of brutal barons, Norman dukes,
Those I should style successful "flukes"
Who scored amid marauders!

You do not look with scornful eye
On Yankee heiresses, who try
In BURKE, DEBRETT or LODGE to buy
What's coarsely called a handle!
Yet their "Pap-aws," on dollars bent,
Ne'er scrupled how each dime or cent
Was day by day begged, stolen, lent—
Their game was worth the candle!

Now my "Pap-aw," with instinct true,
Put all his early pence in glue,
And so you hint you'll say adieu
If I don't "cut the shop," love!
His name was PAWKINS, so is mine,
An appellation not divine,
You "hold me tight," as you opine,
But with the shop I'll stop, love!

AT THE SERVICE OF THE SERVICE.

(A Forecast of the Future.)

SCENE—A lecture-chamber at a military college.
Lecturer discovered behind a table. Students taking notes.

Lecturer. I have now shown you a colonel and a major. I will disappear for a few seconds, and then appear as a captain.

[Dives under his table.]

First Student. What's the lecture about?
I got in too late for the beginning.

Second Student. It's on "the Militia."

Lecturer (emerging from his table in fresh regimentals). Now, my men, you must regard me as your friend as well as your commander. I am responsible for your well-being. *(Applause, amidst which the Lecturer resumes his ordinary clothing.)* And now, gentlemen, it is unnecessary to give you a sketch of a subaltern, as that genus of the army officer must be known to all of you. And before I go I would be glad to answer any questions.

First Student. Thank you, sir. May I ask why you have been giving this interesting entertainment?

Lecturer. Certainly. To show you, gentle-

men, your duty in the Militia. You will be expected to play many parts.

First Student. But surely not simultaneously?

Lecturer. Why, certainly. The old constitutional force is so undermanned in the commissioned ranks, that if the youngest subaltern of a battalion cannot do equally well for colonel, major, and captain, the chances are that—well, I would be sorry to answer for the consequences. And now, gentlemen, we will consider how a ballot for soldiering can be established without seriously affecting the cherished rights of the civilian.

[Scene closes in upon an unsuccessful attempt to solve the problem.]



Chemist (to battered female, who is covered with scratches). "THE CAT, I SUPPOSE?"
Battered Female. "NO. ANOTHER LYPY!"

COMPONENT PARTS.

[Professor SCHENK holds the theory that a saccharine diet tends to the production of girls.]

PROFESSOR SCHENK, though haply true,
Most certainly it is not new,

Your theory—I'm afraid;
Nursery traditions long ago
Said 'tis of sugar (don't you know?)
That little girls are made.

Then to produce the sterner sex
Why with recondite science vex
When nursery lore avails?
Because it clearly would suffice
To take, instead of "all things nice,"
A course of "snips and snails."



LET'S HOPE SO.

Agent (going round Farm with grumbling Tenant). "COME, SMITHERS, YOU'VE A CAPITAL FIELD OF WHEAT THERE—AND THAT'S WORTH MONEY NOWADAYS."

Smithers. "YES, 'CAUSE I'VE NONE TO SELL. YOU MAY BE SARTAIN SURE THEY'LL STOP FEIGHTING AFORE THAT'S READY FOR MARKET. THE 'MERRICANS ALLERS WAS THE RUINATION OF WE FARMERS!"

COME INTO THE COVENT GARDEN, MAUD!

OPENING night of the Common or Garden Opera and of a Wagnerian season with *Lohengrin* in German-cum-choro-Italiano. Bravo "choro"! Very good. All old friends; able-bodied EDOUARD DE RESZKE; a genuine VAN DYCK; Madame EMMA EAMES singing charmingly, but so puzzled as to what to do dramatically with *Elsa* as to suggest re-naming herself as Dil-EMMA EAMES. MARIE BREMA was the tragic female bore *Ortrud*; Mr. Dictionary LEMPRIERE PRINGLE the Herald, or Heerrufer, and a newcomer, Herr FEINHALS, as *Tetramund*. The last-named singer might be regarded by persons more familiar with sporting than operatic matters as something to do with "Captain COE's Fin-als," but that is not so. Herr FEINHALS in his finals, meaning his finished style, came out strong. The Herr having come to stop, we shall not require a change of Herr for some time. Signor the Merry MANCINELLI, removed from his conductor's perch in front of stage, now occupies a back seat whence he can command his musical army with greater ease. He is monarch of all he surveys, His right there is none to dispute, His bâton the drummer obeys, And so do the strings and the flute. Which is rhyme. Royalty in full force. H.R.H. patronising corner seat in omnibus, which was "full inside, all right," everybody making room for each other with utmost courtesy, remembering the golden rule, "*In omnibus caritas!*" Good commencement.

Tuesday.—A new *Romeo*, M. SALEZA, and a new *Juliette*, Miss SUZANNE ADAMS, both nice, but not strikingly remarkable for anything in particular. M. PLANÇON was admirable as the druggist, *Frère Laurent*. Miss BAUERMEISTER was the youthful old nurse, who is neither SHAKESPEARE's old family servant, nor a *soubrette*. First appearance of Miss FANCHON THOMPSON, whose delightful song as *Stephano* went for very little, but we live in hopes. "*Qui vivra verra*," as the Page sings.

Wednesday.—A Weirly Wagnery Walküre night. Not quite so

crowded as might have been expected by worshipping Wagnerians. No doubt as to treble-excellence of performance. Herr VAN ROOY as *Wotan*! Wot an artist! And Miss MARIE BREMA as *Brünnhilde* in this cast. Herr COSTA (memorable name at Covent Garden when prefixed by "Signor" instead of "Herr") and pretty Frau CZIUK were the "Heavenly Twins," *Siegmond* and *Sieglinde*. "PETER" PRINGLE good, as, indeed, were they all. There are five English "Misses" in the cast, and yet it was a hit! Herr HERMAN ZUMPE made his first appearance as conductor, and showed himself quite *au fait* at leading the way through Wagnerian wagaries. What a liberal linguistic education does the opera offer to us now-a-days! German one night, French another, and occasionally Italian! While the chorus, true to their ancient—some very ancient—traditions, stick to their loved Italiano in Covent Gardenio. Couldn't we have *Figaro* in Spanish, *Peter the Czar* in Russian, *Aida* in Egyptian, *Falstaff* in English, &c.?

Thursday.—Crowded house for popular *Faust*. H.R.H. in omnibus, corner seat. BONNARD first-rate substitute for suddenly indisposed VAN DYCK. EMMIE EAMES charming *Marguerite*. Costume artistic and comparatively unconventional. Sung in French. N.B.—Covent Garden no longer Royal Italian Opera. No Italians need apply. *On a changé tout cela*.

Friday.—Ever-popular *Carmen*. Splendid performance. SALEZA just the recruit to suit *Don José*, and ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN's *Carmen* is well known to all as "one of the best," if not, just now, the very best. SUZANNE ADAMS, our Black-Eyed SUSAN, not so brilliant as might have been expected as the gentle *Michaëla*. Ever-popular "*Toréador Contento*" in French sung by M. ALBERS with spirit. As there had been a Drawing Room, ladies came in their diamonds, and there was quite a "Tiara Boom" in the boxes. No "Royalties," except for the owners of the opera, who take their "royalties" in cash. Good-night.

ADVERTISEMENTS FOR THE UNWARY.

ONE WHO HATES USURY desires to employ a few spare thousands lying idle at his bankers, in a manner useful to his fellow-creatures. He demands no security, and does not ask for interest. All he requires is an application, with the name and address of the would-be recipient. Apply to FAITHFUL, Post Office, Slowborough. N.B. The covers for response must be stamped.

A MILLIONAIRE OF ECCENTRIC TASTES, desirous of distributing some of his wealth in worthy and unworthy channels, takes this opportunity of placing his immense fortune at the absolute disposal of the human race. He scorns the suggestion of security or interest. A stamped (unused) newspaper wrapper must, however, accompany the application. Address, CÆSUS, Post Office, Bethnal Green.

TO THOSE IN TEMPORARY NEED OF PECUNIARY ASSISTANCE.—The advertiser, a gentleman of enormous wealth, who has recently built at his own expense a cathedral for Central America, is ready at a moment's notice, after necessary scrutiny and precaution, to advance from £5 to £50,000 to suitable borrowers. That the latter may not be under any obligation, he charges 60 per cent. Address, SOLOR., Basinghall Street.

TO THOSE ON THE VERGE OF RUIN, an elderly ecclesiastic addresses a sympathetic note. He is prepared on any reasonable security—*post obits*, leases, reversions, ancestral lace, alienable heirlooms, and any other security recommended by his solicitors—to advance a sum that may drive the wolf away from the door, and restore prosperity to those sadly in need of the world's wealth. He would, of course, require a bill of sale upon the borrower's furniture, and the usual preliminary expenses. Payments by instalments must be prompt, to ward off harshness. As the aged ecclesiastic is largely engaged in other benevolent work, his interest by scoffers may be considered slightly "stiff." Terms, 20 per cent. per month.—Address, KINDNESS, care of BROKER, Cursitor Street.

A PERFECT GENTLEMAN, who thoroughly appreciates the aims of Sir GEORGE LEWIS to put down that hateful pest, the professional money-lender, is ready, at a moment's notice, to advance cash to any amount to approved recipients. Forms of application and conditions furnished on the receipt of a nominal fee. Investigations conducted on the most economical principles. References allowed to local County Court Judge, and other experts.—Address, in first instance, to J. P., Poste Restante, Boulogne-sur-Mer.

"NO REFERENCE, NO INTEREST, NO SECURITY."
—This has been the motto of the advertiser for many years. The advertiser, himself a solicitor, conducts his business for the alleviation of the wants of the needy, on the most economical principles. All he requires is a slight mortgage or something of that sort. His rate of remuneration is so absurdly small—something like a shilling in the pound per month—that he prefers payments in advance. Those who come to him once never go to any other. Country clergymen, retired officers of the army, widows and orphans preferred. Address, "ANTI-CUPIDITY," The Retreat, Spiderbury-on-the-Fly.

"THE SQUIRE'S LAST SHILLING" can often be retained for the owner's use by early application for pecuniary assistance. The advertisers, a syndicate who have recently realised a large sum of money by operations at Newmarket, Capel Court, and Monte Carlo, are prepared to advance ready cash on terms favourable to lender and borrower. First come first served. Send proposal with suggested security and interest, and a shilling's-worth of postage stamps. Silence a respectful negative. Address, THE MILLIONAIRE ADVANCE AND DEPOSIT BANK, 5e Etage, Rue de Jeremie Diddler, Brussels.

A FRIEND IN NEED, who has just returned from a visit to one of the most respected governors of H.M. Convict Service, is prepared to resume his consultations with those in difficulties. Special terms for minors and ladies living apart from their husbands. The Old Address—until further legislation.

AMERICAN NEWS.—The despatch from Admiral DEWEY arrived at last, so he is now to be known as Admiral Over-DEWEY.



"IN STRANGE ATTIRE."

"NURSE! NURSE! BOBBY'S OUT OF BED, AND RUNNING ABOUT IN HIS BANANAS!"

THE TRUE HISTORY OF OTHELLO AND DESDEMONA.

[Signor CESARE AUGUSTO LEVI, Keeper of the Torallo Museum at Venice, has discovered an old manuscript which proves that DESDEMONA was not 'averse to receiving the attentions of other men,' and that although OTHELLO 'used her roughly,' she survived him for several years.—*Daily Paper*.]

COME here, and I'll tell you a story. 'Tis all about a fellow Who wed an I-talian lady, and his name it was OTHELLO. Black as a chimney-sweeper he was, while she was so young and fair,

With large and beautiful dark blue eyes, and lovely long golden hair.

She live! with her parents in Venice, DESDEMONA was her name; To marry her to a blackamoor was, I think, "a great big shame." However, they went and did it, though she tried to kick, and she cried,

No good, for the poor young woman was forced to become his bride.

She hadn't been very long married, as I have no doubt you can guess,

Than she fairly sickened of Blackie, and matters got into a mess. The play by the late Mr. SHAKSPEARE sends Blackie clean off his head;

He smothers his wife with a pillow while she is asleep in bed. I own it's dramatic and proper, as seen from his point of view;

But just as a matter of hist'ry, it isn't precisely true.

At least, so asserts Mr. LEVI, who ought to be "in the know," Or surely he would not have written thus giving away the show.

These blacks aren't too sweet in their tempers whenever they feel a bit riled.

I guess he wallopped her finely for conduct which drove him wild; But as for his trying to kill her, as SHAKSPEARE declares he did,

That's all a poetical license, in simple vernacular, "kid."

When coming to think it over, you cannot but pity the Black, Who knew his bride was "carrying on" with a lot behind his back!

We want to see DESDEMONA appear in "act six and last," As CASSIO's wife,—poor fellow!—"with a" not-to-be mentioned "past."



"I HEAR YOU HAD AN ACTION BROUGHT AGAINST YOU BY A MAN WHO BROKE HIS COLLAR-BONE ON YOUR DOORSTEP. HOW DID THE CASE GO?"

"MET THE SAME FATE AS HE DID." "HOW DO YOU MEAN?"

"SLIPPED UPON APPEAL!"

THE DOMESTIC BALLAD;

OR, THE SONG THAT TOUCHES THE SPOT.

["It is all very well saying that sentiment is cheap, but that is said as a rule by your asinine critic, who doesn't understand human nature, a wretched being who doesn't realise that it means getting to people's hearts."—*Great Thoughts*. ("A Talk with Mr. F. E. Weatherly.")]

OH, say not "Sentiment is cheap to-day!"
How can the song that makes a man to weep

Or else (conversely) wipes his tears away
Be cheap?

Nor say that sea-girt England's heart is dumb,
Her feeling for the briny lapsed or lost;

That sailors on the foam have now become
A frost;

That that unique creation, *Nancy Lee*,
No more can stir the bosom as she stands
Waving upon an eligible quay
Her hands;

That he who ploughed the deep with such
aplomb,
Whose heart was ever open, brave and true,
Whose yarns derived a racy flavour from
The blue;—

For whom the total female neighbourhood,
All free to use the Christian name of
JACK,

Prayed that the list of wrecks might not
include
His smack;—

That he, the British type, whose breast
achieved
Ever new miracles of grit and pluck,
Has now, to put it vulgarly, received
The chuck!

No, never! Nor shall changing taste depose
The simple serio-pathetic song
Of love elated, or the sort that goes
All wrong.

Under the stress of music's low appeal
Oft have I noticed men about the Town,
Strong men, encumbered by a heavy meal,
Break down,

Hearing the tale of *Darby* and his *Joan*,
Or that of those who whispered lovers'
lore

In the dear days of what is widely known
As "yore";

Who, mad with memory of the morning dew
That pearly the popped meads where
once they met,
Are recommended by the writer to
Forget.

Ah! yes; for at the after-dinner hour,
When even hearts of stone incline to melt,
'Tis then the homely ballad-monger's power
Is felt.

For then the mind with meat is overlaid;
From finer fancies men politely shrink;
I trow they would not willingly be made
To think.

And so wherever England's sons have dined,
And join the ladies with a listless air,
Someone will call for my peculiar kind
Of ware;

And surely get it. Ay! for still the old
Old ditties shall endure and never pass,
Thus differing from the Critic. Him I hold
An ass!

TO JULIA UNDER LOCK AND KEY.

["The latest form of betrothal gift in America is an anklet secured by a padlock, of which the other party keeps the key."—*Daily Paper*.]

WHEN like a bud my JULIA blows
In lattice-work of silken hose,
Pleasant I deem it is to note
How, 'neath the nimble petticoat,
Above her fairy shoe is set
The circumvolving zonulet.
And soothly for the lover's ear
A perfect bliss it is to hear
About her limb so lithe and lank
My JULIA's ankle-bangle clank.
Not rudely tight, for 'twere a sin
To corrugate her dainty skin;
Nor yet so large that it might fare
Over her foot at unaware;
But fashioned nicely with a view
To let her airy stocking through:
So as, when JULIA goes to bed,
Of all her gear disburdened,
This ring at least she shall not doff
Because she cannot take it off.
And since thereof I hold the key
She may not taste of liberty,
Not though she suffer from the gout,
Unless I choose to let her out.

In a Garden.

Daisy. What's that, *WILLIAM*?
Gardener. It's an 'ose, Miss.

Daisy. A nose! Does it smell the flowers?



“GOD SAVE THE KING!”



["The Lowther Arcade is to be sold by public auction early in May."—Daily Paper.]

[INDIGNATION MEETING BEING HELD AFTER CLOSING-TIME AT THE LOWTHER ARCADE, MR. JACK-IN-THE-BOX IN THE CHAIR, TO PROTEST AGAINST BUILDING A HUGE HOTEL OR THEATRE ON THE SITE OF THIS HISTORIC THOROUGHFARE.]

THE FUTURE OF LOWTHER ARCADIA.

In the early hours of the morning a few days since, an influential meeting of the residents of the Lowther Arcade was held to protest against the selling of the Crown Lease. The Chair was occupied by Mr. JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

The Chairman addressed the meeting. He was glad to find before him so influential a gathering. They were there to protest against any scheme that would drive away the present industry from the Strand. (Cheers.) He would detain them no longer, but request his friend, the Master of the Hunt, to move the first resolution.

Thus called upon, a doll in a red coat, richly trimmed with gold lace, addressed the meeting. He said he had known the spot from the earliest period of his existence. He considered the place delightful to every one. He thought it would be a great mistake if the Lowther Arcade were abolished. (Cheers.)

A gentleman, who described himself as "the Miller," claimed for their residence the title of "The True Temple of the Legitimate Drama." Where in England could be found that admirable production, "The Miller and his Men," in all its perfection, from the first set-piece of "robbers drinking," to the final "trick explosive scene," with its red-fire stage directions? (Cheers.) Where in all England could be found a more brilliant orchestra, with its musicians giving their undivided attention to the scores before them, and the occupants of the proscenium boxes devoting their whole being to the play, although from their position they were evidently unable to see any of the actions of the performers? He protested against the destruction of the Lowther Arcade. (Cheers.)

A green parrot said he wished to speak on behalf of his fellow creatures in their dear old home. They had been very happy there. (A beat on the drum by the rabbit.) The time had passed very pleasantly. ("Coco" from the Swiss clock.) It had been the residence of their parents. ("Pa, pa,"

"Ma, ma," from a seven-and-sixpenny speaking doll.) It was the abode of harmony. (The remainder of the parrot's speech was drowned in the tunes of half-a-dozen musical boxes.)

When silence was again secured, a tin Lifeguards-man insisted on being heard. He said that so far the speeches had been pacific. But was that enough? ("Hear, hear.") Were they not able to defend themselves? In his own shop—he begged pardon, barracks—he knew that they had laid in boxes no less than three thousand infantry, an encampment with real tents, and any number of batteries of artillery, from the sixpenny pea-shooting gun up to the two-guinea field-piece that let off real gunpowder. (Cheers.) He would never

confess himself defeated, and he trusted that his bravery would soften the heart of that mercenary female who had thrown him over to accept the offer of a sixpenny dearer rival. ("Shame.") But this was a private matter. ("Hear, hear.") And as a public man he stuck to his motto of no surrender. (Loud cheers.)

At this point of the proceedings a door was opened, a watchman entered, and the dolls of the Lowther Arcade quickly assumed the inanimate attitudes appropriate to listless toyhood.

MY CIGARETTE.

["The cigarette, which was banned for so many years by the faculty, is now upheld by the Hospital as 'a panacea against many of the smaller ills of life,' and women are urged to seek the solace of tobacco when troubled by domestic or other worries."—Daily Graphic.]

TIME was they boded woes untold
Whene'er thy snowy length I rolled,
Croaking with raven voice that Death
Lurked in thine all too fragrant breath.
I heeded nothing what they said,
Nor marked the wisely-wagging head,
But, blindly loving, lingered yet
O'er thy sweet joys, my Cigarette!

And as I watched with dreaming eyes
Thine inter-wreathed fancies rise,
Lo! at thy magic softly stole
A peace divine upon my soul.
My troubles vanished. Filled with thee,
What was the weary world to me?
Sorrow and care I would forget
In thy sweet joys, my Cigarette!

But now thy dark eclipse is past,
Thine hour of triumph dawns at last;
While Slander, dumb and put to shame,
No longer dares besmirch thy name.
The sick and sorrowful shall flee,
All trustful confidence, to thee,
To find a cure for care and fret
In thy sweet joys, my Cigarette!

BAIT APPRECIATED BY BOTH CRICKETERS
AND FISHERMEN.—Lobs.



MOTTO FOR L. C. & D. STEAMERS.

"On toward Calais, ho!"

King John, Act III., Sc. 3.

MR. PUNCH'S "ANIMAL LAND."

(With Acknowledgments as before.)

The Villislanph



This temsful and most versytial little Animal is kily skild at every saught of mewsieh. He keeps a quirevill of mewsiehke arristicians that call oot Bach together. He personally conductts them through requyummis and things and they get people in the face trying to keep one eye on his conducttng-roo. It must be a great strane for the eyesite. He is awfull good at Irish jiggs too - that must be a pleasant change for them all after the congrigashen is all left.

The

Octavus



This clever soshable Animle has got a mainyer for eights of everything. Eight geets all sellybrightes - eight wines - eight watters, eight o'clock and then they all corrupt - eight and sinitlight at him like anything. He will soon be a cetyginnaryin all over - dont that be a dellite to him. Hes a extraordinary surgen so he knows all about joints and things and is wonderfull good at dyett. He spends all his spare time tickling up the palette. He is a grate bleever in creamashen and says we shall come to it some day - I dont call that pollite, do you. I thought that was reserved for those that is not regular atteners at church or made faces at gouve ness.

The Pass



This curious little Creature never comes out in the same place only about once a year - that keeps his vallew up. They take him round in a selloon-carriage with his name very large on the outside hermitically seeld and peckered with maiden-hare ferns and rare browcades. They stop at the towns and let him out to play for a few minutes then all the ladies in bally dresses weep and gasso and shreek out "Divine! amosetva and rush about after him till the pollice steps in - then they kiss the legs of the piyano and mone for a fortnight after. He looks more like a mopp than anything I think.

ALEXANDER, AND OTHER CONQUERORS.

THE present play at the St. James's has yet some weeks to run, and to our thinking that run could be, even now, considerably prolonged. Mr. "IRILEY" POTTER's drama, *The Conquerors*, is marked by strong situations, somewhat too strong, as understood by the majority of persons, and is most excellently acted. I do not remember having often seen Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER to greater advantage than in this character of the wilful, unprincipled school-boy lieutenant, whom nothing but a severe dig in the back, with a knife, from the hand of a wildly impulsive lady can bring to his senses; and I am fairly certain that Miss JULIA NEILSON (Mrs. FRED TERRY) has rarely been more artistically successful in the portrayal of any character than she is as *Yvonne de Grandpré*. It is an admirable performance, as is also that of her husband, Mr. FRED TERRY, whose personal identity is completely lost in the characteristics of the French officer, *Hugo*. The retention of the unnecessary, and painful incident of the two poor tradesmen shot as spies by the brutal German general can only be justified by the clever acting of Mr. HOLMES-GORE and Mr. ARTHUR ROYSTON as *Merle* and *Bossignol* (farical names), and of Mr. W. H. VERNON as *General Von Brandenburg*. To my mind it is perfectly possible to suppose *Yvonne* actuated by personal and racial hatred of the invader. It is for the author to decide.

Miss FAY DAVIS, as *Babiolo*, is charmingly irresponsible, and Mr. H. V. ESMOND gaily and gallantly depicts the troubles of a somewhat silly young Prussian struggling between love and duty. Mr. H. B. IRVING is again a bilious-looking, cowardly villain, a clever study in black and white; and Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER's peasant woman *Jeanne Marie Baudin*, is a remarkable and memorable performance. Mr. BEVERIDGE's *Major Von Wolfshagen*, with just that least taste in life of continental Corkasian brogue, probably to be found in the BARI VON LINDENS of Germany, is also excellent. The farical French element or "comic relief," brought in for Miss M. A. VICTOR, seems unnecessary, but it may be taken as a proper balance to a piece, where all *The Conquerors* being German, it is but fair that, on the French side, there should be one irresistible maiden Victor.

CURIOUS ANOMALY.—That *Christobal Colon* should be seeking the destruction of the American Fleet, and that *Lafayette* be captured by a cruiser of the United States.

FLITTINGS.

Johannesburg, April 18.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—They call this "the Golden City," but I think it should be termed the Dust-heap. Every street is a perfect dust-bin. On every other shop you will read the pathetic notice, "Come in—closed on account of the dust." And this is supposed to be the rainy season. What the place is like in the Summer, I cannot imagine; but a "London particular" in Fleet Street must be far preferable, judging from the little simooms caused by the slightest amount of traffic. Even the solitary water-cart raises more dust than it lays. There must be pecks enough of Johannesburg dust to have ransomed any amount of Reformers. As for the sportsmen who frequent the autumn races at the suburb of Turfontein, they return each day looking like golden dustmen, or stone-broke scavengers, as the case may be.

Everybody, by the way, is complaining of depression, hard times, and so forth, yet the tidy sum of £80,000 was subscribed last week for the various sweepstakes, and the "totes" or totalisators do a roaring trade.

Our good friends the Boers are so determined to Hollanderise the place that they have erased the last three letters of the word "street" on all the familiar blue and white enamel plates at street corners. The policemen seem to be selected for their inability to direct one in English. I was sent (with great civility, be it admitted) to seven wrong places the other day in order to find the Lost Property Office, and then failed to regain my belongings after all. And yet it is an English town—witness eight smart hansoms that have recently appeared upon the streets.

On the whole, Johannesburg, the Gilt-edged, is not exactly an earthly Paradise for the Outlander at present, and to-day we shake its dust out of our clothes, and flit to the Garden Colony of Natal.

Yours, moving on,

Z. Y. X.

MUSIC AND MONEY.—Any speculator with good notes, up to a tenor, may do worse than invest in BENNETT's "*Maiden Mine*." If properly worked, the returns should be considerable. When Mr. WHITNEY TEW "obliges again," why not associate his name with the celebrated "*Tew m'ami*"? If this doesn't suit his voice then let him try a change of air. We're sure he will be only Tew pleased!



Master. "BLAZED EVERY ROSE-CARVED BUTTRESS FAIR." BROWN TERTIUS, DO YOU KNOW WHAT A BUTTRESS IS?"
Brown Tertius (after deep thought). "PLEASE, SIR, IT'S WHEN YOU'VE GOT A LADY INSTEAD OF A BUTLER!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 9.—GEORGE CURZON back to-night after long bout of sickness. Pleasant to see the hearty welcome that cheered his return. Both sides vied with each other in genuine heartiness of congratulation. The House always prompt with kindness of this nature. But there are degrees of warmth, and the warmest was showered on the young Under-Secretary. This all the more gratifying because it is a position won against certain disadvantages.

One is attributable to his godfathers and godmothers in his baptism. Why they should have inflicted upon him, even on second thoughts, the name of NATHANIEL is a secret discreetly lodged in their tomb. It gives an opening to persons of small spite, who, when they can allege nothing new against an annoyingly successful young man, with subtle inflection of voice allude to him as "GEORGE NATHANIEL." Then he brought from the University, with other youthful possessions pathetically envied by older men, a certain cocksureness attested by a couplet of alluring banality. If the manner had been all, it would have been offensive. Behind it was a resolute will, a settled purpose, native capacity, and, not least, a habit of industry, and love of work.

The House of Commons, as SARK may have said before, is the quickest and surest judge of character in the world. It hesitated for some time about GEORGE CURZON, showing disposition to adopt the superior

person theory. Perhaps he would still have suffered from that libel if PRINCE ARTHUR, who knew him intimately, had not secured for him opportunity of showing the metal he is made of. That given, the rest was certain. It would be tragic if so promising a career were cut short by physical infirmity. House generously and genuinely pleased to find that rumour also was a fable.

Business done.—Through Budget Resolution in Committee of Ways and Means like winking.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Lord BRASSEY entering House to-night on a holiday visit, home from his Governorship of Victoria, uttered a hurried oath. The Recording Angel, like Mr. Toots and Lord SALISBURY, would say it was "of no consequence," being merely the customary ceremony on a peer taking his seat for the first time in a new Parliament.

Since BRASSEY carried an added *Sunbeam* into the waters of Australasia a great deal has happened. Coming back, he is, SARK says, chiefly struck by the extreme quietness of things. That not unnatural, since never had a peace-loving, equable-tempered Governor such a series of adventures as have befallen BRASSEY since he left the Thames. He began by being nearly wrecked, running into Cape Town for safety. On land he was pitched off his horse. At sea he tumbled in out of his boat.

All things considered, looks pretty well. Mustn't be hard on us if we live more monotonous lives, especially in Parliament. In the Commons, if it weren't for the early

morning struggle for CAP'EN TOMMY's moorings, and the excitement of betting on the daily event, suicide would be an inevitable relaxation. The Lords more accustomed to that kind of thing. Life with them is a perpetually placid pool, stirred only by the emotion of excitement as to whether the sitting shall be strictly limited to five minutes' duration, or whether, as CANNING threatened the Dutch, they should "clap on twenty per cent."

To-night Duke of FIFE almost ruffled equanimity by attempting irregularly to work off a speech. CARRINGTON had given notice to raise question of restoration of commissions to Dr. JIM's comrades in his famous raid. Decided to postpone intention, and said so. When he sat down up gat the Duke, and began what was doubtless a convincing and eloquent speech.

"My lords," he said, "I rise to join in the appeal which has been made by my noble friend—"

Quite a crowded House in anticipation of interesting debate. Noble lords stared in amaze at his Grace, who was evidently getting into stride with his speech, under impression that CARRINGTON had made his. Half-a-dozen hands pulled at the ducal coat-tails; CARRINGTON explained he hadn't given the cue; FIFE mustn't play without the drum; so the Duke (of course, in a Parliamentary sense) "died with all his music in him."

Business done.—Dreary night in Commons, feebly squabbling round receipt of money bribe for passing Irish Local Government Bill.

House of Commons, Thursday.—Another



IRISH LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

Mr. G. B. M-r, Mr. D-nb-r B-rt-n, and Mr. T. W. R-s-s-ll.

quiet evening in Committee on Irish Local Government Bill. Quiet scarcely the word for it; dull better, drearily, dolefully dull. But as habitually happens, dullness means business. It's on your firework nights that no real work is done. Attendance chiefly confined to Irish representatives. When bell rings some two or three hundred Britishers come in to vote. That, they think, is all that can be expected of them.

With occasional assistance of ATTORNEY-GENERAL, and comforting, if silent, presence of DUNBAR BARTON, GERALD BALFOUR slowly fights his Bill through thicket of amendments. Rarely has similar work been better done. Patient, courteous, quick to see points, ready in reply, with a firm grip that knows when temporarily to relax, he disarms opposition. TIM HEALY, truculent no longer, takes him tenderly under his wing. Only for that, JOHN DILLON would be equally friendly. The landlords, who at the outset breathed fire and sword, threatened revolt and rapine, have disappeared from the scene. Over it rests the kindly smile of CHARLES HARE HEMPHILL, sometime H. M. Sergeant-at-Law, now, for the most part, sole representative of the late Government on the front Opposition Bench. HEMPHILL's bodily presence of inestimable advantage to Minister in charge of a Bill. It expresses the essence of mellifluous good temper, is the very embodiment of peace.

"A thorough-going Home Ruler, friend-of-the-tenant, and all that," says SARK, "yet he doesn't look as if he could say 'Boh!' to a rack-renting landlord. The sort of man you'd expect to find quietly drawing from somewhere a pension of £1,000 a year paid in guineas."

Business done.—Local Government Bill beginning to rattle along.

Friday.—Pretty to see Members of Kitchen Committee furtively watching WILFRID LAWSON as he walks about lobby and corridors. They are responsible for sale of liquor on unlicensed premises under roof of Westminster Palace. WILFRID, after long winking at illegality, feels con-

strained to take action. Has instructed his solicitor accordingly. Any morning we may wake up to find the Kitchen Committee in the dock at the police-court, with long reports in the newspapers and pictures in all the weeklies. Just now a suspicious lull in proceedings. WILFRID's solicitor something in position of Spanish fleet. Has put out to sea; no one knows where he is; Kitchen Committee have uncomfortable sensation of his proximity; their flesh creeps with apprehension of any moment feeling on their shoulder the hand of his myrmidons.

Try to pump Sir WILFRID; attempt to bribe him with offer of unlimited refreshment. He only stares into space, or, looking round the lobby, lets his eye casually, as it were, rest upon the buttoned and belted figure of policeman. MARK LOCKWOOD, a man of war; has seen more than one season's service in Dublin. Lord STANLEY, scion of a crusading race; in comparatively modern times his forbear received on the stricken field the last words of MARMION. Yet, following Sir WILFRID's glance, they both walk uneasily away, wishing that WALROND would extend to them the boon conferred on their colleague MACDONA, and give them "leave to go to China."

Business done.—JOHN DILLON once more brings up question of distress in West of Ireland. BROTHER GERALD reiterates his reply; admits existence of distress while showing that, *more Hibernico*, it is in particular instances ludicrously exaggerated. Meanwhile Government have established relief works. Then REDMOND cadet blusters in; takes the floor; makes two prodigious speeches; KILBRIDE shrieks; HANDY ANDY FLAVIN is flamboyantly funny. English and Scotch Members, after patient endeavour to get at truth, go away pained and disgusted. Alack, poor Ireland! The peasants starve that M.P.'s may orate!

THE LIVELIEST VEGETABLE NOW ON THE MARKET.—The Spring Onion.

DRESS AT THE OPERA.

LORD DYSART, in a letter to the *Times*, would like to know whether it is legally possible to enforce the rule as to evening dress at the opera in the absence of an accurate definition of it duly advertised in the newspapers? The following might answer this requirement:—

ROYAL OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—This evening at 8. *Lohengrin*. Gentlemen must wear coats, known as "swallow-tails," and trousers, both entirely of black cloth. Coloured coats not allowed, but dinner jackets winked at. Shepherd's plaid trousers, and farcy checks forbidden. Waistcoats may be black or white, the front wide open. Knitted jerseys not allowed. White shirts with starched linen fronts absolutely essential. Flannel shirts forbidden. White collars, and white or black ties indispensable. Socks of black silk. Boots or shoes of black leather, known as "patent." The colours and materials of under vests and braces are alone left to the choice of the wearer. Knickerbockers and dressing-gowns absolutely forbidden. N.B.—Pyjamas, though occasionally worn before midnight, cannot be considered "evening dress."

LYCEUM LYRIC.

See *Doctor Tregenna*
(Which rhymes with Gehenna),
In salts or in senna.

He doesn't prescribe;
His manner's despotic,
His method's hypnotic—
Effect is narcotic
On those who "imbibe."

And Burge, brutal scowler,
Not handsome, but growler,
Whose wife is a howler,
'Cos injured,—that's why,—
Is changed from a brute-man
To sulky half-mute man.
Says Doctor, that 'cute man,
"How's this?—' All my eye!"

THE GAZETTE.

The following official announcements have not yet been made:—

The British squadron will shortly leave Wei-hai-wei. Its destination is at present uncertain, but it will probably be Hong Kong, Count MURAVIEFF having intimated that he will not take exception to its presence in that port.

Work has been resumed on the new cruisers now building in Portsmouth, in consequence of the CZAR having withdrawn his objection to their completion.

H.M.Ss. *Valorous* and *Terrible* have received orders to sail from Southampton to Cowes. In the event of no objections being raised in Europe, they will leave their moorings at an early date.

WHAT CAUSES THE RISE IN BREAD?—Why, the war in the Yeast, to be sure.

SONG TO LORD ROSEBERRY. — "He will return, I know him well!"



Bucolic Boot-boy. "I SAY, SARAH, WOTEVER BE A CREEMATORIUM!"
Metropolitan Maid. "OH, YOU ARE AN IGNORANT BOY! WHY
 IT'S FRENCH FOR A MILKSHOP, OF COURSE!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THERE is not anything left to be said in praise of *Pendennis*, the second volume of the Biographical Edition of THACKERAY'S works just issued by SMITH, ELDER. But the familiar friend has an added charm in the introduction by the novelist's daughter. THACKERAY, like SHAKESPEARE and TENNYSON, left peremptory instruction that no attempt should be made to write his life. The mandate only partially prevailed in the case of SHAKESPEARE. The uniqueness of his position amongst men is finally attested by the fact that though practically no materials for chronicling his life exist, volumes about himself and his supposititious doings crowd the book shelves. TENNYSON'S memoirs by his son were published the other day. Now Mrs. RITCHIE, with loving, discreet hand, lifts the veil from the household figure of THACKERAY, and shews him at school, with his family, at his work with pen and pencil. It is a new and happy thought to supply the record piecemeal, doling out chapters, each one pertaining to the period at which a particular novel was written. We like the old book all the more when we read how, making holiday at Spa, THACKERAY "had another good spell with the first chapter of *Pendennis* this morning before breakfast, such a good one as authorised two mutton chops along with my coffee." "Having completed my story this day," he writes to his mother just forty-eight years ago, "and wrote [only a great author could thus flout LINLEY MURRAY] Finis, I am very tired, weary, and solemn-minded, so I say God bless my dearest mother and G. P. ere I try to go and get some sleep." My Baronite turns over the well-remembered pages of the first chapter and the last, and finds new pleasure in the closer touch with THACKERAY made possible by these notes.

My Baronite holds that a pretty homily called *Sowing the Seed* (HARPER) should be carried in the sabre-tache of every cavalry subaltern, and also circulated among reckless senior officers who ought to be old enough to know better. It will teach them not to encourage the young to sow wild oats on the beach of time. At present it seems that they do not "realise" their responsibility. Mrs. HENNIKER-MAJOR (though she is

accustomed to waive her military rank and call herself FLORENCE HENNIKER, as here) is a practical soldier-woman; and if the scenes of this book chiefly alternate between country-houses and race-meetings, where war-paint is not wanted, you know that she would be just as good on parade or in the mess-room. This, among other qualities, distinguishes her from the common military authoress. Her style has an unstudied ease; her people talk and live as people actually do; and her men are not less alive than her women. Only now and then the sense of her duty as a book-maker (off the course) weighs upon her; at such times her botanical deviations have perhaps a certain suggestion of perfunctoriness. For the rest, she is refreshingly natural. *Alex Devereux*, only lightly sketched, as most of her characters, is a charming study; and so is *Major Savile*, who fails to "realise" what a lot of graceful mischief he is doing in his picturesque career.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

OPERATIC NOTES.

MADAME EMMA EAMES a musically charming *Juliet*, but, dramatically, too staid a young person for WILL SHAKESPEARE'S heroine. M. SALEZA vocally excellent and dramatically energetic as the love-sick *Romeo*. PLANCON admirable as "holy Friar." The reverend gentleman must have belonged to rather a Go-as-you-please Religious Order to have been able to celebrate a quiet marriage service in his own private cell, where *Romeo* and *Juliet* are married by "special Shakspearian licence."

Tuesday.—Audience drawn to Opera to-night by two "Gees," i.e., GOUNOD and GLUCK. *Philémon et Baucis* and *Orphée*, both in French. The first specially delightful; second too long. In the latter, Miss MARGARET REID was "un amour" comme *L'Amour*, and Miss SUZANNE ADAMS, a pretty *Eurydice*, with the song of the Opera. We were looking forward to the *Nozze* in Italian for Thursday, but on a *changé tout cela*, and it is to be an encore of ZELIE DE LUSSAN in *Carmen*.

Wednesday.—"Lohengrin-and-bear-it," is the non-Wagnerian motto. But the non-Wag had better stay away and come for the *Nozze*, which was to have been to-morrow, and now we shall not see *Nozze*, as the Opera is to be *Carmen*. DE RESZKE, the "Johnnie" of that ilk, excellent, and Madame NORDICA perfect. Von MILDE, as king, quite Von STRONG. Taking into consideration the extreme youth of the boys and girls engaged as chorus, it isn't half bad. But isn't there a law about keeping up such very young persons after early bed-time hours? However, that is a question for the management. House full and enthusiastic.

Thursday.—*Carmen*, with ZELIE DE LUSSAN, always good. What has become of *Nozze*? Evidently some hitch in *Figaro*'s wedding, as announced, with the fair SUZANNE.

Friday.—A French and German Alliance night. *Tannhäuser*, in French, with chorus of pilgrims straight from Rome, singing in Italian, and after that, polyglottic. King PLANCON, regal; Mynheer VAN DYCK dramatically and vocally good; and as *Wolfram* (awful animal combination suggested by name), Mr. RENAUD excellent. His song to the star, in Act III., exquisitely sung, would have delighted the shade of Dr. WATTS, whose poem of "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," probably suggested the idea to Warbling Wagner.

THE JAPAN DINNER.

(From Notes made on the Spot.)

Friday.—Dining with Japanese Society at Métropole. Gorgeous affair. His Excellency TAKAOKI KATO, the Japanese Minister, in the chair. MARK ANTONY ought to have been here to meet KATO. Dinner enlivened by strains of Bijou Orchestra discoursing sweet music—(good champagne)—composed by Treasurer of Society, a remarkably fair-skinned, good-looking gentleman, ITO MUTCHAI DINA BEVANISHI. (*Capital cham!*)

Then, a little later, immensely tall Jap, with flowing bowl—I mean "beard"—I'm all right—(first-rate cham—glass with you, certainly)—I did see this very tall, bearded Japanese nobleman (LANKAI-EARLI-SPENCA) rise on his hind legs and hear him make excellent speech about Japan. It strikes me his English is remarkably good. Another native nobleman, the Lord High Admiral CHARLAI TAKASEATYORKO, also 'dresses us. (Never tast'd berrer champ'ne!) Seems to know 'll about it. Not speak good English. Forget all rest—begin to get sleepy. Am much 'debted—humorous gentleman, who sittin' on my right hand (don't mean that he actually sat on my right hand, or I could not have made these usef'l notes at time), for much 'formation 'bout those present, also 'er supply'n' me with c'rrec' Japanese spellin' of names. Jap'nese S'ty's dinn'r mosh exsh'len' insh'tooshun. Brings 'bout such ming—a-minglin'—ideas.*

* Yes. So we should think by the above. —ED.



Jack-a'-Lantern Joe. I SAY, GUV'NOR, *THAT* MADE 'EM JUMP

Sagacious S-l-sb-ry. "YES, JOEY. BUT—AH—DON'T YOU THINK YOU 'VE MADE IT JUST A LITTLE BIT TOO AWFUL!"

DARBY JONES ON THE DERBY.

ONCE more, honoured Sir, the Blue Ribbon of the Turf is waiting for a worthy Recipient of the Honour, and it is somewhat quaint that the quadruped bearing the name of the Illustrious Statesman who confounded the Order of the Garter with French Cooks in his simile, should now be Premier Favourite for the Great Race, which many Foreigners of my acquaintance believe to be run in the County of the Peak.

Indeed, it was only yesterday that I received a letter from my esteemed friend, Count GROGONOFF, of Warsaw, regretting that the CZAR had forestalled him in the purchase of *Galtee More*, but announcing that he fully intends to buy this year's winner, "*si c'est possible de trouver cette misérable ville de Derby.*" The Count is a Down-trodden Pole, and to discover his whereabouts is, I may mention, the constant object of many Russian explorers. Hence his antipathy to the Autocrat of All the Russias, the exact number of which I have never been able to ascertain, even with the assistance of that Universal Guide to the Best Society known as the *Almanach de Gotha*, no doubt published under the special supervision of our whilom Duke of EDINBURGH. Of course, I have written to the Count to an address in Paris, which need not be mentioned, explaining that our National Racing Carnival is held on the Chalk Downs of Epsom, and not in the vicinity of the Head-quarters of the Midland Railway Company.

I think that this Illustrious Nobleman (he ought to be King of CRACOW) will be a Great Addition to the Sporting Circles of the British Empire. He is a Napoleon in strategy, and withal a Cosmopolitan Humourist. At Deauville Races, many years ago, when I first made his acquaintance, he remarked, in his Franco-Polo-English, "I have put my chemise on *Gil Blas*, for if 'e do not win I could not afford to 'ave 'im wash." Luckily, the Horse in question was worthy of the Count's confidence. I shall certainly introduce this Eminent Continental Sportsman to my friend Captain KRITERION, the talented author of "*Four-year-olds that have Won the Derby*," an exhaustive work, which all Publishers have refused to issue by reason of their Cowardly Fear of the Law of Libel. I think that if the Count and the Captain put their knowledge-boxes together, tired hansoms will not be wanting them to run rapidly to all suburban meetings.

Epsom, honoured Sir, is never a delightful spot. If the Sun be shining and the Breeze blowing, your complexion speedily rivals that of a corryfay (shaky on the spelling) at one of the Lighter Theatres; if, on the contrary, the Tears of the Heavens descend, the most superbly attired personage, after ascending the Hill, speedily assumes the guise of a hard-working Miller or Journeyman Plasterer. Epsom is either all glare or all gloom. But it is certainly as business-like as the Stock Exchange, and a Country Cousin, who has just bolted the Rough and Ready Fare afforded by the Grand Stand Refreshment Rooms, may go into the Ring and lose thousands of pounds in company with Dukes, County Councillors and Curates out of work. That is where the Glorious Socialism of the Derby Day comes in. East and West, North and South mingle together with North-east and South-west,



"WHERE DO THE BEES GET THE HONEY FROM, DADDY?"

"WHY, FROM THE FLOWERS, OF COURSE, TOMMY. I DID THINK YOU KNEW AS MUCH AS THAT!"

"OH, I KNEW. BUT I WANTED TO FIND OUT IF YOU DID!"

and all manner of other Points of the Compass. Depend upon it, when they used to adjourn the House of Commons for the Derby, Honourable Members knew where they would meet with their constituents. I even believe that Sir WILFRID LAWSON would, if he trod the classic Turf, meet some of his most ardent supporters from Cumberland.

But to revert to Surrey, and chortling *Charlie is my Darling*, I break with a cue needing some handling, in order to chalk my tip up to the Expectation of Yourself and other Noble Patrons. Never mind; give me the rest that we all require. I weigh in for Pegasus the Unbeaten, and here goes:—

The *Finch of Finance* has no signal from me, Nor *Galopin's Son*, nor the *Whiskey Man's Gee*, But the *Masculine Heir* may try hard for 2, 3. Beware, oh, beware of the *Yellow and Black*, Round Tattenham Corner he'll prove he's no hack, When the *Godsend* assuredly power will lack. But before him I hope you'll *Lord Beaconsfield* see, While *Exeter's County* is galloping free. So I'll wind up my bid with a long sounding D.

Such is the Augury of the Old Weather Gauger. Some call me by a different and not so flattering epithet. But with your esteemed confidence, I would draw upon the world, did I know where the Terrestrial Bank was situated, and you would back my bills as well as my horses. Always your devoted henchman and hypnotist,

DARBY JONES.



"TO WHAT BASE USES," &c.

"WHAT? THIRTY BOB TO DRIVE YOU DOWN TO HEPDOM WITH THAT 'OSS! IT'S A HINSULT TO 'IM! WHY, TEN YEARS AGO, HE RAN IN THE BLOOMIN' RACE HISSELF!"

CRICKET FOR ANGELS.

[A certain Nonconformist divine, according to the *Glasgow Herald*, was recently asked to become vice-president of a local cricket club. He accepted the post, subject to the fulfilment of the following stipulations.]

PRAY, cricketers, remember, if you want to play with me,
How you carry on your little conversations,
You must give up wicked swear-words and abjure the big, big D,
And moderate your hasty exclamations.
Should a ball rise unexpectedly and take your wind away,
This is no excuse for making such a pother;
You must bear it like a Christian, for I certainly sha'n't play
If there's any stronger language than a "Bother!"

You must a'll be good teetotalers. Beer savours of the Pit,
And is of every evil thing symbolic.

It's ruin, moral, physical—I would as soon admit
The Fiend himself as liquor alcoholic.

And as for gin and whisky—pour the filthy stuff away!
Who drinks these deadly, poisonous pig-washes?
Bring tea and ginger beer instead! I certainly sha'n't play
If there's any stronger drink than lemon-squashes.

Of course you mustn't gamble! (When we once begin to bet
No power on earth can ever check or turn us.)

Nor smoke, for the insidious seductive cigarette
Is the *facilis descensus* to Avernus.

But if you'll follow me, and fling your vices all away,
Observing my conditions well and duly,

Why then it is just possible I may consent to play,
If there is no stronger batsman than yours truly.

QUERY.—*Black and White* has selected as one of the pictures of the year, H. A. PAYNE'S *The Witch Lady*. Refer to it. There are two ladies. It being not so easy to select the Witch at a glance, would it not be more appropriately termed *The Which-Witch Lady*?

PORT ARTHUR.

(In the metre of Mr. George Meredith's "*Alsace-Lorraine*," in "*Cosmopolis*.")

"WHAT, more of this poetry?" the rebellent reader will exclaim.
Why not? If only the Editor will go on printing it,
I can write it by the millennial mile. The trick
Is easy enough when once you start. All the same
To use your adjectives as nouns, and your nouns as adjectives,
and all the rest anyhow, is a bit

Difficult;
And to make the whole lot incomprehensible is as bad; however,
here goes.

There by the Pe-chi-li Gulf, sun, moon, stars, Relative and
Mother imperial, likewise LI HUNG CHANG and some more,
A stuttering, feeble grip the coast marine Yellow of the land.
But one fine day

Magnanimous magnanimous, whoever he is, contrives insult
To LI HUNG CHANG jacketed yellow rouble bribe and then
Expellent the British Fleet in never before
Manner politely withdraws heading for day beam night's dead-

born,
Like a lustreless Phosphor, which sounds as though it were a
match

That wouldn't strike, but equipollent conflict—what that is,
goodness knows!—

Also the opinion of the man in the street all ascorn,
Beneath his Purgatorial Saint's evocative stare,
Harried to brain-awake someone succourful to catch
Drowning man straw, and sent them back again,
In whirled imagination mastodonized, but only to Pe-chi-li.
Will Britons be incoherent slaves dumbfounded by decreascent doubt?
Burst braggart bully redundant as superfluous moonshine,
Wagging hullabaloo hi-tiddly-hi Wei-hai-wei,
Jabberwocks juggling incandescent flapdoodle, who won't?
Dazing exuberant mutton bones repentant rain,
Corpse-strawn conundrums incarnadine!
I hope you understand what this is all about;
I don't.

MOTTO FOR MR. KENSIT.—"*Point d'Asperges*."

A TURN AT THE TOURNAMENT.

SCENE—The Interior of the Agricultural Hall. Enthusiastic Audience assembled to see the Royal Military Tournament. Illustrious Group in centre box draped with Indian muslin. Energetic Officer with flag salutes and shouts something.

Young Lady Visitor. Oh! what are they going to do now?

Soldier Companion (referring to programme). Oh! tent-pegging.

Y. L. V. Oh! how do they do that?

S. C. Why, a chap on a horse rides at a peg, you know, and when he gets his lance straight, don't you see, makes a dash at it when he can, and then, there you are.

Y. L. V. Thanks, so much. I don't know what I should do if you were not here to tell me all about it. (After a pause.) And what are they doing now?

S. C. Cyclists' display. You see, those men are on cycles.

Y. L. V. Oh! so they are. And are the guns they are letting off really loaded?

S. C. Only with blank cartridge. You know, they only use ball on active service.

Y. L. V. Thanks, so much. It is so interesting to be told all about it. And what is the man with the red cap that they have knocked down?

S. C. Oh! he has been taken prisoner. You see, when they put down the "bikes," he gave in. He is supposed to be a Russian, and they are keeping him in custody.

Y. L. V. But why is he so cheerful? He seems to make everybody laugh!

S. C. Probably a press correspondent to a comic Russian paper.

Y. L. V. But I thought that Russian journalists, when they were funny, were always sent to Siberia?

S. C. Yes; that's why he is so pleased at having fallen into the hands of the English. You see, they've now got a hurdle strapped on to two bikes. And now they put that wounded man on it.

Y. L. V. How interesting! But doesn't it wobble, rather?

S. C. Yes; but they haven't got a surgeon with them, so they may have as much fun as they like.

Uncle (to nephew). Now, JOEY, I want you to look at "Shoulder to Shoulder," because it is full of instruction. You know all about the Spanish Armada, don't you?

Joey. Yes, Uncle JOHN. But have those fellows in false wigs guns that will go off?

Uncle. You see, here we have three periods. First, time of ELIZABETH, when the land and sea forces were practically the same; then came Trafalgar, with WELLINGTON, the Peninsular War, MARLBOROUGH, and last of all, our campaign in Egypt; and here we have—

Joey (interrupting). Yes, uncle, it is all in the book, and as you don't seem to have got it quite right, perhaps you had better read it for yourself.

Ratepayer. Now, I do call this musical ride nonsense. What's the good of going through the Lancers on horse-back. It would be no good in a battle.

Political Economist. But, my dear Sir, this sort of thing stimulates recruiting. Since the Tournament began, the army has been nearly doubled.

Ratepayer. Ah! there is something in that. (Is satisfied.)

Youthful Athlete. I say, this wrestling on horse-back is rank rot. Much better do it on the ground.

Thoughtful Student. But see how useful



Hostess (to friend, who has been brought in to take pot-luck). "I'M AFRAID, MR. SIMPSON, WE'VE ONLY GOT A VERY POOR DINNER TO OFFER YOU."

Mr. Simpson. "MY DEAR MRS. JONES, I BEG YOU NOT TO APOLOGISE! I ASSURE YOU I THINK IT QUITE DESIRABLE TO UNDERFEED OCCASIONALLY!"

it would be if the cavalry had lost their swords, and had to fight without them.

Y. A. (appeased). May be; and it isn't bad fun, and if they've lost their swords, they may as well have a lark.

Smith minor. This stuff from the gym isn't worth much. We have enough of that at old WACKEM'S.

Charles (his friend). They ain't half bad, are they, though?

Smith minor. No; but take it all round, I think we do it better at WACKEM'S. But won't they be jolly stiff, to-morrow.

Young Lady Visitor. And was the town of Benin really taken like that?

Soldier Companion. So the guide says; but of course there wasn't such a large audience.

Y. L. V. You have been invaluable, Captain JONES. By the way, have we seen any of your regiment in the competitions.

S. C. Hem! no; the fact is, the Auxiliary Forces—the Volunteers, you know—have their day to-morrow.

Y. L. V. Oh!!!!!!

Sightseer (aged sixty). Same old thing year after year. Blessed if I'll come again

Sightseer (aged fifteen). Isn't it prime? I only wish it went on for six months, and I had a season ticket admitting to every performance.

[Final explosion, patriotic melody by the band, and curtain.]

ALL WORK AND NO PLAY.—The umpire's part.

IN MEMORIAM.

The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

BORN DEC. 29, 1809. DIED MAY 19, 1898.

SOME in the promise of an early prime,
 Ere yet the first assault is dared and won,
 Death takes with envious hand before their time,
 Leaving the task undone.

Some, ripe in manhood, at their army's head,
 As even now they touched the topmost tower,
 With shining harness on have fallen dead
 In victory's crowning hour.

But you, O veteran of a thousand fights,
 Whose toil had long attained its perfect end—
 Death calls you not as one that claims his rights,
 But gently as a friend.

For though that matchless energy of mind
 Was firm to front the menace of decay,
 Your bodily strength on such a loss declined
 As only Death could stay.

So then with you 'tis well, who after pain,
 After long pain, have reached your rest at last;
 But we—ah, when shall England mould again
 This type of splendour past?

Noble in triumph, noble in defeat,
 Leader of hopes that others held forlorn,
 Strong in the faith that looks afar to meet
 The flush of Freedom's morn—

Could we, Her own, forget you to our shame,
 Lands that have lived to see Her risen sun
 Remembering much should witness how your name
 And Freedom's name are one.

But we shall not forget, nor Time erase
 Your record deep in English annals set;
 What severance marred your labour's closing days
 Alone we shall forget.

And now, with all your armour laid aside,
 Swift eloquence your sword, and, for your shield,
 The indomitable courage that defied
 The fortune of the field—

As in the noontide of your high command,
 So in the final hour when darkness fell,
 Submissive still to that untiring Hand
 That orders all things well—

We bear you to your resting-place apart
 Between the ranks where ancient foe and friend,
 Kin by a common sorrow at the heart,
 Silent together bend.



MAY 19, 1898.



COLD COMFORT.

SCENE—Badly beaten horse walking in with crowd.

First Sporting Gent (to Second Ditto, who has plunged disastrously on his advice). "TOLD YER HE WAS A FOREGONE CONCLUSION FOR THIS RACE, DID I? WELL AND WHAT MORE D'YER WANT? AIN'T HE JOLLY WELL THE CONCLUSION OF IT?"

OTHER "WHYS?"

["He was tempted to ask an extremely elementary question, viz., 'Why should the writing of books be encouraged, and why should the demand for modern literature be stimulated?'"]—*Duke of Devonshire at Royal Literary Fund.*

MINOR artist, tell us why
Still to paint you needs must try;
Surely you must quite forget
RAPHAEL, TITIAN, TINTORET!
Though their colours may be faded,
You can never paint as they did.
Since your skill to theirs is small,
Wherefore, artist, paint at all?
Linnet, chaffinch, robin, wren,
(You we ask, as well as men,
Wherefore raise a feeble twit,
Which, you doubtless would admit,
Cannot venture to prevail
With the glorious nightingale?
While his tones each hearer thrill
Let your lesser pipes be still.
Why should we who knew the best
Ever listen to the rest?
After SHAKESPEARE, why to-day
Tolerate a modern play?
After GLADSTONE—Ah! but no,
Thus far we forbear to go,
Lest, if lesser statesmen cease,
Even Dukes might hold their peace.

MOTTO FOR ONE WHO CAN WRITE ONLY
WITH A STEEL PEN.—"Nil nisi magnum
bonum."

SITUATIONS WANTED.

(Condensed Ads. Style.)

GOOD GENERAL; L. C. C. sch'sh'p;
stud. Roy. Coll. Sci.; certif. wash'g;
gold med'l baby linen; exc'l't refs.; will
obl'g' p'dy.—"DIPLOMA," Coll. Dom.
Agency.

ADVERTISER seeks situation as plain
cook. L. C. C. scholarship. B.Sc.
(Lond.) 1st class honours, D.Sc. (Lond.),
with special distinction for treatise,
"Chemistry of Chops."—"ABIGAIL,"
Burlington House, W.

PRACTICAL SCULLERYMAID disen-
gaged. Senior Science Scholar, Girton;
1st class Science Tripos, Camb. Late
lecturer and demonstrator in Scullery
work.—Apply, "BOTTLES," Girton.

YOUNG LADY, leaving present situation,
seeks re-engagement in eating-house.
Highest testimonials, and distinguished
University career. M.A. (Edin.), Ph.D.
(Leyden). Sausage and mash a *spe-
cialité*.—"STEAK AND ONIONS," Bolt
Court, E.C.

PARLOUR MAID (superior), in quiet
family. Good music, piano, violin, 'cello.
L. C. C. scholarship; Diploma, R.A.M.,
and certif., Berlin Conservatoire. Wil-
ling to work before breakfast, but must
have rest of day to practice.—"EU-
TERPE," Wagner Cycling School, Berlin.

HOUSEMAID (intellectual), desires situa-
tion. 1st class Mods., 1st class Litt.

Hum., Oxon. Tall, refined, attractive;
obliging. Leaving present situation be-
cause she wishes to better herself.
Would not object to coaching young
gentleman for Responsions.—"LADY
MARGARET," Somerville, Oxford.

ON AN "ORIGINAL IDEA" AT THE ROYALTY
THEATRE.—Sir,—I have not yet seen *My
Innocent Boy*, but have read several criti-
cisms on it, wherein the writers praise the
authors of this farcical comedy for their
original idea of a widower with a marriage-
able daughter, wishing to keep her exist-
ence in the background in order that he
may wed a young girl. Not very original,
seeing that this idea is the essence of the
plot of *Little Tiddiekins*, in which CHARLES
MATHEWS and Mrs. FRANK MATHEWS were
so admirable. CHARLES MATHEWS was the
widower, engaged to be married, who spoke
of his daughter, that is, his step-daughter,
a lady of about forty, as a mere child,
in fact, as "*Little Tiddiekins*." If the
essential motive of the plot of *My Inno-
cent Boy* is not precisely the same, it
seems, as described by those who ought
to be competent professional witnesses,
uncommonly like it. Yours truly,

LAUDATOR TEMPORIS ACTI.

P.S.—It is modestly advertised as "The
Best Farcical Comedy ever produced in
London." Dear me! Remembering not
a few farces and comedies and farcical co-
medies, I feel that I really ought not to
miss seeing this phenomenal production.

MR. PUNCH'S "ANIMAL LAND."

(With acknowledgments as before.)

The Phil



ETP

This comical little Creature draws the heavenliest pictures. He has made the portraits of all the eyelets of Petticoat Lane. The critics say he is a master of technique. It must be very nice to be called names like that. I never get it. He draws a mixture of Albert Dewar and Mr. Sargent and Sir Daniel Leano. He owns a most bewitching fringe that few can rival. I didn't mean to give him such a doubtful when I started - I do hope it won't make him proud and horry.



The Sarabee

The Wunnvibbit



This remarkable Animal is the idle of the parizzians. It is very snakey and dramatic. It has the most blood-herding little ways of attracting attention. When it travels it takes black tigers and coffin and skeletons along with it to make people talk and shudder. It has a most lovely screaming voice that is audible in the cheap seats when you can't hear a word the June premier has got to say for himself. It is quite a sculptor too in its way and has got a studio where it paints in trowers. That seems very forward and eccentric but we mustn't be too sensuous I suppose.

This abnoxious little Animal is the anonymous author of this Ceres. He got all in among the Stone Age once and kept all on doing the most absurd pictures. He is a kind of Prehistoric Popsy. They were a ruff lot according to him. They occupy all their spare time chopping one another up and dodging the most tedious limoey animals. These pictures is coming out in book-form now so this is the END. What a relief to crown heads and others that has got left out and what a merry release from his atrocious style of spelling. How dull plain he is too.

A KEW-RIOUS CALCULATION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—An official publication promulgated for the benefit of the few, not the many, called the *Kew Bulletin*, has just been issued. It states that the number of visitors to the Royal Gardens during the past year (1897) was 1,239,683, being 157,192 less than in the preceding year (1896). The total number of visitors on Sundays was 485,544, and on weekdays amounted to 754,139. The largest score was 84,431 on June 7, and the smallest 57 on March 18. Then follows an elaborate table of the attendance during every month in the year.

IT WOULD BE EXTREMELY INTERESTING to ascertain how these accurate returns are determined. There are six public entrances into the Gardens, not one being provided with a turnstile. Scores of visitors pass the gates without even seeing or being seen by the German-General-attired guardians of the portals, hundreds of residents in the neighbourhood often use the Gardens two or three times a day, and there are several official entrances. No gatekeeper has ever been known to check anything except the prohibited handbags of the visitors. Whence, then, is this elaborate and circumstantial statement derived? Perhaps Mr. THISELTON-DYER could explain. I am certain that no one else could, except perhaps the Cormorant. The fact of the matter is that a strong effort is being made to prove that the General Public does not need earlier opening of their own property. *Nous rons.* In any case, if returns of visitors

are to be issued let them be trustworthy; and the only way in which they can so be rendered is by the erection of turnstiles at all the gates. Unfortunately, "faked" statements like that issued by the *Kew Bulletin* are often accepted as Gospel Truth in Parliament and Press. And Mr. THISELTON-DYER is an acknowledged apostle of culture—especially of Haughty-culture.

Yours obediently,

VICTORIA REGIA.

The Pagoda, Kew Gardens.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 16.—Cleverness of Ministry in compounding Irish Local Government Bill has hitherto met with full reward. The recipe alluringly perfect. "Take," as the cookery books say, three-quarters of a million sterling per annum out of Imperial Exchequer; divide it into two pretty equal proportions; give one to the landlords, one to the tenants. In serving out, dress the dish with revolutionary sauce composed of reform in local government; flavour it so that it may as nearly as possible resemble Home Rule, only on no account let that name appear on any of the labels. Stir well and serve hot.

None of your company will thoroughly like the dish; but all will partake of it. Landlords (holding their nose against the odour of Home Rule) because of their share of the three-quarters of a million; tenants (sniffing appreciatively at the

Home Rule flavour) because of the money bribe and the concession of demands which exceed ISAAC BUTT's first Home Rule scheme; Right Hon. gentlemen on Front Opposition Bench, and the party that leads them, because a Conservative Government is practically doing what, in attempting to accomplish three years ago, they themselves came a cropper; the Conservative majority because they are good boys, and do what they are told. Only person not considered or consulted is the British taxpayer, who will have to find next year, and through all succeeding years, the three-quarters of a million with which the pill is gilded.

Hitherto discussion in Committee been left almost entirely to Irish Members. To-night clause reached which absolutely pledges House to vote the money. Almost startling to hear the English accent in other voice than that of BROTHER GERALD. LAMBERT moved to omit provision in clause which secures payment of the landlord's bribe. Honest MICHAEL DAVITT, who is neither to be coerced nor coddled, supported amendment. WILFRID LAWSON, summing up differences between ROBIN HOOD and HER MAJESTY'S Government, preferred the single gentleman. He robbed the rich to help the poor. They plundered the poor to fill the pockets of the rich. General topsy-turviness of situation illustrated by TIM HEALY lending a knee to BROTHER GERALD whilst he fought these cavillers. Opposition, of course, of no avail. Only 70 went into the division lobby to support amendment, 235 flocking in the other side.

Business done.—Resolved to pay three-quarters of a million sterling a year, passage money of Local Government Bill between London and Dublin. No return ticket issued.

Tuesday.—Various ways of pronouncing name of our new possession, Wei-Hai-Wei. Lord KIMBERLEY calls it "Why-Oh-Why." That the burden of his speech to-night. "Why-Oh-Why did you take the place?" he asked the MARKISS. "And Why-Oh-Why won't you tell us what you are going to do with it? Above all, Why-Oh-Why did Don JOSE make that Long Spoon speech at Birmingham last Friday?"

Pretty to see the MARKISS's look of polite surprise at the latter reference. Speech? Don JOSE? Long Spoon? Dear me! KIMBERLEY not a man apt to be carried away by his imagination. Must be something in it since he talks in this way. Don JOSE certainly lives at Birmingham. The MARKISS fancies he was formerly in some business way connected with the town. Quite likely, therefore, that he had been making a speech there. If only it had occurred to KIMBERLEY to send him (the MARKISS) an intimation that he intended to refer to the matter, he would have made inquiry; probably been able to obtain a copy of the alleged speech.

"As it is," added the MARKISS, taking up the notice paper and critically examining the terms of KIMBERLEY's interpolation, "it would be impossible for me to see in this notice an intention on the part of the noble earl to enter into a lengthened examination of and dissertation upon Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's speech at Birmingham."

Thus airily dismissing the topic, discussion of which rumbles through every capital in Europe, the MARKISS set himself in matter of fact way to say as little as possible about Wei-Hai-Wei.

Business done.—Commons pegging away at Irish Local Government Bill.

Thursday.—Shock of the news that comes to-day from Hawarden, telling how at last the silver cord is loosed, the golden bowl broken, is lessened by the long note of preparation for the worst. Through weary weeks the English-speaking people have been sitting by the bedside of England's greatest son, waiting for the inevitable end, which those who loved the patient sufferer most were least willing to see delayed. Nevertheless, now the blow has fallen, and men say to each other in hushed voice, "GLADSTONE is dead!" there comes upon the senses realisation of all it means for mankind.

Here in the House of Commons, where he chiefly lived, where for three-score years, in sunshine and in shade, he played a leading part, the gap is widest and deepest. Since on March 1, 1894, he quietly walked out, after making what few who listened knew was his last speech, we have had time to realise how supreme was the guerdon of his daily presence. It was not only that there was withdrawn from debate the greatest Parliamentary orator of the century. With his departure the House of Commons suffered loss of a note of dignity, a colouring of lofty character, which remain irreparable. Happily, the normal tone of personal conduct in the House of Commons is high. Anything mean, unworthy the character of an English gentleman, any tendency to tamper with the truth, any suspicion of dishonest intent, is



Clergyman. "AUGUSTUS, WILT THOU TAKE THIS WOMAN—"
 Bride (late of Remnant & Co.'s Ribbon Department). "LADY!"

swiftly, angrily resented. Beyond and above that ordinary condition there was a something magnificently, though simply, lofty in Mr. GLADSTONE's moral attitude.

His strength was as the strength of ten
 Because his heart was pure.

He had a manner of old-fashioned courtesy that was contagious in fashioning debate. His subtle influence for good in these respects was, up to the last, far-reaching. When he sat on the Front Bench on either side of the SPEAKER's chair, he was as a loadstone, concentrating upon himself all regards. It was natural enough that strangers in the gallery, paying a rare visit, should turn to feast their eyes upon Mr. GLADSTONE. That was a touch of nature that made them kin with Members who saw him every day. If he stood up to speak, he of course engrossed attention. His distinction was that, when he sat as a listener, he was, in most cases, more closely the object of regard than the man speaking. Members watched him keenly, wondering what he thought

of this or that just said, and whether there was probability of his being dragged into the debate. Once on his legs the brooding meditation bubbled into excitement. From first to last, however far off the last might be, he held the attention of the House, charming it with his eloquence, even where he could not convince it by his argument.

The fascination he had for the House of Commons it wielded over him. When the time for separation came, it was as hard to think of him wending his way through daily life without spending some hours in the Commons as it was for the House to conceive itself upstanding with this prop withdrawn. It was an unpremeditated thing that he never re-entered the House after his historic speech, when he flung down what PRINCE ARTHUR described as "a declaration of war against the ancient constitution of these realms." Perhaps he feared its potent spell. Having deliberately resolved to retire from Parliamentary life, he felt it wiser not to



SELF-EVIDENT.

Mr. Punch (to Stable Tow). "WELL, JOE, WHAT'S YOUR FANCY?"
 Joe Chamberlain (knowingly). "DISRAELI."

subject himself to the temptation of even an hour's return to the old familiar scene. He could not forget how, just twenty years earlier, having, in consideration of "my time of life," arrived at the conclusion that he would do best to spend what remained in retirement, he retraced his steps. I remember well, how, in the Session of 1875, within a month or two of his letter to Lord GRANVILLE confirming his resignation of the Leadership of the Liberal party, he began furtively to look in at Westminster. It was characteristic of his unconsciously dramatic tendencies that he dressed the part of a man who had no personal concern with what was going forward. Whilst leading the House up to the close of the Session of 1873—as when, later, he resumed his position—he made a practice of leaving his hat in his private room, a habit which led to a memorable scene in the Parliament of 1880. When in the Session of 1875 he occasionally looked in, he brought with him not only his hat, which he kept on when seated, but his overcoat, his walking-stick, even his gloves. What were Parliament or politics to him, "at the age of sixty-five,

and after forty-two years of laborious public life," voluntarily withdrawn from the scene? A casual wayfarer passing down Parliament Street, seeing the gateway of Palace Yard open, he had just dropped in, and, above all things, hoped he didn't intrude.

At the time of his second retirement, the weight of twenty years was added to the burden of his prodigious labours. His mind was as bright, his intellect as keen, as ever. But the flesh truly was weak. So he came not any more, and the House of Commons is poorer through all time to come by the loss of his illuminating presence.

Business done.—MR. GLADSTONE'S.

Home he's gone and ta'en his wages.

Friday.—Lords and Commons for once in absolute unity. In both Houses address to the QUEEN voted, preliminary to burial of MR. GLADSTONE in Westminster Abbey, and the setting up of a monument. The speeches testify that the mighty dead has left behind him a peerless, imperishable monument in the record of a long life brilliant with achievement, unsullied by meanness, wholly spent in doing good.

Through eighteen centuries and a half no man has walked this earth who brought to his fellow-men an equal amount of advantage, material, moral, and intellectual.

THE SCHOLAR-FARMER.

[The petition for a School of Honours in Agriculture at Oxford has been rejected.—Daily Paper.]

OXFORD! of whom the poet said
 That one of your unwritten laws is
 To back the weaker side and wed
 Your gallant heart to wobbling causes;

It is with mute surprise and pain
 I mark a breach of old tradition;
 I hear you will not entertain
 The Ploughman's plea for recognition!

It cannot be that you have gone,
 Like old Prometheus' private vulture,
 And prematurely sat upon
 The rallying corpse of Agriculture!

You, on whose nicely watered plains
 Where'er the rural student trips, he
 Is sure to notice some remains
 Suggestive of the Scholar-Gipsy;

Ford of the Ox! whose ancient name
 Is full of fine bucolic feeling,
 How could you thus ignore his claim,
 The learned farmer's, lowly kneeling?

He spoke of ensilage and germs,
 Of fallow land and pigs in clover;
 You answered in derisive terms,
 And lightly passed his Georgics over.

He proffered butter-churns; he knew
 The patent cream-extractor's odd use;
 He tested milk; but you, you threw
 Cold water on his dairy produce.

He wove for you a Cereal crown,
 And craved in turn an Honours title;
 You knocked his cornucopia down,
 And gave him beans for cold requital!

Oh, Oxford! in your hours of ease
 Content to spurn the newer knowledge!
 What if the foot-and-mouth disease
 Should hit you hard in court and college?

What if, through pestilence or drought,
 You failed for very lack of victuals,
 While all your prophets, driven out,
 Made Cambridge flow with beer and
 skittles?

THE SHADE OF COLUMBUS SPEAKS.

(Christopher Columbus died May 20, A.D., 1506.)

FAR in the golden West I found

The land that made two worlds as one,
 And joined at once on common ground

The Rising with the Setting Sun.

But now I hear the battle shout

As East and West dispute the sea.

And cry of slaughter, raid, and rout,

Of Freedom making men unfree,

Of pillaged homes and starving men,

And I repent me of my deed,

When I contrast the Now and Then,

The Then to which I gave the lead!

O! Peoples, pause awhile in strife

That mingles thus both shame and fame,

I may not speak to you in Life,

But know in Death Peace* is my name!

* The crest of COLUMBUS is the Dove, which is the emblem of Peace.

"SHADOW'D."—The Earth, as is evident to the Globe (May 20), at sunset. Our terrestrial proceedings are being most carefully watched.



OUR YEOMANRY—SWORD EXERCISE.

A Suggestion for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

A WHITSUN HOLIDAY.

(A Page from a Modern Diary.)

Monday.—Up with the lark. Breakfast not ready. Spent my spare time in closing the boxes. Got the family into the train with difficulty. Devoted the day to travelling. Reached our destination tired out. Glad to get to bed.

Tuesday.—Up with the lark. Did the sights. Had no time to look at anything, as I had to attend to the tickets. Saw all the museums. My party coming out when I had got the catalogues. So managed our visits that there was no opportunity of discussing meals. Got back in time for *table d'hôte*, but preferred sleep to food. Went to bed.

Wednesday.—Up with the lark. Off again travelling. On the road all day. Having to fit in the corresponding trains, had no leisure for meals. Arrived at our new resting-place late at night. So off as quickly as possible to bed.

Thursday.—Up with the lark. Spent the morning in sight-seeing under the customary conditions. Waited upon the family. Looked after the catalogues and umbrellas. Food again at a discount. Dispensed with dinner. Glad to get to bed.

Friday.—Up with the lark. Time to return. Back again by a train. No food. No rest. Half-way home. Arrived in time to see the lights being put out. Off to bed.

Saturday.—Up with the lark. Continued my journey post-haste. Wrote up my diary. Find that I have got over several hundreds of miles; but for the life of me cannot remember anything that I have seen. Don't recollect any square meal. Back again, tired, and only pleased to be in bed.

Sunday.—Sleeping.

Monday.—Up with the lark. Recovered from my week's "rest," and glad to get back again to work.

ADVICE TO HONEYMOONERS ABOUT TO START ON A CONTINENTAL TRIP.—The most appropriate place for "*les nocces*" should be "The Hotel Marry-time, Calais."

SPORTIVE SONGS.

(A personage of the Speculative Order still addresses a Lady of the same persuasion, after ten years' courtship.)

ONCE more we met on the Derby Day,
The rollicking, frolicking day of play,
And my thoughts were wandering far away.
(Wasn't there fun in the time gone by?)

Ten years ago 'twas Ayrshire won,
And I betted you odds just ten to one
When Crouberry nearly the crack had done.
(Wasn't there fun in the time gone by?)

You followed the Duke in the next year, too,
When Donovan mastered the "Brewer's Brew,"
And the Goldmine did what it could for few.
(Wasn't there fun in the time gone by?)

Then we were plighted hand in hand
As we went to the hill from the bleak Grand Stand;
I deemed I had won the best prize in the land!
(Yes, there was fun in the time gone by!)

But when Sainfoin had beaten *Le Nord*
(I rhyme it in English), you struck no chord,
But looked, I remarked, most terribly bored.
(It wasn't all fun in the time gone by!)

Brave Dorset Common upset that chance
That a *Gouverneur* triumph would give to France,
When the numbers went up how your eyes did dance!
(Once again fun in the time gone by!)

Never united, but fancy free,
Sir Hugo was not for you or me.
If *La Flèche* had won we now *One* should be.
(There were tears in the laughs of the time gone by!)

Isinglass cost us many a pound,
We imagined that *Raeburn* would cover the ground,
But our love was as sure, as our tips unsound.
(Happy go lucky in time gone by!)

You were always a Tory from birth, I know,
And I—well, a sort of Unionist foe,
But Lord ROSEBERY caused us the bitterest throe.
(’94, ’95 we had best pass by!)

In *Ladas*, *Sir Visto*, we had no claim;
We scorned the *Primrose* Minister's name.
We were broken, but Love still fanned our flame.
(The time wasn't long in the passing by!)

Next came the season of '96.
As usual, both of us made eggs chicks.
You had got nothing, and I the same—"nix."
(Still we laughed gaily in time gone by!)

The Prince's *Persimmon* made matters seem right;
The horizon with wedding and wealth was bright,
But you would wait a year for *Velasquez*—good night!
(How I do mourn for the time gone by!)

Now I remind you, for ten long years
I've battled with betting and terror and tears,
And I've never a hope but is cradled in fears.
(The time isn't long in the passing by!)

I'd the winner! The port, of my Mecca, in you,
And at *Jeddah* my vows I will once more renew.
Though a Decade of Derbies is known to the few.
(But the "Yes," after all, makes the time fly by!)

SATISFACTORY NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.—The French dockyards are very busy in building new warships, having in view a possible war with Great Britain. *Tant mieux*. We have always readily accepted these tributes to our maritime superiority when the time comes for annexing them.

NOTE BY OUR IRREPRESSIBLE ONE (*wandering, as usual*).—Q. What is the only canine horticultural equivalent to the dog-rose?
A. The colley-flower! [*Durance vile waiting for him.*]

**DISENGAGED.**

Miss Britannia (meditatively). "I THINK UNCLE SAM WOULD BE A GOOD PARTNER; AND SO WOULD LITTLE JAP! I WONDER IF MY 'COUSIN-GERMAN,' WILLIAM, WILL ASK ME TOO!"

OPERATIC NOTES.

Royal Birthday Night, May 21.—For *Die Meistersinger* house crowded with worshipping Wagnerites. The minority delighted but overpowered, as is the fate of minorities. With the Brothers DE RESZKE, PLANCON, PRINGLE (which for the look of the thing should be spelt "Pringel"), SOULACROIX, and EMMA EAMES in one cast, with Conductor MANCINELLI in the chair, the most exacting Wagnerite could not wish for more, and will never again be satisfied with less.

Wednesday.—*La Favorita* ought always to be the opera *par excellence* for Derby Night. But as the place of the favourite was taken by *Jeddah* at Epsom, so *Faust* walked in at Covent Garden. SUZANNE ADAMS came out as a charming *Marguerite*, with a lover *Van Dyck Faust* not quite up to the mark. It is satisfactory in this cast that VAN DYCK should first appear as an old master. VAN DYCK good in the trio. Poor Mlle. BAUERMEISTER as *Martha*, for the first time these many years, suddenly gave in and fainted. The curtain lowered; much sympathy; considerable excitement; then, on the curtain being raised, every one delighted to see Mlle. BAUERMEISTER, the suffering *Martha*, tenderly supported by EDOUARD DE RESZKE, who, as the designing *Mephistopheles*, was infernally kind to her. And so, with his support, *Martha* managed to get through her share of the opera.

Thursday.—*Borito's Mefistofele*. Awkward way of spelling *Mephistopheles*, when one has to substitute "f" twice for the accustomed "ph." Much the same as if we came to spell physician "fysician," and to take "fysic." Madame CALVE, doubling the parts of *Marguerite*, "with the golden hair a-hanging down her back," so as to make a strong contrast between "the fair one with the golden locks" and a dark-haired HELEN of Troy, with nothing classical about her but the name. But what matters the hair, if we only get the music? And not only the music, but also such acting as that with which Madame CALVE delighted a crowded house. Monsieur BONNARD as *Faust*, "*le Bonnard des dames*," mighty good, and PLANCON a fine fiend. MANCINELLI meritorious.

Friday.—*Meistersinger* as before. Wagnerian Cyclists inquiring when the Cycle is going to begin? Report says that on the Cycle days and nights breakfasts, luncheons, dinners, teas and suppers will be provided in the house at certain fixed intervals of rest during the performance, and for the sake of those to whom some repose is a physical necessity, there will be a cessation of opera during a few small and early morning hours, after which Wagnerites will be themselves again. At least, that is what that well-informed person, Signor BENJAMIN TROVATO tells us.

A DRAMATIC CUE.—*Mr. Punch* is sorry to see by personal inspection that the medallion-tablet affixed by CHARLES KEAN to the memory of his father, EDMUND KEAN, on the wall of the parish church of St. Mary Magdalene, Richmond, Surrey, is rapidly wasting away. The great actor's nose is visibly diminishing, and his complexion is that of very mottled soap. Up! up! then, ye gallant historians, headed by Generals Sir HENRY IRVING, CHARLES WYNDHAM, BEERBOHM TREE, and GEORGE ALEXANDER, and repel this charge of Neg-



Millionaire (who has been shown into fashionable Artist's studio, and has been kept waiting a few minutes). "SHOP!"

lect! No doubt the Rev. Canon PROCTER, Vicar of Richmond, would act as chaplain to the forces.

SKENDALOUS!—Two emissaries from the office of *The Cantab* were deputed to interview Mrs. KENDAL during her recent visit to Cambridge. The report of these two interviewers—neither dared go alone—is published in the above-mentioned University journal. It is excellent and instructive reading, and should send up the paper's sale to an enormous extent. Mrs. KENDAL permitted the interviewers to approach her. Here was her mistake. Anyone positively objecting to be interviewed should not admit such unprincipled villains, as the lady's unfortunate experience of journalists shows them to be, into her presence. And apparently she was alone! The unprotected female in the presence of two journalists armed, it might be, with cold

steel pens, and capable of anything! "I do not," declared Mrs. KENDAL, "believe in newspaper articles; they are all false. And as for editors—they are the most venal class in existence. There is not one who cannot be bought"—she might have added, "and sold," but she didn't—"and who will not lie if anyone makes it worth his while." Ah! there's the point, "worth his while." Now, Mrs. KENDAL, save up your money, and, that you may have proof positive of the truth of your assertion, you will find that next Wednesday *Mr. Punch* is to be "bought"—for threepence!! Can't take less. Order early.

THE new "Russian naval programme" is quite in accord with what PETER THE GREAT, that eminent shipbuilder, would have recommended. Thus it is that Russian history re-peters itself.



PLEASANT PROSPECT.

Nervous Traveller. "LOOK HERE, YOU KNOW, I'M NOT GOING TO RIDE BEHIND THAT BRUTE!"

Post-boy. "LOR' BLESS YOU, SIR, IT'S ONLY 'ER GAMMON. WHY, SHE 'LL BE AS QUIET AS A SHEEP WHEN WE ONCE GET 'ER FIXED BETWEEN THE SHAFTS!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

INSPIRED by his theme, *The Millionaires* (HUTCHINSON), Mr. FRANKFORT MOORE has lavished on the work glittering strands of wit. His dialogue, unbrokenly brilliant, does not tire because it seems so easily done. My Baronite would advise the gentle reader to take a sheet of foolscap and attempt to imitate it. The scenes are chiefly set on the shores of the Mediterranean, the gay life of the English-American colony being reproduced with a pleasant tincture of acidity. Mr. MOORE's most life-like people are his Irish and his Americans. *Lord Ballyseedy* is delightful, and is with characteristic undutifulness outdone by his niece *Angela*. The understanding between the two distinctly varies from that established in ordinary avuncular relations.

FLORENCE WARDEN has written many a better novel than this *Little Miss Prim* (F. V. WHITE & Co.). It will serve to beguile a leisure hour, or several leisure hours, according to "the taste and fancy" of the reader, who may take it at a gulp or in small doses. It excites, but disappoints.

My faithful "Co." reports that Mr. LUCY's new edition of his *Life of Gladstone* is more interesting than ever. An additional chapter completes the work, and tells the sad doings of the last ten days. But in spite of the recorded cloud, the book is as bright as gold—gold its worth.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

At the Free Library.

Clerk (after search). Yes, Miss, I'm sorry to say that *The Men who made the Empire* is out at present.

Miss Gogo. How unfortunate! I did want to read all about Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES!

TESTIMONY OF EXPERTS.—The financial results of the Military Tournament are likely to be as good this season as in former years. Two great military authorities have spoken highly of the performances; one is Private View; the other General Public.

HOTEL SIGN SUGGESTED BY A RECENT CONTROVERSY.

IXION HOTEL, RAMBLEBURY.

NOTICE.

Lady Cyclists in "Rational Costume" are informed that *Respectable Skirts* for use at all meals are on hire at the Bar.

BENJAMIN BLIZZARD,
Proprietor.

Place aux Dames at Epsom.

Mrs. McGuffin (who has just heard Lady O'TOULZE state that her father's horse won the Derby in days gone by). Well, that's not much to boast of! My uncle had a colt that won the Oaks three times running. [And all her lady hearers believed her.]

CHEAPER STILL.—If some new stores are started with the idea of underselling the lowest prices at a certain well-known Bromptonian establishment, would not they assume the motto of "Out-Harroding HARROD?"

SHIPS TO BE SCUTTLED WITH BRITISH COAL.—We have ships of coaling stations, yet the *mot d'ordre* is never be "scuttle."

SONG OF GRATITUDE FROM "CARMEN"
new carriages on the L. C. & D.
contento! Cor-or-ridor! Cor-or-r!

THE ONLY NATION WITH WH
DISINCLINED TO COPE.—A POW

BEFORE THE PUBLIC AMUSEMENT COMMITTEE.

THE inquiry into the proceedings of *A Runaway Girl* at the Gaiety Theatre took place to-day in this Court.

Miss ELLALINE TERRISS (Mrs. SEYMOUR HICKS) said that of course she was bound to like her part very much. It was so new and fresh. She played an *ingénue*. For the first time? Oh, dear, no! Why, she was always playing an *ingénue*. Being asked if ever before this she had sung a love-song with the lime-light on her, accompanied by a "chorus without," Miss TERRISS replied that she rather thought so. Unable to explain why there was nothing strikingly dramatic for her to do, or remarkably original for her to sing, in this piece, but she wished the Committee to understand that the piece was not written by Mr. HICKS alone. If it had been written All for Her, why, then— (Applause, during which witness smiled sweetly, curtsied, and withdrew.)

Mr. LOUIS BRADFELD, who addressed his replies to the Committee in a light and airy manner, said, Am I the Gaiety *jeune premier*? Why, certainly. Style founded on FRED LESLIE and HICKS, with a touch of ARTHUR ROBERTS? Well, if you say so, good, but not aware of it myself. Consider a touch-an'-go jaunty manner, a high-coloured make-up, and a light, summery costume, varied by suddenly earnest sentimentality, with occasional wink, or a demurely sly expression, a useful voice, a capable pair of legs for step-dancing, the qualifications for "a Gaiety young man." In present part of *Guy Stanley*—(by the way, he objected to being called a Guy)—he had not much to do or sing. Should probably work it up. Stand down? With pleasure. Ta, ta! See you later.

Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS, who spoke in a rather low tone, and did not seem quite at his ease, said he was an old hand at stage business. Knew it all. Other people copied him, yes. Why shouldn't he copy others, and try his hand at writing a new musical play? Not alone. Oh, no. In conjunction with SEYMOUR HICKS. Did not see him in Court. Sorry. *Hicks illæ lacrymæ*. Collaboration excellent; ahem—oh! yes—might have got on better without collaborateur. Did they speak his dialogue on the stage? He hoped so, but couldn't say. In fact, couldn't recollect exactly what his dialogue was. Could swear some dialogue had been written. With SEYMOUR HICKS? Oh, yes, but— Well, he would rather not say any more on the subject. Forgot whether he had ever seen *Fra Diavolo*, or played in *The Thumping Legacy*. Was sure he hadn't played in *The Chieftain*. Might have seen it. Could not say he remembered the Courier in that Opera, or the Courier's song. Perhaps Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS did. Did they intend this to be a genuine comic opera? Certainly, emphatically—that is—they commenced with that idea,—but—somehow—couldn't explain how—probably—eh?—oh! yes—in the course of rehearsals—it gradually became a—a—in fact, a "Gaiety Piece." Good-day. (Here the witness nodded pleasantly to the Committee, and stepped down.)

Mr. PUNCH's own critic being called, said he agreed with last witness. The piece began with the promise of genuine *Fra Diavolo*ish comic Opera, but the promise was not "kept to the ear." Was it light, bright, and amusing? Certainly it was. Everybody seemed to have an equal chance of making his or her part stand out from the rest, and Miss ELLALINE TERRISS, Miss ETHEL HAYDON, Messrs. EDMUND PAYNE and FRED KAYE took every advantage of the numerous opportunities thus offered. As to the story, that, as Mr. Toots had remarked, was "of no consequence." Quite sympathised with the troubles and trials of authors and of Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES in their gallant attempt to make a cake all plums. EDMUND PAYNE was inimitable, and FRED KAYE as natural as if he were in a comedy, except when he suddenly remembered that he was in an extravaganza.

Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES, in reply to several questions, said, he considered this new piece much the same as its predecessors. It opened well,—yes—and there was certainly a promise of light comic opera in it. For his part, he should prefer genuine comic opera. He wasn't so idiotic as to try and educate the public: he always let the public educate him. They got what they wanted, and therefore he got what he wanted. Would he express any opinion as to the merits of *A Runaway Girl*? Yes, he would, with pleasure, when *A Runaway Girl* had finished her run; not before. There were parts in it for everybody, which was saying a good deal.—a good deal more, in fact, than the parts have to say for themselves. As a title, "*A Runaway*" might not be quite appropriate; he hoped she had "come to stay." If the Committee would excuse him, he would be glad to get away, as he had twenty-five board meetings to attend, and some fifty theatrical companies, home and abroad, to look after, so if they would dispense with his further attendance— (Applause, during which witness bowed and retired.)



Jane. "THERE'S A DEAL OF DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A BOARD SCHOOL AND A BOARDING SCHOOL, ISN'T THERE, MISS EFFIE?"

Effie. "ONLY THREE LETTERS, JANE."

Jane. "I SEE. YOU MEAN I N G."

Effie. "NO. I MEAN L. S. D.!"

ADVERTISEMENTS ACCORDING TO THE ACT.

["The Act of Parliament requires a tradesman to give an 'absolutely true' description of his goods."—*Decision of the Court of Appeal.*]

MUSTARD OF THE WORST QUALITY.—This much wasted, necessary article of consumption in a highly adulterated condition can be obtained at a cost immensely in excess of its value at—

THE ROAD TO RUIN.—The direct course is to borrow money at something over 150 per cent. from PLANTAGENET DE VERE, né LEVY SPIDERWEBB.

THE UNIVERSAL MONEY PROVIDING SYNDICATE, LIMITED.—As might have been expected from its name, a swindle. Full particulars of the method it was proposed to take to absorb the cash of the shareholders can be obtained of the Secretary.

THE NEW PIECE IS STILL RUNNING, thanks to the house being crammed with "paper" at every performance. It is a mercy for a "deadhead" to look in. It is necessary, however, to warn proposing theatre-goers that the pieces in the programme are quite the worst on record.

AN EXCURSION TRIP FOR THOSE WHO SEEK EXCITEMENT can be obtained any day by starting at noon for the seaside. First-class passengers guaranteed third-class company. Time occupied on the journey amounts to about three times that advertised. Crush and disgust with place of destination guaranteed. Usual discomfort en route home. Possible smash at the end of the journey.

THE HONEST PUBLICITY SYNDICATE.—This to-day is started to describe the merits or denounce the demerits of all new ventures. As a commencement it declares that its own articles of association are of the most fraudulent character.



NOSCE TEIPSUM.

Lady Cyclist (touring in North Holland). "WHAT A RIDICULOUS COSTUME!"

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

FAIR demoiselles that in the quest of modes
Have made with us your transient abodes,
Towing across the rather captious main
Your patient, panting mommas in your
train,

While poppa in his daily working collar
Pursued at home the desultory dollar—
Behold our sacred feelings rudely shaken
To mark the desperate turn that things
have taken!

We hear of female patriotic leagues,
Banded to pulverise our French intrigues;
How you have given way to warlike pas-
sions,

And mean to do without the latest fashions;
To cut, in fact, the modistes of our town,
And never wear another Gallic gown.

Merely because our democratic press
Felt drawn towards a Monarch in distress;
Because our free Republic had to do
Just what her friend, the Tartar, told her
to;

Because, perhaps, we took about a week
To send your telegram from Martinique;
Or, lightly winking, looked the other way
When Spanish cruisers came to coal, or
stay—

For this you swear to sever your connection
With those who frame the ultimate con-
fection!

Ah! can you thus so easily forget
The blessed memory of LAFAYETTE,
(Meaning the man, of course, and not the
liner.)

Than whose performance nothing could be
finer,

When, by the bravery of France, you broke
Perfidious Albion's confounded yoke?

But let it pass. Besides, in any case,
The Artist knows no prejudice of race;
Cosmopolite as is the wanton wind
We others work at large for Womankind;
We have no local bias in our breast,
But simply lean to such as pay the best.
And as with Art, so too, in turn, should
Beauty

Rise glorious about the claims of Duty;
To no peculiar land or kin attached,
Her haunt is where the choicest modes
are hatched;

All human ties she barter for a bonnet,
As though her future state depended on it.
Has not this instinct (even found in blacks)
Turned half your men to Anglomaniacs?
London for tailors; but, for woman's
gear,

Where shall you find its habitat but here?
Ah! would you waive the source of all
your grace,
And spoil your pretty nose to spite your
face?

And this your sacrifice, *par trop de zèle*,
Pray, how should it affect the fighting
male?

Your warriors praise you now with "Nobly
done!"

But what will follow when the war is won?
What if you found your WORTH-less beauty
scorned,

And Mars should mock at Venus un-
adorned?

Be wise in time; trust not your native
charms,

But come where Paris waits with open
arms;

For though her heart is in the Bonds of
Spain,

Of Yankee pockets how her hands are fain!

TRUE NOBILITY.—At the recent meeting
of the Nobel Dynamite Trust Co., the net
profit was declared at £232,773, with a
dividend of twelve per cent. Nobel
indeed! They'll have to keep up to
their mark in future, remembering that
"Nobel-esse oblige." Everything and every-
body Noble in this Company. No "Nobble."

WHERE MESSES. SPIERS AND POND OUGHT
TO HAVE THEIR HEADQUARTERS.—At
"Cater'em Junction."



THE BOËR-HOUND.

JOE CH-MB-RL-N (to clever old dog, KR-G-R), "SLIP YOUR MUZZLE, WOULD YOU? WELL, ANYHOW, YOU CAN'T SLIP YOUR COLLAR!"

A NEW TERROR FOR CELEBRITIES. PORTRAITS BY WIRE.

[According to the *Daily Mail* it is possible to transmit portraits by wire.]

EXPERIMENTS IN TELAUTOGRAPHY BY A BEGINNER.

DARBY JONES REFLECTS ON EPSOM AND MANCHESTER.

HONOURED SIR,—When, on Wednesday last, a coach laden not only with copious Hampers, but also a very Hilarious Party, halted at the *Doomed Cock* of Sutton, not one of that Jovial Band opined that the return journey would be undertaken, by Myself, at all events, under most depressing auspices. Count GROGONOFF (titular King of Cracow) quaffed the life-inspiring B. and S. with Captain KRITERION, and vowed eternal friendship; Sir WILLOUGHBY BINKO (who has assumed a Baronetcy dormant for Two Centuries) drank his favourite beverage, champagne and stout commingled, from a silver goblet which had once figured in the Palatial Hall of EVANS'S, and shared his morning draught with BEN FRONT, the celebrated cueist; while I— But why pursue the subject? Briefly, the Universal Toast, Tory in its assimilation, was “Derby and Disraeli!” It would be of no interest, Sir, to you or to my other honoured patrons to relate how, immediately afterwards, a slight difference of opinion (always allowable among Gentlemen) arose between the Captain and the Baronet as to the Joint Wagers incurred by them in supporting the Favourite for some Young Dear Friends of theirs. Suffice it to say that the Count cast oil on the waters of speculation by exclaiming, “Ve vill cot your moogs up between us!”

Peace then reigned, and self-complacency was established when we took up a commanding position on the Chalk-it-up Hill. Several of my companions pointed out that on the Hill the Sportsman was relieved from those Coarse Importunities to which he might be subjected by Layers of Odds in the Licensed Enclosures round about the Grand Stand. Moreover, the Dreadful Welcher would be avoided. Captain KRITERION, who is a Bit of a Bard (indeed, he backed *The Bard* in A.D. 1886, and was prevented from settling by Family Grief) was most humane on the subject, and wrote an “Innompten” (as he termed it), on the back of Mr. DORLING'S Correct Card, to the detriment of the advertisements. I took a copy of this Distich, and knowing that you sip at Pierian Springs, I venture to reproduce his not inelegant Quatrain:

“Some good in vilest humankind I own.
Nor even at the Welcher cast a stone;
For, when with eager eye his place I scan
After the race, he is a non-est man!”

“Bravo!” cried the Count, who had evidently taken a great fancy to KRITE-

RION. “Dere certainly spoke ze man of experience that does it.”

Of what moment to detail such comparative Trivialities as the victory of Mr. BARNATO (every one glad to see the Old Colours over a new skipper), or the Fascination which Mr. ARTHUR JAMES had for backers in the Stanley Stakes, or the Wandering Minstrels who live on Lobster Claws and Disabled Pineapples, and other Indigestible Refuse of the good and great, or the Ladies and Gentlemen of all and Indescribable Degrees who bring the scent of Monte Carlo over the Surrey Downs. Luncheon-time passed in Sybaritic Fashion, save that numerous Females of the Gipsy Persuasion continuously dirtied my nether Sartorial Requisites by the application of their thumbs and forefingers to the calf of my right leg, in the hope of Filthy Lucre for Indifferent Soothsaying.

Of course, we had the usual Sweepstake: over the Great Event, at Five Pounds *per capitem*, my juvenile acquaintance, the Hon. GEORGE FLIFLATT, late of Oxford College, who providentially appeared on the scene, kindly providing my *Quantum Suff.*, which otherwise I could not have found, being at a loss for change. The Count held the hat, and KRITERION drew the numbers. The former was lucky enough to secure *Disraeli*, and the other the Duke of DEVONSHIRE'S representative. I found myself credited with *Wagner*, while FLIFLATT obtained *Jeron*, which, by a singular belief in his starting, had been included in the Lottery.

Here I pause to draw breath, as did Countless Thousands when they saw a Disreputable Outsider called *Jeddah*, named. I believe, after a disreputable Port on the Red Sea (it ought to be called Dead Sea), romp home in front of one of my Strong Ties, the fast-flitting *Batt*, at the extraordinary odds of 100 to 1 against. The success of Mr. LARNACH'S colt was hailed with a low moan by all on our Dismal Drag, save and excepting KRITERION, who, having also drawn “the Field,” which included the Arabian, quietly slipped the whole of Our Sweep into his capacious pockets. The Count alone gave a cynical smile, while regarding this heartrending operation. For myself, I felt *non plus*. So, borrowing FLIFLATT'S ticket, I made tracks for the Paddock, where, if you remember, my chief. I met you in company with a most Cheerful and Affable Companion, Sir FRASIER PUNNETT, of Wagstaff Hall. Salop, whose crest I find in DEBRETT'S *Record of the Nobility* to be “on an arm sinister a double strawberry mark erased gules.” This genial gentleman (he gave me a Rothschild cigar, a

priceless gift considering the war), cheerfully observed, “Well, I'm sorry the Duke didn't quite hit it off with his bat, but he didn't score badly after all. *Dunlop* couldn't stay the course, as he was probably tired. Regarding the winner, he ought to have been fathered by a centurion, not a *Janissary*, and though there was a MADDEN in the saddle, there are, I expect, a great many more mad'uns on the Course.”

I could see by his jovial remarks that you and Sir FRASIER PUNNETT had backed “*Jeddah*,” and I felt cut to the quick march. Forgive, then, honoured Sir, my quitting your bracing society so abruptly, but I rushed away to secure a Real Good Thing in *Winkfield's Pride* for the Epsom Cup. Alas, alack, and welladay! And then I plunged on *Templecombe*, and then on *Sister Angela*, and then I think I must have walked home. Anyhow, I didn't attempt to climb the Hill again, and I have since learned that Count GROGONOFF, Captain KRITERION & Co., disappeared soon after myself, without undergoing the Fatigue of a Return Journey by Road, leaving FLIFLATT to settle the, to him, Trifling Account.

Having drawn upon you, in the American style, at sight, I must temporarily withdraw myself from Public View till the Mancunian Meeting, of which I venture, not with all Hilarity, to chant as follows:

A magnificent trophy the Manchester Cup,
But not for the *Saint Cheese* I think,
Nor from it will victory *Spaniard* sup,
Nor the *Newfoundland* take a first drink,
Though he may puzzle the *North* to go on
When the *Carrion Monarch* is done,
And the chance of the *Antipodean* is gone,
While the *Neophyte*'s very near won.
But if Royalty's grace can all others displace,
'Tis the Prince of WALES—*Second to None!*

There is the song of the Death-stricken Swan, otherwise known as

Your jaded and Jeddahed Adherent,

DARBY JONES.

P.S.—My respectful compliments to Sir FRASIER PUNNETT, and trust that his Ancestral Pride did not prevent his taking my suggestion that *Airs and Graces* would be of service to him in the Oaks, though well aware that he may call my remarks “Oaks-agen gas.”

The Fourth of June as it is.

Mrs. Cornelius Klondyke. Yes, it's a great privilege having a boy at Eton. KLONDYKE and me always get tickets for Upper Ten School to hear the speechifying.

LATEST ADVICE TO FRANCE AND ENGLAND IN WEST AFRICA.—“Kissi and be friends!”



THE SAILOR AND THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL!

OR, LORD CH-RL-S B-R-SF-RD TO THE RESCUE.

"It is proposed to construct a line of electric tramways from Kew to Hampton Court, the proposed route for which is over the famous Richmond Hill and in front of the gates of Richmond Park."

"COME TO OUR PAVILION."

Love's Labour Lost, Act II., Sc. 1.

LET lovers of song enjoy their DE RESZKÉS, their PLANÇONS, and their *chansons*, but for good hearty enjoyment, give us Signor DANIEL; LENO at any time, but especially just now, when at the London Pavilion, familiarly styled "the Pav," the aforesaid DAN appears as a Beefeater, in the Tower of London, explaining its beauties to the Towerists. That's excellent; so is his Shopman at the stores, where "eggs is eggs;" but yet more excellent is his masterly analysis of the old song, "*Where are you going to, my pretty Maid!*" and his admirably high-toned moral reflections on the conduct of the gentleman—shall we call him "gentleman?"—we think not, as no gentleman who considers himself a gentleman could possibly stoop (and he must have stooped, as he was on horseback, when speaking to a girl afoot) to address a young and simple maiden going with buckets to the "bucket-shop" (apparently, and this is the only excuse for the otherwise rude questioner), and ask her "Where she was going," and to style her, "*My pretty maid.*" But was she "*his* pretty maid?" Now, on this point—but at this point we must break off, and leave the difficult question to be solved by Professor DANIEL LENO, who will find in this old song matter for infinite discussion, and illimitable theories to be dealt with in his own inimitable manner. Every Laughing Philosopher should hear DAN LENO's discourse.

There are other attractions—all good. MISS MARIE WILTON (surely we've heard that name before? Some few years ago, isn't it?) is a "Serio-comic and Dancer,"

who will wile away your minutes delightfully, and "The Bale Troupe" take advantage of a quiet moment, when there are neither Dons nor undergraduates, nor, indeed, anyone at all, in the grounds at the "backs of the Colleges" in full view of Trinity, Cambridge, to perform their "Celebrated Bicycle Act." To thoroughly appreciate the reason why Messrs. PINARO (No, not PINERO, but very near O!) and ZAVAN call their exhilarating entertainment *The Swell and the Tramp* the reader must see it; and, soon afterwards, by attentively listening and catching (if he can) every word that Mlle. MARGUERITE CORNILLE, "*La Charmeuse*," utters, he will enjoy the story of her song as much as he will have enjoyed her singing. The "Musical AVOLOS," Xylophone Players, make a series of hits with their instruments; and there are plenty of *autres shows* at the Pavilion.

ECCLÉSIASTICAL.—There is one Bishop who, judging by his name, ought to be an authority on vestments, and that is "Dr. WESTCOTT." Is the Bishop of Durham a Low WESTCOTT or a High WESTCOTT? And when his Lordship obtains his well-earned holiday, instead of going away to the coast, does he remain at home, and lecture on diocesan matters, the reports of which, when published, are refreshingly headed, "WESTCOTT-on-See"?

INSTEAD.—A new book, *Blastus*, by W. T. STEAD, is published by GRANT RICHARDS. But even RICHARDS will grant that *Blastus* would have been more appropriately published by "WINDUS."

JOURNALISM UP-TO-DATE.

"WHOEVER is content with the ideas of yesterday," says Sir HENRY IRVING, "the journalist must be equipped with the ideas of to-morrow." All aspirants for journalistic honours pass such an examination as this:—

1. Describe process known as "intelligent anticipation of events." Anticipate intelligently the following:—British retreat from Wei-Hai-Wei; Russian occupation of Hong Kong; graceful concession of Gibraltar; polite withdrawal from the Cape.

2. Write full account of forthcoming engagement between American and Spanish Fleets, giving (a) list of killed and wounded, and (b) personal narratives of survivors.

3. Explain the terms *reported*, *rumoured*, *unconfirmed*, *contradicted*. Illustrate their use in halfpenny journalism.

4. Review the Poet Laureate's next volume for (a) *The Standard*, (b) *The Star*, (c) *Our Booking-Office*.

5. Write a leading article which shall be equally appropriate to any of the following events:—Bombardment of New York, Fall of Madrid, Destruction of the Spanish squadron, Annihilation of the U. S. Fleet, Capture of Khartoum, British reverse in Egypt, Discovery of the North Pole. Show that whatever has happened is in strict accordance with the course prophesied in your issue of yesterday's date.

6. State exact terms of non-existent treaty between Great Britain and United States. Give *précis* of settlement of Sierra Leone question.



C.R.H.

THE STORMY PETREL.

South African variety. At present on the Atlantic.

[“Dr. LEYDS left to-day to take up his duties in Europe as political representative of the Transvaal.”—*Pretoria, May 26.*]



A TASTE TO BE ACQUIRED.

(A Whitsuntide Sketch.)

Soosan Jane. "WELL, HOW IN THE WORLD OUR MISSUS CAN BE SO FOND O' RIDING ON 'ORSEBACK, I DON' KNOW!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 23.—At a quarter past six, the Right Hon. J. W. LOWTHER took the Chair on resumption of Committee on Irish Local Government Bill. Particular about mentioning him in full style, as this is earliest opportunity. Naturally expected to find his name in list of Jubilee honours. Perhaps is more distinguished out of the crowd in the briefer Birthday List. However it be, Privy Councillorship is well deserved. From the first, J. W. took the Chair of Ways and Means as a duck takes to water. Cannot recall an instance where he has blundered. As the ever-regretted Mr. PHELPS, sometime American Minister at this Court, once said, a man who never makes a mistake will never make anything. Still, in either Chair of House of Commons, even monotonous freedom from error is regarded in a favourable aspect.

True, J. W. has lived through Elysian days compared with the lot of his predecessor. That kindly, courtly gentleman never had justice done to him. He came fresh to Chair at an epoch exceeding in bitterness any that has marked the Commons since early Corn Law days. Moreover, an able and influential circle of the Opposition made a dead set against him. Wanting to wreck the Home Rule Bill, they perceived a vulnerable point of attack

in the Chairman. If they could worry him, and get things in a muddle, the chances



"As a duck takes to water."

The Right Hon. J. W. L.-wth-r.

of Bill passing were appreciably lessened. So they deliberately and systematically "went for" the Chairman.

J. W. lives in happier times. At best, position of Chairman of Ways and Means is a difficult one to sustain with general approval. That approval the present incumbent early won, and holds with increasing firmness of grip.

Nothing more touching than the gratification of his kinsman, Lord of the Isle of Thanet, at the official recognition of the Chairman's success. "We LOWTHERS are getting on," JEMMY said, smiling benignly at the Chair. "There is not one Right Hon. LOWTHER, but two Right Hon. LOWTHERS."

Business done.—Ramming Local Government Bill through Committee, so as to wind up for holidays to-morrow. If time inadequate, so much the worse for the Bill.

Wednesday, 12.25 A.M.—Just adjourned for Whitsun holidays. Been sitting since noon yesterday; for the most part dolefully dull; hour after hour in Committee on Irish Bill. Half-an-hour before midnight Bill through Committee Stage. A grateful cheer from tired legislators. Go home now; off for well-earned holidays.

Not at all. SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, jealous for interests of his beloved friend DON JOSE, is certain COLONIAL SECRETARY would like opportunity of referring to his famous Birmingham speech. Stirred up hornets' nest all over Continent; brought upon DON JOSE's meek head avalanche of



THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

Fair Yankee (in Egypt). "I SAY, UNCLE, CAN YEW TELL ME, AIR THERE EVER ANY NEW CAMELS? I GUESS ALL I'VE SEEN MUST BE SECOND-HAND!"

criticism and reproof. The SAGE insists this should not be borne alone. Were the Cabinet cognisant of, and therefore jointly responsible for, the speech? If so, let them come forward like men and toe the line with JOSE. Put searching question on subject yesterday. Evaded by ST. MICHAEL. Now, on motion for adjournment, proposes to take constitutional means of raising it. Then DILKE wanted to know what about rumoured advances towards alliance with Germany? BASHMEAD-ARTLETT, to DILKE's ill-concealed gratification, followed on same lines.

This too much for Arch-Angelic temper of ST. MICHAEL. As a rule, his equability imperturbable; his conversation "Yea, yea;" unwillingly varied by "Nay, nay," when applications are made at the Treasury for extended grants. But there are limits even to the temper of ST. MICHAEL cum All Angels. At sight of this Triple Alliance, he exploded. "The Three Tailors of Tooley Street!" he mockingly cried, enveloping the trio with wrathful glance.

Eminently characteristic that after this outburst he observed that he "didn't wish to say anything disrespectful." That all very well, but the thing was done; the eve of the Whitsun holiday was made memorable by the spectacle of the equable stream of a blameless life stirred by hitherto unknown gust of passion. Awed by the phenomenon, having misty notions of reading somewhere, that when a habitually placid man flames in wrath there is no knowing to what lengths he may go,

Members folded their tents like the Arab, and as silently stole away.

Business done.—CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER suddenly, unexpectedly, explodes. Blows House clean into Whitsun Recess. Fragments will be picked up on Monday, June 6.

TEST EXAMINATION PAPER FOR THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING RACE.

(For acceptance on both sides of the Atlantic.)

GIVE a short account of the Anglo-American language, showing that the tongue of SHAKESPEARE had its birth in Boston.

Show that COLUMBUS should be accepted as a misprint for C. O'LUMBUS, and counted an Irishman.

Give your reasons for believing that America was at one time a part of Wales, and the intervening ocean a sea of comparatively modern creation.

Sketch out a plan by which the White House at Washington and the Castle at Windsor might become interchangeable.

Demonstrate how an Anglo-American House of Assembly could sit alternately at Westminster and New York.

Design a flag that would display the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes in fraternal combination.

Trace a pedigree showing that JOHN and JONATHAN are not cousins, but brothers.

Enumerate the ties of kinship binding TENNYSON to LONGFELLOW. WASHINGTON to WELLINGTON, and the

Mayflower to those of their families who remained at home.

Finally, demonstrate to general satisfaction that, although *Yankee Doodle* is admittedly of early English origin, *Rule Britannia* is the latest production of the more than ever United States.

AGGRESSION.

[To plant ourselves at Wei-Hai-Wei with guns and rifles pointing across at Port Arthur . . . is a step which the Russian Government can scarcely be expected to consider a friendly act.—*Saturday Review*, May 21.]

'Tis true, where'er your pathway lies
Your policy we seem to cross,
We tamper with your best allies,
Find profit in your loss.

When fresh advantages we seek
With crafty smile we speak you fair,
And laugh, at first with tongue in cheek—
Outright when once we're there.

So when at last our true intent,
No longer hidden, you discern,
Our double-dealing you resent—
A worm, they say, will turn.

Yet know, as angrily you squirm
And dare remonstrate when attacked,
We look upon your turning, worm,
As an unfriendly act.

EAGER CONTRIBUTORIES.—Young ladies in remote country districts in want of partners for croquet, lawn-tennis, bicycling, and so forth, should be energetic supporters of the "Additional Curates Society."



A STUDY IN EXPRESSION.



THE SAME WITH A DIFFERENCE.

Polly. "YOU KNOW, FATHER, I TOLD YOU YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE COME TO TOWN IN THAT AWFUL HAT. I WONDER YOU WEAR IT AT HOME EVEN."

Father. "WHY, IT DOESN'T MATTER. EVERYBODY KNOWS ME THERE."

Lolly. "YES; BUT IT'S DIFFERENT IN LONDON."

Father. "NO, QUITE THE SAME. NOBODY KNOWS ME HERE!"

OUR POST-BAG.

["An important war causes literature and art to be neglected. . . . It is curious to notice how it is the one topic of conversation at the dinner-table, in the train, and elsewhere."—*A Weekly Review.*]

SIR,—At this momentous crisis, when the fortunes of two great nations are trembling in the balance, it is disgusting to find that there are some unhappy creatures so blinded by their sordid love of gold as to allude to petty financial transactions in their conversation and correspondence. Only this morning I received a letter from Messrs. SNIPS & Co., tailors, "begging my

attention to their small account." Small account, indeed! I have explained in my reply that my whole attention, at the present time, is concentrated elsewhere—somewhere in the neighbourhood of Cuba, in fact. Yours faithfully, M. P. KUNIS.

SIR,—In common with all other men of intelligence, you must be aware how disgracefully the fleets of America and Spain alike have been mismanaged in the present war. Since my retirement from the sugar trade, which took place a few months ago, I have devoted much attention to the problems of naval warfare. And, being a lover of fairplay, I beg to intimate that for

a moderate fee I am prepared to furnish either Spain or the United States with a plan of campaign which cannot fail to prove immediately successful.

HORATIO NELSON TOMKINS.

SIR,—Our country is watching the struggle with "trembling eagerness." And what does this lead to? It leads to Sleeplessness, to Indigestion, to a Disordered Liver,—in a word, to all those ailments for which Poppleton's Perfect Pillules are the one safe and infallible cure. The moral is obvious.

POPPLETON & Co.

SIR,—Owing to this abominable war, I can find no sale for my usual Spring output; my *Odes to the Cuckoo* are a drug in the market; no editor will look at my *Songs to May*. And so, Sir, I appeal to you to assist me by announcing that I am prepared to furnish Patriotic Songs, Ballads and Elegies (with American or Spanish flavour, according to taste) on the lowest terms.

APOLLO JOHNSON.

P.S. (*private and confidential*).—What do you say to running my *Strife of Nations*—a blank-verse epic of about fifteen thousand lines—as a serial in *Punch*?

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have been shamefully treated, and I appeal to you for protection. That old beast BILLY (our headmaster, you know) put me on in *Cæsar* this morning. I didn't know a word of it, and explained that I couldn't be expected to trouble about Latin and Greek and that sort of rot, when all my sympathy was absorbed in the fate of Spain. And the only result, if you please, was that BILLY told me to write out the lesson twice, Latin and English!

Yours disgustedly,

BROWN MINOR.

MARS MELIORIS BELLI INVENTOR.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As I know that you are strictly neutral, and that your esteemed publication is read alike in Castile and Washington State, I beg to draw the attention of the high-contending Powers of Spain and America to the fact that I have several valuable inventions, which should certainly be immediately adopted by one or both of them.

1. A Machine for Making Dynamite Bread, which cannot be distinguished from the ordinary Staff of Life. Invaluable for provisioning an Enemy's fleet under the cover of disinterested friendship.

2. A Submarine Balloon disguised as a Whale, Shark, or Sword-fish, according to taste, propelled by centrifugal force, and heavily charged with a destructive liquid, of which I am sole patentee.

3. A Repeating Cannon made of *papier mâché*, so light that it can easily be carried in the breast-pocket of a military-cloak.

4. A Mirror fitted with 3,000,000-power electric light, calculated to blind 30,000 men at first sight. Priceless, unless the foe wear my Röntgen Ray Protective spectacles.

5. A Marine Cycle, which, by a special power of oil-diffusion, can travel safely through the stormiest sea.

6. My Refrigerator Splendens, whereby a whole division can be frozen into immobility by the turning of a handle.

I trust that some at least of my methods may meet with your approval. At all times am I ready to furnish plans, &c., to you or any other capitalist.

HANWEL' LE LOONA.

The Laboratory, Peckham Rye.



LAUNCE AND HIS DOG.

Launce. . . . LORD S-L-SB-RY

The Sty Dog. . . . RT. HON. J-E CH-MB-RL-N.

"A CURE FOR INDOLENCE."

HAVE just been reading in the *Fortnightly* an article with this title. Being naturally indolent, I take an interest in the subject. Even continue to do so after reading this article, translated from the French into remarkable English. It is probably good for "an indolent" as the translator would call me, to have his brain taxed occasionally. At last discover the correct treatment. Somehow I do not seem quite a proper subject. Enjoy excellent health. Nevertheless, am hopelessly lazy. Must therefore regulate the employment of the twenty-four hours as recommended by the French doctor, though, as the translator puts it, "without doubt one will judge these precautions juvenile even to the burlesque, tyrannical even to the absurd." Don't quite know whether the translator would consider me an absurd. Perhaps I am a burlesque. Will begin to-morrow, and carefully follow Dr. DE FLEURY's programme for the day.

"Rise at seven." Rather uncomfortably early. Generally get up at nine. But persevere. Next comes "intellectual work for about an hour and a half," and then breakfast at half-past eight. Don't quite see what time this leaves for bath and dressing. Ah, yes! Intellectual work must go on meanwhile. Do my best. Repeat the easier end of the multiplication table while having my bath—always hated mathematics—and conjugate *amo* after. Not so easy. Schoolboy's mechanical memory clean gone. Part my hair all crookedly while struggling with the wretched verb. Still some time for intellectual work. Begin to bate it. Read some irregular verbs in my old Latin grammar. Very uninteresting. At last breakfast time. Excellent appetite. What next? Hang it all! More "intellectual work." Had thought of doing some verses for a magazine. Evidently impossible. Must try something intellectual. Translate part of the *Fortnightly* article back into French. Easy enough, anyhow.

Then comes "rest at half-past eleven." Should much prefer some exercise. How am I to rest? Can't go to sleep in the morning. Even I am not so indolent as that. Besides, the next thing is lunch at noon. How delightfully foreign. Always prefer *déjeuner*. But after a solid English breakfast it is rather early. So take that rest in a cab to the Savoy. *Déjeuner* there. Don't seem very active so far. What now? Another rest! In cab to the club, and rest there in easy chair with my eyes shut. Still rather indolent. Then comes "a walk." At last! But only for about half-an-hour. After this, I am to follow my "ordinary occupations." Evidently must not work or walk, write or read. So drop into club again, sit in easy chair, and soon fall asleep. Just as I wake, SMITH comes in. "Hullo," he says, "taking it easy, as usual?" "Not at all," I retort, "I'm curing my indolence. You'll see the system described in the *Fortnightly*." "Oh, indeed," he replies, "I'm glad the cure is working so well." Begin to have doubts of it myself. But will persevere. Should like a little exercise. This is not mentioned, so home in cab.



*Perspiring Countryman (who has just, with the utmost difficulty, succeeded in catching train).
"PHEW! JUST SAVED IT BY T' SKIN O' MY TEETH!"*

"Dinner at seven." What now? "Rest for half-an-hour." Again! This is awful! Fall asleep once more. Wake just before half-past eight. At last "a short walk," and then "go to bed." Probably a mile is short enough. Do this, and get into bed as the clock strikes nine. I may have been indolent, but I have never been to bed so early since I was at school. Impossible to sleep. Would welcome "intellectual work" as a distraction. But dare not even repeat the multiplication table to myself. At last, at daybreak, can bear it no longer. Get up, dress, and walk to Richmond. Shall give up this cure. Rather than "rest" and sleep about twelve hours a day, I will be "an indolent" all my life.

SUGGESTION FOR AMENDING THE BOADICEA STATUE-GROUP ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.—The horses may be easily supposed to have bolted, as they have got no reins, and to have upset the car containing BOADY and her two crouching friends, who have escaped unhurt. Replace chariot and horses by motor-car. Let the two crouchers be riding as two fares inside, and BOADY can be on box flourishing her spear, or anything, except, of course, a whip.

SUGGESTION FOR THE NEXT STATEMENT FROM OUR YELLOW-PRESS WAR-CORRESPONDENT.—SAMPSON has slain his thousands, thanks to the jaw-bone of an ass.

MEN OF THE THYME.—Herb-growers.

FARMING SCHOOLS.

[“At the last meeting of the Gloucestershire Chamber of Agriculture it was stated that a scheme for a School of Farming had been prepared by the County Council.”—*Globe*.]



Dr. Tummutshire taking his Farming School for a constitutional walk.



The Master of the Wurzel-growing Class.



Pupils' work in the Scarecrow Modelling Class.

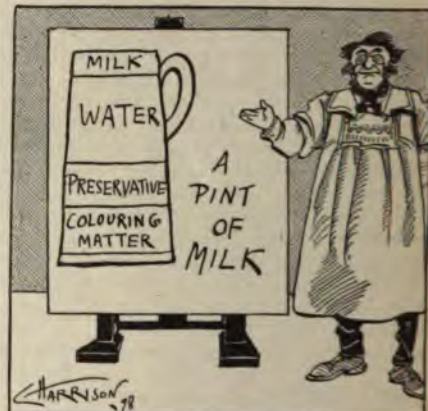


Prize Pitchfork for the best Scholar.



Chemical Preservation of Milk Class.

Ham. Who art thou?
 Ghost. I am the ghost of thy father. I am permitted to haunt these battlements between twelve and two. Thine uncle murdered me and has since married my wife. You must revenge me.
 Oph. Alas! poor ghost.
 Ghost. Till I am revenged I suffer torments. It is impossible to describe the torments I suffer. At night I roam to and fro upon the battlements wringing my hands, and my eyes are full of tears. You can see how full of tears my eyes are.
 Ham. I can see nothing.
 Lae. The night is very dark.
 Ghost. The cock is about to crow. When the cock crows I must depart. I may not outstay the crowing of the cock. Swear that you will avenge me.
 Ham. I swear. [Exit Ghost.]



Dairy Object Lesson for the Junior Class.

OPHELIAINE AND HAMELETTE.

(By “the Belgian Shakespeare.”)

PERSONS:—

The King. The Queen.
 The Chamberlain.
 Laertes (the Chamberlain's son).
 Ophelaine (the Chamberlain's daughter).
 Hamelette (the King's nephew).
 Ghost of Hamelette's father.

ACT I.—Elsinore, a platform before the castle.
 HAMELETTE, OPHELIAINE and LAERTES discovered conversing in dismal whispers.

Ham. It is cold to-night.

Lae. It is very cold.

Oph. There is a cloud over the moon.

Ham. The cloud is dark and threatening. I can scarce keep from shivering, the cloud is so dark.

Lae. It is going to rain.

[A hollow groan is heard.]

Ham. (gloomily). Did you hear anything?

Lae. I heard nothing. [Another groan.]

Oph. What was that?

Lae. It was the wind. [The ghost enters.]

Ham. See, he comes. His eyes glare. They glare like live coals. I have never seen such glaring eyes.

Oph. Speak to him, HAMELETTE.

ACT II.—In the Queen's Chamber.

King. What ails HAMELETTE? Is he sick?

Queen. He is very sick.

King. I fear he is mad. You must speak to him, my dear. Here he comes. He must certainly be spoken to. [Exit King.]

Cham. Speak to him severely, madam. I will conceal myself behind the arras. He must certainly be spoken to.

[Conceals himself.]

Queen. I wish they had not left me alone with him. I begin to fear something may happen. The wind howls round the castle and the moon is overcast. I fear something terrible may happen. Why did they leave me alone with him? [Enter HAMELETTE.] Good evening, son.

Ham. A very disagreeable evening, mother.

Queen. HAMELETTE, your father is angry with you.

Ham. Mother, I am angry with my father.

Queen. Do not answer me, HAMELETTE. It is not right for a son to answer his mother.

Ham. It is not right for a mother to marry her deceased husband's brother.

Cham. (behind the arras). Help! a rat is behind the arras. I do not like rats.

Ham. Did some one say a rat? I will kill that rat.

[Makes a pass through the arras. The Chamberlain falls with a thud.]

Queen. HAMELETTE, what have you done?

Ham. I have killed a rat, mother.

[Pulls out the Chamberlain.]

Queen. I felt sure that something terrible would happen. I felt it as soon as I was left alone. I will go to the King.

Ham. You shall not go to the King.

Queen. HAMELETTE!

Ham. He killed my father. He killed him with poison as he was sleeping in his garden. Nothing is more certain than that he killed him.

Queen. Something terrible will certainly happen.

[Enter Ghost.]

Ham. Why have you come again so soon?

Ghost. To warn you to be swift. I have come to warn you to be swift.

Ham. I will be swift. Do not fear that I shall not be very swift.

Queen. HAMELETTE, why do you stare like that? Oh! I begin to be afraid.

[Ghost vanishes.]

Ham. Did you see nothing?

Queen. I saw nothing.

Ham. There was nothing to see. Ha! ha!

Queen. My son is certainly going mad.

ACT III.—*Elsinore, a room in the castle.*

Oph. Where is my father?

Queen. HAMELETTE has slain your father.

Oph. Ah! *[Goes mad.]*

Queen. Help her! She will fall.

[King goes to her assistance.]

Oph. *(sitting on a seat)*. The wind is howling among the battlements. Hark how the wind howls. It has a fearful sound. Do you not hear its howling?

King *(soothingly)*. There is no wind, OPHELIAINE.

Oph. And yet I can hear it shrieking over the battlements. It shrieks like a lost spirit. Do you not hear its shrieking?

King. We hear nothing. The air is quite still.

[Enter LAERTES, with drawn sword.]

Lae. Where is my father?

Queen. HAMELETTE has slain your father.

Lae. But HAMELETTE was to marry my sister.

Queen. Yet he has slain your father.

Lae. *(seeing OPH.)*. OPHELIAINE, is it true that HAMELETTE has slain our father?

Oph. The wind howls over the battlements. The wind shrieks like a lost spirit. No spirit was ever so lost as the wind. Do you not hear its shrieking?

Lae. Are you mad, OPHELIAINE?

Oph. I am quite mad, LAERTES.

Lae. My father is slain by HAMELETTE, and because he is slain, my sister is distraught. King. I will be avenged on HAMELETTE.

King. It is only right that you should be avenged on HAMELETTE.

Queen. Did I not say something terrible was going to happen?

Oph. The wind is roaring terribly.

King. There is no wind, OPHELIAINE.

ACT IV.—*A hall in the castle. Two thrones at back of stage.*

King *(solus)*. HAMELETTE's madness increases; it increases terribly. There is no end to his madness. His father's ghost haunts the battlements. It is wrong that he should haunt them. My battlements should not be haunted by ghosts. He has slain my chamberlain, and it is wrong that my chamberlain should be slain. Moreover, OPHELIAINE has drowned herself in the pond. HAMELETTE drowned her. And now LAERTES has sworn to kill HAMELETTE. He has sworn by all the stars. This sword is poisoned. With this sword shall he slay him. This cup is poisoned. Of this cup shall HAMELETTE drink. HAMELETTE shall certainly die by the cup and the sword. I am certain that HAMELETTE shall die.

[Takes his seat on one of the thrones.]

Enter LAERTES.

Lae. Tell me where HAMELETTE is. cannot find HAMELETTE.

King. HAMELETTE is coming hither with the Queen. Here is the sword with which you shall slay him. *[LAERTES takes sword.]*

Lae. With this will I slay HAMELETTE. *(Enter Queen and HAMELETTE.)* HAMELETTE, I will kill you. Nothing is more certain than that I shall kill you, HAMELETTE.

[HAMELETTE draws his sword.]

Queen. Something terrible will happen.

[Sits on throne.]

Ham. I also will kill you, LAERTES. I will kill you with the sword.



QUITE ANOTHER THING.

Jack. "WHAT DID YOU GIVE TOM BOUNCER A KISS FOR?"

Madge. "I DIDN'T GIVE HIM ONE."

Jack. "OH, WHAT A CRAM! I SAW YOU!"

Madge. "NO. I ONLY LET HIM STEAL ONE!"

King. Drink from this cup, HAMELETTE. It will refresh you to drink from this cup.

Ham. I will not drink.

Queen. Give me the cup. I am thirsty.

King. Do not drink. *[Queen drinks.]*

Queen. I am very thirsty.

King. You should not have drunk of the cup.

Lae. Defend yourself, HAMELETTE.

[They fight. HAMELETTE is touched.]

Ham. I am wounded. Your sword is sharper than mine. I will fight with your sword.

Lae. Take it. Your sword is equally sharp.

King. Do not give him your sword.

Lae. Why should I not give him my sword? His sword is equally sharp.

[They exchange swords.]

Ham. Defend yourself, LAERTES.

[They fight again. LAERTES is touched.]

Lae. I am wounded.

Queen. I begin to feel very unwell. I think I am poisoned. Was there not poison in the cup?

Lae. The Queen is very pale.

Ham. The King also is very pale.

Queen. Oh, oh! I am very unwell indeed. I think I am going to die. There was poison in the cup.

Lae. I, too, am very unwell. I think I am going to die. There was poison on the sword. I am sure that the sword was poisoned.

Ham. The King is very pale. He is paler than the Queen. He is pale from fear. Drink wine, King.

King. I will not drink, HAMELETTE.

Ham. If you do not drink, you will die.

[Raises his sword. The King drinks, staggers, and falls.]

King. Oh! I am slain. *[Dies.]*

Queen. Did I not say something terrible would happen? *[Dies.]*

Ham. My wound pains me. There is poison in my wound.

Lae. My wound also is poisoned. The poison burns like fire.

Ham. We are slain, LAERTES. Nothing is more certain than that we are slain.

Lae. I, too, am slain, HAMELETTE. *[Dies.]*

Curtain.

SUMMER (?)

[“North-easterly winds, equally; some showers, possibly snow.”—Weather Forecast, June 1.]

HEAP on more wood! The wind is chill,
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep midsummer merry still.

Who praises winter? Who declares
For January's gentle airs?
Who, fondly wistful, would remember
The balmy zephyrs of December?
A fig for him! He knoweth not
(To put it vulgarly) what's what.
Give me the snell North-Easter gay
That riots through the month of May,
The snowy blast whose skirling tune
Plays hurricanes in frozen June,
The howling blizzard that shall fly
In blinding drift through white July.
These are for me. Compared with these,
What is your soft December breeze?
Away with cricket bat! Away
With racquet! Bring the jingling sleigh,
And don your furs, ye ladies gay!
For mind you, 'tis already June,
The ponds will all be bearing soon,
And in a little ye shall fly
On winged skates through white July.

Ho! hear the wood! Hear higher still!
Spread Christmas cheer and eat your fill,
Draw tight the cosy curtains all,
What time the firelight fills the hall.
So will we yet be blithe and jolly,
And wreathed in mistletoe and holly,
We'll feast without one vain regret,
And keep midsummer merry yet.

TITLE FOR A NEW MILITARY PERIODICAL.—*The Powder Magazine.*



Conductor. "Old Tight Lady!"

Fare. "Oo are you callin' a Old Tight Lady? Impudent young feller!"

THE BAR OF THE HOUSE.

["They"—the present laws—"ought to be enforced on kitchen committees, noblemen, gentlemen, and even Members of Parliament, as strictly as on poor men, who (sic) I continually read of being heavily fined for the slightest infraction of those laws."—Sir Wilfrid Lawson in the "Daily News."]

To any thoughtful person's mind
It is a joy without a flaw
To feel that men of every kind
Are level in the eye of Law;
To know that, as the equal sun
Freckles the wicked and the just man,
Our constitution keeps but one,
One common code for duke and dustman.

Wife-breakers get the usual week
Although they hail from Eaton Square;
Infallibly the fearless beak
Impounds the burgling millionaire;
Between the ranks of low and high
The legal chances stand at evens;
And rules for gentle-folk apply
Also to Members of St. Stephen's!

Alas for manhood's equal lot!
My joy is withered when I think
That these above remarks do not
Include inebriative drink;
Your sense of justice will be shocked,
Dear Editor, as well as my sense,
To see the laws of England mocked,
And beer imbibed without a licence.

Full often as I contemplate
The honest pauper's public bar,
And see how relatively great
The clubman's privileges are;
One drinking all the Sabbath through,
The other's throttle parched and sticky—
Like unadulterated dew
My tears have weltered down my dickey!

But most I weep without reserve
That in this House, the home of Law,
Where Truth is noted for her nerve
And Justice for her ample jaw—
Unlicensed, undeterred by shame,
Exempt from fines or other Nemesis,
Tinkle and such as take the same
May both be drunk upon the premises.

I notice how when I begin
To use the hopeful future tense
Of Love and Bliss that follow in
The train of Local Abstinence,
There is a movement, faint at first,
Then faster fly the feet and thicker,
As men withdraw to drown their thirst
In streams of cool and lawless liquor.

Not that they fear to find my speech
In manner, as in matter, dry,
For who, in Heaven's name, can reach
Such crystal depths of wit as I?
But since the sound of WILFRID'S voice
Rakes up the consciences of Members,
To that illegal fount, for choice,
They go to quench the quickened embers.

But, Peace! for at another Bar
The tapster now abides his fate,
Where lust of gin may never mar
The judgment of the Magistrate!
To count the victims ere they drop
(*Pendente lite*) seems a pity;
Meanwhile I drink—in pinger-poo—
Death to the Kitchen-knives' Committee!

THE KING ALFRED MILLENARY.

MY DEAREST GWEN,—People have all been talking so much about this dreadful war between Spain and America, that it is quite a relief to hear of another subject now beginning to crop up. Do you know anything about it, dear GWEN? I mean this King ALFRED "millinery." Would it suit me, do you think? You know the style of hat I look best in, better than anybody in the world. Do write and say if I ought to go in for it. Fondest love from Your affectionate, MAUDE.

P.S.—I see "millinery" spelt "millenary." How utterly uneducated some people must be!

"LORD BRASSEY at Battle." Such is the startling heading of a paragraph in Tuesday's papers, stuck in amongst other war news. But faithful Victoria need not grow anxious about the safety of its errant Governor. He has not gone to war with Spain, the United States, or even with China. The headline merely introduced the announcement that "Yesterday Lord BRASSEY visited Park Gate, Battle, the residence of his son."

AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Aristocratic audiences will of course fill the house in King Street to see the new piece by "OLIVER HOBBS." Mr. ALEXANDER will be able to head his advertisements, "Great attraction! On stage and in auditorium! HOBBS and Nobs!"



THREE'S COMPANY, TWO'S NONE.

BRITANNIA. "VERY GLAD TO SEE YOU TWO, MY DEARS, IN THE SAME BOAT. I'LL COME, TOO, IF THERE'S ROOM!"



A MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

Would-be Vendor. "WITH THIS COB, SIR, IF YOU WAS TO LEAVE LONDON AT FOUR IN THE MORNING, YOU COULD BE IN BRIGHTON BEFORE BREAKFAST-TIME!" *Possible Purchaser.* "BUT WHAT SHOULD I DO SO EARLY IN BRIGHTON?"

A DAY OF PLEASURE.

(From the Note-book of a Creature of Impulse.)

Not a cab to be seen anywhere! Early morning, and no constable to call one for me. Pretty state of things—might be murdered in our beds.

Mem.—Write to the Commissioner of Police.

Got to the station somehow. Book-stall opening. Boy in attendance. Want a daily paper. Boy has no change for a shilling!

Mem.—Write to Messrs. W. H. S. AND SON.

Train at last. Guard doesn't open door. Suppose because I am not travelling first class. Remonstrate. He does not answer, but whistles and waves his flag.

Mem.—Write to the traffic manager of the railway company.

Have to take an early omnibus to get to another station. Conductor gives me change for a shilling in pence.

Mem.—Write, as directed, to the secretary "in cases of incivility of the company's servants."

Have to take the boat. Official explains that the booking office is closed, and that I shall have to pay on board.

Mem.—Write to the editor of my favourite daily paper letter of complaint.

On board. No seats, no room. Captain—or some one whom I take for captain—expresses regret, but can give no redress.

Mem.—Write to the chairman of the steamboat company.

Settle down somehow. About noon get hungry. Have lunch. Ask for toast. Can't obtain it!



THE SCHOOL-BOY OF THE NEAR FUTURE.

The Thirteen-Year-Old (after reading "Hints on Physical Culture"). "Umph! Very good reading, excellent reasoning, and anatomically correct. Must really take down the dumb-bells. But then there's that powerfully-written book on 'Procrastination.' Besides, I must grind up my Political Economy, French, German, Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Physiology, Etymology, Theology, Geology, Astrotheology, Phonology, and Electrology. Yes; exercise is *rot* when you've got to pass an Exam.!"

Mem.—Write to the caterers.

Return home. Some of the passengers inclined to be rowdy.

Mem.—Write another letter to favourite newspaper.

Crowd getting off boat. Should be more gangways. Suppose Thames Conservancy responsible. At any rate, safe to communicate with the Mansion House.

Mem.—Write to Lord Mayor.

Cab home. Coachman inclined to overcharge. He expresses opinion that I am "no gentleman."

Mem.—Write to cab proprietor.

Mislaid my latchkey. Can't make any one hear. P.C. not on his beat. Disgraceful. Might be all murdered in our beds.

Mem.—Once again, letter to Commissioner of Police.

Next day.—Forget all about it.

A Damped Cricketer on Play in May.

THE fielders stood out in a knee-deep lake,

While the downpour was just a-lulling;

When the batsmen ran (I make no mistake),

'Twas a sort of double sculling.

And then the umpires would bale the

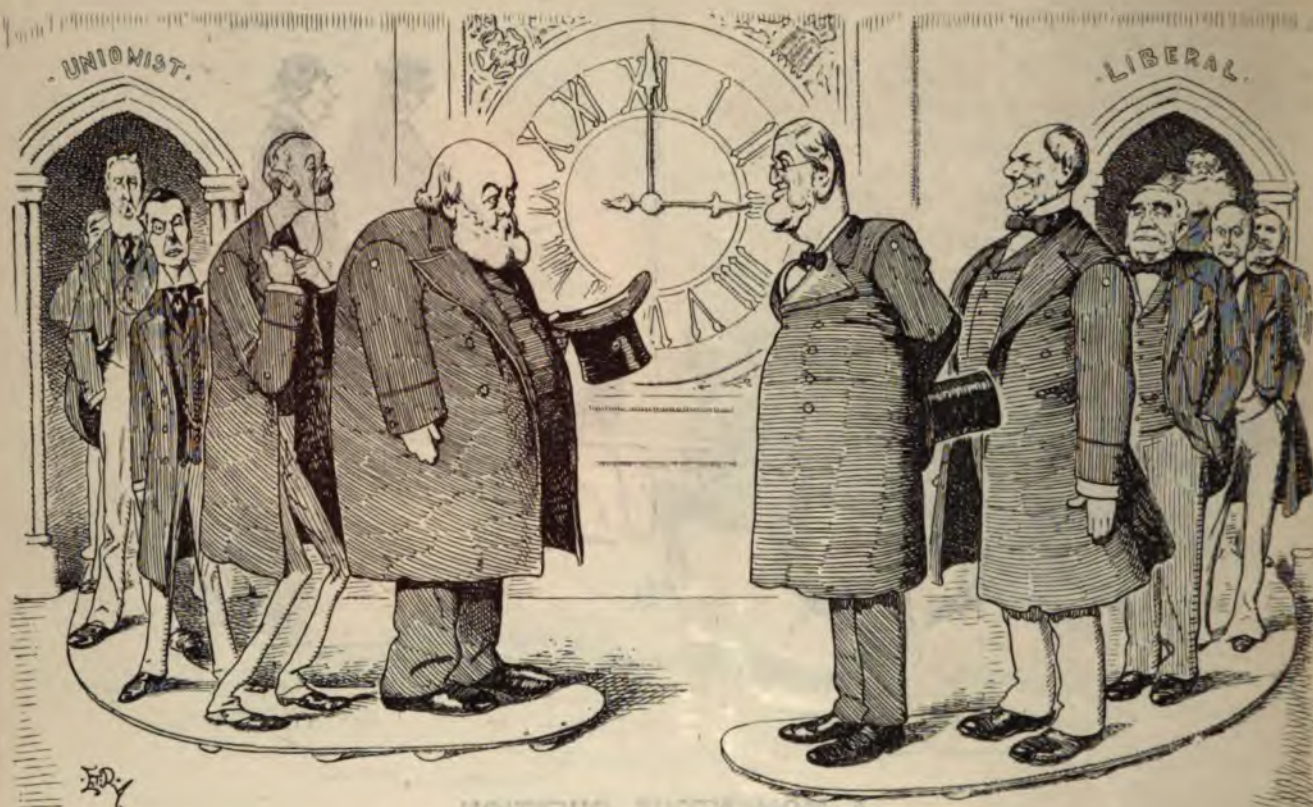
wicket,

An amphibious game, but it was not

cricket!

MOST APPROPRIATE BOOK FOR A VISITOR TO OUR NON-CONSUMING-ITS-OWN-SMOKE METROPOLIS.—*Black's Guide.*

ITALIA IRREDENTA.—The present Ministry at the Quirinal.



THE WESTMINSTER CLOCK-WORKS.

AS THE HOUR OF RE-OPENING STRIKES, THE WELL-KNOWN FIGURES EMERGE FROM A RECESS ON EACH SIDE: AND MEET AS USUAL.

"WHY VEGETARIAN?"

(See Article in "Nineteenth Century" for June.)

MY DEAR SIR HENRY THOMPSON.—You are not a vegetarian. Not a bit of it. There were many heresies of old, and the Arian was one of the chief. Nowadays, it is the Vegetarian who is really quite outside your Orthodox Rules and Regulations for Food and Feeding. Your "reply-to critics" in the *Nineteenth Century* is most excellent, and knocks on the head the garbler who rearranges your remarks to suit his quotations. Sir HENRY, you are honoured. What writings are those which the enemy of mankind quotes to suit his own purpose? I do not pause for a reply. Such a critic of your work is, to apply an Ibsenian title to him, a "Headerless Garbler." When your works, Sir HENRY, shall be collected in an "octavo," your advice will be found invaluable for all time, all ages, and all appetites, and your "menus" will be to all sensible persons "menus plaisirs."

Do I know any one man who is purely and simply (very simply) a vegetarian? Let me consider. I know a Latin professor, who says he lives on "Ter-nips per diem." Lives! Nay, he exists. And for how long? Some style themselves "vegetarians" because they won't walk, and say that they have arrived at that time of life which may be styled a "Cab age." Another I know is followed over the sheep-fields by a canine companion, termed by him, "the Collie Flower of the Flock." The diner who never has more than one friend to share his meal, calls himself a "Tater-Tater," but I question whether he limits himself and companion to this vegetable. Another, a traveller, who says he never wanders into unknown paths, professes therefore to be always living on "beat routes." This is far-fetched, but as I said, he is a traveller, and just arrived from a very long way off.

You, Sir HENRY, are right. You always are right, whether you are aware of it or not. And those who follow your advice will insure for themselves a beautiful present (when their birthday comes round) and a still happier future with a cheerful retrospect. This summed up means "Contentment," the result of good digestion. So, Sir HENRY, "à votre santé!"

ONE WHO BELONGS TO A "MIXED FEDERATION."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. LE GALLIENNE'S *Romance of Zion Chapel* (JOHN LANE), despite the vicious weakness of its hero and its second heroine, is a touching story of earthly love, excused by hopelessly false sentiment, and brought to its logical conclusion by a pagan mode of death. The picture of the broken-hearted girl dying of "a great shock" is genuinely pathetic. One of the two essential situations seems as if inspired by a subtle reminiscence of the wonderful forest scene in ZOLA'S *La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret*. Mr. LE GALLIENNE is a writer "with incumbrances." These "incumbrances" are his affected mannerisms which, when he has settled down to his work, and is going straight ahead with his story, and "going strong" too, he casts to the winds as *impedimenta*, and we wish that he would never retrace his steps to pick them up at his leisure. "RICHARD is himself again" only when he becomes desperately in earnest.

The Datchet Diamonds (WARD, LOCK & Co.), by RICHARD MARSH, is a high-pressure express pace novel, whose hero, a somewhat unprincipled young man, gets into a serious difficulty as wilfully as did the man who, being "wondrous wise," jumped into a quickset hedge and scratched out both his eyes, and who, with much the same tact and impulsive energy as was exhibited by the hero of the immortal nursery rhyme, proceeds to get himself out of the difficulty with satisfaction to his friends, to the girl of his heart, and to the absorbed reader. Decidedly, read it!

Scribes and Pharisees, by WILLIAM LE QUEUX (F. V. WHITE & Co.). Cleverly-told story of Bohemian life in Paris and London. Just a flavour of *Trilby* in the earliest portion. The *dénouement* leaves it a trifle uncertain as to the actual guilt of the accessory before the fact, but though the murder is at the beginning, the mystery about it is preserved to the very end. With this novel at hand you need not regret imprisonment in the house by bad weather for a whole afternoon. BARON DE B.-W.

PIPER FINDLATER, late of the Gordon Highlanders, has, it appears from the *Westminster Gazette*, "declined Balmoral situation." Will the Alhambra continue to "pay the Piper"?



Old Gentleman, "WELL, MY LITTLE MAN, AND HOW MANY FISH HAVE YOU CAUGHT?"

Bad Boy, "AH, YOU DON'T CATCH ME! I KNOW! YOU JUST WANT ME TO TELL YOU, AND THEN YOU 'LL SAY 'HALVES'!"

FLITTINGS.

Pietermaritzburg (or, P.M.Burg, for short),
April 23, 1898.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—We have flitted at length into the "Garden Colony," and struck a really nice place in the capital with the above polysyllabic name. Some of the inhabitants, I believe, call it "Sleepy Hollow," and the Zulu designation is "Ungun-gunhlovu," a pretty little series of gurgles and clicks, which they tell me means "Home of the Elephant." Please ask RIDER HAGGARD if this is correct. Nearly every name begins in a tentative way with Um—. The river here calls itself the Umsindusi, and there are the Umgeni, Umgababa, Umkomaas, and so forth, in the neighbourhood, and for all one knows, Umslopogaas may be the name of your ricksha-boy.

These latter products of Natal swarm in the streets. They are mostly clad in a sort of bathing costume, and are not of a high order of intelligence. It is useless giving them any direction, as they trot along like a horse, blowing with a peculiar whistle when winded. If you want to go to the right, you say the Kaffir for "the hand you eat with," to the left "the hand you forget with" (which seems rather a Hibernicism); when you wish to stop, "Hlalagahla" (hasten slowly) does the trick, if you can manage to pronounce it. It sounds like shlahlagashla, shillelaghghastly, or something of the sort.

Ladysmith, where we stopped on the way from Johannesburg, is not a particularly lively place, though it is called the Aldershot of South Africa. The native police there are astonishing objects. They have two or three knobkerries, a gum ring round their heads, a salt-spoon or tooth-brush, or some other etcetera, thrust through their ears, their beards twisted into five or six very thin spikes, and bare legs and feet. We looked in at a murder trial in the court. The evidence, given through an interpreter, seemed to turn on the question as to whether the deceased was killed after he was dead, or vice versa. Anyhow, the process of cross-examination was so tedious that one of the defendants went to sleep, and had to be prodded up by the aforesaid guardians of the peace. To slumber unconcernedly while your own life is at stake seems the height of indifference, but it is characteristic of the Kaffir.

The railway from Ladysmith is one of the corkscrewiest in existence—so much so that it serves many passengers as a sea voyage when the train is chasing its own tail round curves of two

or three chains and down gradients of 1 in 30. We found it, however, a pleasant drive down the mountain heights on to the well-wooded plain, in the centre of which lies P.M.Burg. The feathery branches of the wattles and the blue-gum leaves brush the train windows as you burrow through the verdant tunnels.

To-morrow to visit an old rascal of a native chief in his kraal, and then on to Durban, which is the beginning of India.

Yours, in the meanwhile, Z. Y. X.

LANDSCAPE AND LITERATURE.

[Whilst they recognised the potent influence which the scenery of the country had exerted on the progress of literature, they could look forward to a fresh extension of that influence as the outcome of geological investigation. —*Romanes Lecture of Sir Archibald Geikie.*]

Oh, nature, whose charms have so often been sung,
To whom poets for ages have looked for inspiring,
Around you the verse of all nations has clung
Until of your peans we're apt to be tiring.

We've revelled in meadows, in mountains, in trees,
Brooks, forests and gardens—we've lived in the thick of them;
The nightingale's warblings, the hummings of bees,
We've heard of so often we're getting quite sick of them;

Yet oft though your face has by progress been marred,
Till the verse in its honour must needs grow inferior,
Still this one resource there remains to the bard—
This brilliant suggestion—explore your interior.

His eye in a frenzy of fancy may glean,
Mid primitive vestiges new inspirations,
Find ballads and sonnets in notes of pliocene,
And rondeaus in paleozoic formations.

With backgrounds of lava and igneous rocks,
Weird pictures long buried await the explorer;
Grim epics of earthquakes, upheavals and shocks,
And lyrics of fossilized fauna and flora.

So piercing the crust of exterior clods,
Through richly-strown strata, seductive and streaky,
While on paths of geology Pegasus plods,
The wrinkle he'll thank to SIR ARCHIBALD GEIKIE.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Tuesday.—While the Cyclists, the Professional Wagnerian Cyclists, are hard at work during the day practising, we are treated to quite un-Wagnerian old friends in the evening. So to-night it is Madame Calvé as *Carmen*. To have seen and heard her once in this part is a joy for ever. Calvé is incomparable; the real Spanish *Carmen* from head to foot; as she was the genuine Italian as *Santuzza*. Equally at home in Spain or Italy, and yet, when at home, French. Her singing is of the first quality, and her acting equals her singing: result, perfection. House crammed to hear her. "Toréador contento" just caught the encore as it was dropping, and M. RENAUD did his Toréadore'st with what power he has at his disposal; but, as a matter of fact, the Toréador himself is a genuine Spanish "Bouder," and M. RENAUD doesn't quite fill the part. Miss MARIE ENGLE as "the girl he left behind him," personified virtue



"Carmine di superi, placantur, carmine Manes."—*Horace*.

"Boxes, gallery, pit, and stall,

Calvé, as *Carmen*, delights them all."—*Free Translation*.

in pale blue and pink, and was in every way charming. Miss Utilissima BAUERMEISTER-singer, as one of the naughty gipsy girls, quite all right again, whereat audience delighted. As to the chorus-cum-dancing in last act, steps should be taken for its improvement. Calvé has discarded the black glittering dress she used to wear "once upon a time," as now she sports orange velvet. How quaintly she dresses her hair in flat bandeaux, too! M. BONNARD did his level best as *Don José*, the infirm-of-purpose young man, and in the last act, got a bit above himself, dramatically.

Wednesday.—Welcome, MOZART! *Le Nozze di Figaro*, with aristocratic Madame EAMES quite perfect as the Countess; Madame DE LUSSAN good as ever in the part of the cheeky Cherubino, the Italian Buttons; while Madame NORDICA, as *Susanna*, gave us a missis-piece, which, we suppose, is the feminine of masterpiece, and if not, it ought to be. M. EDOUARD DE RESZKE was indisposed (weather very trying for throats just now), and so M. DUFRICHE was elevated to the rank of Count for the occasion. His sudden accession to the ranks of the Italian aristocracy was perhaps just a little too much for him, if the tremolo in his voice may be taken as indicating nervousness. Harpsichord and piano assisted in orchestra, piano giving his old friend a lead, and putting him right when slightly in error. M. RANDEGGER, conducting, seemed pleased, and Miss BAUERMEISTER excellent as *Marcellina*, a wonderful transformation!

By the way, in his next morning's notice of the *Nozze*, the

scholarly critic of the *Daily Telegraph* wrote, "Madame EAMES was in admirable voice" ("Hear! hear!" from ourselves), "and there were not a few present who would gladly have heard her repeat 'Dove Sono.'" Most of us would have been considerably astonished had Madame EAMES, as the Countess, sung "Dove Sono" even once; but what would have been the feelings of Madame NORDICA, in whose part, that of *Susanna*, the song "Dove Sono" occurs! Wouldn't Madame NORDICA have been justified in quoting with indignation the very words of the song, the translation of which is worth producing:—

"Heav'ns! Where am I! What presumption!
Have you dar'd—but hence, away!"

And the bold Countess, who has neither part nor parcel in that particular scene, would have had to retreat before the face of the justifiably irritated waiting woman, who would not have waited any longer. But such *lapses calami* will occasionally happen in the criticisms of the best regulated pen-masters.

Rest, and refreshing ourselves for the Great Cycling Wagnerian Show.

THE FIN DE SIÈCLE SUITOR.

I LOVE you in an all absorbing, fond, unselfish way,
I dream of you the long night thro', I think of you each day,
Whene'er I hear your voice, my dear, a spell o'er me is cast,
The rapture of your presence is (I'm certain) bound to last.

On you I'll pour the loving store and treasures of my heart,
With riches of an earthly kind I am more loth to part,
I'll sing your praise in loving lays, for are you not my queen?
You'll find the verses published in our local magazine.

So deep is my affection I would joyfully propose,
But for one great objection, which how I will disclose,
Intense is your suspense, so I'll endeavour to be short,
The fact is, that a husband you're not able to support.



ENGLISH DEMAND AND GERMAN SUPPLY.

Mr. Punch (Chief Correspondence Clerk). "ANY VACANCIES FOR FOREIGN CLERKS IN THIS OFFICE? YES, THERE ARE—PLENTY; AND WILL BE UNTIL JOHN BULL'S SONS LEARN SENSE—AND MODERN LANGUAGES!"

"[Much of the commercial knowledge of Germany has been supplied by young Germans who have been employed as clerks in Great Britain, mostly as foreign correspondents. British clerks cannot be used as foreign correspondents, because not one in a thousand can correspond correctly in any foreign language.]—*Consular Report from Stettin, issued by Foreign Office.*"



"No, dearest, it would not be at all right to take dollies to church."

"But, mamma dear, it would not matter if I only took the one who shuts her eyes, would it?"

CROSS PURPOSES.

(Fragment from a future Romance of War.)

"PRIVATE ATKINS," said the C. O., "I congratulate you upon leading that forlorn hope so successfully."

"I merely did my duty, Sir," was the respectful reply.

"No, no," returned the Colonel, "you are too modest. To scale a parapet, spike the guns, and hoist the British flag single-handed was no small achievement."

"Any one of my company, Sir, would have done the same."

"I doubt it. Your bravery was heroism that does not belong to the whole world. Now I will tell you what I am going to do. I am going to recommend you for—"

"Stay, Sir," cried the soldier, trembling and turning pale. "And remember that I am wounded, and can no longer serve in the old corps."

"But the decoration can be worn—"

"You mean well, Sir," again interrupted the private; "but remember that within a week I shall be a civilian."

"Still, it will be a distinction for ever."

"But, Sir," pleaded ATKINS, earnestly, "I cannot afford it."

"Why, how will it affect you?"

"It will keep me from the footlights. Believe me, I can get an engagement to play the title-role of *Henry the Fifth*. Do not thwart me, Sir, do not thwart me."

"Be it as you will."

PRIVATE ATKINS fell on one knee, and kissed his commanding officer's hand. Then, rising gracefully, he retired, obtained his discharge, and appeared in SHAKESPEARE'S military masterpiece for 750 consecutive nights.

"The three letters are better than two," he murmured, as he returned from a paying-in visit to his bankers: "£ s. d.!"

THE MUSIC CURE.

["The *British Medical Journal* has recently been discussing music as a cure for nervous complaints. The 'music cure' had considerable vogue some time ago in Germany, and a special hospital for its systematic application was established in Munich."—*Westminster Gazette*.]

It is not all that deem it sweet

When friends will make a noise on
Fiddle or flute, for one man's meat
May be another's poison.

When JONES is in the dumps, you see,
His melancholy flute 'll
Beguile his care, while as for me,
I simply hate its tootle.

Whate'er his sorrow—should the duns
Grow restless and abuse him—
Should she he loves of all the ones
That he has asked, refuse him—
Should the greengrocer have declined
(Greengrocers will be brutal)
To send the coals, still he will find
Some comfort in his tootle.

But not so I. And when he swears
That nothing can be finer
To soothe my toothache than sweet airs
Breathed softly in *C minor*,
I, trembling like an aspen-tree,
And racked in every root, 'll
Make answer with a *major D*,
"Oh, stop that blessed tootle!"

Well, well, but *chacun à son goût*.
The same old tale, you see, Sir;
What may be meat and drink to you,
Is poison unto me, Sir.
If prudence comes not to my friend,
Some day my angry boot 'll
Crush that confounded flute and end
Its everlasting tootle.

A SUGGESTION.—Everybody who knows anything about the Show at Earl's Court, is familiar with the pleasant "Welcome Club" so conveniently situated in the gardens of the Exhibition. The "Welcome Club" is a good title, so suggestive of hospitality to guests. Now, as there are many excellent persons who, for some reason or other, or for no reason in particular, are unable to become members of the Athenæum, the Marlborough, the St. James's, the Jockey, the Turf, the Reform, the Garrick, Constitutional, and other clubs too numerous to mention, and who may have been vigorously, but of course most unjustly, piled at almost all the best clubs in London, would it not be eminently useful and advantageous to start the "Unwelcome Club," open to every "Unwelcomer" in whose faces all other London clubs had closed their doors? It would not be very difficult to name a President, likewise to nominate a Committee, for this club. Yearly subscriptions should be paid in advance, and the entrance fee should be considerable.

Ars est Celare Artem.

Of Art they say the highest kind
Is truly to conceal it,
And this, no doubt, is why we find
So very few reveal it.

MOTTO FOR THOSE WHO CONSIDER A T'Y
PENNY THAMES TRIP BETWEEN CARL
PIER AND LONDON BRIDGE AS REFRESHING
—"Dulce est desipere in smoko."



WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH 'EM?

“Your Majesty has been pleased to express to us, telegraphically, your most gracious appreciation, and, as a sign of the consolidation of our mutual friendship and good relationship, to confer upon us the most high order of the Black Eagle. In response, we confer upon your Majesty our First Class Double Dragon.”—*Extract from telegram sent by the Emperor of China to the Emperor William of Germany. Vide Daily Papers, June 6.*

HOBBS-ERVATIONS ON THE ST. JAMES'S COMEDY.

IN *The Ambassador*, written by Mrs. CRAIGIE (alias "JOHN OLIVER HOBBS," authoress of many clever novels), the management of the St. James's Theatre presents to the public that very rare article, a genuine modern comedy. It is wittily written, and excellently played; moreover, it is brilliantly "mounted" (Mr. ALEXANDER riding to win), and, once the machinery is set in motion, and the principal figures begin to work, there is not an approach to a dull moment throughout the play, except in the opening of the second act, when a set of well-dressed ladies, seated all in a row, as if they were asked to a party in order to give an amateur female Christy Minstrel entertainment and were only awaiting the arrival of their musical instruments, ask one another, and answer, some "society" conundrums. Here, for once, the stage management is at fault, and produces a burlesque effect at the expense of the comedy.

Then, again, the childishly silly scene at the Mayor's rooms in Act III., wherein *Major Hugo Lascelles*, capably played by Mr. FRED TERRY, a *blasé* man about town, is represented as giving a supper-party to an elderly professional mother and her three professional dancing and singing daughters, between nineteen and fourteen years of age, whose vulgarity is brought out into the strongest relief by the conscientious acting of Mrs. F. JACKSON, Miss LUCY WERLING, Miss MARY JERRARD, and Miss FAITH FITZROY. These useless characters might, with advantage, be entirely omitted. This drastic remedy may have been suggested during rehearsal; perhaps the authoress stuck to her pon-guns, and the great commander, ALEXANDER, had to yield to feminine *Hobbes-tine*.

Mr. ALEXANDER, as the British Ambassador, a man of about forty or forty-five, cool, cynical, witty, and wise, yet for all that, an impulsive, passionate pilgrim when in love, may reckon this as among the very best of his histrionic successes. There is not a false note throughout his rendering of the character that Mrs. CRAIGIE has so carefully delineated. No less praise must be awarded to Miss FAY DAVIS as the ingenuous young girl, *Juliet Gainsborough*, though it is sad to think of her future when, as there is a difference of twenty or twenty-five years between her age and that of *Lord St. Orbum*, the latter, if both survive the experiment, will be a sedentary sixty-five to her frisky forty! Awful to contemplate. *Passons*.

Mr. H. B. IRVING is delightfully amusing as the Second Attaché. His performance in this character is that of a genuine comedian; the melodramatic manner associated with a brief career of stage villainy being as utterly discarded as if he had always walked in the pleasant, peaceful paths of dramatic virtue. From his rather Mephistophelian "make-up," the audience are at first inclined to set him down as "the villain of the piece." How the wisest among us are constantly liable to be deceived by appearances! Would not any audience imagine that in being introduced to Mr. FRED TERRY as *Major Hugo Lascelles*, with pale face, dark moustache, and iron-grey hair, they were making the acquaintance of an accomplished scoundrel, a kind of *Hawksley* in *Still Waters Run Deep*, judging him, that is, by the reports of his conduct which had reached them in the



Minister's Wife. "TOMMY CROWTHER, YOU HAVEN'T WASHED YOUR FACE TO-DAY!"

Tommy Crowther. "'TAIN'T SUNDAY!"

first act. Yet it is soon made evident that the philanthropic Major is exceptionally kind and nice to boys and girls, loving to entertain the latter, with a discreet chaperone, in his bachelor quarters, at quite a nursery supper-party, while as to his pure and Colonel-Newcomesque affection for lads about seventeen or thereabouts, is it not evinced by his winning five hundred pounds from *Master Vivian Beauvedere* (admirably played by Mr. H. V. ESMOND, especially in the emotional scene when the youth struggles to suppress his choking tears of gratitude), and, subsequently restoring to the boy his cheque through *Juliet*, to whom he explains that he has only intended to give *Master Vivian* a lesson? Ahem! Do we inexperienced

playgoers entirely believe this iron-grey-haired, middle-aged, benevolent, gambling *roué*? Well, who among the audience would be the first to suggest a game of *écarté* with this *preux chevalier*—*d'industrie*?

Good also is Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH as the still sentimental "*femme de trente ans*" (and a trifle over), with whom at first we are led to believe the astute diplomatist is in love.

Mr. ALEXANDER is to be congratulated on producing the work of "JOHN OLIVER HOBBS," and likewise "JOHN OLIVER HOBBS" is to be equally congratulated on having her first play produced by Mr. ALEXANDER. As to the successful career of this play, we can only record our *imprimatur*, "*Nihil 'Hobbes'-tat.*"



THE ACIDITY OF THE GRAPE.

First Genius (whose work is "skied," commenting on Picture by an R.A.). "NOT MUCH OF A THING, IS IT?"

Second Genius (whose work is "out"). "'STONISHING WHAT DUFFING HOWLERS MEN ALWAYS PAINT AS SOON AS THEY'RE ELECTED TO THE ACADEMY!"

"THE RING" AND THE BOOK.

Monday.—*Das Rheingold*. Vespers at 8.30 sharp. Reach my dim religious pew just as voluntary opens.

Curtain rises on vertical section of Rhine. How management keeps noble river from getting over footlights I cannot think. Nor how these three nymphs sing so beautifully under water without swallowing any of it. Nor yet how they go on Wagala-weia-ing, as *Woglinde* calls it, for about twenty minutes at same angle without moving legs. Have seen shows at Royal Aquarium, but nothing to compare with this.

Forget how many feet of water Rhine-steamers draw; but think large pointed rock in centre of river-bed must be very dangerous. Management thinks so too, and puts a little beacon on it. This attracts attention of *Alberich*, who goes up crag in small hydraulic lift and helps himself to *Rheingold*. Refer to Book of Words for his motive, which, I am told, is *leit*. My translation (by a Mr. FORMAN), said to be "in the alliterative verse of the original," gives me following lucid assistance:—

"Dream you no dread?
Then smother the dark
Your drivelling smiles!
Your light let I begone;

"The gold I clutch from the rock
And clench to the greating ring;
For lo! how I curse
Love, be witness the water!"

Somehow, this touches me, though I am left with impression that *WAGNER* is a humorist, and *Alberich* no gentleman.

Gather later that *Wotan* (really magnificent basso, with one eye) has made terms with Messrs. *Fafner* and *Fasolt*, builders and contractors, for erecting little place called *Walhalla*. In recognition of services has made them graceful concession of *Freia*, lady relation of gods. *Fricka*, his wife, and sad thorn in robust flesh, proposes breach of covenant. High contracting

parties meet in what my Book calls "an open district," with pleasant view of building in dispute. Scenery trembles as the two F's come on in the guise of a couple of Zoo-bears, one Arctic and the other black, with nice natural climbing-poles. If fault can be found with them it is their knees, which show weakness in descending staircase through boulders. Follows noisy altercation, with now and then something faintly suggestive of an air.

Presently enter referee, in jaunty person of *Loge*, wearing scarlet livery of *Mephisto*: a most eligible premier *loge*, enjoying uninterrupted view of this and other situations. Suggests that he could put *Wotan* into good thing in gold mines, dividends of which might compensate Messrs. *Fafner* and *Fasolt* for moral damage. *Wotan* much tickled at notion of getting inside market Ring. As Book puts it, with quiet humour:—

"The hoop to have with me
Hold I wholly for wisdom."

Adjournment to Underground. Here *Alberich* has got a specimen of *Rheingold* crushings on leading finger. Also *Nibelung* midgets have built him a hat, which he calls a *Tarn-Helm*. What he can do with the tarn thing is shewn when *Loge* and *Wotan* step into his *Inferno*, trying not to look more like *VIRGIL* and *DANTE* than they can help. First he goes behind property rock, turns on steam, and comes out as the best prehistoric dragon I have ever seen outside pages of *Punch*. Goes jabberwocking off to right wing in jerky coils, a triumph of stage-management; then comes back smiling and blushing as *Herr NEBE*. *Mephistophelian* cunning of *jeune premier Loge* now revealed in following dialogue, given here in the rough from memory, without alliteration:—

Alberich (after quick change from dragon). Not bad, was it?

Loge. Very fine and large. Suppose you couldn't have done it on a smaller scale? *Alb*. Why, certainly.

Loge. Couldn't turn into a toad, could you? *Alb*. Of course I could.

Loge. Wnst, a little one? *Alb*. Small as you like.

Loge. Small enough to go through a key-hole? *Alb*. Rather; you see.

Puts on hat and goes behind another property-rock. Steam as before. *Loge* (who wouldn't hit a dragon his own size) is on to toad like knife; and *Alberich*, on resuming own shape, finds his arms pinioned with piece of coarse string.

To make prodigiously long story short, his whole hoard, including hoop, has to go to pay bill or release. Entire collection has, however, to be handed over to Messrs. *Fafner* and *Fasolt* in consideration of discharge of lady in contract. They stipulate for a heap big enough to hide charming figure of *Fräulein WEED*. Personally, I could see nearly all of her quite easily round corner.

Partners of firm of *Fafner* and *Fasolt* now dispute over spoil. Carried away by stress of avarice black bear kills other one. At least, so it says in Book. In point of fact, white bear, in hurry of moment, ran completely off stage; leaving black bear stabbing with his pole at nothing in particular. Black bear may not have noticed that white bear was missing from scene, his eye being rivetted on conductor, so as to get in his blows in time with muffled drum, playing *rallentando*. As it was, he finished one beat too soon.



Fafner kills Fasolt to slow music.

Seems that there is a curse, as well as a *leit-motif*, connected with this Rhine-gold. *Wotan*, well rid of it, is invited to go and sample new building. Contract had said nothing of carriage-drive or other approach. So somebody, under cover of mists and audible conversation of stage-carpenters, puts up bridge across valley. Tawdry, card-board piece of work, as much like the rainbow it was meant for as my crush-hat. In Book, the architect of this *pons asininus* is made to say:—

"Though built lightly looks it,
Fast and fit is the bridge;

"It helps your feet
Without fear to the hall!"

This statement full of falsehood; which does not escape the



OUR YEOMANRY.

Sergeant Major. "NUMBER THREE, WHERE'S YOUR SWORD?"

Recruit (who finds practice very different from theory). "ON THE GROUND, CARN'T SEE 'UN!"

gods, who have some sense, and decline to carry out stage instructions, which order them to be in act of crossing bridge when curtain falls.

A great performance, creditable to every man, woman and god that played a part: and notably to *Wotan* (VAN ROOY), *Fricka* (Miss MARIE BREMA), *Loge* (VAN DYCK), and the lady-nymphs VON ARTNER, HIESER, and SCHUMANN HEINK.

On Wednesday, the *Walküre*: a *matinée-evening* performance. Cannot think what clothes to put on for it. Wish there was some rational Cycle costume for this sort of thing. MORTL should be the only wear.

Wednesday, 5 P.M.—*Die Walküre*. Never saw a man so tired as *Sigmund* (late *Loge*) when he calls at *Hunding's* country-seat after a hard day with the hounds. Took something under five minutes to walk from the front door to the sofa; chest going in and out like a concertina. A drink, that takes almost as long (my Book of Words calls it "a well," but there is no Truth in this), picks him up at last; and his long-lost twin sister, *Mrs. Hunding*, sings to him as sweetly as any bird I know.

Presently host arrives in great voice. He was *Fasolt* on Monday. Said at the time that *Fafner* didn't really kill him. They sit down to supper, but don't touch it, as things are rather strained, *Hunding* having frankly promised to shoot *Sigmund* early next morning after a hospitable night's rest. Wife, however, drugs his posset so well that he hears nothing of a lovely loud duet that the twins sing in the dining-room.

Meanwhile, twins arrange to elope, being encouraged by view a Spring-night with gentle-waving scenery seen through an exceedingly large pair of folding-doors in wall. "In the Spring a young man's fancy," &c. All ends by *Sigmund* drawing, with extraordinary muscular effort, large sword from out of trunk of central ash-tree, piece of furniture which was then *de rigueur* in the be-families. Calls it a mere *Nothing*; but I trembled lest he should bring tree away with it.

A very perfect scene, marred only by inevitable defects of music's qualities. Will freely admit that WAGNER as poet has better chance against WAGNER as composer than any other librettist ever gets. But drama goes desperately slow. Every action, from vulgar processes of drinking or panting, to passion-movements of love and death (see *Fasolt's* decease) have to take their time from the orchestra. And do what Herr MORTL will—and he works miracles—he is bound, with all the wind at his

command, to keep the mummery marking time while he comes up. As for VAN DYCK, though his motions are a little spasmodic, and for Madame EAMES, though she can hardly be said to give herself away at this irregular bridal, and was never meant by nature even to approach verge of impropriety, they deserve all the enthusiasm they win from an audience whose attitude is of the most correct.

6.15.—My spirit caught up from my body; the latter turned out for purposes of ventilation. How can I go and eat earthly food in interval? During this waste hour and a half must of course keep life going; but let me purify my flesh by temperance, and remain receptive.

9.45.—*Have missed second act*. Learn from one of Faithful, who has dined more wisely but less well, that *Brünnhilde* has annoyed her parent by seconding *Sigmund* in his duel with outraged husband. Is to hear further of this at some length.

Third act opens with delightful quartette of Condemnation Lasses distributing *War Cry*. Fresh cuirassières join them, coming down lightning switch-back in rear, and putting up chargers in Covent Garden Cloak Room. All agree that *Brünnhilde*, who comes in with widow of late duellists, *Sigmund* and *Hunding*, will have bad quarter-of-an-hour with *Wotan* when he arrives; thus under-estimating length of approaching duetto. When the god appears, magnificent in war-paint and singing divinely, he dismisses the rest of the Valkyries so as to have a few words alone with erring daughter. Before the ladies have time to think of mounting, the dummy chargers scoot previously up the switch-back into space: two distinct whistles from the flies shew that some of cavalry are left calling for four-wheelers.

No space to tell of painful family scene that ensues. Awful punishment awaits daughter at hands of affectionate father, whom it hurts more than her. She has to lie flat on a plank-bed with only a shield for counterpane, and wait till *Siegfried* is born and gets old enough to marry her. To test honesty of that hero's intentions, ring of fire is supposed to go round her. In point of fact, it only goes across middle of stage, leaving easy and obvious approach for suitor by either front wing.

Miss MARIE BREMA, if she did not quite look the part of a Valkyrie, played it with strong feeling, and sang past all praise. Herr VAN ROOY was god-like every way.

To-morrow, *Siegfried*; but on that and the rest please next week the learned opinion of

THE STALLER



Actor (on the stage). "ME MIND IS MADE UP!"
Voice from the Gallery. "WHAT ABEOAUT YER FICE?"

THE COUNTY QUALIFICATION.

FROM far Australian prairies,
From India's sultry plains,
(The situation varies,
The principle remains,)
To England's richest counties,
Where gates and fees are high,
Athirst for "foreign bounties,"
They come to qualify.

What though a R——
Afar off has his birth,
Where man's complexion's dingy,
The hue of mother earth;
Since each man, to his humour,
Fresh fatherlands annex,
Sussex gets M——A,
T——T plays for Middlesex.

Thus, then, in haste and hurry,
Each player seeks new spots,
And qualifies for Surrey,
Though born in Yorks or Notts;
Like AARON's rod the new one
Still swallowing the rest,
That county's still his true one
That only pays the best.

WILL ANY ONE SUGGEST A REMEDY?

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—Please, I'd like to tell you about a piece of hard luck I've had lately. The other day, I was dragged by my eldest *soror* (which I will translate freely, for the benefit of the unlearned, as "sister") to see one of the mater's lady friends, who is afflicted with a she-baby. I hadn't decently got into the room before

the creature caught sight of me, and actually dared to smile at *me*. Of course my *soror* went mad over the thing; that I didn't mind, I only pitied her. But, not content with speaking a lot of idiotic rubbish to it, brutally told me to kiss it. Naturally, I said I wouldn't. When we got home, she hadn't forgotten (no such luck), but told the mater, who knagged me, not only for refusing to kiss it, but even for not volunteering to sit on the ground and play with it. I am thirteen, you know. I've written to you in the hopes that it will catch the eye of some influential person, who will take the strong measures required for abolishing this kind of annoyance. (Excuse my interrupting, but I must draw your attention to this last sentence, I think I put it rather neatly.) I asked the mater if I could rely on its not happening again, but she got quite angry. I only hope she doesn't see this letter; I shall have to hide away your paper this week. Yours in haste,

THOMAS ALLISON, Junr.

TUT, TUTT!

"I'd be a Butterfly."—OLD SONG.

[According to Mr. J. W. TUTT, of the South London Entomological and Natural History Society, 'the male butterfly is a glutton and an immoderate drinker.'—*Daily Telegraph*.]

NE'ER again will ladies sigh
To become a butterfly,
Now we prove the ancient song
Scientifically wrong.
NE'ER again will poets dare
To that insect to compare
Ladies whom the wish to praise
In an apt poetic phrase.

MR. TUTT, who tells no lies,
Tells us that the butterflies
Are, alas! what do you think?
Let me whisper, fond of drink!
He has watched them on the flow'rs,
Where they'll sit and suck for hours,
Quite devoid of any motion.
Save absorption of "the lotion."

Thus they spend the Summer's day
While the females work away,
For this craving to regale
Is restricted to the male.
Lost illusion of our youth
In a scientific truth,
Tear-drops gather in our eyes
When we think of butterflies.

ASCOT AMUSEMENTS.

(From a Lady's Point of View.)

PLEASANT sojourn in the country when
town is becoming monotonous.
House-party with customary diversions.
View of the Royal Procession with
"smart" surroundings.
Opportunity for sartorial display to the
best advantage.

Luncheon *al fresco*.
Small talk in air free from the smoke
microbes of the Row.

Return journey tinged with the gentle
influence of excellent champagne.
Dinners served with the chat of the
London season.

Dances informal, and epilogues and pro-
logues of sporting days past and to come.

(From a Man's Point of View.)

Making things safe with the favourite.
Getting things shipshape for the settle-
ment at TATTERSALL'S.



A WELCOME INTRUDER.

PEACE. "YOU'VE BEEN AT IT FOR SOME TIME, GENTLEMEN. DON'T YOU THINK YOU HAD BETTER LET *ME* STEP IN?"



[“Golf is now being played on the Norman Coast.”—Ludgate.]

DARBY JONES DISCOURSES ON ASCOT.

HONOURED SIR,—Once more the Thaumatrope of Time brings us afresh to the dainty delights of Aristocratic Ascot; once more every Noble Lady in the land is endeavouring to discover with what frills and furbelows other Noble Ladies are going to delight the Eye of Man and cause Bitter Envy to surge in feminine hearts; once more their Husbands, Brothers, Cousins, Sons, Nephews, Fathers, Uncles, and Adorers in general, are wondering what the week's dissipation is likely to cost them, when dresses, drags, hired houses, champagne lunches, and speculation on Horseflesh have to be settled for, while Poverty-stricken Plungers, who shudder at the mere name of Epsom doings, are searching for Good Things with all the assiduity of diggers and delvers in far Klondyke.

For my own part, honoured Sir, not being one of the Favourites of Fortune, being without Landed Estates, Money in the Funds, or Negotiable Jewellery,—well,—suffice it to say that I never miss the Royal Meeting, and I think I may observe, without the Blush of Egotism mantling my cheek, that my Get-up on such occasions is one that does not disgrace you, honoured Sir, or any other of my esteemed Patrician Patrons. As Count GROGANOFF observed the year before last (I got him to write down the phrase), “*SHONES a toujours l'air d'un Chevalier d'Industrie déguisé en Prince*,” which, I am told, means in British vernacular, “JONES always looks like a Nobleman in Disguise.”

We have taken a Cosy Crib not a hundred miles from the Course, where, I need not say, we shall be Proud to entertain our Friends to the best of our humble Resources, and also ask them to join us in some harmless Post-prandial Games. I only hope that we shall not fall victims to such a Scurvy Trick as was played us in a year which shall be dateless. Captain KRITERION had, with his usual forethought, hired a snug and respectable villa belonging to the Widow of a Venerable Archdeacon, and had also taken care that many cases of the Best, together with much Succulent Provender, should be sent

thither from certain London Purveyors in whom he had every confidence, and they in him. But when we sat down to our evening repast at nine o'clock, lo, and behold! there was no bread. The Beast of a Village Baker had actually refused to supply us with the Staff of Life.

It appeared that, on a previous occasion, KRITERION, after giving this Flower Spoiler profuse patronage, had somehow or another omitted to settle his paltry account, and this was the Inhuman Caitiff's pitiful revenge!

There were we, seated at a table overlaid with Luxuries, and not a crumb or crust of common Household Sustenance, no shops open in the neighbourhood, and no inn nearer than five miles off. A supply of biscuits had, alas! miscarried, and we had to consume seed cake with our priceless Gorgonzola, Camembert and Brie.

I quiver with Indignation and Indigestion as I recall this disgraceful episode. Away with such a sickening recollection! Let me seek relief in the Muse. Let her

inspire my feeble Pen and provide us with that Wherewithal without which the humble Quartern Loafer is as wretched as a detected Solicitor struck off the Rolls. So let the Goosequill be dipped into a Royal Hunt Cup filled with aureous fluid, and mingle minstrelsy with prophecy, as follows:—

Let-her-go has not pluck, I much fear;

The *Masculine Heir* I prefer,

The *Asshead* won't victory near,

But beware of the *Fog* that's on her!

The *Journal Ear* may go the pace,

And the *Baker Prince* lead in the straight;

But the *Envoy of Monarchs* will race

When the *Knight from the North* feels the

weight.

The *Saint who is under a Cloud*

To the *Troubadour* may not give way,

But the *Dropp'd Plumme* won't wait for the crowd,

While the *Ever Remembered* holds sway,

While the *Ditchweight* is looking as proud

As a winner should look on this day!

Thus does the Bard-Prophet chortle, knowing full well that there's many a slip 'twixt the start and the dip into the lucky bag. Wide may it be opened, honoured Sir, to you, Sir FRAISER PUNNETT, and other Noble Sportsmen, always revered by Your devoted Vates-Extraordinary,

DARBY JONES.

P.S. or Prize Selection for Thursday—

Though the *Face-Cover* speed like a stag,

For the Gold Cup the *Bay* will not lag,

But I'll stick to the Chester Cup *Flag*.

Short, but sweet.

D. J.



SUGGESTION FOR THE CRICKET SEASON.

The New Pneumatic Leg Guard.
(Mr. Punch's Patent.)

CHORUS OF FASHIONABLE LADIES.

AIR—“*Ah! que j'aime les militaires.*”

How we dote on the millinery!

Dote on the millinery!

Dote on the millinery!

Fashions change, and 'tis a crime

To be at all behind the time,—

Ah!

Don't we dote on the millinery?

Bother money; let 'em wait.

We must be up to date!

“How's this for High?”

“THE SEASON'S CHEESE.—After a long period of quiescence, cheese is once more moving.”—*Grocers' Journal*.



A SAFE WIN (?)

Pat (in corner, to chaffing friend, who knows him to have backed beaten horse). "GOIN' TO LOSE, AM OI! FAITH, AN' OI'M NOT! SHURE, OI'VE GOT A TROIFLE ON EVERY BLISSSED HORSE IN THE RACE!"

FLITTINGS.

East London, Cape Colony, May 1, 1898.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Here we are, in a place whose name reminds one of home, and whose leading thoroughfare is called Oxford Street, though I can't trace any other points of resemblance. Both this harbour and Durban are provided with very fine bars, the result being that big liners have to lie outside. We were therefore shipped yesterday from the latter port on board the "*Dunvegan Castle*" by means of a basket over the side of a tug, and felt like a lot of cattle as we were swung in mid-air.

A few days ago we rode and drove out to a *kraal* in Natal, to pay our respects to a chief, whose name sounded somewhat like "COCKIELEEKIE." When we got there, we found that our *induna* was out on a wife-hunting expedition, in search of his thirty-first spouse. However, the existing thirty Mesdames COCKIELEEKIE and their progeny were all there, and we left a card on the senior chieftainess, who was squatting on all fours inside a hut. She treated it with contempt, not unmingled with aversion. It was doubtless a fearful breach of etiquette.

We were soon surrounded by a swarm of importunate children and grass-widows, with bead ornaments and Kafir drinking-bowls, etc., to sell. As we could get them much cheaper in London, we declined their offers, but invited a few of the least unprepossessing ladies, with brick-red and bottle-shaped *coiffures*, and babies on their backs, to pose for a family group. They named their terms with the air of professional beauties, and, after much haggling, a bargain was struck. When the photo was taken, some twenty others sprang like magic from the ground and declared they had been included in the group, and demanded their fees as well. I wonder they did not raise the question of copyright. Anyhow, the leader of our party, who could vituperate in Zulu with the best of them, found his work cut out in pacifying our hostesses. He was saved from being torn to pieces by the arrival of the *induna* himself attended by his umbrella-bearer. He soon sent his thirty better, or noisier halves about their business. We said "we saw him," which was no poker parlance, but the Zulu greeting, and hoped "our" *kraal* would "dwell happily," and took our leave. Six hours later we got rid of the last of the Natal grass-ticks which infested his neighbourhood.

The most striking product of Durban is the crowd of ricksha-

boys. They lie in wait for you outside your hotel at all hours of the day or night, with their appealing query of "Yes, baas?" or self-approving exclamation, "Good boy!" They are now only an amusing memory, while I sign myself,
Yours, with Zulu clicks,
ZEDWHITES.

THE SITUATION.

[“There is no news at present from the seat of war, but great events may shortly be expected.”—*Anster Weekly*.]

KINGSKETTLE is expectin', for the *Weekly*'s gien the word—

The toun is a' a-buzz wi' expectation,
An' crowds o' four an' five an' sax—Kingskettle 's that stirred—
Foregaiter tae discuss the seetuation.

Eh, Sirs! A stirrin' time, an' mair especially for me,

For when they're done wi' arguin', the loons 'll

Come rinnin' roun' tae learn the views o' SAUNDY BROWN, P.C.—

The Pairish, no, ye ken, the Privy Council.

Aweel, tak' Spain. I dinna ken stateestics o' the fleet,

But this 'll be the way tae mak' a test o't—

Suppose the Yankees dinna prove owre tough for them tae beat,

In that case, Spain 'll likely hae the best o't.

But then again, convairsely, should the Spanish fleet engage,

An' get sae muckle she can bide nae more o't,

Why then, ye ken, however hot the bluidy fight may rage,

I doot the Yankees winna hae the waur o't.

Na, na, I'm no for sayin', Sir—Ca' canny! Bide a wee!

For mind ye, there is ae conseederation,

A factor o' the vara first importance, as ye 'll see,

Tae ane that 's thinkin' out the seetuation.

Suppose—an' it is far frae the impossible, ye ken—

Suppose the twa should never come thegither,

Suppose a mutual respect inspires them baith—why, then,

I doot the t'ae will never beat the t'ither.

I'm no for sayin' definite there winna be a fight,

But only that, in certain circumstances,

Wi' certain reservations, gin they never come in sight,

A battle seems tae me against the chances.

That 's ma openion! Weel, mebbe, it is a wee thing strang,

But though I like tae put it gey an' meekly,

Ye winna vara often find that SAUNDY BROWN is wrang,

Particularly when he's read his *Weekly*.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday night, June 6.—If one has to hint at a fault in the manner of the Member for Oxford University, it is a tendency to frivolity. Constitutionally prone to see the bright, not to say the comic, side of things, his light-heartedness sometimes jars on the sensitive mind. This made the more striking the evidence of emotion betrayed when the SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE to-night came forward as Champion of the Clergy. Their case had been laid before adamant CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER by Colonel MILWARD. That gallant Member, amazed at the moderation of his own fluency, urged that parsons whose income is wholly or in part derived from tithes, should have a little special provision made for them out of public purse. As SQUIRE OF MALWOOD (uncommonly active after recess) pointed out, present Government passed Act largely endowing landlords out of the rates. Why should clergy, also drawing their income from land, be omitted from beneficent arrangement?

ST. MICHAEL said that, out of respect to the memory of the late Queen ELIZABETH, it couldn't be done. Since the time of that lamented monarch, clergy had been taxed on present system. Would never do to alter it. Above all things, no scandal about Queen ELIZABETH.

Convinced by this argument, J. G. TALBOT rose, and with tears in his voice advised MILWARD to withdraw his amendment moved on second reading of Budget Bill. The Colonel, having thoroughly enjoyed himself with his speech, and feeling that he had done all that was possible for downtrodden clergy, assented. Friends of the clergy on Ministerial side gave sigh of relief. Everything going off admirably. Had made their plaint; had pleased their parish parson; but 'twould never do to vote against the Government, above all in a division where their names would figure in the list as backing up fresh demand on public purse in favour of what ruthless persons opposite called the richest church in the world.

It was here SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE (lately removed to Old Palace Yard) interposed. Not usually regarded as a buttress of the Church. Is content with living as near Westminster Abbey as building arrangements permit. But this writing up of

"Help the Poor Clergy" and then running away touched his chivalrous soul. If hon. and almost reverend gentlemen opposite would not divide the House on the question, he would. So, pressing MADDISON into service as co-teller, the two ultra-Radicals led out the flower of British Toryism to strike a blow for the oppressed parson.

In point of size it wasn't much of a flower, and it seemed to form itself a little reluctantly. But the thing was done, and tears of genuine emotion rolled down cheeks of J. G. TALBOT as he went out with the dauntless twenty-seven.

"None of us are hopelessly bad," he said. "Nothing is irretrievable. I begin to think I shall live to see LABBY endowing 5, Old Palace Yard, as a Home for Incurable Curates, himself, in decent garb, presiding at their matins and evensong."

Business done.—Proposal to extend to clergy Relief of Landlords Act defeated by 215 votes against 27.

Tuesday.—SARK just now lost in contemplation of the problem why, in Parliamentary debate, a certain type of statesman and orator should attach himself to India and its far-reaching affairs. Here is a country whose extent, whose population, whose material wealth, whose ancient history, whose barbaric splendour inflame the imagination, touch the profoundest depths of human intellect. It is a theme that has fitly engaged the oratory of FOX, BURKE and SHERIDAN, the pen of MACAULAY, the sword of CLIVE and WARREN HASTINGS. Yet, as sure as ever India comes on for discussion in the House of Commons, SAM SMITH and SIR WILLIAM WEDDERBURN take the floor.

'Twas ever thus, before and since the time of the late SIR GEORGE BALFOUR. Wherefore? That is just what the Member for Sark wants to know. Secret up to the present is past finding out. PRINCE ARTHUR and DON JOSE, listening to GEORGIE HAMILTON's statement on Indian finance, found the problem so entrancing that they severally went to sleep over it. A pretty picture thus composed: Secretary of State at the table talking in monotonous voice about famine, plague, war, earthquake, and expenditure of millions of rupees. To his left, on the bench behind, the Leader of the House sweetly slumbering; on his right the Colonial Secretary dreaming that JESSE COLLINGS was born with a long spoon in his mouth, which accounts for his being comfortably ensconced at the



THE RETURN OF THE "LITTLE MINISTER."

Will the Elders reinstate him?

Home Office. A little lower down, the President of the Board of Agriculture, also asleep, presenting to the few strangers in the gallery an object-lesson in the pallid countenance, the haggard look, the wasted frame that typify British Agriculture.

But then India is a long way off, and SAM SMITH, with WEDDERBURN to follow, were soon to descant on the topic.

Business done.—Committee authorise new loan of ten millions for India.

Thursday.—As schoolboys back after holiday talk of how they spent the happy time, so to-day House is full of reminiscence of Whitsuntide. For sheer enjoyment, Belfast takes the cake. JOHN DILLON, who happened to be there, entranced House with graphic description of a day's doings. The Catholic boys, some 20,000 strong, marched out with drums

beating, flags flying. The Orangemen lay in wait for them, with a miscellaneous



"A tendency to Frivolity."
(Mr. J. G. T-lb-t.)

collection of theological arguments, varying from brickbats to crowbars. At one particular street-turning there was a mo-

ment of breathless excitement, which the House shared, listening to the eye-witness' simple story. Some two or three hundred Orangemen approached from a cross-road upon the thoroughfare along which the Catholic boys proudly pressed. Had they been fewer in number, less resolute in appearance, the Orangemen, anxious above all things for the salvation of their souls, would have dashed in and battered their bodies. But, as JOHN DILLON glowingly said, "we had ten thousand as fine fighting men as I ever clapped eyes upon."

Experienced glance of Orangemen told them it was no use attacking such an army. They withdrew, and the Catholics tramped on undisturbed. Had the forces been more equally matched, there would, DILLON said, have been "the bloodiest battle the streets of Belfast ever saw." Which is putting it strongly.

However, there are compensations. If the Catholics were too strong for the genial Orangemen, the police force were not. So they "went for" the police, and before midnight a hundred and three of them were carried bleeding to the hospital. When Belfast resolves to make holiday, what a day it does have, to be sure!

Business done.—Miscellaneous.

Friday.—A touching monument to our dear FRANK LOCKWOOD is found in the first list of subscribers to the Memorial Fund. Headed by H.R.H. and his son next in succession to the throne, it includes pgers,

judges, M.P.'s, members of the bar, and some private friends. £1,200 these have promptly planked down. That is good; even more golden than the guineas is the testimony of lingering affection and esteem for one of the kindest-hearted, sweetest-tempered, merriest-mannered men that ever convinced a jury or charmed the House of Commons.

But £1,200 is not enough to carry out the purposes of the Committee. Just half as much more is needed. Less than fifty Members of the House of Commons have as yet come forward with their guineas. The address of the old friend and companion dear who has the matter in hand, and wants another £600, is C. W. MATHEWS, 1, Essex Court, Temple.

Business done.—DON JOSE rises to explain his Long-spoon speech.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

WANTED, Porter for well-known Metropolitan workhouse. Must be good all-round man, able to keep door, accounts, temper; nurse in hospital and prescribe for paupers. Preference given to London M.D.—Apply, stating degrees, accomplishments, experience and all qualifications, to "Guardian," Gray's Inn Road.

TO V.C.'S and Others. Wanted, Dargai Hero to play the pipes in country house and look generally interesting. Duties light, salary ditto.—Apply, War Office.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

In *The Admiral* (HUTCHINSON), Mr. DOUGLAS SLADEN has woven a wreath to the memory of NELSON in anticipation of the hundredth anniversary of the battle of the Nile, fought on the 1st of August, 1798. He calls it *A Romance*, and lives up to the idea by introducing, by way of undercurrent, the story of the love of a British midshipman for a Sicilian Princess. The book is really a careful study of the personality, private life, and glorious career, of NELSON. It is a perilous undertaking, and my Baronite congratulates Mr. SLADEN on his success. It has evidently been a labour of love. He has not only steeped himself in all known records of the great Admiral, especially his letters and despatches, but has visited the scene of his amours with Lady HAMILTON, and describes them with graphic force. Next to NELSON, ROMNEY's model stands out on the page with most distinctness. The manly Queen of Naples, and her futile husband, with occasional glimpses of the complaisant Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON, give varied life to the picture. Nothing yet done in literature presents a more vivid picture of NELSON. In some of the aspects it is startling regarded through the glasses in use at the end of the Nineteenth Century. But it is necessarily accurate, since Mr. SLADEN's so-called Romance is largely made up, whether in dialogue or description, of the actual words of NELSON and his contemporaries.

Burdett's Official Intelligence (SPOTTISWOODE & Co.), has reached its seventeenth year—a sweet young thing of 2,528 pages, weighing a trifle under a stone. It is almost a providential thing that Sir HENRY BURDETT, its Editor and creator, having retired from his secretarial office on the Stock Exchange, should have decided to withdraw from further care of this monumental work. It has been growing year by year till it has reached cubical proportions quite as extensive as an able-bodied man can grapple with. The mass of information given is at first sight bewildering in its range and complexity. But so admirable is the workmanship, so masterly the arrangement, that any one seeking information upon a particular point has no difficulty in finding it. Indispensable to all having dealings with the Stock Exchange, it recommends itself to my Baronite on the ground that, in case of emergency, it will serve admirably as a centre table for an office or a stool for any desk of ordinary height. THE B. DE B.-W.

Toujours la Fumee.

Irate Clubbite. Hang these Yankees! I gave up Havana cigars when they blockaded Cuba, and directly I took to Manilas they did ditto to the Philippines!

HOBSONIANA.

[A movement is on foot to have Lieutenant Hobson, of *Merrimac* fame, made captain of the new battleship, *Alabama*.—*Daily Press*.]

It is proposed to make Lieutenant HOBSON a Bishop. This would give him exclusive command of the See.

Although it has been suggested by everyone who had anything to say on the subject, that the naval hero should be offered anything he liked to take, including special cigars, the brand to be named "Hobson's choice," yet it has not been announced as certain that Lieutenant HOBSON, having "won his spurs," should be permitted to wear them whilst "riding at anchor."

At Yildiz Kiosk.

The Shadow (throwing down the newspapers in disgust). Bismillah! What fools these Spaniards are! I could have taught them a thing or two. They might have learnt lessons from Crete and Armenia, instead of being so pig-headed about Cuba and the Philippines. In Constantinople, at all events, the Powers know that the Commander of the Faithful must always be the boss for us!

[Calls for his chibouque.



A CHANCE NOT TO BE MISSED.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH I AM SENDING YOU A FUNNY DROKING IF YOU EXCEPT IT I SHALL BE HAPPY TO DROK WUN EVRY WEEK."

"TOMMY."



"VERY COLD WIND TO-DAY, MRS. TUBBS."

"YES, SIR, IT IS. BUT IT SUITS ME—IT'S SO EMBRACING!"

"OUTINGS."

SAYS the *Daily Telegraph*, June 15, "In France, Germany, Holland, and Switzerland, the comfort of the English tourist is to be studied as it has never been studied before." Time is money. Save time, you save money. Say a minute equals a sovereign; i.e., sixty pounds per hour. By the night service, per Bâle, Berne, and Coire, we are to save five hours. That is, taking the above estimate, a saving of three hundred pounds in one journey. Then, having done so much for the traveller, the London, Chatham and Dover Railway Company works another wonder, for, between Switzerland and Victoria "it abolishes night!" No necessity to go to the land of the Aurora Borealis for a lengthy day: all you have to do is, come home from Switzerland, and, en route, there is no night!

But, for a short trip that will cheer the worn and weary Londoner, there is a 4.20 from Calais, which will reach the latter at 7.45 (or, may be, a trifle earlier), when, if you have no luggage, and are of a decided character, you will have about twenty-five minutes clear for snack-and-whistle-wetter, a small cup of coffee, and then cigar, pipe, or cigarette in mouth, you can depart rejoicing by the 8.25 boat, and will arrive (L. C. & "D. V.") at Victoria by 11.40 of the clock, so that in twenty minutes, should your residence be handy, you may be tucked up in your own little cot and enjoying "that repose, which innocence, virtue," and the tired traveller, "only knows."

The S. E. Co. is going on the same lines, so to speak, or, at all events, similar ones, as, says the *D. T.*, jubilantly (the writer of that article evidently enjoys the idea of getting away for a holiday, and revels in the facilities for doing so), the Weary Worker can start from Charing Cross at 2.45, snack, nay, almost "dine," but that's a big word, at Boulogne about 7, and start to return to his Pina'es and Lares (whom he leaves at home, and who will be so glad, if they're awake, to welcome him back) at 7.50 from Boulogne quay. Isn't this good news for those who love the "transit"—(the Latin adverb is purposely omitted as being unpleasantly suggestive), and who glory in rapidity of action and poetry of motion?

DOCTORED!

SIR HENRY IRVING, be-knighted and be-doctor'd, is now LL.D., of Cambridge, and is, therefore, a degree better than he was before. He is now a Doctor of the "Drama's Laws," and was described in glowing terms by the Public Orator, Dr. SANDYS (the C. SANDYS or Cambridge SANDYS), who was not gravelled for lack of words or ideas, as "*Agendi et dicendi artifex peritissimus*," and was complimented as one who would have been "*amicus Ciceronis*" (had Sir HENRY been HENRICUS IRVINGIUS, Eques), and on the most amicable terms with his two Ciceronian contemporaries, "ROSCIUS and ÆSOPUS." Whereupon Sir HENRICUS was heard to mutter softly to himself, "How he soap us!" Then there was great cheering, and the popular manager and actor, likewise Rede Lecturer, although humbly classing himself by Act of Parliament (14 Eliz. ch. 5) with SHAKSPEARE as "a rogue, vagabond, and sturdie beggar," knelt low to receive the Honorary Degree to which, as well as to many other honours, his life of honest, earnest work, of high aims and straightest and directest ways to attain them, has justly entitled him.

Sir HENRY IRVING we greet with applause,
At Cambridge they've made you a Doctor of Laws;
Dr. Punch grants you more as a great "man of parts,"
He declares you to be a true "Master of Hearts."

More power to the elbow of the well-graced actor, HENRICUS IRVINGIUS, Eques, Doctissimus!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Of *Collections and Recollections* (SMITH, ELDER), my Baronite greatly prefers the "Recollections." Almost any one with wide range of reading, and average literary ability, could have made the "Collections." To few has been given opportunity for musing over the "Recollections." One Who Has Kept a Diary (who can he be?) has not only enjoyed, on intimate terms, the personal acquaintance of men like Earl RUSSELL, Lord SHAFTESBURY, Cardinal MANNING, Lord HOUGHTON, Mr. GLADSTONE, and Mr. C. P. VILLIERS, but he has the gift of drawing out veterans to talk of men and monarchs they have met. Thus we get at first hand, with further reach, touch with notable men of earlier generations. "One Who Has," &c. (a parlous long title; much more convenient to give a name, or even four initials), is endowed with varied gifts for the work undertaken. He has a keen eye for character, quick sympathy with humour, writes admirably, and, as mentioned, has, by the accidents of birth and fortune, enjoyed rare range of opportunity. Much has been written about Lord HOUGHTON, Cardinal MANNING, and Lord SHAFTESBURY. "One Who," &c., in a few pages presents new and vivid portraiture. He has a rich store of good stories, and they lose nothing in the telling. But, like CHAUCER,

who left half told;

The story of Cambuscan bold,

"One," &c., stops short of not the least interesting part of his story. He should tell us his name.

RICHARD MARSH has written not a few stories more interesting than the one bearing the attractive title of *Tom Ossington's Ghost* (JAMES BOWDEN). "Alas, poor ghost!" very poor ghost. There is a ghost, so much the Baron confidently guarantees; but for not one of the personages in whom the ghost appears to be interested will the reader, unless he differs in his tastes from the majority of readers, care one ghostly dump. The idea of the ghost is there, but 'tis only the ghost of an idea, and—well—the Baron, as ghostly adviser, will say no more on the subject.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

FORECASTS OF DRAMA.—It is rumoured, says Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT, in his entertaining and instructive *Daily Telegraphian* article, "Drama of the Day" (and night as well), "that one of the great effects in the Drury Lane Autumn drama" is to be a scene in a balloon. The hero and heroine, or the heroine and the villain, the stars of the piece, will be up ever so high, and, like some pictures at the Academy, will be "skied." However, it is uncertain, and in any case, the promised effect is, as Mr. SOOTT says of the sometime-forthcoming Adelphi drama, "*in nubibus*."

THE CORNER CORNERED.—"No man will lose a penny through me," Mr. LEITER is reported to have said to an interviewer. There is another and an unpleasant way of reading this statement. However, the trembling speculator may construe it hopefully, and retire to rest with a LEITER heart.



THE GRAND ANGLO-FRENCH BOUNDARY ACT.

(Scene in the Niger Circus.)

[Last Friday the Niger Convention between France and England was signed.]

CORONATION DAY. VICTORIA R.I.

JUNE 28, 1838—1898.

A HOLIDAY! A Holiday!
 This Day of Coronation!
 Though sixty years have passed away,
 A Day of Jubilation!
 Dynastic thrones are lost and dead,
 Republics risen from the red,
 Thy diadem still lifts ahead
 Its glory to the nation!
 A Holiday! A Holiday
 Of British Federation
 Of peoples, who can boast Thy sway,
 And bless Thy consecration!
 From land to land, from sea to sea,
 Thy banner flies above the free,
 And gem by gem they make for Thee
 A Crown of Love that all may see,
 On this rare Ruby Jubilee,
 Thy world-wide Coronation!

THE LADIES AT LORD'S.

OLD STYLE—EARLY SIXTIES.

SCENE—*The Ground and its Accessories.*

Superior Creature. Really very pleasant.
Weaker Sex. Oh! charming. So delightful having luncheon *al fresco*. The lobster salad was capital.

S. C. Very good. And the champagne really drinkable.

W. S. And our chat has been so interesting, Captain SMORLTORK.

S. C. So pleased. And now, what do you think of the cricket?

W. S. Oh! I haven't time to think of the cricket.

NEW STYLE—LATE NINETIES.

SCENE—*The Same.**Mere Man.* Really rather nice.

Stronger Sex. Quite nice. Capital game, too. Up to county form. That last over was perfect bowling.

M. M. Yes; and the batting was well above the average.

S. S. Tol-lish. And really, when I come to think of it, Mr. SMORLTORK-GOSSIP, you have been also entertaining.

M. M. Proud and honoured! And now, what do you think about the luncheon?

S. S. Oh! I haven't time to think about the luncheon.

CONCERNING INFECTION.

[Dr. Koch declares that malarial fevers are solely propagated by the bites of mosquitoes.]

HAIL, Dr. KOCH! whose lore explains
 The secret of malarial banes,

Fever and ague,

As coming, not from evil airs,

But from mosquitoes, unawares,

That bite and plague you.

Most welcome doctrine, since poor man,

Unblushingly, henceforward can—

Taught by such teachers—

Throw all the fault, for the distress

He owes but to his carelessness,

On lower creatures.

At measles, then, and whooping-cough,

Or scarlatina we may scoff,

No longer cowards,

Holding their propagation springs

From wandering flies' insidious stings,

Or "Norfolk Howards'."

And children of a larger growth

Shall to your science (nothing loth)

Henceforth submit them,

Till dipsomaniacs, losing shame,

Will for the future only blame

"The dog that bit them."



AT THE DENTIST'S.

"YOU 'LL BE A GOOD LITTLE GIRL, AND TAKE THE GAS, WON'T YOU, KITTY!"
 "OH, MAMMY, MAYN'T I HAVE ELECTRIC LIGHT!"

MADDER MATINÉE HATS.

Oh! ladies with towering hats,
 I am a diminutive man,
 I see your fine feathers, and that's
 The utmost I possibly can.

I go very rarely, it's true,
 To *matinées* anywhere; though
 I might enjoy looking at you,
 I don't care to see your *chapeaux*.

But Messrs. PINERO and CARR
 Have started quite lately a play
 With head-dresses towering far
 Above the small things of to-day.

The Beauty Stone, there you will see
 Some types of the *matinée* hat.

Green with envy you'll certainly be,
 Compared with them yours are quite flat.

Good gracious! suppose you should try
 To follow that fashion as well!
 We give you some inches, then why
 Not measure your hats by the ell?

Your headgear is mad anyhow;
 I've already explained that I'm small,
 I cannot see much even now,
 I then should see nothing at all.

FLORICULTURAL NOTE BY OUR OWN IRRE-
 PRESSIBLE ONE (by foreign post-card).—
 Q. What flower combines the voice of the
 bird and the cat? A. The larks-pur(r).



SENSATIONAL ARRIVAL OF MR. GILDERSON BOOMSTOCK (THE NEWEST SOUTH AFRICAN MILLIONAIRE) AT SPATELY BRIDGE TO MEET THE OTTER HOUNDS!

"THE RING" AND THE BOOK.

Thursday, June 9.—*Siegfried*. Brünnhilde, anticipating sex-theory of Herr SCHENK, had arranged for *Siegfried* to be a male child. Since yesterday has been born all right, and grown to a fine strapping boy of about forty-five summers. Prototype of HORATIO NELSON, he knows no fear, and plays with wild bears and things. Finds society a little limited in cave of his grotesque adopted parent, *Mime*, and would like to have a nice sword and see the world, being in rude health.

Like Perseus, *Mime* has designs on local dragon, but would prefer the boy to do it for him. So he goes on making German swords that break as soon as you look at them. Presently grand-papa *Wotan* comes in and they have a conundrum match. Belongs to Travellers' Club, and takes liberty of wandering a little from text. Tells *Mime* that what he wants for his weapon is a fearless forger, like *Jim the Penman*. Finally retires, after receiving limelight full on blind eye, which gives *Mime* the panics.

On recovering, latter puts *Siegfried* through sharp *vivâ voce* on topic of Fear, of which the untutored boy's ignorance is quite unique. So he is put to the bellows, where he develops into a rattling good Harmonious Blacksmith, and turns out sword with such an edge on it that it slices the property-anvil in two at first time of asking.

Herr BREUER, as *Mime*, not made up to look beautiful; but gets the last ounce of meaning out of music as difficult as a man could desire. Even makes me believe that WAGNER himself might sometimes be humorous of malice prepense.

In Second Act, *Siegfried* goes to flesh his new blade in ribs of *Fafner*, proprietor of Rhine-gold, who, for private reasons, not disclosed, has assumed shape of first-class dragon. Bird sings ventriloquially in pleasance outside front-door of *Fafner's* cave. *Siegfried* looks about trees for it. I could easily have told him where it was. Not on bough at all, but inside a *Cor Anglais* just under my nose in orchestra.

M. JEAN DE RESZKE now makes a penny whistle out of artificial reed, and tries to compete with bird; but gets discouraged, his talent being rather vocal than instrumental. Admits defeat in following frank terms:—

Bird, I will own
My ear is bad;
Thy call ill it has caught!—

In shame I am 'lost
As he lurkingly listens,
I know he learns from me n-thing.

Audible sensation through house on appearance of titillative dragon. Only men unaffected are *Siegfried* and leading members of WAGNER Society. Dragon has a green railway-signal (for "caution") in each eye-socket. Thing sticking straight up out of his lower front teeth is not brace of carrots but forked tongue. Mouth opens so wide that I can see internal arrangement of green signal at back of optic nerve. Confess to be disappointed in dragon's agility; particularly as regards his tail, which does hardly any of the stage-directions in my Text-Book. *Fafner* ought to know something of the prize Ring, but is obviously short of training, and goes down early in first round, signalling defeat by turning off green light of eye. Soft thing for *Siegfried*, whose sword comes out of fight dry as a bone, though he gets a little blood on hands, which he wipes with tongue. Cannot explain connection of ideas, but effect of this is to make bird up tree sing songs with words instead of without. It is Fräulein VON ARTNER who does it. Never, since the hoopoe business in *Birds* of ARISTOPHANES at Cambridge have I heard better imitation of inspired fowl. Ah! how she filled with honey all the grove!

Όλον κατεμελίτωσε τὴν λοχμὴν δῆλον,

as I remarked to one of Faithful on my left. "Hush!" was his reply.

Siegfried, taking wrinkle from bird, declines to drink deadly grog offered by *Mime*. Has tasted blood, and in fit of creative art, as DE QUINCEY's Toad-in-the-Hole would say, puts sword through foster-father. Curtain falls on spirited duet between bird and DE RESZKE, former doing smart bit of work on invisible wire across stage.

During interval, observed our new musical novelist in lobby: face lit up with high hope (since realised) that Messrs. W. H. SMITH would secure success of work by boycotting it.

Third Act brings on *Wal-father*, determined that his daughter Brünnhilde shall still remain Wal-flower. *Siegfried*, however, not to be denied. After a few preliminary cuts in text, severs the old gentleman's spear; and passes on to stir up sleeping beauty. Indignation among Purists at expurgation of original WAGNER.

Shall myself interview management, and write letter of complaint to Press; but having complimentary ticket, do not care to ask for money back at doors. Am further shocked to find scene of *Brünnhilde's* trance completely changed during last half-century. Fresh background, bed higher up stage, and fresh lady lying on plane inclined at fresh angle.

Cannot understand how *Siegfried* mistakes Madame NORDICA, in that dress, for a man. Where are the greaves of which my Book speaks? Another insult to the WAGNER Society!

Awful pause, while *Brünnhilde* comes to with long, wooden gestures, and total disregard of suitor just behind her. Subsequently her passionate appeals to auditorium leave *Siegfried* very bored. Most unfortunate commencement to courtship: which, nevertheless, ends happily enough, with brilliant finale and complete understanding between lover and maiden aunt.

Saturday, 4 p.m.—*Götterdämmerung*. Twilight of gods falls rather early for time of year. Scene opens with tootling of three Norns (not horns, as the *Standard* has it). The plot, till now a trifle thin, begins to curdle. Briefly, *Siegfried*, after honeymoon in midst of fiery furnace, sallies out in search of distraction; pledges his gold hoop in exchange for wife's horse; drinks in bad company; commits bigamy; is further charged with marrying first wife over again, second wife being still alive; is murdered in small of back; waves his arm about ten minutes afterwards; and finally proceeds to Walhalla by way of pyre.

JEAN DE RESZKE, after most unkindest cuts given and received by self and brother in last play, feels naturally indisposed. Herr DIPPEL, having got up part over-night without rehearsal, does himself great credit in a shirt that looks like "love's last shift." Chief credit, however, for unrehearsed effects goes to stage-carpenters, not in programme, though they are discovered on stage just as curtain rises, and retreat with modest haste. Carrier-ravens, on beat between Gibichung Court and Walhalla, do some wonderful trapeze-work. Will speak of behaviour of junior bird after manner of "alliterative verse of the original":—

Fat was the one,
And wasted his fellow;
On his back the latter
Lay for a bit and bucked;
While the fatuous wire
Wobbled and faltered;

Till by a tug
Judiciously jerked,
Rather behind
On the route to Walhalla,
Into the flies he
Finally exiit.

Similar unruliness shewn by *Brünnhilde's* good old horse, who refuses to take hedge of fire, and has to be hauled off by stable-super; mistress having already thought better of "swinging herself stormily" on to his back as my Book of Words recommends. Then, again, roof of Gibichung Court, fixed up loosely so as to be ripe for concluding catastrophe, keeps slipping off the mark before the signal, and has to be propped up in place. Under trying circumstances, Madame NORDICA, though not an ideal *Brünnhilde*, sings courageously, but is a little inclined to direct her remarks to the Wal-gallery. Frau SCHUMANN HEINK indispensable throughout the Cycle, whether as Norn or Valkyrie, *Erda* or Rhine-nymph. But MORTL *allein!* is the final call. So ends, with many defects, not all avoidable, a great performance; and

"Justifiably golden, rounds my Ring."

Intermediate Cycle, now on, is distinguished (1) by freedom from expurgation, (2) by total absence of THE STALLED OX.

SALVE CALVÉ!

Thursday last, at Covent Garden.—*Enfin!* Madame Calvé, as *Marguerite*, in GOUNOD's ever-popular *Faust*, when a brilliantly-filled house over and over again summoned Madame Calvé to receive its enthusiastic plaudits. It was for Calvé a veritable triumph. But—the "but" must come in—was it the true *Marguerite*? As to singing, yes. As to acting, yes, with a qualification. Calvé does not allow herself to look the part. Madame Calvé is a "fine and large" woman (which tells against her as the maiden still in her early teens), doubly "fine and large" when viewed side by side with so elegant and so slightly-built a lover as Monsieur SALEZA. Why, one playful slap from the lily-white (over-bismuth'd) hand of the substantial *Fräulein* would send the poor gentleman into the middle of next month! To balance this young woman, a *Faust* of JOHN DE RESZKE's proportions is required.

In the two earlier scenes, that is, from her first entrance to the end of the garden scene, Madame Calvé's *Marguerite* suggests a *mädchen* "with a past," for most certainly she seems to be "one who knows." She has the demure air of a full-blown *Sainte Nitouche*, and one's pity is excited, not for her, but for the inexperienced noodle who falls in love with her. As for Madame Calvé's "business," which it is our business to note most carefully, it is admirable throughout, except where the



A MARTYR TO APPEARANCES.

Young Lady. "I SAY, CADDIE, WHAT DOES MR. MCFADJOCK DO WITH ALL THESE CLUBS?"

Caddie (woefully preparing to follow his tyrant). "HE MAKES ME CARRY THEM!"

composer has suited the music to the action of spinning, in the spinning-wheel situation. But Calvé, acting on the Scotch proverb of "leaving weel alone," walks away from it and leaves it to spin a yarn by itself, if so inclined. All else is excellent.

As a matter of fact, however, our old friend *Faust* wants to be re-staged, re-dressed, and re-juvenesced.

SIMS REEVES.

CHANGE for a Tenor! Aye, and a sad change, too, when old, pecuniarily unfortunate, the once popular favourite has to beg assistance from the "gentle public," which, having ever "supported" him, and received its *quid pro quo* for so doing, will generously do its best to support him once again and receive his grateful thanks. Let everyone who can give two fivers (more or less, according to means) for this Tenor, send them to the *Daily Telegraph* (which has started the subscription), addressed, "Hon. Sec., Dr. BECHER, 16, Montague Street, Portman Square." Much will it rejoice SIMS REEVES to receive, as a friendly, sympathetic testimonial, these genuine notes as substitutes for those he has lost for ever. SIMS REEVES is an old "Friend in Need"; let us all be his "Friends in Deed."

"GENTLEMEN v. PLAYERS."—These distinctions seem wrong. Of course, the first speaks for itself. But "Players"? Here, they are not "Stage-players," but "Cricket-players." Yet are not the Gentlemen also Players? If they are not, how "is the match! Why should not the term be "Amateur Professional Players"? A match between the Stage House of Commons would be so announced, and what resting match it would be with Sir HENRY IRVING and B. TREE in for any number of runs, but finally bowled by BALFOUR, stumped by JOHN MORLEY, or caught by HAL. However, this by the way.



The Bishop of Lichbury. "REALLY, IT'S VERY SHOCKING, TO READ IN THE PAPERS SO MANY PAINFUL CASES OF WIFE-BEATING AND ASSAULT AMONG THE LABOURING CLASSES!"

The Rev. Mr. Simmiel. "IT IS INDEED, MY LORD. INDEED—AH—WITH YOUR LORDSHIP'S PERMISSION, ONE MIGHT ALMOST CALL THEM *BELABOURING* CLASSES."

MR. PUNCH ON THE PRESS BAZAAR.

"FLE fro the Pres"? Nay, gentles, come and give

To help our LONDON HOSPITAL to live!
Royal the lips that by a fair decree
Call on your purses—"Open, Sesame!"
That bid you come where rival papers
wrestle

In friendly conflict at the Hotel Cecil.

Here *Black and White* allures the nimble
nose

With bottled spice of every herb that blows;
Here at the *Morning Post*, one blaze of
glory,

You have a liberal conservatory;
Here brimming bowls with milk and honey
run

Under the kindly influence of the *Sun*;
Here the *Financial News* has on demand
Outlandish ore from Afric's sunny Rand;
Or would you local gems? then see you get
The native GOULD of Westminster's *Gazette*;
With whose attractions *Vanity Fair* will
vie,

Purveying coloured specimens of "SPY."

Here, too, the *Sketch*, the *Lady*, and the
Graphic

In "special lines" conduct a roaring traffic;
In China, of the more artistic sort,
The *Daily Chronicle* keeps "open port";
The *Strand* and *Ladies' Field* will ask you
whether

There's anything in life compared with
leather.

Wile on the Stage's stall are lots and lots

Of gloves and kerchiefs and, in fact, what-
nots.

Here *Truth*, forgetful of the cause of
Greece,

Sells Turkish cigarettes, twopence a-piece;
And should the same be bad for little boys,
Then try the *Referee* for sweets and toys;
Here, finally, will *Mr. Punch* be found
Raffling his whole career, most chastely
bound;

And also selling, for the merest song.

New stuff, exceptionally fine and strong.

Time fails to tell how many pretty faces
Will smile on you from stalls and other
places:

Or how the Stage will send her heavenly
stars

To beautify the best of all Bazaars.

Come, then, and pour your riches out like
rain,

For such a chance may not occur again.

So don't forget; the date is very soon—
Namely, the twenty-eighth and -ninth of
June.

Lest it should be wrongly thought that
there is poetical licence in the above, a
short corroboration follows in prose. The
Press Bazaar in aid of the London Hos-
pital, which is urgently in need of funds,
will be held on Tuesday and Wednesday,
June 28 and 29, in the Hotel Cecil.
Her Royal Highness the Princess of
WALES, with whom will be H.R.H. the
Duchess of York, has graciously consented
to open the Bazaar on the 28th at 2.30.

A very large number of the leading London
papers are providing stalls, of which several
will be devoted to specialities associated
with the Press, such as original drawings,
albums containing literary autographs, &c.
Numbers of Duchesses have promised to
sell; and there will be dramatic perform-
ances by all the quality. Tickets for the
plays—10s. 6d. and 5s.—may be obtained
from Mr. RUDOLPH B. BIRNBAUM, *West
End Review*, 3, Waterloo Place, or from the
usual theatrical agents.

The price of admission to the Bazaar is
5s. up to 5.0 p.m. on the 28th, and 2s. 6d.
from 5.0 to 10.0; on the 29th it is 2s. 6d.
at any hour. The Hon. Sec. is Mrs.
SPENDER, 29, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, S.W.

Mr. Punch will conduct a Grand Sub-
scription Sale, the prizes to include a Com-
plete Set of *Punch*; *Society Pictures* by
GEORGE DU MAURIER; JOHN LEECH's *Pic-
tures*; CHARLES KEENE's *Our People*; and
hundreds of other Books. NO BLANKS.
Tickets, 5s. each, may be secured at once.

The special feature of *Mr. Punch's* stall,
to which he cordially invites all his friends
(or enemies, if any), will be Original
Sketches by *Punch Artists*; but all con-
tributions to his stock from any quarter in
the shape of drawings, even drawings of
large cheques, will be gratefully received
and instantaneously acknowledged at the
offices of *Mr. Punch*, 10, Bouverie Street,
E.C. To give quickly is to give twice.
But to give quickly and twice is better still.



THE NEW CANUTE.

THE KING'S CHAMBERLAIN. "MY LIEGE, HAVE I NOT BID YOU SAY, 'THUS FAR, AND NO FURTHER,'?"
KING (SALISBURY) CANUTE. "OH, I DESSAY! I HAVEN'T SEEN A COPY OF YOUR SPEECH—BUT I THINK WE'D BETTER MOVE BACK A BIT!"



COACHING.

"IN DRIVING, A GREAT DEAL DEPENDS ON THE SKILFUL AND EFFICIENT MANAGEMENT OF THE WHIP."

"THREE MEN IN A BOAT."

AND so it came about that Mr. Punch's Representative, having been unable to attend at the *première* of the Opera written by Messrs. ARTHUR PINERO, COMYNS CARR, and SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, selected a later night (no offence to his musical Knightship), when, by the kind permission of his "friends in front," he was enabled to assist at the performance of *The Beauty Stone*. With these three clever men all in the same boat, and D'OYLEY at the CARTE-wheel, the piece ought to have been exactly what it isn't, that is, brilliantly amusing. To adapt the verse of Uncle Remus, we ask:—

O COMYN, CARR!

What do you do dar,

Sittin' wid two ARTHURS,

Writin' O-pe-rar?

And ARTHUR PINERO (who, we hear, has sailed for the land of IBSSEN), regretting his complacent affability in yielding to the enticement, must be humming to himself, adapting the words to a Sullivan-esque refrain from *The Chieftain*:—

PINERO: PINERO!

My popular pet,

I wish you had never

These gentlemen met!

(*Da capo, ever so many times, increasing in intensity.*)

MR. WALTER PASSMORE plays "the Devil." He is fearfully and ineffectively made up, and appears to be a kind of disappointed imp out of a pantomime, with little to sing, and nothing worth doing, in this uninteresting story. Miss RUTH VINCENT is nice as the lame heroine, supported by the entire strength of a crutch, which is not by any means the biggest stick in the piece, though to name names would be invidious. There is, too, a lack of "go" in the movements of the present Savoyard chorus-singers, as though the ancient traditions, taught them in their original Savoyard infants' school, "when all the world was young," were fast fading from the memory of such remnants of the *vieille garde* as are still "retained on the establishment on account of their past service" by a grateful management. As for the acting, it is, with the exception of the old stagers, rather amateurish. From a merely popular point of view, is there any song, or chorus, which anybody with an ear can catch and take away with him? Yes, just a march; but if any one takes that away with him there won't be much left that is ever likely to become popular. Ah! when will these three meet again? Ah!

And so, as LETTY LIND sang of the monkey on the stick, "we wish you all good day!"

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

DE RETOUR.

DEAR MISTER,—At me in France during all this time I have been suchly occupied that I have not could to write to you one sole word. But in fine I recome.

Enchanted, dear Mister, of to resee you, onall—*surtout*—when the Convention of the Niger has resolved so happily the question between our two countrys. At what good to discuss without fine the frontiers of illhealthy marshes and forests *là-bas*, there down, in Africa? At what good to beat himself, *se battre*, for a villain country as that? Happily our two countrys are not beated themselves. *Ah ça, non!* Between two great nations the one can not to essay the system of "I win the head and you lose the tail." Ah no! For the other great nation guards herself well of that. Thus he must a system of "take and give." See there that which he must, and that which has so well succeeded at Paris. *A la longue ça devenait ennuyant.* I love not the things without end. As says the illustrious SHAKSPIR, "All that ends is well." I am ever of his advice. To you, dear Mister, representant of the great britannic nation, all my felicitations! *Vive l'Angleterre! Vive la France!*

I arrive there is eight days but I not have had any envy to go to the courses at Ascot. *Ah ciel, non!* I have said you often that I admire much of things in your country—the charming misses, the brave policemen, the judges and the advocates, the beautiful green grass, *ce fameux gazon anglais*, the carriages and the horses, *les habits d'homme*—the manly habits—and even the deputys. *Nous autres Français nous en avons, des députés!* But I admire not your climate or your booksmakers. What climate! What cold! What sad and lugubrious obscurity!

However, I am content of to revisit your great city, where one sees at present much of french things. There is some pictures of the most superbs at the Gilthall, and of oth superb and very *bizarres*, in a gallery of the *faubourg* of bridg. Several french painters expose at the Saloon Royal Academy. Before little, *avant peu*, Missis BEE and COQUELIN elder shall play in same time some french. And a french horse has gained your cup of Ascot. Our pe. our sculptors, our artists of the theatre, our horses of c.

Agree, &c.,

AUGUSTE.



Artist. "BOTHER IT ALL! I CAN'T MANAGE THIS FOREGROUND."

Sympathetic Wife. "WHY TROUBLE ABOUT IT, DARLING! CAN'T YOU LEAVE THE FOREGROUND OUT?"

DARBY JONES LOOKS BACK ON ASCOT AND FORWARD TO THE NORTHUMBERLAND PLATE.

HONOURED SIR,—It was, I can assure you, a Bitter Disappointment to myself and Friends that you did not deign to look in upon us at the Cosy Crib near Ascot to which I drew your attention in my last. I am not so Vainglorious as to suggest that the Loss was *yours*, but I can confidently state that the "Ball was kept rolling" at Appletree Lodge, Sunning Mount, during most of those hours which are consumed by Sybarites in Snores, Slumbers and Nightmares.

Baron BROKSTEIN accidentally happened to have with him in his portmanteau a portable Roulette Board, on which he gave a good many lessons to FLIFLAT and some of his young friends, SIR MILKIE WAY (152nd Lancers), MR. TIPTREE (of Tiptree Hall, Cheshire), MR. BALDERKIN (heir to BALDERKIN & Co., the great Boot-varnish

people), LORD LEOPOLD LOTO (youngest son of the Marquis of RAFFLETON), and MR. QUISBY (nephew of the Bishop of SKYE), whom we were all delighted to entertain as Right Royally as if they had been Princes of the Blood.

Only two mishaps occurred; the first when SIR MILKY and LORD LEOPOLD, at four o'clock on Thursday morning, insisted upon setting fire to the Drawing-room Curtains. Luckily, Major MACBLATHERUM and self extinguished the conflagration by a dexterous application of Soda-water Syphons, to the obvious disappointment of the gay Young Sparks. The other Counter-time, as the Gauls have it, was a somewhat noisy Difference between BROKSTEIN and FLIFLAT, because the Baron declined to accept any more of the Oxonian's acknowledgments, commonly known as I. O. U.'s. KRITERION poured oil on the Financial troubled waters by going security in conjunction with Myself for the Collegian's indebtedness. The Baron was appeased.

Although I was not fortunate enough to salute you, Honoured Sir, on the Historic Heath, I encountered your esteemed acquaintance, SIR FRAISER PUNNETT, in the Paddock on Tuesday. He was attired most seasonably in a costly Sealskin Surtout, and exclaimed—"I fancied it to be an International jest—"When Fur meets Fur, then comes the tug of war." I replied I did not take his meaning. He answered, "Then take my advice. Back *Herminius* for the Stakes, which are not likely to be overdone on a day like this. My source of information is an infallible relish for them." And so it proved to be. SIR FRAISER also very kindly, on the Cup Day, when I met him with a magnificent Rothschild Regalia in his mouth, significantly tapped it with his forefinger, and observed, "I hold the winner between my lips. It's no weed, but likely to go a-pace." I at once tumbled to his allusion to *Jacquemart*, a Noble Animal which I had neglected, believing him to be saved for other, though perhaps not better things. Nevertheless, Honoured Sir, you and other honoured patrons who know that my selections are always 1, 2, 3, should gratefully remember *Foston* and *Dimna Forget* in connection with yours truly.

I am certain that SIR FRAISER must have done himself uncommonly well over the week. If you would, in *strict confidence*, send me his Town Address, I should, for reasons which are neither here nor there, be extremely obliged. Meantime, I must urge Pegasus from the land of the pine to the banks of the Tyne, and endeavour to discover the champion that will follow *Bradwardine* in carrying off the Great Prize at Gosforth Park. The quadruped is running in my head. I plunge boldly into Minstrelsy.

Not for me is the Son of Miss Jane;

Neither Spaniard nor Novice should win;
While the *Whitehall Italian's* fain

To run well, if he'll only begin.

The *Clarendon* hope may be there

When *Charlestown* comes into the straight.

For the *Carrión King* I declare.

With stout *Herman*, in spite of his weight.

Amid the delighted cheers of Pitmen and Punters, I already hear your mellifluous voice exclaiming, "Well done again," and I know that your remark applies only to

Your devoted Diagnoster,

DARBY JONES.

THE ORIGINAL BALLY-HOOLEY.—The Financier who, a few years back, owned three millions of pounds sterling, and now, according to his own statement, is not worth "a penny piece." Terah-ble downfall, indeed!

SUGGESTION FOR AMATEUR PERFORMANCE.

—Why not *Measure for Measure*, at Merchant Taylors' School, *si nihil obstat*? It might be fitted. A good deal of "cutting out" will be required.

"SWEARING ON THE HORNS."—There is a talk of reviving this ancient ceremony, whatever it may be. We have known instances of "swearing at the horns," when coaches have been passing the darkened house of a man laid up with nervous headache. But this is another story.

SHADE OF SHAKESPEARE (*very shady*).—How about the fleet at Key West? "To be" there "or not to be" there, "that is the Key-Westion."



THE LAST STRAW.

Miss Effie has left her Sun-shade on the other side of the rivulet. The chivalrous young De Korne attempts the dangerous pass in order to restore it to her.

Obnoxiously Festive 'Arry (to him). "Ho, yuss! DELIGHTED, I'M SURE! DROP IN ANY TIME YOU'RE PASSIN'!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 13.—What with friends who stab in the back, foes who smite in the face, and the general prevalence of stupidity amongst mankind, the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD's lot is not a happy one. Yet even his life has its oases of serene content. One bloomed to-night. House in Committee on Budget. Not the SQUIRE's Budget, but another's. For him to sit on Front Bench an interested spectator; for ST. MICHAEL, buttressed by impregnable sweetness of temper, to meet and repel attack on the financial scheme of the year. Yet in one of its main provisions the Budget is the SQUIRE's, as have been all that succeeded his great work of 1894.

Sic vos non vobis nificatis aves.

By his treatment of the Death Duties the SQUIRE built an ample, comfortable, nest, in which, through all time, Chancellors of the Exchequer shall snugly dwell. It is all very well for a Unionist Government to build ships, strengthen the army, succour the landlord, and sustain Church Schools. Where would they have been if the SQUIRE had not turned on the richly-flowing tap of the Death Duties?

Peculiar charm of evening is, that whilst ST. MICHAEL, the highest financial authority on the Unionist side, led the attack on the Budget of 1894, did all in his power to destroy it, it now falls to his lot to defend its main provision against belated

attacks from his own side. No one, not even that audacious mariner, CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES, goes so far as to suggest repeal of Death Duties. But insidious attack made on various details. ST. MICHAEL is obdurate in resistance, righteously indignant that such things should be

thought of. The SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, tenderly caressing his chin, looks on with pleased smile.

"Ah, TOBY, dear boy," he said, "if ever you come to be Chancellor of the Exchequer—and why not?—remember that

"Only the Budgets of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

Business done.—Budget resolutions carried through Committee.

Tuesday.—Almost forgotten existence of JOHN O' GORST. Public mind so occupied with speculation on imaginary quarrels between the MARKISS and DON JOSE DE LONG-SPOON of Castile, that it has departed from its earlier habit of marvelling how long JOHN O' GORST would be able to endure the companionship of his colleagues, varied by wonder as to how long they would be able to put up with his irrepressible irony. With retirement of education question into background the Vice-President of the Council has gratefully and gracefully accompanied it. Never takes part in debate; has not for weeks varied monotonous question hour with his caustic wit: is rarely seen on the Treasury Bench. Which things are worse than an allegory. They are a distinct loss to a House of Commons that cannot afford deprivation of marked individuality.

A friend of mine retains an opinion, formed soon after he was returned unopposed for Sark, that JOHN O' GORST is, in all respects, one of the cleverest Parliamentarians appearing at Westminster during the last twenty years.



An Oasis of Serene Content.
Sir W. V. H.-re-rt.



THE ENGLISH EQUIVALENT.

["The Prime Minister of Siam, having given dissatisfaction, has been degraded, shaved, and set to feed and tend the sacred elephant for the term of his natural life."—*Daily Paper.*]

(We trust that Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain may never come to THIS.)

"It's all very well," says SARK, "to call JOHN O' GORST Time-honoured educationalist. If his party had been wise, he would have been honoured in more substantial fashion. There is no Ministerial post he is not capable of filling. Just to begin with, he would have made a Leader of the House successful very much on the lines of DIZZY. 'Instead of which'—oh, exquisite irony!—he was made Under-Secretary of State for India, with GRAND CROSS as his chief. That is the sort of thing that would have made SWIFT smile if he had been around at the time. When I come to think of it, I don't know which is the more surprising commentary on English public life—that RICHARD ASSHETON CROSS should have been Home Secre-

tary, Secretary of State for India, Grand Cross of the Bath, Grand Cross of the Star of India, first Viscount; or that JOHN ELDON GORST, third wrangler of his year, should have got no higher than a Vice-Presidency of the Council, and should hide his brilliant talents in the napkin of that shadowy body the Committee of Council on Education."

Business done.—JOHN O' GORST carries second reading of London University Bill.

Thursday.—Everything comes to the man who waits. JOHNSTON, peering over the battlements of the ancestral castle of Ballykilbeg, has long been waiting for opportunity to shyness half a brick at the Pope. At Belfast the other day, when JOHN DILLON was, as he told the House, "riding in the tail of the procession" of Catholics trailing their coat past the Orange quarter, he, by proxy, enjoyed the luxury. That a way of disporting yourself as second rate as it is second hand. What JOHNSTON of Ballykilbeg yearns for is a go at 'em in House of Commons.

To-night opportunity presented itself; dragged in by the hair by the piratical SAM SMITH. Joy of situation intensified by its unexpectedness. SAM SMITH, in spite of his buccaneering personal appearance, is almost last man one would associate with a row. Yet to-night he brought it on, thanks chiefly, it must be admitted, to that other peaceful parishioner, the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD.

Question before House report stage of Benefices Bill. Place nearly empty. What with Ascot and debate on second reading of East India Loan Bill, the stoutest members showed signs of collapse. But now, as in JOHNNIE RUSSELL's day, cry of "No Popery!" suddenly sounded in a British assembly, has potent influence. Raised to-night in piping voice of the Flintshire Buccaneer, it brought back to him unwonted echo of cheering. Dinner-hour at hand; benches bare. The wind rose; the sea uplifted; and lo! the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, finding temptation irresistible, leapt in. Then was there fine fluttering, PRINCE ARTHUR joining in the sport, snapping at the SQUIRE, who briskly flapped back in return, till, as SARK says, "You couldn't see the fishes for the foam."



THE PHOTOGRAPHER OF THE HOUSE.

"Quite still, please, and imagine you have been offered a peerage!"

Sir Benjamin St-ue.

Natural conclusion of stranger in the gallery, accustomed to logical consequences in other places, was, that after this passionate outburst, the Benefices Bill would be torn in shreds. What really happened was that the hostile amendment was rejected by majority of 145, something beyond the present mighty maximum at back of Ministers.

Business done.—Decided by 220 votes against 75, to proceed with consideration of Benefices Bill.

Friday.—Suddenly, unexpectedly, completely, JOHN O' GORST makes up for long silence noted in Tuesday's entry. Moving Education Estimates in Committee he gives Voluntary Schools, to which last year his colleagues devoted large sums of public money, a knock-down blow. This avowedly done in best interests of a system he, as a devout Churchman, dearly loves. Best for its interest that he should be quite candid.

"These are facts I might suppress," he said, "but cannot alter. They are most unpleasant to those who, like myself, desire the maintenance of Voluntary Schools."

"That's all very well," said J. G. TALBOT, flinging himself sobbing on sympathetic bosom of his young friend and disciple, LORD CRANBORNE.

"Give me th' avowed, the erect, the open foe.

Him I can meet, perhaps may turn his blow.

But of all friends that Heaven in wrath can send,

Save me, oh, save me, from a candid friend!"

"Well, now you mention it," said CRANBORNE, thoughtfully, "I wish I could. I'll speak to Pa."

Business done.—That of the Church Schools, as far as they can be affected by an unimpassioned, authoritative, demonstration of failure.



Fancy Portrait—"Hook" of Holland, or "Hookie Walküre," the pedestrian tourist.

[This ought to "catch on."]



A GENTLE HINT.

Mr. Giglamps (who has been caught by Keeper with some Fish in his basket under taking size). "OH—ER—WELL, YOU SEE, FACT IS, MY GLASSES—ER—MAGNIFY A GOOD DEAL. MAKE THINGS LOOK LARGER THAN THEY REALLY ARE!"

Keeper (about to receive smaller Tip than meets the occasion). "AH! MAKES YER PUT DOWN A SHILLIN' WHEN YER MEANS 'ALF-A-CROWN, SOMETIMES, I DESSAY, SIR!"

EXPERIENTIA DORSET;

Or, "Parker's Piece" in the Haymarket, London.

"DARN my old beans and ba-acon if thicky thar ply bean't as pratty—" But here our own prime Dorset melts away. "Parker's Piece," that is, the piece adapted from the French by Mr. LOUIS PARKER, must be an attraction to all Cantabs retaining fond memories of their University days. Of course, "thicky thar pratty ply" (we drop into it again) has no more to do with the University than with the Royal Academy. But "where do 'ee come from? What brings 'ee? What be 'ee 'ere vor?" There we are again in Dorset dialect, asking questions which, unless the public takes to the play, it will be a trifle difficult to answer satisfactorily in the plainest English. "Hassen nowt to zay?" (Bother the dialect!) Oh! yes, *Ragged Robin* has a lot to say, and precious little to do. *Ragged Robin* is a Rambler—latest edition—and rambles in his talk as wildly as he careers, with whoops and shouts, about "the King's highway." Muchly should we like to see "thicky thar actor-chap" (beg pardon! dropped into Dorset again!) as either *Rip Van Winkle* or *Barnaby Rudge*, if the latter character could only be worked into a really good drama.

In the true managerial spirit of grand unselfish, artistic self-effacement, Mr. BEERBOHM TREE, in giving us a romantic, undramatic drama, adapted from JEAN RICHEPIN's *Le Chemineau*, translated into the slightly unintelligible Dialect of Dorset, assumes the part of a very Wandering Minstrel who has snatches to sing, lots to say, and little to do. *Parker verba*. There is scarcely a laugh in it, except when the raddled-faced stage peasants roar at their own wit (which, however, it must be admitted is a touch of nature), and hardly a tear. The piece offers a great chance to CHARLES WARNER, who has to appear, first as a vigorous, and then as a paralytic, prematurely decrepit farm labourer, whose "conduct in the chair," as they say at a public meeting, is the theme of universal admiration. His simulated feebleness when galvanised in momentary muscular action is terribly realistic. His mumbling death, still in the chair, is, so to speak, true to life; neither pleasant, nor pathetically touching, but unpleasantly powerful. The drama also furnishes Mr. FRANKLYN McLEAY with a character somewhat on the lines of the old miser in *Les Cloches de Corneville*; and it also gives Mrs. TREE the part of *Alison*, which, both as girl, and matron ("with a past"), she plays to perfection. Miss MILLARD has to be pretty

OPERATIC NOTES.

In a recent notice, one of Mr. Punch's Young Men picked up the esteemed Daily Telegraphesque Operatic Representative for saying that in the *Nozze di Figaro*, the Countess refused an encore for the "Dove Sono," and Mr. P.'s Young Man insisted that the Telegraphian critic must have meant "Susanne." In proof of his assertion, Mr. P.'s Young Man referred to printed book of Opera, where *Susanne*, in Act I., commences "Dove sono?" At the hearing of the case, however, before Mr. Punch, it was pointed out that these two words, though indeed used by *Susanne* in the first act, are also the first two words of the well-known song given by the Countess in the second act, where the words are, "Dove sono i bei momenti," &c., for which Madame EAMES, as Countess, declined to take an encore. Mr. Punch's Young Man, admitting "trop de zèle," withdrew the statement and himself. *Causa finita est*.

Wednesday.—*Hamlet*. The plot of the Divine WILLIAM, the libretto by the Un-divine WILLIAMS, from the French of Carré and BARBIER, and the music by AMBROISE THOMAS. Princess of WALES and Princess VICTORIA present. Madame Calvé, as *Ophelia*, excellent, both vocally and dramatically. The finest "Sister Mary Jane's top note" is not in it with Calvé's. As to her acting, *cela va sans dire*, as naturally it would if it were simply *un ballet d'action*. That she cannot quite look the ideal maiden is no more to be expected than that she can look *Marguerite*. But 'tis Calvé's own *Ophelia*, and that is sufficient for any devout Operagoer. It is gratifying to learn that no accident attended her wonderful mad scene, as in it she "brought down the house." At the commencement of Act V., *Hamlet* enters, and has a scene all to himself; very nice and pleasant, and quite in accordance with the published libretto. But on his retiring, for which no Plançon, and again the libretto is at fault, for not a word of what provision is made in the book, there enters King Claudius (played in his usual melodramatically-significant style by Jupiter—he says and sings is there in the book, nor is there any mention of how *Hamlet* re-appears, saying, "Now could I kill him pat" (though he is not speaking to an Irishman), as he does in the genuine drama, doing exactly what Master WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE intended him to do. Why this omission?

No matter; all went as right as possible, and in Act VI. the Court of King Claudius may be congratulated on having the best ballet, "The Feast of Spring," that could be provided for the festive occasion which is brought to so sad a finish, and the Opera to so triumphant a climax, by the death of *Ophelia*. Why didn't SHAKESPEARE think of this? Decidedly an improvement on the original.

Friday Night.—Memorable. House suddenly closed. "No song, No supper!" Fräulein TERNINA and Madame NORDICA indisposed. Great row in Ring where seats Book'd.

and sympathetic, in which she is thoroughly successful. Mr. LEWIS WALLER represents a sturdily honest peasant; while Miss HAL-KETT, and Messrs. STEVENS and DU MAURIER appear as three more or less unintelligibly "happy peasants," who had made themselves up after the fashion of the highly glazed and coloured pictures of countrymen in a Christmas Number.

It ends abruptly and unsatisfactorily, in a ragged fashion quite in keeping with the title. The histrionic successes are those of Mrs. TREE, of Mr. McLEAY, and of CHARLES WARNER; in fact, were a second title required, it might be called *Ragged Robin*; or, *Charlie's Chance*. To quote the words on the programme, placed as motto to Act IV., "Good-bye—zo long!" But "How long?" That is the question. Scenery simply charming, and acting good, wherever there was anything to act.

FROM A "SPOOK."—There is no one, probably, who would be more anti-pathetic to the aims and objects of the Psychological Society than that stout Cromwellian, Mr. KENSIT, whose battle cry is, "Take away that bauble!" But with his weather-eye well open for all the doings of the most ultra ultras, could he not be fairly described as practising "Spy-ritualism?"



"WALK UP! WALK UP!"

Mr. Punch (the experienced Showman). "WALK UP! WALK UP! THE ONLY STALL IN THE BAZAAR WHERE YOU 'LL GET GENUINE VALUE FOR YOUR MONEY! WALK UP! WALK UP!"

DARBY JONES REJOICES OVER NEWCASTLE AND ANTICIPATES NEWMARKET.

HONOURED SIR,—There are Moments in Mortal Life when a Man feels proud of Himself. Such Lighthearted Lapses of Time are those when an Owner leads in the Winner of the Derby; when a Playwright, be he Melodramatist, Tragedist, or Extravagantist, plants his feet between the Curtain and the gentlemen of the orchestra; and above all, when a Prophet is of right in his own country. Such, my Patron, has been my Good Fortune at Gosforth Park. I not only plumped for *King Crow*, but selected the gallant *Herminius* and the somewhat doubtful *Villiers* for those places which it also pleased the Eye of the Judge to select. I have often—alack and well-a-day!—been confronted with the power of a Judge comfortably ermined on the Queen's Bench, but I have never recognised that any one of these Potentates, superstructured with Horse-hair, has equalled the Genial Dictator who gives his fiat in matters of Horseflesh.

Honestly, I do not like "Canny Newcastle." Its reputation seems to be built on a Preposterous Bridge and a Reputation for coals. Most of the shopkeepers appear to wonder that they ever sold anything at all. So do I. As Captain KRITERION justly remarked when we were speeding to Gosforth Park, "These Northerners have only one idea—Tyne is money." I fancy, however, that KRITERION was a little vexed because he had failed to induce any of the Sojourners at the Hotel where we stayed to back *Carlton Grange* for the "Derby," as, strangely enough, they call the Handicap Plate in this Golconda of Black Diamonds.

COUNT GROGANOFF and BARON BROKSTEIN, still intent upon acquiring horses for the Continental Cavalry in view of the threatened Invasion by the United States Army, were as delightful as ever, and, after the victory of *King Crow*, presented me with a Solid Silver Matchbox in the name of a Potentate whom I dare not name on this side of the German Ocean. Our friend, the Honourable FLIPLATT, was also present with his Fidus Achates, Sir MILKY WAY. I regret to say that both these gentlemen lost money by backing the *Jenny Howlet colt*, the property of Mr. CHARLES PERKINS, who, although no relation of the famous damsel of Paddington Green, was known. I am given to understand, as "Polly," when he boarded at the house of the ever-to-be-esteemed the Rev. W. B. MARRIOTT, at Eton College, Bucks. Mr. PERKINS is like Lieutenant COLE, "a funny man," and he is a cool man as well. Sometimes he pulls off a Big Prize unexpectedly, but, as often as not, he means to do the trick and doesn't. One of these days Mr. PERKINS will win the Derby quite without warning, and no one will be more surprised than himself or Mr. PANSON. These Northern Lights are, as Baron BROKSTEIN observed, "Cleverer than a Bullman Coo full of Rabbits." A stale simile, which I take leave to state does not apply to Mr. PERKINS or Mr. PANSON.

But let us hie from the Castle to the Market, from the River to the Ditch, and let the Bard crol his best in the following Refrain of the Birdcage:—

Well "whiskeved" the *Singer* may stay
When the *Cloudy Saint*'s panting for breath;
But it won't be the *Other Saint*'s day,
Nor the *Fine Mount* be in at the death.



Harmless Lunatic (who is occasionally allotted out with a pop-gun). "OH, I SAY, DO YOU KNOW HOW TO CATCH A RABBIT?"

Nervous Stranger. "No, I DON'T."

Harmless Lunatic. "WELL, YOU JUST GET BEHIND THE HEDGE AND MAKE A NOISE LIKE A TURNIP!"

Immatured and the Masculine Heir

With *We Nine* won't do much in the race;
But of *Necklace* and *Let her go 'ware*,
While the *Painter* should hold pride of place!

Such, honoured Sir, are my Sentiments. Let me trust that they may be yours. Still awaiting the Metropolitan address of Sir FRAISER PUNNETT, who is, I am informed, continuing to improve his mind in the Centre of Civilisation, I am,

Your fatigued Philanthropist,
DARBY JONES.

P.S.—Without wishing to disturb your Financial Economy, I may state confidentially that your Signature would be ac-

ceptable, inasmuch as I have very foolishly mortgaged my salary for two years to Count GROGANOFF! And this at a paltry game of cards.

SOLVITUR AMBULANDO.—Many theological and geographical students have puzzled themselves over the precise site of the Garden of Eden. The problem can now be solved by any one who, as an invited guest, can enter the grounds of the Bishop of WAKEFIELD's Palace, if he has one; and if Dr. EDEN hasn't, then he ought to have, simply for the purpose of removing a difficulty.



OUR CHILDREN. No. I.

Grandmamma. "AND HOW DID IT HAPPEN, DEAR?"

Master Tom. "IT DIDN'T HAPPEN. MA DID IT ON PURPOSE!"

UNITED UNIONISTS.

(A Duet.)

S-L-SB-RY (aside):—

I CAN'T get on with JOE!
 But then there's this about him,
 As all the people know,
 I can't get on without him.
 I coax the Bear—he's tart
 As oranges of Seville—
 When who but JOE should start
 On "long spoons" and the Devil?
 And thus is the effect
 Of all my fine concessions
 In one short moment wreckt
 By JOSEPH's mad expressions.

CH-MB-RL-N (aside):—

I can't get on with S. I!
 There is no "go" about him.
 But then, I must confess,
 I can't get on without him.
 I rile the world in vain
 With blazing indiscretions;
 He soothes them down again
 With more of his concessions.
 I try to make a splash,
 As Brummagem expected,
 But hitherto a hash
 Is all that I've effected.

Both together:—

The Radicals may jaw
 About our "tiffs" and "breaches,"
 We've nothing to withdraw
 From any of our speeches.
 We do not always trace
 Each other's lucubrations,

Nor copies keep, in case
 Of awkward explanations.
 But this we'd have you see—
 No longer be benighted!—
 Despite appearance, we
 Are perfectly united.

HINTS FOR HENLEY.

FLANNELS in moderation are pardonable, but they are slightly out of place if you can't row and it rains.

The cuisine of a house-boat is not always limitless, so "chance" visitors are sometimes more numerous than welcome.

The humours of burnt-cork minstrelsy must be tolerated during an aquatic carnival, but it is as well to give street singers as wide a berth as possible.

In the selection of guests for, say, *The Pearl of the North Pole*, or *The Hushaby Baby*, it is as well to learn that none of them are cuts with the others, and all are prepared to accept "roughing it" as the order of the day.

Lanterns, music, and fireworks are extremely pretty things, but night air on the river is sometimes an introduction to sciatica, rheumatism, and chills.

In the selection of a costume, a lady should remember that it is good to be "smart," but better still to be well.

Finally, it is desirable to bear in mind that, pleasant as riparian life may be, Henley is, after all, a regatta, and that consequently some sort of attention should be paid to the racing.

THE HEAVIEST GRAIN-LIGHTER IN THE WORLD.—The Wheat-Leiter.

HERRICK'S SONG FOR SIR W. V. H-RC-T.

(Addressed to Constituents, who might refuse him everything.)

Bid me to live and I will live,
 Thy Protestant to be!
 Or bid me to explain away,
 And shall do so for thee!
 My life! my love! my love! my heart!
 The very vote of me
 Thou hast command, and any part
 I'll play for love of thee!!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 20.—SARK, with all his faults, is not a Party man. He rather belongs to the class described by the late Lord GRANVILLE as "the Cross Bench mind." Taking a friendly interest in both political parties, he is beaming with satisfaction to-night at the news that the Liberals have got over their difficulty and have secured a Leader. I was under the impression they had one in the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. It seems that, contrary to their traditional habitude, the Liberals, broken up into varied sections, are common in the tendency to cavil at their leaders. Some want one man; some another; most secretly believe that, if persistently pressed, they could find a Heaven-born leader not far from their own home. By imperceptible steps the real leader, the man who will unite under his flag all factions and segments of fractions of the party, stands revealed. His crowning claim to the enviable position is that the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, not apt at playing second fiddle, is ready to follow his lead, has, indeed, already conspicuously and effectively done so.

The new Leader is the man whom Flintshire delighteth to honour—SAM SMITH!

Has long been a member of the House, a not infrequent contributor to its debates. Hitherto rather overlooked, not to say snubbed. But the Man was waiting only for the Hour. It came to him with the introduction of the Benefices Bill. Then he suddenly appeared in his true colours. Unfurling the flag of the Protestant Church, relighting the torch smouldering since the spacious days of Queen ELIZABETH, he revealed himself in a new and startling light. To-day the House knows



Sublapsarian or Supralapsarian?
 Dr. W-ll-ce.

that SAM SMITH is a Man of War. (Tomorrow he may, SARK says, be known as the SAM SMITH-field Martyr.) Instantly, instinctively, without ceremonial, he was accepted as Leader of the Party. As such he has directed operations to-night, loyally supported by the late Leader of the Opposition and the party generally.

"Now," says SARK, "we shall see things hum. You wouldn't think it to look at him, or when listening to his average speech. But there's a good deal of RANDOLPH CHURCHILL in SAM SMITH."

Business done.—Benefices Bill fought inch by inch on report stage.

Tuesday.—Only yesterday recorded arrangement that seemed to promise peace and plenty to Liberal Party. As SARK, dropping into poetry, remarked:—

"Ban, ban, Calaban;

Got a new Leader, feel a new man."

Within less than twenty-four hours, have heard the new Leader called a Sublapsarian. WALLACE guilty of this outrage. Following at some distance one of SAM SMITH's impassioned assaults upon sacerdotalism, he, drawing on early resources of study, informed House that the creed of the Church of Scotland is intentionally ambiguous on the controversy between supralapsarianism and sublapsarianism. The consequence is that in that favoured country a man may, with perfect security to his person, his reputation, and his property, be either a supralapsarian or a sublapsarian.

"I do not know," he said, turning to contemplate the martial figure of SAM SMITH, "which of the two the hon. gentleman is. I have looked at him carefully, and think he has the air of a sublapsarian."

House roared with laughter; but graver spirits saw in this outbreak of indiscipline occasion for profound regret. It is probable that WALLACE meant nothing disrespectful or derogatory to the new Leader. He was, perhaps, primarily allured by the temptation to overcome the difficulty of pronouncing words of this structure between eleven and twelve o'clock on a sultry night. Also, the fact that the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD has loyally accepted the new Leader is of itself provocation to WALLACE to attack him. His Parliamentary career has from the first been marked by an unaccountable antipathy to the SQUIRE. However it be, the public affront and its lamentable consequences are indisputable.

Dr. TANNER, a great stickler for order, had his doubts whether the use of the word sublapsarian is Parliamentary. If he had been quite sure he could have safely steered through the sea of sibillant syllables, he would have asked the ruling of the SPEAKER. After privately trying them over, he thought it prudent to abstain.

Business done.—Banging through the Benefices Bill.

Thursday.—"I am not sure," said Mr. COURTNEY, "that in this matter the House is not moved by a spirit of pedantry."

Somebody smiled; smile grew into a titter; titter swelled to burst of laughter running round the crowded benches. COURTNEY stood at gaze, like JOSHUA's sun at Ajalon, only with a more marked glance of pained enquiry. Had he, in spite of honest intention, made a joke? There was certainly nothing to laugh at in circumstances of the moment. CHAPLIN had moved to insert new clauses



THE PARLIAMENTARY MARTYRS AT THE STAKE;

Or, What they will come to!

Scene—(SAMUEL) SMITH-field. 189—?

in a cluster of water bills. General objection taken to procedure. President of Local Government Board made haste to withdraw lest a worse thing befel him. Then COURTNEY interposed with observation quoted, and with consequence recorded.

The mystery of the spontaneous burst of laughter was one of the few things in the wide world that passed COURTNEY's comprehension.

"This House, dear TOBY," he said, "is, as MACAULAY discovered more than sixty years ago, the strangest place in the world. Man and boy, I've known it for twenty-two years; but it always has something fresh about it. At the meaning of most of its moods, one can guess. But why, when I casually reprove it on the charge of displaying a spirit of pedantry, it should burst into laughter, is, I confess, more than I can fathom."

Business done.—Benefices Bill passed report stage.

Friday.—SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE has hit upon pretty device for flouting the MARKISS's counter-stroke to Russia in the

Far East. Legend of Talien-Wan proving only too true, the MARKISS, with much sounding of trumpets and beating of drums, appropriates Wei-Hai-Wei. Various ways of pronouncing the uncouth word. KIMBERLEY, as noted at the time, puts it into interrogative form.

"Why-oh-Why did you do this?" he asked the MARKISS across table of House of Lords.

The SAGE, desiring to minimise importance of stroke, pronounces the name Wee-ah-Wee. House laughs at oddness of sound, but sees the subtle intent, and recognises the point. "Wee" signifies the infinitude of the little; for which see forthcoming numbers of that crowning effort of a memorable century, the Oxford Press New English Dictionary.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

TITLE FOR BLACKMAILING JOURNALISTS.—The Ring of the Nib-lings.

WHY did Sir TATTON marry? For answer, refer to Cupid and Sykes.



AN APPRECIATION.

Hodge (in rapt admiration). "BY GOOM! WOULDN'T 'E SIBOIFE OOP OUR OULD WAGGON FOINE!"

A WAIL OF THE WEATHER.

WHEN you go for a trip,
It commences to drip.
Isn't the weather atrocious!
At the sight of the rain
It is hard to restrain
A feeling of fury ferocious.

When the day turns out wet,
All feel so upset,
Ah! doesn't it spoil your excursion?
And you gloomily tramp
Up and down in the damp—
In which there is not much diversion.

Those in mackintosh clad
Are, may be, not so sad,

The elements they are defying;
But those who are drest
In their holiday best,
Find weather of this sort most trying.

On the sea, if you go
In a boat for a row,
When below there is no place of shelter;
It is hard, I am told,
An umbrella to hold
In your teeth, when it comes on a pelter.

Then it can't be denied
It were wise to abide
At home by the fireside cosy,
With your pipe and your books,
You will find that life looks
So much more like *coulour de rosy*.

A SONG OF INACTION.

(After one of Dr. A. Conan Doyle's "Songs of Action.")

THERE was a sanguinary war out West—
(Wake 'em up, shake 'em up, try 'em on
the transports)
There was a sanguinary war out West,
And the cocktail-bars were doing their
best;
Ho, the jolly fighting braves
Playing poker by the waves,
All beside the Cuban Sea!

The leaguer it lolled by Tampa Bay—
(Prog 'em up, jog 'em up, put 'em on the
war-path)
The leaguer it lolled by Tampa Bay
Nipping by night and napping by day;
Ho, the gunners so slack
They can barely lynch a black,
All beside the Cuban Sea!

The regulars danced to the military
band—
(Screw her round, slue her round, every
stitch a-straining)
The regulars danced to the military band,
Steel on the heel and kid on the hand;
Ho, the men of warlike arts
Working havoc with the hearts,
All beside the Cuban Sea!

The Tailoring Boss sat tight at home—
(Rake 'em up, fake 'em up, worry on the
war-paint)
The Tailoring Boss sat tight at home—
And SAMPSON he sat tight on the foam;
Ho, the gallant volunteers
With their tunics in arrears,
All beside the Cuban Sea!

General MILES he has come on tour—
(March 'em out, starch 'em out, put 'em
through their facings)
General MILES he has come on tour,
And General MILES he is slow and sure;
Ho, the marshal man of blood,
See him chew the careful cud
All beside the Cuban Sea!

There are sad salt tears on the best girls'
cheeks—
(Row 'em out, tow 'em out, stuff 'em in
the steerage)
There are sad salt tears on the best girls'
cheeks,
For the heroes have sailed after eight
short weeks;
Ho, the shouting throats are thick
For the warriors will be sick,
Sick upon the Cuban Sea!

They have gallantly weathered the glassy
main—
(Row 'em in, tow 'em in, beach 'em through
the breakers)
They have gallantly weathered the glassy
main,
And they're safe on *terra cotta* again;
And before the year is through
We may hear of something new
Somewhere by the Cuban Sea!

THE FINEST FLEET (STREET) ASSOCIATION
IN THE WORLD AT WORK THIS WEEK.—The
Press Gang at the Hotel Cecil, with watch-
word "*Press dat et cito dat*."

THE JOURNAL WHICH EVIDENTLY KEEPS
THE KEY OF THE RIVER.—The *Lock to Lock*
Times.



THE NEXT NAVAL MANŒUVRE.

JACK TAR (*to Welsh Miner on strike*). "LOOK HERE,—ARE YOU GOING TO GIVE US THAT COAL, OR MUST I FETCH IT MYSELF?"



A NEW WAY WITH BANKERS.

Wife. "BY THE WAY, CLIVE, I HAD A LETTER FROM MY BANKER WHILE YOU WERE AWAY. HE SAID I HAD OVERDRAWN MY ACCOUNT."

Husband. "YES, DEAR; AND WHAT DID YOU DO?"

Wife. "I TOLD HIM NOT TO BE SO RUDE AGAIN; AND I SENT HIM A CHEQUE FOR THE AMOUNT!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

DR. CONAN DOYLE has well named his verse, *Songs of Action* (SMITH, ELDER). It pulsates with life and movement, whether the scene be laid on sea or land, on ship or on horse-back. To a pretty turn for liting verse, the author of *Rodney Stone* adds the instincts of a tale-writer. Nearly all the pieces have a story to tell. They are, in fact, notes for novels. In "The Storming Party," for example, my Baronite discerns material for a three-volume novel of the antique, now extinct, order, the last issue having been buried under London Bridge for the delectation of the New Zealander when he comes to view the ruins of St. Paul's. Of mere episodes, never has a horse-race been described with greater vigour or with bolder colours than in "The Farnshire Cup."

Evelyn Innes (FISHER UNWIN) is, in the Baron's humble opinion, the best work that Mr. GEORGE MOORE has as yet given us. Having set himself the task of describing life as it is in fact, not in fiction, he shirks no difficulty, but tells a plain tale so very plainly, that, but for his style, his closely-observant analysis of character, and his peculiar, if not quite original, method of associating music with morality,—reminding the Baron of another novel where the "che faro" of *Orpheus* supplies the key-note of action,—the old materials of the tale itself would scarcely be worth the stringing together. What is it but a series of variations on the old theme that served DICKENS for the incident of *Little Em'ly* and *Steerforth*, that was woven into the life of *David Copperfield*? It is the story of a girl, inheriting from her dead mother a marvellous voice, religiously brought up by her father who is a weak-minded musical enthusiast, a kind of *Tom Pinch*, so absorbed in his art, and so occupied in the professional duties of organist and teacher, as to have taken little more than a selfish interest in his daughter's education. The girl's "artistic temperament," of which a wealthy, cynical, middle-aged sensualist takes cruel advantage, is her ruin, morally, as it is her triumph, professionally. Her voice is her fortune, and this it is her middle-

aged lover's pleasure to cultivate. Then follows her decadence, and just at the point when another false step downwards would make it still more difficult for her to retrace her steps upon the upward path, she comes across *Monsignor Mostyn* (an admirably imagined portrait), who leads her back to the straight and narrow way, and—leaves her there. This is the end, so far, but her career is to be "continued in" Mr. Moore's "next." Decidedly, though a remarkable book, it is not one that can be indiscriminately recommended. Having taken up his parable, he works it out consistently and conscientiously, giving himself as much trouble over the smallest details as a pre-Raphaelite was wont to bestow on the careful delineation of most minute accessories. The book must increase Mr. Moore's literary reputation as a novelist; and it will cause the judicious admirers of his skill to hope that it is only one of the rungs of the ladder by which he will mount to higher things. "We live in a damned wicked world," says that "worthy man," *Sir Peter Teazle*, "and the fewer we praise the better." Read aright, the story points a very clear moral, *et ça donne à penser*.

Of Mr. *Punch's Animal Land* (BRADBURY, AGNEW, & Co.), drawn and written by E. T. REED, the popular "Prehistoric Peep Show" man, it does not become the Baron to speak in too laudatory a strain, lest he be accused of deviating from his own rigid plan of strict impartiality; yet, admiring the excellent example set by a certain worthy every-afternoon contemporary, when unable to suppress its just admiration for the work of its own clever black-and-white man, the Baron may venture to say that never, in the whole course of his long and insufficiently-chequered career, has he seen a collection of cleverer, funnier, and, in a general way, more intensely amusing caricatures of Contemporaneous Celebrities than is to be found in the handy-sized, well-got-up book whose attractive title heads this Baronial paragraph. Every Collector of Comical Animals throughout the world should provide himself with a sample of this eccentric creation, the possession of which will thus enrich his Zoological Library.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

THE NEW DIPSOMANIA.

[According to the Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, a sojourn of twenty minutes in a tub into which a hundred litres of Malvoisie have been poured is a most invigorating process, and the operation can be repeated a hundred times over with the same bathful. Moreover, the wine is not lost even then. It can be drunk. "After the one hundred baths the Malvoisie is distilled, and the result is a delicious brandy."]

I.

OLD SIMON the Soaker now keeps a rare store
Of Malmsey and Malvoisie
In tub-fuls of hundreds of litres or more,
For a vinous old soul is he—e,
A porous old so—ul is he;
In these novel ablutions he never doth fail,
He wallows and welters in wine by the pail,
Yet he never whineth, he'll senilely say,
While he dips in his sober six hogsheads a day;
For ho! ho! ho! he'll chuckle and crow,
A hundred times o'er in this bath I'll go!
While ho! ho! ho! his nose doth show
Where some of the Malmsey at length doth go!

II.

DAME MARGERY sits in her own still-room,
And an elderly Hebe's she!
From thence oft at curfew is wafted a fume
Which is not unlike *eau de vi—e*,
Which is very like *e—au de vie!*
But there's a small boiler behind the backstair,
And the maids say they often smell alcohol there,
While MARGERY hints she's lately been told
Of a new-fangled way to make youthful the old;
And ho! ho! ho! old SIMON doth know
Where the rest of his Malvoisie doth go!
Yes, ho! ho! ho! the old soaker doth know
Where the rest of his Malvoisie doth go!

MATRIMONIAL INTELLIGENCE.—Real "Union of Hearts!" A marriage is arranged and will shortly take place between Miss SOUTH EASTERN LYNE and Mr. L. CHATHAM ANDOVER RAYLWAY. After the ceremony the happy pair will travel to Dover, Canterbury, Folkestone, and other delightful resorts,—for their marriage "lines" are indeed cast in pleasant places,—and will then proceed, *via* Folkestone, to Boulogne, returning to London *via* Dover *via* Calais. Heartiest congratulations from all friends.



"LA MODE PARISIENNE."

"DISMISSED MY COACHMAN! YES. HE DROVE OVER TWO PERAMBULATORS, THREE BIKES, AND A POLICEMAN."

"YOU DON'T SAY SO! WHERE IS HE NOW?"

"GONE TO PARIS TO BE A CABMAN."

THE VERY NEWEST "ANTIGONE."

"[At the performances of the *Antigone* of SOPHOCLES at Bradfield College, last week, the parts of *Antigone* and *Ismene*, in defiance of classical tradition, were played by ladies."—*Daily Paper*.]

Creon (addressing the Chorus, who group themselves picturesquely about the orchestra). Oh, Bradfield students! I have much to say to you, and little time to say it. One thing, however, I must tell you. Our triennial play must be given on ancient lines. Tradition must be respected. Too often of late years has the Greek theatre been profaned by ladies, when all must know that in classical times no female foot ever trod the stage. This shall not happen with us. Woman is rash and reckless, particularly the modern woman. She rushes in where the angels fear to tread. But our *Antigone* shall be played by one of the Sixth Form!

[He seats himself. The Chorus sing of the rash daring of the modern woman, of her cigarettes and her divided skirts. Lo! she has even forced her way into the theatre, and trod the sacred stage of DIONYSUS—an unholy deed! At the close of their song, enter First Messenger, wringing his hands.

First Messenger. Oh, CREON! I have come to you to announce a terrible thing. In spite of your recent proclamation two ladies have signified their intention of playing the parts of *Antigone* and *Ismene*!

Creon (in fury). Now, by the Gods, bring them to me and we'll see!

[He frowns terrifically. The Chorus sing of feminine obstinacy and its punishment. They give instances. At the end of the song they point menacingly towards Miss ANTIGONE and Miss ISMENE, who have been brought in by an armed guard.

Creon (severely). Have you not heard my proclamation that no lady shall tread our classic stage?

Miss A. (coolly). Don't try to frighten me. I will play *Antigone*. I decline to be dictated to. I have just tried on the Peplus, and I look perfectly bewitching. I shall play her fifty times better than any gawky, scrubby school-boy.

[Lights a cigarette. Creon (alarmed). But tradition forbids that *Antigone* should be played by a lady. What will SOPHOCLES say?

Miss A. I don't care about tradition, or SOPHOCLES either. I have done up my hair in the Greek mode, and it looks charming.

Miss I. And I look quite classical in my mourning robe. All the other ladies will envy me. We are determined to act in the Greek play, so there! "*Ce que la femme veut*—" You know the rest, unless it is quite "Greek to you."

[Exeunt triumphantly.

Creon. Aiai. Ototoi. (A Greek method of expressing grief.) All my plans come to nothing. My commands are set at naught. What is the good of being King of Thebes if nobody does what you tell them? Oimoi, Oimoi, I am the most unhappy of men. What will SOPHOCLES say? Lead me out, my attendants. Take me away. In ancient days I could have walled up Miss ANTIGONE in a living grave for this, but we live in strange times, and it is not safe to wall up a Pioneer. [Exit.

[The Chorus sings of feminine vanity and the sorrows that it brings, ending up with an invocation to DIONYSUS not to punish them for this outrage upon the traditions of his stage.

A LIPIGRAM.

LOITERER lingering
Long near the "cast,"
Lost to a lonely life,
Landed at last.

Linked to a loveless lass,
Loud the lament;
Longing for liberty,—
Lips laxly lent.

Lawyers and levity,
(Laughter in Court;)
Loss of lump £ s. d.,
Liberty bought.

After Covent Garden.

High-toned Critic. As I was saying, WAGNER united dramatic and musical Art, and—

Low-toned Auditor (interrupting). Of course, they were married with the Nibelungen Ring?

[High-toned Critic scowls and dries up.



Where you can't object to a little overcrowding—

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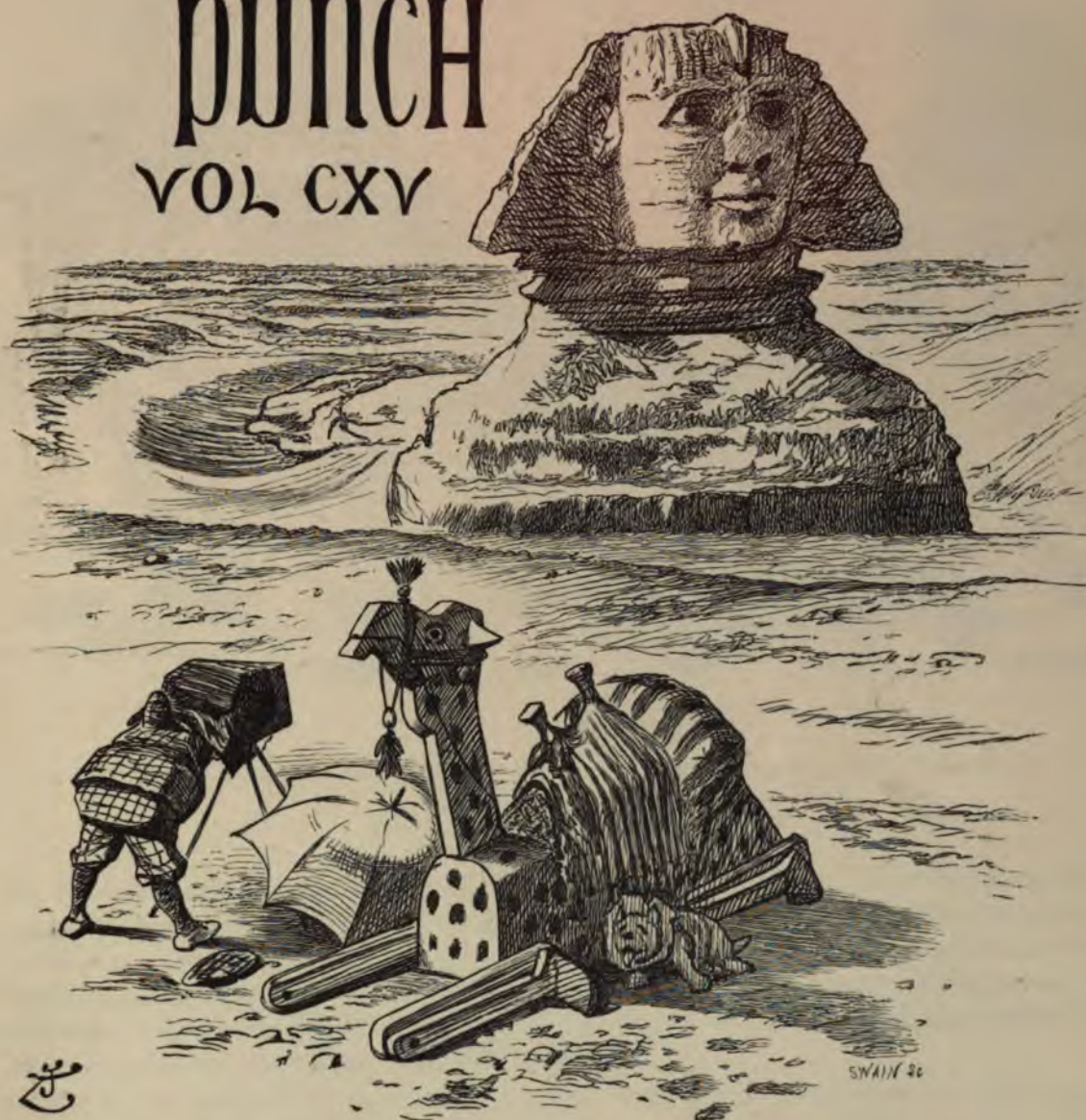
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VOL CXV



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MR. PUNCH (*speaking continuously*).MADAME LA RÉPUBLIQUE (*mute*).SCENE—*The terrace at Monte Carlo.*

Mr. Punch. Neutral ground, Madame, and the most natural spot on earth for the serious interchange of amenities. A prey to nervous prostration, you have come here to recruit yourself far from the madding crowd of boulevard politicians, "*mobilium turba Quiritium*," if I may so put it; me at this moment you may behold snatching a brief respite from the strain of punting at the green-cloth, from laying the fleeting louis on the spot which the glowing wheel ever contrives to elude—"*metaque fervidis evitata rotis*," to cite my FLACCUS once more. Tranquillity therefore becomes us both. *Allons, soyons calmes*; which means that I will do the talking.

Observe the fine sweep of blue before us from Monaco to Cap Martin. This is the same sea—here where the stillness is broken only by the paltry detonations of the *tir aux pigeons*—which we lately proposed to incarnadine, making the blue one red. That is past, Madame; frank words have been spoken on our side and good sense has prevailed on yours. But permit me once more to talk to you like a father. We are not a pincushion, Madame, as some of your friends have fancied. Punctuate us enough, and we shall bleed, and perchance make bleed. It is one of your traditional fallacies—such as that which attributes projecting teeth and huge feet to my most charming countrywomen—that France possesses the monopoly of honour. We too keep a little at need.

And, *à propos*, there are just now some certain smutches—pardon me—on your escutcheon, unworthy of a gallant army and a great nation. Make clean, Madame, make clean; whether or not you mean to use it against a foreign foe. Any evil confessed and purged is better than a secret shame. And, believe me, it is not from petty malice, as you seem to think, that our journals have urged upon you the difficult choice of expiation. A nation of shop-keepers, if you

will; but we have an old fancy for fair dealing; and we look for it in our neighbours as ourselves. So let the Judgment of Paris, as we hinted weeks ago, be wise to recognise the claims of justice, in the person of Pallas Athene; since

"Because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."

Give the award where it is due:—

"O Paris,
Give it to Pallas!"

You will, I know.

And, for Heaven's sake, Madame, purify that Press of yours, so corrupt by habit, so ignorant by choice. It has done more than fifty Waterloos or a hundred Fashodas to poison the hearts of your people and pervert them from the knowledge of their natural friends.

So may the way lie clear and clean before you that leads to that century's close which is to summon half the world to witness your triumph in the Arts of Peace. *À la bonne heure!* And there is none, you must believe, who will rejoice in that triumph with more sincerity than your humble servant.

In proof, I beg you to accept a token of that profound esteem and affection which, through all misleading signs, I hold for you. Do me the honour to glance within, and you will find straight words, that may seem to savour of offence: trust me, Madame, straight words make quickliest for a better understanding.

My man, TOBY, will deliver this tribute with all the speed and decorum of which he is capable: for he shall know that he bears no less a freight than my

One Hundred and Fifteenth Volume!





THE MILLENIUM UP TO DATE.

[“The Rev. Mr. BAXTER declares that religious newspapers will require to be published as much as ever during the millenium.”—*Daily News*.]

I WONDERED when I read it,
And doubted if 'twere true,
But Mr. B-X-T-R said it,
And Mr. B-X-T-R knew.
And so, with mixed emotions,
I set to work and humbly
Altered all my notions
Of the millenium.

No longer in the City
Men read the *Star* at lunch,
They looked with hypercritical
Eyes on Mr. *Punch*.
They cared not for the Lincoln,
Ascot unheeded sped;
Neglected lay the *Pink'un*,
The *Sportsman* lay unread.

The bookstalls at the stations
Were thronged with men who bent
O'er pious publications
With solemn looks intent.
From Monday round to Monday,
Still faster sold the stock
Of *Christian Herald*, *Sunday*
At Home, *Church Times* and *Rock*.

The newsboys, little sinners,
Repentant now, were seen,
No longer bawling “Winners!”
But “*Parish Magazine*!”
—I wondered when I read it,
And doubted if 'twere true,
But Mr. B-X-T-R said it,
And Mr. B-X-T-R knew.



SHAKESPEARE ON MR. JOHN HARE IN THE
PART OF MR. GOLDFINCH.

“What ‘a pair of spectacles’ is here!”
Troilus and Cressida, Act IV., Sc. 4.

A BALLADE OF CONCEALED ART.

Ne vulgo narres te sudavisse ferendo carmina.

WHEN you've pruned its edges frayed,
Sifted chaff from wheat,
And your sonnet now is made
Tolerably neat;
Since the task is now complete,
Though on thorny path
Stumbled Pegasus's feet,
Tell it not in Gath.

Of encyclopædias laid
Piled around your seat;
How you spurred your sorry jade
To a well-feigned heat,
Wasted paper—sheet on sheet,
Ink—to fill a bath,
With a manifold defeat—
Tell it not in Gath.

But your poem, with pride displayed
Flowingly repeat,
So shall Daphne, artless maid,
You with plaudits greet;
Though your monumental feat
Plaster be and lath,
And your coin but counterfeit—
Tell it not in Gath.

Envoy.

Punch, to whom we own the cheat,
Spare your righteous wrath!
Don't proclaim it in the street,
Tell it not in Gath.

A FINANCIAL AUTHORITY BADLY WANTED.
—The man who can say “Bogus” to the
Investing Goose.



THE MYSTERIOUS MINISTER.

Lord S-l-sh-ry ("spoken"). "No! THERE 'S NO GETTIN' AT ME! I TELL YOU STRAIGHT, I KEEP MYSELF TO MYSELF, AND NEVER SAYS NOTHIN' TO NOBODY, I DON'T; AND IF ANYBODY VERY PRESS-INGLY WANTS TO KNOW —WHY"—(*sings*)—"I AIN'T AGOIN' TO TELL."



The New Curate. "SUPERB DAY, ISN'T IT?" *Giles.* "AY!" *Curate.* "SUPERB DAY." *Giles.* "AY!"
Curate. "ER—A—SUPERB—DAY!" *Giles.* "WHOA, DOBBIN!" (*Pulls up.*) "AY!"
Curate. "I ONLY REMARKED—ER—IT WAS A SUPERB DAY." *Giles.* "D——! GW'ON, DOBBIN!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Do you want a change from analytical novels and solutions of life-problems? If you do, take the Baron's advice, ask for ANNA KATHARINE GREEN'S *Lost Man's Lane* (PUTNAM AND SONS), and "see that you get it." When you have got it, choose a quiet time, say a couple of hours to yourself, just before "bye-bye," if your nerves are in the very best condition; select a comfortable corner, a shaded bright light, while the rest of the room is in darkness, and then and there the Baron leaves you to thoroughly enjoy one of the pleasantest, creepiest stories, in the crime-and-detective line, he has come across for some considerable time. The secret is well kept up to the end, and the most experienced of detective-minded readers will not find it the easiest thing in the world to get on the right track.

"BLISS, SANDS & Co." are the publishers of Mr. J. ASHBY-STERRY'S latest up-to-date story. A publishing firm rejoicing (and can they do anything else except rejoice?) in such a title ought to deal only with holiday literature, treating exclusively of the delights of the sea-side, of the pleasures of piers, of paddling, of building castles of sand, of digging holes, of lazing about doing nothing and assisting others in all the varieties of that particularly pleasant occupation. "BLISS, SANDS & Co.!" Wisely did Mr. ASHBY-STERRY, the Laziest Minstrel that ever indolently twanged the lyre and filled the hearts of the Petticoats with delight, wisely did he select this Blissful firm as the chaperons of his *Naughty Girl*, who, of course, must be as "Nice" as she is "Naughty." But is she so very "naughty"? The reader must answer the question. The critic who has formed his idea of "naughtiness" from a George-Mooreish novel, will most likely acquit Miss Beryl of the charge.

"JACK!" said BERYL.

"BERYL!" said JACK.

"And then the train went into a tunnel."

That is a quotation. Doesn't it whet your appetite? What happened? Where was the tunnel? Was it on the L. C. & D. line, just running into Ramsgate and issuing *sur la plage*? If so, think of the publishers again, and there you have the summing up, "Bliss!" and in less than two minutes (ah, how all too brief is such happiness!) they are in the broad daylight in full view of "SANDS & Co.!" Success to ASHBY-STERRY-o'-type! says his faithful admirer,

THE BARON DE B.-W.

A TIP FOR THE TRIPPER.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see that you have been giving advice "how to enjoy a short trip" in this (now) delightful weather. Let me give you my experience. The other day I had one of the pleasantest jaunts in my life. I will give it you from my note-book as jotted down in what may be termed "Jinglese."

Started after breakfast. Absurdly cheap return ticket; good for the entire season. No hurry. In first-class carriage. Pretty scenery. Kent beautiful. Smart run of an hour to Gravesend. No idea so much country *en route*. Train reaches pier. Steamboat in attendance. Not too crowded. Most respectable company. Fathers, mothers, and families. Efficient band. Good luncheon. Best part of the lower Thames. Even Southend picturesque. Short sea trip, then river again. Clacton charming. Harwich handsome. Felixstowe felicitous. Alliteration suggestive of special articles of daily paper. After Felixstowe the gem of the journey. An hour's delightful passage between banks of green turf and forest trees. Here and there a glimpse of ivy-covered towers. Country seats in the distance most impressive. Tea and shrimps. Return to deck; pretty scenery continued. And at 5.20, Ipswich!

There, Mr. Punch. Take my advice; you can ring the changes on the Belle Boats, where you need not feel ashamed to be

CAUGHT TRIPPING.

"So RHODES is 'a left-hand bowler of quite uncommon ability!'" quoted the old lady, as she read her *Standard*. "'He plays for Yorkshire.' Well, it is very clever of him, but I always thought he would have to do something fresh for a living, after that JAMESON Raid failed."

OUR friend WAGSTAFFE has recently been suffering from a sore throat. He was advised to paint it with iodine. WAG replied that he was not an artist, and even if he were, he wasn't a Dutch artist, and was therefore unable even to attempt painting a 'Phlegmish Interior.'

"THE GUILD OF BINDERS."—Surely all the clergy licensed to join persons in holy matrimony ought, *ex officio*, to be members of this guild. They're bound to be.



TRIALS OF THOMAS.

A SOUVENIR OF THE PRESS BAZAAR.

[The Ladies' Field, Strand Magazine, and Country Life had fancy leather goods and Persian kittens.]

OPERATIC NOTES.

How any one gifted even in the slightest degree with dramatic and artistic instincts could conscientiously appear as the heroine of *La Traviata* in a variety of costumes of the present "so-called nineteenth century," while all the other principals, and the chorus, are attired as ladies and gentlemen of the time of CHARLES THE SECOND, is just one of those things on the Operatic stage that "no fellow can understand." It is intelligible that the male Operatic choristers would not shine in suits of reach-me-downs provided by the costumier as per contract, and that, in low-cut ball-dresses, the "giddy young things" of the "spindle-side" would not appear to the best advantage. These reasons may be a satisfactory explanation of the fact that the Opera is not played in modern costume. But that Madame MELBA, having been made aware of this fact by the Operatic stage manager, should still cling to her modern fashionable attire, is incomprehensible. If the stage manager did not inform her of it, then she must have been considerably surprised on finding herself in modern dress alone among the remnants of the sixteenth century. According to this, Madame MELBA might play *Nedda* in *Pagliacci*, dressed as a fashionable London lady or as a Parisienne; and on another occasion, JEAN DE RESZKE, following suit, might play *Romeo* in such a costume as he would don for a London garden-party, all the other characters being in Veronese costumes, Mantua-made, of the fourteenth century. But why complain? An educated audience, representing most of the rank and fashion, and some of the talent, will put up with any absurdity on the Operatic stage, without uttering so much as a single ill-bred plebeian murmur. *Sotto voce*, and to one another, they smile; but protest! not a bit of it. The effect of Madame MELBA, singing perfectly as *Violetta*, appearing in nineteenth-century costumes (beautiful too!) among the sixteenth-century ladies and gentlemen, is as absurd as if Sir HENRY IRVING were to play *Hamlet* in a suit of sables of this present date, with craped "topper" and black gloves to match, while all the other actors were attired in costumes worn by the rank and fashion of Denmark at the period generally assigned to the action. M. BONNARD is a very nice little *Alfredo*, poor young man! All doing excellently well, including Signor

MANCINELLI, who brings out a new Opera this week, entitled, *Hero and Leander*, a little thing of his own. In this Opera the Hero is a Heroine. *Leander*, the classical Professor of Swimming, we suppose is to be Signor SALEZZA. Success to the merry MANCINELLI, and may his Opera, *Leander*-like, get on swimmingly, and, un-*Leander*-like, not become one of the "submerged."

AT HENLEY AS IT IS.

(By Isaac Walton Minimus.)

THERE used to be buttercups once on these meads,
There used to be reeds by the bank,
But now these same meadows have not even weeds,
And the water's decidedly rank.
The pastures are crowded with mannerless shows,
And the river with refuse is blocked;
There isn't a corner for quiet repose,
While the nose is most constantly shocked!
The houseboats and tents may with rich colour glow,
And the course be more bright than before,
But there isn't the thought for the men who will row,
As there was in the brave days of yore!
How WILLAN and WARRE and stout "JOHNNY" MOSS
Must recurrence of past time re-wish,
And the sight be to them and to rowing a loss,
But I only can think of the Fish
Who are poisoned by garbage and bloated with food,
And oppressed with the bottles o'erthrown!
My sentiments, though by the Many pooh-poohed,
By the Few will be met with a moan!

RESCUE OF HAMPSTEAD HEATH.—Bravo, Mr. THOMAS J. BARRATT! You'll be Barratt-Knighted before you're much older! He has secured for £38,500 "all that property" known as Golder's Hill, in order to make of it a sweet preserve to suit the public taste, and thus to "rescue the charming landscape picture from speculative builders of hideous flats." A committee, under the presidency of Sir HENRY HARBEN, has come to his aid. Good! Herr President. "Sie Haben Recht!"

THE SOCIAL WHIRL.

(By One who is in it.)

INTRODUCTORY.

The following bright and "snappy" little paragraphs have been specially written for *Mr. Punch* by a lady who assures him that she moves in the most select circles, and that the accuracy of her information may be absolutely depended upon. *Mr. Punch* cannot say that he has the honour of being acquainted with any of the personages whose dresses and doings are so minutely recorded, but possibly some of his readers may be more fortunate, and even if they are not, they will, he is sure, peruse this social chronicle with no less interest on that account.

IN THE GROVE.

Everybody one knows seems to make a point of congregating in Westbourne Grove these fine Summer mornings. Last Monday there were any number of pretty and distinguished people to be seen there. Little Mrs. FROGSWELL (who is so often taken for the Honourable Mrs. Mookow) was looking very sweet and distinguished in a plaid blouse with a collar of machine-made lace and a "picture-hat." Mrs. PIPKIN was walking about with Mrs. BRASS-POTT, and Mrs. STUCKOE-PEELE, in a costume of brick-red faced with cream, and a bent hat and parasol, was examining a "line" of marvellously cheap gloves in Mr. STRETCHER's shop window. Then Mrs. GOTTEMON, quite one of the prettiest women there, wore bright turquoise blue velvet, with a sash of pink tulle and a mauve toque. Mrs. BELWEATHER, looking regal in a ruby velvet hat and an ermine cloak, chaperoned Miss "BABY" GIGGLESWICK in a little muslin-sprigged frock, much befrilled, which, though perhaps a little short, looked particularly fresh and pretty. Miss FRUMP, who has a great name for neatness, looked wonderfully smart in a dust-coloured tussore silk, with drab linen collar and cuffs; Captain COPPER, looking the picture of health, in a straw hat, frock coat, and brown boots, escorted Miss "GUSSIE" GOLDLEAF, who was all in green gauze, and, unless I am mistaken, it was pretty and sparkling Mrs. "TOM" TINSELL who rode by on her "bike." Altogether, quite a remarkable gathering of smart folk.

A SMART HIGH TEA.

Mrs. BELWEATHER's High Tea, at Whiteley Terrace, on Tuesday afternoon, was perhaps the most brilliant affair of its kind that has transpired for years. All the best and smartest people in Society were to be seen seated round Mrs. BELWEATHER's hospitable mahogany, and her well-known parlour was full to overflowing. Among the great ladies present were Mrs. GOTTEMON, gorgeous in green foulard, with serpent-like insertions, and a toque of sulphur-coloured tulle, with a pink aigrette; Mrs. "TOM" TINSELL, a vision in cloth of gold and silver tissue; and Mrs. STUCKOE-PEELE, who came on from a Shakespeare Reading Society at Shepherd's Bush, looking very sweet, but a little tired. Miss GIGGLESWICK looked wonderfully well in tulle illusion. Mrs. FROGSWELL and Mrs. BRASS-POTT both brought their girls, and Mr. "ALF" ROWSER, who looked in on his way from the City, brought his concertina. Mr. "HERB" LARKINS and Captain COPPER were expected, but were detained at Henley. After tea, which was quite excellent, there was a small and rather Bohemian party, one or two literary and artistic persons being present.

The next day Mrs. BELWEATHER had her dinner.

AN INTERESTING GARDEN PARTY.

Quite the smartest open-air function this season was Mrs. SAMUEL SHEKYL's garden-party at Jordan Crescent, Maida Vale. Mrs. "IKEY" SOLOMONS looked very up-to-date in a large check, and Mrs. SAUL SHENIE was splendid in plum-coloured Roman satin and gold passementerie. Mrs. BELWEATHER, as usual, smothered in ermine, brought Mrs. DAVID RUBENSOHN in grass-green and maize, with touches of orange in her toque. Miss REBECCA KOSHERFLEISCH, who always dresses with so much taste, came in crimson foulard with a yellow tulle sash and a hat of pale blue chiffon. A very charming and original feature of the afternoon was the institution of a sort of buffet under a tent, where lemonade, claret-cup, and even strawberry and lemon-water ices could be obtained on application—a fashion which is certain to be followed at similar entertainings. Among the guests were Mr. "MO" LEVERTON, Mr. "BENJY" ISAACS, and several other smart men.

(PARENTHESIS BY MR. PUNCH.)

Mr. Punch must candidly confess that he is rather at a loss to account for the change of tone in the succeeding paragraph, in which the note of genial and almost reverent appreciation seems strangely lacking. Whether the accomplished chronicler has had any differences of opinion with her fashionable friends, whether she wearied of the monotony of unqualified praise, or whether she was simply out of temper at the time, it is not for



Old Gent. "IS IT A BOARD SCHOOL YOU GO TO, MY DEAR?"
Child. "NO, SIR. I BELIEVE IT BE A BRICK ONE!"

Mr. Punch to say. He can only print his correspondent's copy as it stands, and trust that it will not expose him to any actions for libel.]

A DULL DANCE.

The general opinion about Mrs. FROGSWELL's dance at Busting Lodge, on Friday, seemed to be that it was an utter failure. To begin with, there were no programmes (making it impossible for a partner to remember which particular dance he was engaged for), and a hostess whose drawing-room is of the dimensions of Mrs. FROGSWELL's, should either not have the Green Hungarians at all, or else put them in the back garden. Not, however, that it signified, for the crowd was a very ordinary one, and the few people with any pretensions to smartness who came, only looked in for a few minutes. Perhaps it was the pale green paper shades over the gas-globes, which would have been trying to a really pretty woman, but Mrs. GOTTEMON was looking quite ghastly, and I heard it remarked on all sides that she is a complete wreck this season. Mrs. STUCKOE-PEELE, who is beginning to have a worn look, brought her girl, but I did not see her dancing. Miss "BABY" GIGGLESWICK seemed to be enjoying herself in the conservatory. After all, I suppose it is only consistent that people should "go on" as rapidly as they "go off." Miss "GUSSIE" GOLDLEAF looked almost girlish in the pink tulle which she always wears on such occasions. Mr. ROWSER did his best to infuse some animation into the "Kitchen" quadrilles, and his diamond solitaire stud was the centre of such brilliancy and sparkle as there were. Mrs. "TOM" TINSELL danced several dances with Captain COPPER, who is not at all well just now, and was certainly no better for having gone into supper three times. Mrs. SAUL SHENIE (the Jewish element was rather overwhelmingly represented) positively shone at the supper-table, in spite of the fact that the champagne was none of the best. By some oversight, Mrs. BELWEATHER, who looked very warm and uncomfortable in black velvet, was not asked to go into supper—perhaps none of the young men present had the requisite courage. However, it may console her to know that she did not lose much. The dancing, like the floor, was wretched, and the early hour at which the last of her guests departed must have convinced even Mrs. FROGSWELL that her social ambition had resulted in a deplorable fiasco. She is leaving town soon, for Margate.



THE GOLDEN KEY.

Mr. Montgomerie. "Ah! my dear boys you're right. The extent to which our English system of 'TIPPING' has grown is something monstrous! Why, I can assure you—that—at some of the big country houses I stop at, it costs me a TEN-POUND NOTE TO GET OUT OF 'EM!" Jones (to his neighbour sotto voce). "Wonder how much it costs him to GET INTO 'EM!'"

NOTES FROM A STAGE SHOOTING-BOX.

["The theatre is one of my weapons."—Speech of Wilhelm, Kaiser.]

As great Apollo, lord of light and song,
From whom the oracle was wont to flow,
Used many arrows when he drew the long,
Strong bow;

So I, his likeness, Whose revolving glance
Takes all created Kosmos nicely in,
And petrifies the powers of Ignorance
And Sin—

I, too, to supplement My royal frowns,
Have weapons ready to My mailed fist;
Of these the Army naturally crowns
The list;

The Press (inspired), the Law, and other
rules
Largely relating to *lèse-majesté*;
And last, and subtlest of My moral tools—
THE PLAY!

To this My lordly patronage I lend,
Showing My subjects (at a trivial price)
The meed of Virtue and the awful end
Of Vice.

When righteous work is done before their
eyes,
Dragons disabled, villains bound with
cords,
They deem it is their KAISER occupies
The boards!

I am their hero, I their man of war,
No matter under what disguises hid,—
Siegfried, Othello, Agamemnon or
The Cid.

When from the flies My happy people trace
A god debouching in a tin machine,
They like to fancy it is I Who grace
The scene.

All such, in fact, as love the Good and True
Round the idea of Me delight to rally;
For this they even congregate to view
The ballet.

As One Who wrote an Opera, I feel
How good the ballet is for Prussian youth.
For thinnish are the veils that there conceal
The Truth!

So, though Myself I play no active part,
And though instinctively I hate a show,
To this and other useful feats of Art
I go.

And when My faithful mummers groan or
grin
In tragic buskins or in comic socks,
Their single cynosure is WILLIAM in
His box.

They are My creatures whom I hold in fee,
And still My presence permeates the air,
Though I should even happen not to be
Just there!

'n Me a moral force directs the stage,
Which adds, in turn, to My Imperial
scope
When with the Prince of Darkness I engage
To cope.

Thus, like an arrow from the straining
string,
For private ends I make the drama whizz!
Hamlet was right: he said, "The play's
the thing":
It is.

[A Spanish Double-loon.

MARSHAL BLANCO has, according to a most circumstantial report, been fired on by a rebel and severely wounded. According to another most circumstantial report, he is in the enjoyment of perfect health. Evidently the Marshal should be known in future as Double-Blanko, and go in for dominoes to conceal his identity.

"MISCELLANEOUS."—Under this heading the following advertisement appeared in the Times of the 28th inst.:—

"LIP LANGUAGE.—Will a Lipt who understands as above communicate with," &c., &c.

Curious advertisement for mere "lip-service." Has it anything to do with "Lipt 'uns"?



OUR MASTERS' MASTERS.

NEWSPAPER HAWKER. "SHOUT AWAY, BILL! WE'RE SAFE ENOUGH AS LONG AS WE VOTES
'PROGRESSIVE'!"

[“The chief reason for the rejection of the by-law” (for the repression of street shouting) “seems to have been regard for the feelings of the Costers, who have made their power felt.” “There are many Londoners who will regret this decision.”—*Westminster Gazette*, June 29.]



TRUTH WILL OUT.

Miss Delamode (of Belgravia). "WELL, DEAR, I MUST BE OFF. DON'T YOU LOVE LORD'S?"

Miss Dowdesley (of Far-West Kensingtonia). "I'M SURE I SHOULD, ONLY—" (Immersed in her own dreams)—"WE DON'T KNOW ANY!"

MR. PEEPS' DIARY AT HENLEY.

Tuesday.—This day the aquatick contests at Henley, and I thither, though a great distance from Town. Paid a half-guinea to the varlet who giveth out the tickets, and sundry other monies for programme, of which I understand but little, and for sporting papers, of which I comprehend even less. To the platform of departure at Paddington, the Company very numerous and in fine attire. Observe a couple of knaves get in to my railway coach, and as soon as the train start, commence playing of cards. Asked by them to adventure certain monies upon the picture-card in a game where but three cards, in all, are used. Did so, and at the first, did win a pound—called, methinks, a "couter"—and pocket the same. But, continuing to play, did lose each time, until I owe them five pounds, at our journey's end. Did give a banknote for Five Pounds, which, seeing a Police Inspector approach, one of the varlets did hastily Pocket and hurry away. Did feel glad to see the last of such Sorry Rogues, and made a Resolution to avoid any further intercourse with the fellows. To the River, where great To-do of Flags, and Barges gaily decorated. Did walk through the gates on to the fine Lawn, when the Guardian was Not Looking, and did Ruffle it, with the Best. Comes a Policeman, who, seizing me by the collar, puts me outside again. Much diverted by the numerous small Craft upon the River, but wishing for a more Compleat view of the Racing, presently manage to Again slip in through the gates and nearly to the lawn once more, but just caught by the tail of my fine new coat, and Hauled Outside yet again by

the same Policeman—a churlish fellow, but Persevering withal. Lord! to see how changed are times, since, in mine own heyday, the Watermen of Wapping Old Stairs did contest for a Coat and Badge, challenging the Watermen of London Bridge. Methinks 'twas finer sport, though far less of show and no be-decking of the great Barges, which I now perceive are dubbed "House-Boats." Many minstrels, their faces blackened, and twanging Ban-Joes, as they call them, but to me more like a Warming-Pan with musickal strings. Good Lack! What strange dress they did assume, and collars all too large and not of any fit whatsoever. Did offer a knave four-pence for a seat in his wherry, as I would have adventured up on the River, but he make merry at my expense, and place his Thumb unto his Nose and spread out his Fingers lengthwise, and was otherwise disrespectful and Unseemly in his Conduct. Espying my Lord of CORKERTON Very Busy with a Hamper, did accost him in friendly tones with An Eye upon his Sparkling Wine. But he, continuing to consume his Toothsome Viands, did offer me none of his hospitalities. Whereupon, wishing his Lordship a Change of Climate (though the day was Not Cold), I left him. Witnessed sundry of the boat-races, and was much diverted at sight of a strip of wood and canvas, which they call An Outrigger. Lord! to think that any man would adventure his life in such a whimsical thing! and not at all to compare with the honest Waterman's Wherry of mine own time. But, in one thing, was well pleased; the ladies, though no longer Sighing and Ogling, much comelier in dress than of yore. But in all else, disappointed. And so back to London, and thence, ere Cockcrow, to the mystic shades again.

SILOMO'S WARNING.

Wizard.

SILOMO, SILOMO! beware of the day
When thy managing-editor's driven to bay!
For a cloud of calamity darkens my sight
And thine *England* lies low in oblivious night.
Thine office is closed, and thy secrets are wrung
From thine innermost bosom, and ruthlessly flung
To the ravenous people, and lo! the whole nation
Gloats greedily over the black revelation!

Silomo.

False wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my staff.
They are old, far too old, to be caught with thy chaff.
In vain, 'tis in vain that thy warnings are muttered.
They well know the side that their bread has been buttered.

Wizard.

Ha! Laugh'st thou, SILOMO, my vision to scorn?
Proud Member for Sheffield, thy pride shall be torn.
For look! Who is yonder? I see her e'en now,
The light'ning in eye and the thunder on brow.
Her glance is destruction—it falleth on thee!—
Ah! mercy, dispel the dread vision I see!—
Thou tremblest, thou palest—thou fall'st to the plain—
Thou writhest about in thine impotent pain,—
I see thee, SILOMO!—Thy glories are fled,
A heap of mere ashes, all shrivelled and dead
With the wrath of the duchess thou daredst to diddle—

Silomo.

Down, soothless insulter! I trust not thy riddle.
What! Think'st thou the cheek of SILOMO will blench,—
SILOMO, the dread of the Treasury Bench,—
SILOMO, the hero of war as of peace,
That dared, all undaunted, the dungeons of Greece?
What! think'st that SILOMO will tremble and fly
From a duchess, a feminine duchess's eye?
So long as the SULTAN sits firm on his throne,
So long shall the name of SILOMO be known,
So long shall, bareheaded, the land of his birth
Bow down to the friend of God's Shadow on Earth.

ON OPERATIC LINES.—BELLINI's *Norma* is a work seldom given nowadays. It might be well cast just now at the Theatre Royal Victoria and Charing Cross, with the Chairman of the L. C. & D. Railway as *Norma*, and the Chairman of the S. E. Railway as her former rival, *Adalgisa*, singing the well-known duet, "Yes, we together!" The duet, with a good translation, *vid Calais* and *Boulogne*, ought to be highly popular and a big success. *Bien oui! ma Share de Préférence!*—and plenty of 'em!

PEACE-WORK.—Refused—it is hoped only for the present—in Spain and America.



HARD LABOUR.

MISS DORA ALWAYS KEEPS UP A SHARP CANTER DURING HER MORNING RIDE. SHE SAYS THE VIOLENT EXERCISE IS GOOD FOR HER GROOM. WHAT THE GROOM SAYS IS UN-PRINTABLE!

DARBY JONES LAMENTS ON THE EXTINCTION OF STOCKBRIDGE.

HONOURED SIR.—This week must be one of Mourning in Racing Circles for Stockbridge, that most delightful of Hampshire meetings—the only one left, in so far as I can remember, in the whole of the County over which the Right Hon. the Earl of Northbrook rules as Lord Lieutenant—which, after vainly battling against the Breeze of Gate-Money Gatherings, has at last succumbed, and, as Sir Fraiser Punnett would say, is “Buy-buried.”

It is not for My Humble Self to analyse the various motives which have influenced those responsible for the Cremation of the

Bibury Club and the Stockbridge Committee, and the transference of their Ashes, in hope of Phoenix-like Resurrection, to the Bleak Downs which overlook the Palatial Demesne of Lord Pembroke at Wilton and the Unique Spire of Salisbury Cathedral. I can only say, like the Little Girls in the Good Fiction written for the Edification of the Young and Virtuous, “I am very sorry.” From the days of the Prince-Regent down to this End-of-the-Century Conviviality, the Bibury Club has been select, and Stockbridge has conduced to its Selectiveness. The Associated Forces may migrate to Salisbury, but it will, in my feeble estimation, be no longer the Dual Gathering as

celebrated in many a Tradition of the Past. Stockbridge, celebrated by Lord Ducin and other far-famed Anglian Anglers for taking Attributes with the Waltonian fly, is a spot remote from the cognisance of the Vulgar Herd, the coarse cries of the Cosmopolitan Backer and Booky. It was a Nook reserved for the Cream of the Racing World, not for the Skim Milk of the ordinary Churners of the Course. The stakes have never been of Brobdingnagian Amount, but nevertheless Mighty Heroes of the Turf have there proved their Incipient Value. Let me only cite the splendid *Galtee More*, who, but two years back, gave early evidence of victories in store, and rejoicing in the Castles of Gubbins.

It was at Stockbridge that I first made acquaintance with the noble Captain KRITERION. He had just experienced some unpleasantness at the Jubba-Nuggah Meeting in India, where, his horse having won the Rajah's Vase contrary to orders, he had fallen down in a fit, and had afterwards to send in his papers to an unrelenting Colonel. Disregarding the *crud* slander passed upon his Unblemished Reputation by sundry Pharisees, I greeted him the same evening with such unmistakable sympathy for his Misfortunes, at the White Hart Hotel, Salisbury, that his Local Traducers were put to as complete silence as though they were under cross-examination by Sir EDWARD CLARKE, the Attorney-General, or Mr. C. F. GILL. Since then we have never parted in every sense of the expression.

It was at Stockbridge, moreover, that I subsequently had occasion to abruptly leave the course for Winchester, owing to an Unaccountable Attack made upon me by a Low Fellow, with whom I had had some Financial dealings at Newmarket.

It was at Stockbridge, also, that I lost—no, Sir, not my Shekels, but my Heart, to one who— But why dissolve my Pearly Sorrows in the Vinegar of the World? Suffice it to say, that in losing Stockbridge I lose a time-honoured Friend—a High-toned Country Gentleman, with whom none of us can afford to say “Good-bye.” At this, his Interment, I venture to deliver myself of some lines calculated to permit you and other Munificent Magnates to expend a few Shekels on Flowers and Wreaths wherewithal to encircle his tomb. As the saddened, but by no means defunctory, Swan, I sing of the Cup:—

In *Scratched Muscovite* some may believe,

For *Petitioner* oars declare,

Double-Berry can only deceive

If *Count Colliers* should chance to be there.

Occidental I hold in respect,

The *Bailiff* may go in the straight,

But *Illfavoured's* the one I expect

That will not give the *Rooster-slain* weight,

While *Hercloudon* I shall not neglect

For a “shop” if the runners be eight!

The Cakes and Ale are ready for you, though we stroll for the last time by the quaint little Stand, Doll-land boxes, and Noah's-Ark Paddock. Trusting that, despite the defeat of *Velasquez*, you did not neglect my second string *Galetta*, and that Rothschildian good luck attended you, I am, honoured Sir, Yours devotedly,

DARBY JONES.

P.S.—I chanced across Sir FRAISER PUNNETT, since writing the above, in Pall Mall this evening. To him I mentioned my departure for Stockbridge, and he joyously remarked, “Ah! yes; meeting going to Salisbury. Should be called next year Stock-Exchange-Bridge.”

PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

SCENE—*A Sanctum.* TIME—*The near past.**Editor.* Sure you have given it sufficient prominence?*Sub.* Think so, Sir. We have got three leaders, two special articles, and six columns of wires.*Ed.* Good. How about "contents bill"?*Sub.* Devoted the entire bill to it.*Ed.* Right. Start the machine.SCENE—*The same.* TIME—*A week later.**Ed.* Sure you have forgotten nothing?*Sub.* Think not, Sir. Leaders of varied interest. Special articles of home interest, and the customary columns of wires.*Ed.* Good. By the way, got anything in about the war?*Sub.* Yes, Sir. A five-line paragraph.*Ed.* Any room for it in "contents bill"?*Sub.* No, Sir; crowded out.*Ed.* Right. Start the machine.*(Rights reserved for unanticipated developments.)*

THE NEW R.A. AR-RAY'D IN ALL HIS GLORY!—Congratulations to Mr. EDWIN ABBEY, Royal Academician. The Chaplain of the Burlington House Brotherhood will rejoice in having so clever and so hard-working an *Abbé* to assist him in his arduous duties. When any "Brother Brush" possesses the talent of this artist, then, whether R.A. or not, he may well say to himself, "What's the odds as long as you're Abbey?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 27.—
"If you only know how, it is," says SARK, "a very easy thing to govern a free people. Take to-night, for example. Consider the position of that blameless character, St. MICHAEL, whose association with All Angels is more than nominal. When, in 1896, Soudan expedition decided upon, Government were in a tight place. Memories of the Sad Soudan did not endear district to British mind, nor were they calculated to make popular a fresh foray. If on top of these considerations came prospect of large expenditure, JOHN BULL would cut up rough. Accordingly St. MICHAEL, in capacity of Chancellor of Exchequer, was put up to say that the war wouldn't cost England a penny. Egypt would find the men and find the money too.

"That statement, coming in middle of debate that was growing serious, acted with marvellous effect. War is wicked, we all felt. But if it can be carried on at other people's expense, with advantages mainly accruing to us—well, we mustn't be censorious. Who are we to set up to be better than our brethren? HENRY FOWLER disturbed pleasantness of the moment by more than hinting that this was all humbug; that in the end England would have to pay. He was hustled aside, and Ministers triumphantly carried the day.

"A year later it was found that a trifling expense of £800,000 had been incurred for campaign. Egypt couldn't pay. 'Then we must,' said the British taxpayer, wearily. 'Not at all,' said St. MICHAEL (and you might almost hear the rustle of the angels' wings). 'We'll grant 'em a loan, dear boy. Leave it all to me, and I'll make an honest penny for British Exchequer out of difference in interest between what we



Wretched-looking Messenger. "BEG PARDON, MR. BROWN, IT'S COME AT LAST! I'M ENTIRELY DEPENDENT ON MYSELF. MY WIFE'S BEEN AND GOT A SEPARATION ORDER!"

can raise the loan at and what we shall charge Egypt.'

"Never was there such a far-seeing Minister, such a clever Chancellor of the Exchequer. Loan approved by rattling majority. Another year passed, as they say in novels. Here we are to-night with Egypt again to the fore; three-quarters of a million sterling wanted for Soudan war expenses. Must be immediately forthcoming, or somebody will be sold up. What shall we do?

"St. MICHAEL equal to this, as to earlier emergencies. 'What shall we do?' he says, smiling round Committee of Ways and Means. 'Why, call the loan a gift.

It was a pound or two under £800,000; Egypt wants £750,000. By this simple device, you see, we not only provide for Egypt's immediate liabilities, but set her up with £50,000 to be going on with. Instead of making a loss, you really have £50,000 to the good.'

"Committee gasps with pleased surprise. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, posing as 'a financial prude,' says something about unsound finance; but there's no mistake about the £50,000. Oh, beneficent Government! Oh, Sainted Chancellor of the Exchequer!"

"Then I surmise," I said, "the British taxpayer won't have to pay anything? This is not supplementary to the landlord

relief and the subsidy of Church Schools, which JOHN O' GORST says are no good?"

The Member for Sark winked.

Business done.—Make Egypt a present of £790,000.

Tuesday.—Final bout in the Benefices Bill Stakes between SQUIRE OF MALWOOD and PRINCE ARTHUR. The SQUIRE in subdued mood, but fighting hard for his corner. Plants some neat blows in the neighbourhood of bread-basket of the "men who eat the bread of one Church with the object of betraying it to another." (Of course, it was the Church that was to be betrayed, not the bread. That a detail easily understood.) The SQUIRE a little weighed down with the iniquity of man. He has not only been misrepresenting the SQUIRE's sayings and doings in connection with this Bill, but has been "playing Pigott" with the SQUIRE's honoured name, signing it to cunningly devised fables sent to the newspapers.

Characteristic of native simplicity of SQUIRE that he provides REDMOND cadet with opportunity of advertising himself as champion of a Church that no one has attacked. Cadet wrote a letter to *Times* denouncing SQUIRE for insulting Catholic Church. *Times*, which no longer loves "Historicus," not only gave advertisement free insertion, but used it to found attack on the blameless SQUIRE. Now REDMOND cadet rises to explain that when he laid a definite charge at SQUIRE's door, he didn't mean him at all, but had SAM SMITH in his mind!

This comes of new arrangement for Leadership of Liberal Party. Not yet

commander, and buffet the SQUIRE for the ill-doing of SAM.

Business done.—Benefices Bill read a third time without a division.

Thursday.—CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES narrowly escaped being put in irons, an experience peculiarly painful for one of



A Case of "Conviction"; or, Wigs on the Green!
Mr. E. C-rs-n, Q.C.

his war-worn frame. As a rule, he is a model of discipline, a shining example of all a citizen should be, respectful to the Port Admiral, courteous to the ship's cook. Fancy a usually serene temper was ruffled to-day by discovery on reaching the Westminster Dock that his old moorings above gangway were again appropriated by piratical craft. In the absence of that fine clipper the *Jemmy Lowther* (gone on a cruise to Newmarket), the CAP'EN got his berth, a real good one. Still, he was riled, and the Port Admiral firing a shot across his bows when he attempted a foul, he showed his gnarled old teeth.

Fleet looked on in alarm as the CAP'EN answered shot for shot. "You have not heard me," he shouted, when Chairman of Committees demurred to his moving amendments taking precedence of Members who had put theirs on the paper. "I have heard you," said Chairman, emphatically. "No, Sir, you have not," came the sharp reply.

Duel went on for some anxious moments. Chairman evidently not to be trifled with. Another moment and the CAP'EN would be named and suspended from the yard-arm for the remainder of the sitting. Crisis avoided by Chairman calling on amendment next in order. So storm blew itself out; nobody wrecked.

Business done.—Evidence in Criminal Cases Bill passed through Committee.

Friday.—SARK much interested to hear that Billy, the SPEAKER's bull-dog, is sitting for his portrait for the National Gallery. A most remarkable dog Billy, an honour to my race. Generally in a state of profound meditation varied by occasional glances at any passing calf particu-

larly comely. Would like to know his private views on the Benefices Bill; on Tea on the Terrace; on the actual value to the British Empire of Wei-Hai-Wei; on the suspension of the Twelve o'Clock Rule; on the exact whereabouts of the Committee of Council on Education; and on Mr. GEDGE.

SARK once met Billy at a country house, and had opportunities for close observation. The floor of the hall was highly polished, a circumstance that led to evidence of temporary but deplorable shortness of temper on the part of Billy. On leaving the dining-room after dinner and attempting to cross this glassy surface, Billy's almost elephantine body was too much for his legs. He rolled and slipped at every pace, his face betokening the sharpest annoyance, whilst from his ponderous jaws came a muttered noise uncommonly like preternaturally awful swearing.

Billy does not approve his muzzle, and if his start for his daily stroll in the Park happens to be timed to the hour of the meeting of the House, WALTER LONG likes to reach his room by the House of Lords entrance. This saves crossing Palace Yard, and is, the President of the Board of Agriculture says, not much out of the way.

Business done.—Scotch Estimates in Committee.

MORAL FROM THE UNIVERSITY MATCH AT LORD'S.—Says the *Times* report, "Except for the difficult chance at thirty-five he was not missed," &c., &c. A sad reflection for the kindly moralist! Except for that "difficult chance at thirty-five," a time of life when the chance is probably the last one, how many go out of the game, disappear altogether, and "are not missed!" *Carpe diem!*



"À BERLIN!"

MADAME SARA IN HER NEW CHARACTER OF "FRAU FRAU."

["Madame SARA BERNHARDT has at last consented to go to Berlin."—*Daily Paper*.]



"I am a Financial Prude."

Sir W. H-re-rt's Speech, June 27.

grown accustomed to SAMUEL's high estate, Members, especially if a little prone to muddle-mindedness, when they consider the doings of the Leader of the Opposition, mix up the late incumbent with the new



"OVER THE ALPS ON A BICYCLE."

JENKINS IN THE ACT OF WISHING TO GOODNESS THAT HE HAD NEVER BEEN INSPIRED BY THE WORK WITH ABOVE-MENTIONED TITLE!

HEMISPHERES I HAVE "EXTENDED" OVER.

(By a late Cambridge Lecturer "in partibus.")

THE recent occasion of the Silver Jubilee of University Extension, celebrated under the patronage of His Grace, the Chancellor of Cambridge University, prompts me to confide in the public ear my experiences as a Missionary of Culture to the Heathen. My subject divides itself almost automatically into two sections.

I.—THE EASTERN HEMISPHERE.

Am advised by my solicitors to reserve this chapter for posthumous publication.

II.—THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE.

If I am one thing more than other—and this is very doubtful—that thing is a patriot. Small wonder, then, that I was pained by a remark illustrative of the contempt of certain ignorant foreigners for high traditions of British Empire. Was seated in Liverpool special *en route* for the States, being in train to carry lamp of University Extension into dark places of Western Hemisphere. Beside me was an American citizen on way home. What high inspiration, I wondered, had he drawn from sojourn among us?

"Been long in this country?" I asked.

"No," he replied; "I came over from Parrus last night, and I tuk a cab and drove around for two or three hours; but I don't like your *caufee*."

This closed conversation. Impossible to preserve show of friendly relations with stranger so grossly indifferent to those qualities which go to make our national greatness. (May add that present Anglo-American *entente* had not yet been fully established.)

With this episode I associate another not less painful to my patriotism. Our homeward-bound vessel was drifting up Mersey on the most sombre autumn evening at which I have ever assisted. "See here, my dear," said an American matron to small daughter, as we collected baggage, "this is Great Britain; and you will never see the sun again until you get to Parrus." (This also was prior to Anglo-American understanding.)

Coffee and climate! Is it by these that men judge of a nation whose navy sweeps the boundless unplumbed ocean; whose Royal Academy is the despair of foreign imitators; whose literature, from the dim dawn of promise in SHAKESPEARE's day, to its sublime and effulgent setting in the *Yellow*—but enough! Am patriot, with patriot's prejudices.

Have always thought that dominant duty of patriot is to be ignorant of achievements of other nations. May or may not be ignorant about his own, but almost *must* be ignorant about the others. That is how it was that, when Americans on board *New York City* (now the fighting *Harvard*) spoke of having national gala on fourth of July, I naturally asked myself what the nation had done to deserve it. So took down copy of GREEN's history from ship's library, and read chapter or so about WASHINGTON and Independence. Found it very poor reading, and determined never to indulge curiosity again in manner unbecoming to patriot. (Should add that I have lately discovered that fourth of July is day set apart for Anglo-American dinners and mutual admiration.)

Broke my resolution about indulging curiosity as to other nations' affairs, and was rewarded with severe blow to national pride. Have referred already to my proper ignorance of foreign history. Found that names of American national heroes had for me all the conquering charm of novelty. Name of a certain MR. HENRY CLAY had been often used in my hearing, and invariably in tones of unquestioned respect. Transpired, eventually, that this person had done something in Congress in early part of one of the centuries. Apart from my principles, could hardly have been expected to know so inconspicuous a fact.

I asked, "Did your man HENRY CLAY do anything besides making cigars?"

The immediate answer—a rude and ignorant one, as I think—took form of rhetorical question:—

"Wal, say, did your man WELLINGTON do anything besides making boots?"

A propos of the neglected great, am reminded of personal narrative told by MR. MARK TWAIN, which do not remember to have seen in print. Above humorist, ascending in elevator of lofty warehouse, found himself facing General GRANT. In moment of mental aberration failed to identify illustrious warrior; but being of social turn of mind asked him if he was "travelling" in that line of business.

"My name is GRANT," replied the veteran.

Recognising unpardonable error he had committed, humorist retired from elevator some eight storeys below his destination, "for fear," as he afterwards said, "lest I should ask him if he had ever been in the Army!"

Ought to own that I rather like humour if it is not employed at my expense or that of my country. In America found most things sacrificed to humour of a kind; sacred feelings often cruelly harrowed; sensitive skin, like my own, inclined to smart under these scintillations.

"Your stars," as I said, in a moment of unguarded anger (prior, of course, to Anglo-American exhibition of cordiality), "your stars, I see, are usually associated with stripes!"

This casual sally (not by any means one of my best) received with marked approbation by company present, who from that time onward exempted me from general charge of density so freely lavished by the States upon my countrymen. (Am speaking, of course, of a period previous to Anglo-, &c.)

These trifling episodes, however, though interesting in themselves, have no direct bearing, it may be said, upon my Extension over the Western Hemisphere. Was neither engaged to lecture upon British Humour nor American History, though the open mind with which I should have approached latter topic was clear point in my favour. But my theme was serious and literary; for, as stated in my syllabus, I proposed to discourse *On Some Alleged Obscurities in BROWNING's Epic of SORDELLO*. Was to be the guest of the improving municipality of Poesiopolis, a watering-place much affected for its physical and intellectual salubrity by elite of neighbouring city of Cultureville.

(*Shall continue this another time.*)

A SUGGESTION IN NOMENCLATURE.—The old name of "Turnpike Roads" has, long ago, with the almost universal disappearance of the ancient turnpikes, become obsolete. Nowadays, bicycles being "always with us," why not for "Turnpike Roads" substitute "Turn-bike Roads"? This ought to suit the "B. B. P.," or, "Bicycling British Public."

CYRANO COQUELIN LE CONKY-ROR!—Who will dare attempt this part of *Bergerac* after M. COQUELIN? *Naz*, my friend, impossible! Whoever may think of it, *il n'ose pas*.



"THE FIFTIETH YEAR OF GRACE."

NOT OUT.



A QUESTION OF HOSPITALITY AT HENLEY.

"UNBIDDEN GUESTS ARE OFTEN WELCOMEST WHEN THEY ARE GONE."—Shakspeare.

TO W. G.

Born July 18, 1848. Captain of the team of Gentlemen against the Players at Lord's, July 18, 1898.

FIFTY, not out! and your pluck in the prime of it,
Master of veterans, matchless, immense!
May it be ours to be living to rhyme of it,
Still in its plenitude, fifty years hence!

Patient as JOB, with the judgment of SOLOMON,
Heart of a lion and eye of a hawk!
May you have wickets, to stand like a column on,
Keen as the courage that nothing can baulk!

Fortune preserve you and grant a more glorious
Power to your elbow and beef to your blows!
Broaden your shadow and leave you victorious,
Grandly "not out" at your century's close!

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

THE TEMPLE.

DEAR MISTER,—By hazard I have been presented, there some time, to the President of the Temple, that sort of College of the Advocates all to the near of the Palace of Justice. This mister, of a great amiability, has had the goodness of to invite me to dine in the ancient Hall of the Temple.

I am enchanted. He appears that from the time of the Queen ELIZABETH the advocates have dined in this Hall. They dine at six of clock. *Tiens, c'est drôle!* In England you dine very late.

Eh well, I go of good hour, and, arrived at the Temple I demand the President. *On me dit qu'il n'existe pas. Sapristi! Et mon dîner?* But one demands me if I desire to see Master Treasurer. *Ah ça! Le Président s'appelle "Maître Trésorier."* Perfectly. One conducts me to a room, where I find assembled several misters in black robes. He astonishes me that they carry not also these drolls of *perruques* of the english advocates. But he appears that they are not some advocates, but some misters who sit themselves *sur un banc*, on a bank, that is to say some bankers.

Still some misters arrive, and then the Master Treasurer in-

vites me to accompany him, and we march, *deux à deux*, two to two, preceded of a *huissier*, to the ancient Hall. This solemn procession has a little the air of a funereal convoy, and the Master Treasurer, in black robe, resembles to a protestant pastor. The advocates and the students, assembled in the hall, carry also some habits of mourning and hold themselves respectfully upright. Arrived at the great table, we put ourselves all the long of the step, as at the border of the grave, and the Master Pastor, holding a book, commences to read a prayer. That has absolutely the air of an interment. In habit, and at side of him, I believe myself that which you call the "head mourner" at the protestant funerals. But some instants more late, we put ourselves at table, and the waiters serve to us the best of your english plates, the Tortoise Soup. *Ca n'a plus l'air d'un enterrement. Ma foi, non!*

After that we eat some fish and some quails, and then the Master Treasurer lifts himself. He says "The QUEEN." All the world lifts himself. It is that which we call in french "*un toast*"; I know not how one translates that in english. *Alors c'est fini, le dîner.* But he is then of the most littles. Some soup, some fish, some quails—not of rosbif, not of bifteck, not of plumb pouding—is it that this dates also from the time of the Queen ELIZABETH? Impossible!

I am deceived myself. We recommence, and one serves to us a dinner of the most admirables and some wines of the most superbs. At the middle of the repast one brings a great *coupe*, in italian, *tazza*. What is this that this is that that? Again some tortoise soup? Probably. But at place of to serve himself of a spoon the Master Treasurer drinks from the *coupe* herself, and the bankers also. In fine me I drink, but very little. *Tiens!* It is not some soup, it is some wine. Evidently that also it is at the mode of the middle age.

We eat some *entremets*, and I attend the dessert, for you have of very good fruits in England. There is not of dessert! The Master Treasurer lifts himself, we lift ourselves—all, he reads another prayer, and we go ourselves of it, *nous nous en allons*. Again two to two we traverse the *couloirs* until to another hall. *Tiens, voilà le dessert!* And some wines again more superb!

A little more late I say goodevening to the Master Treasurer and to the bankers, praying them to agree all my thanks of their charming and amiable hospitality. Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.



The Rev. Mr. Haircomber. "I MUST REALLY TRY SOMETHING FOR MY HAIR. I'M GETTING RATHER BALD!"
 Captain Jinks. "DEAR ME! I WOULD NOT HAVE NOTICED IT IF YOU HADN'T TOLD ME!"

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

["London's health continues marvellous. There is no epidemic of any kind in our midst."—*Echo*.]

DAPHNE, why should fashion's freaks
 Drive us several precious weeks
 Out of town, where safe and sound
 We might live the whole year round,
 Still the unknown ills to brave
 Lurking by the sad sea wave?

Why in filthy railways ride,
 Reeking, writhing, five a side?
 Why, arrived in dismal plight,
 For our shattered luggage fight,
 While this sentence custom dooms—
 Banishment in poky rooms?

Teem with manifold infections
 Sands and pier in all directions;
 Furtive sewers belch gruesome smells,
 Dread diphtheria poisons wells,

Fever's rumour, typhoid's scare,
 Haunts the traveller everywhere.

Ah! that proverb (DAPHNE OWN)
 Wisely says—"Let well alone";
 Here the death-rate's ever low,
 Here perennial comforts flow,
 Here the club, the park, the play,
 Soothe the night and cheer the day;
 Yes, the joys of town are deeper,
 DAPHNE—and a good deal cheaper.

On Wimbledon Common.

Angelina (to Edwin). Darling! how those
 dreadful soldiers frighten me flourishing
 their fearful weapons! Are they fighting?

[And it was all that EDWIN could do to explain
 without laughing that the supposed Tommy
 Atkinses were red-coated golfers, under the
 command of "Colonel Bogey."

DARBY JONES TALKS ABOUT SANDOWN AND THE ECLIPSE STAKES.

HONOURABLE SIR,—I left Stockbridge, like Sir JOHN WILLOUGHBY did the Court of Queen's Bench, a sadder and a poorer man. In my own case, I was Asinine enough to imagine that *Sambre* was the superior of that fine-pacing animal *Cyrenian*. My Friends GROGANOFF and KRITERION were filled with the same belief, and we were ignominiously "carted" together. It is true that we were placed in receipt of a few welcome shekels when *Hips and Haws* (not forgotten by Yours Truly) waltzed in after the Duet for the Stockbridge Cup, but the victory of *Cyrenian* had a pernicious effect on the Sport of the Week.

The Count himself is the Victim of a most Diabolical Attempt to ruin his Reputation on the other side of the Straits of Dover. It appears that some Miscreant used his Name and Title for Wagering Purposes at a recent Meeting at Auteuil, when—I suppress the Trivial Facts—a certain horse did not win. A week afterwards a most Scurrilous Attack on my Friend appeared in a Gallic Rag quite unfit for Publication. The Count at once wrote to the Editor denying his responsibility in the affair in question, and demanding that Apology which every Gentleman maligned by a Penny-a-Liner requires. The Apology duly appeared. It ran as follows: "*Si ce n'était pas toi, GROGANOFF, c'était ton frère.*" With this Infamous Bar Sinister placed by Journalistic Malevolence on the Family Scutcheon, the Count has had to be content.

And now to Sandown, to the hill-side, whereon a statue of Mr. HWFA WILLIAMS will no doubt one of these days beam on the Main Line of the London and South Western Railway Company. Mr. WILLIAMS's Christian Name is, like that of many Welsh towns, somewhat difficult to enunciate. But I imagine that Captain KRITERION is not far from the bottom of the Well in which Truth dwells in calling the Despot of Sandown "Oofy" WILLIAMS. Anyway, he deserves the Appellation, if only by reason of the Eclipse Stakes. Just look at the Owners of the Winners of the World-famed Prize since its Institution! Not a Poor Man among them! The Duke of WESTMINSTER (three times), the Duke of PORTLAND, Mr. H. McCALMONT, Mr. A. MERRY, Monsieur SCHICKLER (why have all successful Frenchmen got German names?), Mr. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD, and the Prince of WALES! There's a list! It only wants an enterprising Yankee, say Mr. LORILLARD, to come and take the stakes, to bind the Anglo-American Alliance more concretely than ever. Eclipse Millionaires first, the rest nowhere. After dipping my beak into Invigorating Shandy-gaff and my quill into Condensed Milk of Human Kindness, I venture to chortle:—

"The Godsend I cannot uphold,
 Nor the Goldmine, if sent here from France,
 For Willing Court too I am cold,
 At the Necklace must e'en look askance;
 But the Cricketer's Hope may run well,
 And the Shadowy Saint cause surprise,
 But Let-her-go's chance I foretell
 When the Painter has cracked on the "rise."
 Need I say more or less? Probably less.
 Your loyal Servitor,
 DARBY JONES.

THE GOLFER'S FRIEND AFTER LONG DRIVES.—The Tea-Caddy.

THE M.P.'S LAMENT.

[Another M.P. has been disillusioned. . . . It is only a few weeks since Mr. HENDERSON was returned for West Staffordshire, and here he is telling his constituents that they are really breaking him down with their demands upon him. . . . "The number of things a Member of Parliament is expected to do is something surprising."—*Westminster Gazette*.]

Oh! alas, that I would be that unhappy thing, M.P. !
Ah! the letters that I have to read and docket !
And the cheques—it makes my hair stand on end, for I declare
That my hand is hardly ever from my pocket.
Should the town Y. M. C. A. want a picnic, who's to pay ?
Why, of course, the Member always finds the victuals,
And the whole I. O. G. T. turn expectant eyes to me
To provide them with their summer beer and skittles.

Then the rector lets me know that his tithes have sunk so low
(The effect of agricultural depression),
That unless those help who can he will be a ruined man
And a bankrupt, with the bailiffs in possession.
As the Baptist Church is filled, they intend (D. V.) to build
To accommodate the growing congregation,
While the Roman Catholic priest lets me know the very least
That will satisfy the Irish population.

Then the Sunday School, I hear, has an outing every year,
And my predecessor always sent the apples ;
By the self-same post I learn that the Independents yearn
To erect a pair of corrugated chapels.
And before I can decide how my favours to divide,
The Salvationists, with Hallelujah chorus,
Write that "We are marching down, and we hope to storm the town,
But we need the sinews for the fight before us."

Then the Clubs—with one consent they elect me President,
And before I can accept the proud position,
Lo, the golfers intimate that my predecessor late
Gave a silver cup for Bogey competition.
And the cricketers declare that they think it only fair
I should patronise the pastime of the million.
So they trust—in short, the gist is that I should head the list
They are raising to erect the new pavilion.

Then there come in scores the cranks, and I owe them little thanks
For the reams they send me, windy, long, and blatant ;
Here is one with a design for extracting beef from swine,
And he only wants the cash to get the patent.
And another one has found that the reeking Underground
Might be made a very Klondyke for the needy—
Take the sulphur (it's a fact that it's plentiful), extract
And convert it into tablets for the seedy.

Thus from early morn till late in the evening, I dictate
Correspondence, and my labour endeth never,
While my secretary, wan and as white as any swan,
Plies the typewriter that clicketh on forever.
Oh, ye Gods! who, who would be that unhappy thing, M.P.,
For constituents to plunder and to pillage,
Bound to answer every beck with a letter and a cheque,
The fair prey of every vote in every village!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN relating *The Adventures of the Comte de la Muette during the Reign of Terror* (BLACKWOOD), Mr. BERNARD CAPES does not avail himself of any machinery in the way of a recovered box of old letters or a supposititious diary. He plunges straightway into his story, preserving throughout a marvellous *vraisemblance*. He has evidently dived deep into the sea of personal record of the times of which he treats, and brings back rich treasure. Among lurid side-lights thrown upon those terrible days, my Baronite specially mentions the description of life in the prison of the Little Force, with its almost hideous gaiety, its reckless heroism of dainty cavaliers and high-born ladies. There are other scenes, such as the trial in the Court at the Conciergerie, and the flight through the quarries of Montrouge, that are of thrilling interest, an undercurrent of grim irony relieving their tragedy.

If ever there were two novelists most unlikely to meet on common ground, it would be CHARLES DICKENS and Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD. Yet, in Mrs. WARD's latest work, *Helbeck of Bannisdale* (SMITH, ELDER), there is a striking resemblance between the character of Mr. Haredale in *Barnaby Rudge*, and Mr. Alan Helbeck of Bannisdale. Both are Catholics, the one living before, the other after the repeal of the harsh persecuting laws directed against the Romanists in Great Britain and Ireland; Haredale defending himself as a Papist against Protestant aggres-



"WHAT MAISIE KNEW."

Kind Aunt. "You needn't be afraid of my little pug, MAISIE. HE WON'T BITE YOU."

Maisie. "No, AUNTIE. BUT HE MIGHT KICK!"

sion, and being wounded on the forehead by a stone hurled at him by some one in the "No Popery" mob; Helbeck, in a similar position, set upon and wounded by a cowardly Westmoreland gang. There is, too, a certain kind of resemblance between the events that made both Haredale and Helbeck what they are in the two stories. Mr. Haredale is one of the least exaggerated of CHARLES DICKENS's characters, but Mrs. WARD's Mr. Alan Helbeck is a saintly personage, who has just stepped out of a "light" in some painted window of a Gothic church, and has accidentally left his "halo" behind him. He is an amateur ascetic of preposterous piety, detached from all creature comforts except (thank goodness!) his quiet pipe of tobacco. And then the atheistical girl Laura, who falls in love with, and who is loved by this Painted Window Personage, is she a finished portrait from life? Can either be considered as a type? The atheistical young woman would like to become a Papist, in order that she may marry Helbeck (or say Heavenbeck) of the Painted Window, but as she cannot arrive at this, she drowns herself. Then Helbeck of the Painted Window is free to return to his "halo," if so inclined, and if the vacant space has not already been filled up. However, as to his future career, Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD charitably and artistically leaves us in considerable doubt. If poor Ophelia-Laura could only have been resuscitated, and both lovers been made into a couple of sensible people, and could it all have ended in a happy marriage with the brightest prospects before them, then one half-hour of gentle melancholy, partially relieved by a smile or two, would have been spared to Mrs. WARD's devoted admirer, THE BARON DE B.-W.



Sir Charles (to his Cockney Valet, to whom he has lent his machine to go to the post). "WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MY BICYCLE, JOHN! IT MAKES A TERRIBLE NOISE."

John. "I DON'T THINK IT MAKES A NOISE, SIR CHARLES, BUT IT'S THE DISTRICT IS SO QUIET, SIR!"

THE CLUB WOMAN'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Is it your opinion that a spinster should have all the advantages of a bachelor?

Answer. Certainly; and that opinion is endorsed by modern legislation.

Q. You consider that the position of a woman is as good as that of a man?

A. Yes, and better, for to the present equality of the sexes she is able to add the chivalrous superiority that has come to her as a legacy from the past.

Q. You think you have a right to the liberty enjoyed by your brothers?

A. Certainly; and intend to exercise it.

Q. In what manner do you assert your freedom?

A. By living by myself in Chambers and belonging to a Ladies' Club.

Q. What are the special advantages of living by yourself in Chambers?

A. That I rid myself of the control of my mother and the rivalry of my sisters.

Q. And of belonging to a Ladies' Club?

A. That I can talk scandal with my female fellow-members and smoke cigarettes.

Q. Can you suggest any improvement for Ladies' Clubs?

A. Well, some say that they might be made more cheerful by the admission of male guests.

Q. Then the company of the inferior sex is not to be despised?

A. In moderation it may be desirable.

Q. Is there any particular advantage to be obtained by the freedom you have secured which could not be equally enjoyed by residence in the home of your parents?

A. Latchkeys in the parental household are the exclusive property of its male members.

Q. And how often do you use a latchkey?

A. About once in twelve months.

Q. Then, although emancipated, you still believe in propriety?

A. Unquestionably, and fail to see why freedom should become licence.

Q. Then you are perfectly satisfied with your life of single blessedness?

A. Yes—theoretically.

Q. Why do you say theoretically?

A. Because, as a practical woman, I am not quite sure that I should not have been happier if I had married.

ETON V. HARROW.—A striking match. Most brilliant up to a certain point, and then, the Etonian innings over, Cimmerian darkness! "Regardless of grammar," we may thus express it, "The last Light Blue out!"

SERIOUS MALADY (from which most of the War Correspondents round about Key West are now suffering).—Rumour-tism.

"PEACE WITH HONOUR."

THE BERLIN TREATY, SIGNED JULY 13, 1878.

A score of years! a little roll

Of Facts upon the Scroll of Time,

Yet Time demands its constant Toll

On Universal Change of Crime.

"Honour with Peace" was then the cry,

The shout is now the very same.

"Dishonoured Peace" none can deny,

While "Honoured War" is much the same.

And so must Two Great Nations kill

Each other's sons with fearless skill?

Not so! That Bygone Touch unquenched

will still,

With "Peace with Honour," burn God's

will.

FLOREAT ETONA!

A Look-back on Henley, by an Old Etonian.

["Eton beat First Trinity, after a grand race, in the final heat for the Ladies' Plate."]

THE old "White Caps" have won once more,

The Plate has gone back to its almost

Home,

It's a triumph for PEIRSE, DE HAVILLAND,

WARRE,

A regular rout of the ranks of Rome!

Not Tiberian Romans, but Latins, who

Had forgotten whence the Cam got its

azure blue!



“PINNED!”

SWAIN Sc



Miss S. "BUT THERE ARE SOME COMPENSATIONS IN WAR, ARE THERE NOT?"

Mr. B. "WHY, YES. THE PAPER-BOYS ARE NOT ALWAYS SHOUTING 'WINNER!'"

FLITTINGS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Our excellent captain has given us a mill-pond voyage, and steered us clear of dust-storms, Spanish men-of-war, and other nautical unpleasantnesses. I am bound to say, however, that we were rather oversupplied with babies on board. They swarmed over the decks, and out-yelled each other in the small hours of the night, and even took airings in their perambulators in the none too extensive space that was meant for quoits and promenades. I think that the sea-going infant in general should be relegated to the refrigerator. Otherwise, we had a most delightful voyage.

As to the various towns we visited since I last wrote, they cannot be adequately described in a postscript. We rode in a postscript—I mean a post-cart—from King Williamstown to Grahamstown, a distance of eighty miles as the locust flies. If you are a Family Removing, you had better go round the five hundred odd miles by train, luggage being excessed on the cart at the rate of fourpence a pound. Except for the fact that the half-caste Jehus smoke vile tobacco the whole time, and their teams of six mules do the "grand chain" at intervals, and you have to start before sunrise, it is a drive distinctly worth taking. Spreeuws, meerkats (spelling not guaranteed), monkeys, euphorbias, wild geraniums, and ostriches are among the fauna and flora to be seen on the road, when your hat-brim is not being knocked over your eyes.

Grahamstown is termed the Settlers' City, also the Athens of South Africa, and a local Wesleyan Minister, I am told, compared Milan Cathedral (unfavourably) with his own chapel in the High Street, on his return from an Italian tour. The descriptive reporter has therefore a wealth of geographical allusion to draw upon. The young ladies of Grahamstown, who are being "finished" there in great quantities, have a well-established reputation for good looks. This Christmas Grahamstown is going to have a fling with a South African Exhibition, which will last five weeks. As it is the most English town

in South Africa, the Boers and Hollanders are holding aloof. They prefer to make an exhibition of themselves in Pretoria.

Port Elizabeth is a perpendicular sort of place, built on the steep slope of a hill. Belated old London would do well to copy its electric trams.

Yours, home again, Z. Y. X.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Thursday.—ROSSINI's Opera, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* ("in Italian," too! Welcome little stranger!), always and for ever charming. So refreshing, these delightful examples of "spoken through the music." And then the graceful melodies illustrating every detail of the action from beginning to end! A fine singing *Figaro* is Signor CAMPANARI, though, "if it's humour you want"—well, you won't get it from CAMPANARI.

MADAME MELBA, who is not exactly an ideal *Rosina*, was in fine voice, and literally brought down the densely-packed house, which applauded her three songs in the celebrated "music-lesson scene." As to an encore! she could have had five of them had she so chosen.

M. SALEZA is but a shadow of what the dashing and amorous Count *Almaviva* ought to be; appearing quite subdued in the presence of so royal a *Rosina* as is Madame MELBA. It was, perhaps, this feeling that made him careless as to his disguise, for if *Don Bartolo* (capitally sung, but acted and made up as the traditional old pantaloon, by M. CARBONE) had been only in the slightest degree sharp, he would have recognised the Count in the cassock of the music-master, as M. BONNARD, having effectually changed his costume and his wig, had entirely omitted any facial alteration, and was, consequently, rather more like himself than ever. The argument may be, that, were the Count so perfectly disguised as to be unrecognisable (as undoubtedly he ought to be), then how on earth could *Rosina* know that the supposed music-master is only her lover masquerading as *Don Basilio's* substitute? I see only one way, he should wear a false nose, a false beard and moustache, and the business of the stage should be so arranged that, on his introduction to his pupil, he should take the opportunity of *Don Bartolo's* back being turned to lift his beard, remove his nose, and replace both before that profound old idiot *Bartolo* has time to turn round. But no, the venerable "business" is retained on account of its long and useful service, and so the comedy scenes which might be so perfect as comedy, become mere conventional farce, and played so low down as to be indifferent pantomime.

Undeclared and wonderful Mlle. BAUERMEISTER-singer as good as ever, gaining special applause for her one song.

EDOUARD DE RESZKE sings *Don Basilio's* music as only EDOUARD DE RESZKE can sing it; but why play the part with bent knees? Does he wish to convey that he is lowering himself by condescending to lowest farcical acting? It is all Scaramouchy, every bit of it, and this to the loveliest, most perfect comedy-music ever written.



Suggestion for Operatic Pantomime—Harlequin Figaro and the Little Count Out.

I confess to losing all patience with these Operatic undramatic actors. Perhaps they would not heed the voice of a competent stage-manager, stage-managed he never so wisely. The English public tolerate it as child's play because it is Italian Opera, and critics who, for the same reason, extol such acting here, would ruthlessly condemn it at the Savoy, Daly's, or any other temporary lodging of English Comic Opera.



IN THE SICK BAY.

Fleet Surgeon. "THERE DOESN'T SEEM MUCH WRONG WITH YOU, MY MAN. WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

A. B. "WELL, SIR, IT'S LIKE THIS, SIR. I EATS WELL, AN' I DRINKS WELL, AN' I SLEEPS WELL; BUT WHEN I SEES A JOB OF WORK—THERE, I'M ALL OF A TREMBLE!"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

(*A Poet, extended in a hammock o'erlooking a Lawn on a June afternoon, is moved to minstrelsy.*)

SUMMER has come! In yellow green
The oak aims high at darker hue,
The rhododendron's Eastern sheen
Looks down on bells of British blue.
Red Roses revel in the glow,
Long Lilies languish in the light,
And Chestnuts shed their tinted snow
Where ruddy May smiles at the white!

Summer has come! Your dainty feet
Across the dimpled daisies dance,
Of all the blossoms you most sweet,
Since all your charms their own enhance!
You are their Queen! Your subjects fair
With fragrant kisses greet your way,
And waft into the lambent air
Their scented tribute to your sway!

Summer has come! From yonder bowers
Are heard the lays of feathered quire
Trilling the song of love and flowers
That would the meanest bard inspire!
So on my tablets here I write
These lines unworthy of my theme,
But with my soul I them indite
As forethoughts of a happy dream!

[*Falls asleep.*]

(*Wakes up.*)

Summer has come! And with it those
Whom I, for one, would fain not meet,



THE BEGINNING OF AN EMPIRE.

UNCLE SAM'S YOUNGEST.

[*"President M'KINLEY, at seven o'clock this evening, signed the Resolution annexing Hawaii to the United States."*—*Washington, July 7, 1898.*]

The grub is gnawing at that rose,
The snail sneaks from its slimed retreat,
The flies are buzzing round my head,
The spider lurks among those eaves,
The centipede defiles the ground,
The slug is battenning on the leaves!

The bumble-bee's deep monotone
Vies with the gnat's ambitious hum,
The beetle lifts aloft its drone,
Summer has come! Summer has come!
Five caterpillars fall on me,
A wasp beats loud his kettle-drum,
A hornet, too! I fly! I flee!
The mists now rise where sunbeams shone.

With wings and stings,
And horrid things,
Summer had come! Summer has gone!

PEPYS AT HENLEY.

SIR,—When the ghost of sly old SAM PEPPS was at Henley last week (as duly related by himself to *Mr. Punch*), why did his respected Shade keep so very dark? Why, at least, did he not reveal himself to "*No. 2 in the Eton Boat*, Mr. SAMUEL PEPPS COCKERELL," who is a direct descendant of the undefeated Diarist? Won't old SAM PEPPS be delighted to know that it was "*the Ladies' Plate*" for which the Etonians contended, and which they won? Please see this letter properly sent through the Dead Letter Office to S. P.

Yours truly, ONE WHO ROWS.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 4.—
"If there were more Irish Members like HORACE PLUNKETT," says SARK, "there would be no Irish Question."

It is a hard saying, but, really, when you come to consider it, there's something in it. In the first place, the selection of a representative of this particular kind is indicative of the character and leaning of the constituency. The man whom South Dublin delights to honour is modest, yet capable, cultured and absolutely free from snobbishness, kind-hearted, yet clear-headed. His every action in public life is influenced by the purest passion of patriotism. There must be large sympathy with these qualities among his constituency, or they would have gone elsewhere and endowed Westminster with a more familiar type of Irish Member.

PLUNKETT is one of the leading spirits, the hardest worker on the Congested District Board, the only Ministerial institution in Ireland universally approved, the sole agency, whose efforts for amelioration of distressed Ireland meet with popular recognition. Of late, has varied his slavery to Ireland by arranging details of debate on Financial Relations between sister countries. He is the only man who could bring together what DIZZY would call the Two Nations in Ireland—the landlord and the tenant.

The common ground certainly enticing. As the BLAMELESS BARTLEY, breaking long silence, declared to-night, Ireland is always united when there is something to be got out of the Saxon. Labour of engineering the temporary union none the less great. PLUNKETT literally oozing with correspondence. When he can get no more in outside pockets he carries appalling bundle in his right hand, scurries to and fro across lobbies, through corridors. "Always looks as if he was looking for somebody," as SARK says. To-night he found EDWARD CLARKE and LECKY, the former brisk, practical, forceful and argumentative, the latter more than usually Leckydaical in tone and manner, but weighty in matter, elo-



THE POLICY OF THE "OPEN DOOR."

(As some would like to interpret it.)

Chorus of Lukewarm Supporters (within). "MUST YOU REALLY BE GOING?"

quent in phrasing. BLAKE also delivered admirable speech, handicapped by his fatal inability to compress.

"BLAKE should have been caught younger," SARK says. "If he'd come into the Commons when he was twenty he would have gone far. Having commenced his Parliamentary career on the Continent of America, he has in the matter of length drawn his speeches to scale, and for our little island they stretch too far."

Business done.—Proposal to readjust Financial Relations between Great Britain and Ireland.

Tuesday.—Second night of debate on Financial Relations. Been much better had it been compressed within one. Fatal air of unreality about it. No one expects any practical result. But if MAC makes a speech, O', being also an Irish Member, must make one too, or what will they say in Clonakilty?

Best thing I've heard of subject not said in present debate. It was at Ministerial dinner at the opening of last Session when Financial Relations of two countries first became political question, and filled the air with incessant buzz. Lord RATHMORE (the lamented DAVID PLUNKET of our

House) turned up at dinner in full dress, save that he did not wear his sword. Much good-humoured chaff at its absence. Where could it be that he had not brought it?

"I know what you mean," said RATHMORE; "but you're all mistaken. My sword is not deposited with my F-f-financial Relation."

SQUIRE OF MALWOOD effusively and elaborately said nothing in a speech more than thirty minutes long. Bound as Leader of Opposition to take part in debate. All very well if what he said might straightway be forgotten and remain unrecorded. Some day he may again be Chancellor of Exchequer. If he now says things pleasant to Irish Members, he will then be inconveniently reminded of them. So carefully avoids details, mouths generous generalities, and sits down with serene consciousness that he has not committed himself. House anxiously awaiting the conclusion to which his argument may lead, faintly laughs when it finds it leads no whither.

Business done.—Financial Relations resolution negated by nearly two to one.

Thursday.—Curious how unexpectedly things crop up. Just now, à propos de bottles, JOHNSTON OF BALLYKILBEG men-



"A PARLIAMENTARY LEPRICHAUN."

Mr. Serjeant H-mph-ll.

[Our Artist says that if this is not like a "Leprichaun," it ought to be.]

tioned that he would be in Belfast on Tuesday next, being the 12th of July. It we had thought of it we might of course have concluded he would be there. Belfast would not be itself on the 12th of July without this warrior figure, the Orange sash round his waist, the Orange rosette on his manly chest, art subtly backing up the effort of Nature to give his flowing beard an orange tint.

It is only once a year that BALLYKILBEG goes the whole hog, so to speak, in respect of his beard. Niggard Nature stopped at the tawny tint. A little more, and it would have been true orange, thus artistically completing a historic personality. Once a year, on the 12th of July, this defect is corrected. It is said that in the mighty and imposing procession there is nothing strikes such terror into the breast of the Papishers as the sight of the flowing beard, bright orange in hue, of the warlike figure striding at its head.

Something of this instinctive apprehension shown even to-night. When Nationalists heard that BALLYKILBEG "would be there," they laughed a hollow laugh meant to be scornful. Some time later, JOHN DILLON rose and asked CHIEF SECRETARY what measures the Irish Executive proposed to take for the preservation of life and property in Belfast on Tuesday next, when BALLYKILBEG will take the field—or rather, the street? Gravity of situation further shown by BROTHER GERALD asking for notice.

Business done.—Further discussion on Irish Local Government Bill.

Friday.—Blackwood, almost the oldest, remains, in matter of freshness and vitality, the youngest of monthly magazines. The current number has special interest in



"ARMAGH VIRUMQUE," &C.
(The latest thing in Nationalist Leaders.)
Colonel S-and-rs-n.

these parts by reason of inclusion of article embodying reminiscences of the Father of the House. Curious to note that our dear Sir JOHN MOWBRAY has lived so long that one family name has not been enough for



STIMIED.

Golfer. "FORE!" Tinker. "WHAT?"
Golfer. "GET OUT OF THE WAY!" Tinker. "WHAT FOR?"
Golfer. "I MIGHT HIT YOU." Tinker. "THEE'D BEST NOT, YOUNG MAN!"

him. Up to 1847 he was known to STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and others as "My dear CORNISH." With approach of the new half century, he took the new name by which he has since been known and is honoured in the House of Commons and elsewhere. He tells in characteristically modest manner his marvellous story—now Mr. G. has gone, he alone can tell it—of "Seventy Years at Westminster."

Business done.—Second reading of Bill rendering valid in Great Britain marriages contracted in Colonies with Deceased Wife's Sister carried in Lords by nearly three to one.

GRAVE CHARGES ALWAYS MET.—Burial fees.

A SKYE PILOT IN ORNITHOLOGY.

Mr. KEARTON, in his *With Nature and a Camera*, says that he met with a Scottish Minister, who averred that the Great Northern Divers make no nests at all, but hatch their eggs under their wings. Subsequently, three independent witnesses averred that one Sunday afternoon, sitting on the cliffs of Skye, they saw a Great Northern Diver lay her egg on the sea, dive after it, and catch it before it reached the bottom. Mr. KEARTON does not state if the Scottish Minister accused the three Independent Witnesses of breaking the Sabbath law, or the Great Northern Diver of breaking the egg. But at all events, Mr. KEARTON deserves an ovation.



'Arriet (as a bee alights on her hand). "MY WORD, 'ABBY, WOT A PRETTY FLY!" (Sting.)
 "CRIKEY! AIN'T 'IS FEET 'OT!"

THE BELGIAN SHAKSPEARE.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

(As Shakspeare would certainly have written it, after visiting M. Mactierlinck's "Pelléas and Mélisande" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Mr. Tree should give this amended version a trial at Her Majesty's.)

ACT I. SCENE—A Public Place in Rome.

Brutus. It is warm to-day. There is thunder in the air. I am sure we shall have thunder. Do you not feel the thunder in the air?

Cas. (interrupting). I fear they will make CÆSAR king.

Bru. But surely this is very unusual. Our ancestors never had kings. Our ancestors have not had kings for centuries. Surely this is very unusual.

Cas. I fear that ANTONY will make CÆSAR king.

Bru. (yawning). It is warm to-day.

[Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY and CASCA.

Cæsar. Let me have fat men about me, ANTONY.

Antony. Fat men, CÆSAR?

Cas. Very fat men. CASSIUS there is lean. What is he doing here? I do not like lean men. (Turning to BRUTUS.) "Et tu, Brute?"

Ant. Not yet, not yet. That does not come till the second act.

[Ereunt CÆSAR and ANTONY.

Bru. It is warm to-day. [Da capo.

Cas. (to CASCA). Did ANTONY make CÆSAR king?

Casca. CÆSAR refused the crown. He refused it three times.

Cas. Then we must kill CÆSAR.

Casca. CÆSAR must certainly be killed.

Cas. "Et tu, Brute?"

Bru. (yawning). I thought only CÆSAR was allowed to say that. (Yawns.) The day is certainly very warm. [Ereunt.

ACT II. SCENE—The Forum.

Bru. (to assembled conspirators). How

unbecoming conspiracy is! What ruffians we all look! It is quite extraordinary how unbecoming conspiracy is!

[Enter CÆSAR and ANTONY.

Cas. Good morning, friends. "Et tu, Brute?"

Ant. (aside to him). Not yet, not yet.

Cas. (looking at CASSIUS). I thought I said I would have fat men about me.

Cas. Then we must kill CÆSAR.

[Stabs him.

Casca. CÆSAR must certainly be killed.

[Stabs him.

Bru. Conspiracy is most unbecoming.

[Stabs him.

Cas. "Et tu, Brute?" (Aside to ANTONY.) I may say "Et tu, Brute?" now, may I not?

Ant. (aside to him). Quite right; quite right. This time you are quite right.

Cas. I am not happy!

[Dies. Ereunt conspirators. ANTONY ascends the rostrum. A crowd collects.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen. I have not come to bury CÆSAR, but to praise him. In this cloak CÆSAR overcame the Nervii. Through this cloak BRUTUS and CASSIUS stabbed CÆSAR. You can see the holes in the cloak.

Crowd. Do not speak ill of BRUTUS.

Ant. But it was in this cloak, &c.

Crowd. Do not speak ill of BRUTUS.

Ant. Then you compel me to read CÆSAR's will. When you have heard CÆSAR's will, you will allow me to say what I please about BRUTUS. It is a very generous will.

Crowd. Read the will.

Ant. CÆSAR's will is very generous. He leaves you a large sum of money. He also bequeaths his gardens to you for a public park. CÆSAR's gardens are by the Tiber. They will make a beautiful park.

Crowd. We will avenge CÆSAR. His will is very generous.

Ant. (continuing). The good that men do lives after them—

Crowd (all interrupting and speaking at once). Moreover, we can loot the houses of the conspirators. And CÆSAR's gardens will make a beautiful park. [Ereunt.

Ant. As I was saying, the good that men do lives after them— [Left speaking.

ACT III. SCENE—The Plains of Philippi.

Midnight.

Bru. CASSIUS, you have an itching palm.

Cas. I have not an itching palm. CÆSAR himself would not have dared to say I had an itching palm.

Bru. Yet you have an itching palm.

Cas. You do make me so angry with you, BRUTUS. You should not make me so angry. [Ad lib.

Bru. I, too, am angry, CASSIUS.

[Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

Ghost (looking at CASSIUS). Let me have fat men about me. Let me have very fat men about me.

Cas. It is CÆSAR's ghost. I am certain it is CÆSAR's ghost. [Kills himself.

Bru. Do not die, CASSIUS.

[Bends over the body.

Ghost (turning to BRUTUS). "Et tu, Brute?" [Vanishes.

Bru. (rising from the body of CASSIUS). CASSIUS is dead. I am sorry CASSIUS should die. He was the last but one of all the Romans. But I—I am the very last.

[Kills himself.

Ant. (hastily ascending a hillock). "Et tu, Brute?" This was the noblest Roman—

[Left speaking. Curtain.



ABANDONED!

NO BALD-HEADS NEED APPLY!

[A case recently came before the Courts in which a gentleman sought damages from his landlady for ejecting him on discovery of his baldness; her contention being that this physical defect would be offensive to the taste of her younger lodgers.]

'Tis not that both my eyes are black,
My legs arrayed in odd extensions;
Not that I wear, like *Bergerac*,
A nose of rather rude dimensions;—

Not that my chin is cheaply shorn,
Not that my face is frankly soapless,—
Not, therefore, with unfeeling scorn,
Woman, you treat my case as hopeless!

But just because above my brow,
That still preserves a certain lustre,
The locks of youth no longer now
Promiscuously cling (or cluster);—

Because, in fact, I chance by some
Design of Providence, it may be,
To have my pericranium
Bald as the surface of a baby;—

For this, although my state is due
To no specific sin or error,
Woman, I understand you view
My form with unaffected terror.

I that was pleasing in your sight,
When first you saw me with my hat on,—
Soon as my top is bathed in light,
Am, metaphorically, spat on!

My presence, so you say, would jar
Upon your younger lodgers' joyance;
To such the hairless ever are
A source, you say, of deep annoyance.

O Woman! in my hairy prime,
When I resembled young Apollo,
I seldom fancied—at the time—
How swift a falling-off would follow.

I deemed my hair should doubtless be
A permanently rooted fixture;
No man should ever hint to me
"You want a little of our mixture!"

Then came the *decadence*: my poll,
Round as a Dutchman's ruddy cheese is,
Loomed freely upward till the whole
Stood bare to all the wanton breezes.

Long with insidious lotions drenched,
My barren scalp was seared or scalded
Until the vital spark was quenched
And children cried, "Go up, thou bald-head!"

But still I argued, "Youth may well
Be tickled by a mere external;
Grown men ignore the outer shell
In favour of the precious kernel.

"And Woman—surely Woman must,
If rightly painted by the poet,
Neglect the crude material crust
And love the soul that lurks below it."

But you, who should have probed beneath
The rusty rind, the faded gilding—
You threw my baldness in my teeth,
And me myself outside the building!

And yet, believe me, there have been
Heroes and gallants, saints and Cæsars,
Whose sculptured heads are just as clean
As though the thing were done with tweezers!

Nay, there are those in whom you see
Rough Nature's task anticipated;
They took a vow of chastity,
And had their summits depilated!



OVERHEARD ON AN ATLANTIC LINER.

She (on her first Trip to Europe). "I GUESS YOU LIKE LONDON?"

He. "WHY, YES. I GUESS I KNOW MOST PEOPLE IN LONDON. I WAS OVER THERE LAST FALL!"

Virtue may hide in lack of hair;
And, Woman, you may live to rue it,
Who oped your portal unaware,
And sent an angel flying through it!

EXAMINATION PAPER À LA MODE.

(Set with a view to testing a Boy's Useful Knowledge.)

GIVE a short account of the progress of football during the winter term, with notes on some of the leading players.

Explain the term "getting your cap," and give reasons why you are still in the second eleven.

Furnish the rules of lawn-tennis, and the regulations governing a paper-chase.

Compare JONES major with SMITH minor

(1) in the cricket field, (2) in the "fives" court, and (3) in the gym.

Write a history of GRACE, and compare his averages with some celebrated Australian cricketers.

Draw out a programme of athletic sports suitable for three hours' enjoyment.

Give the records of throwing the cricket ball, the high jump, and the hundred yards.

Optional.—If you have time, jot down all you know about Latin, Greek, and mathematics.

SUGGESTED NAME FOR THE WAR ARTICLES OF THE P. M. G.—Astorpedoes.

AN INAUSPICIOUS GENERAL.—Marshal Blank-o.



POLO.

"IF YOU HAVE ANY RAW PONIES, ALWAYS PLAY THEM IN BIG MATCHES; IT GETS THEM ACCUSTOMED TO THE CROWD, AND THE BAND, AND THINGS."

COQUELIN "EST NÉ," PARFAIT!

THERE was a song years ago which achieved a temporary popularity on account of its catching lilt and the charm of its fair singer; it bore the title, "*Nobody Knows as I Know*," words that gave the profane parodist—un "*sapeur*" à qui "*rien n'est sacré*"—the chance of writing, "*Nobody's nose like my nose*," and this would be, just now, most suitable to the talented M. COQUELIN when made up as the hero of the new play, *Cyrano de Bergerac*. COQUELIN's nose is the feature of the piece, as *Cyrano de Bergerac*, but for this actor's prestige, would not have attained its present success on its own merits. It is "talky," the "talk" being neither particularly brilliant, nor assisting the piece in "getting any forrarder." The play has only three fairly dramatic situations, of which the one that ought to have been the most powerful is dismissed in a comparatively off-hand way; while about an hour wasted on mere declamation, to the detriment of the action, might be cut out with advantage if ever a translation of the piece is attempted on the English stage. Who would play *Cyrano*? IRVING? Ahem! ALEXANDER? Perhaps. WYNDHAM? Probably.

It is a queer character, this of *Cyrano*—poet, musician, singer, hero, sober as a teetotaler, yet with a nose to which that of *Bardolph* is by comparison a thing of naught. Why did they not nickname this soldier-poet "*Ovidius Naso*"? M. COQUELIN achieves a nasal victory over difficulties which are of his own choice, and the author of the play, M. EDMOND ROSTAND, has much to be thankful for. In the first page the dramatist writes, "*C'est à l'âme de Cyrano que je voulais dédier ce poème*." Better would it have been for the play had he dedicated it "*à la lame de Cyrano*," which could then have been usefully employed in making several effective *coupures*. However, the play here is not the thing so much as the character, which is a mixture of *Mercutio*, *Don Caesar de Bazan*, and the hero of *All for Her*. Mdlle. MARIA LEGAULT, as *Roxane*, the heroine "*libre, orpheline, et cousine de Cyrano*," played very charmingly, her method in the stronger scenes being occasionally *Bernhardtistic*. JEAN COQUELIN (i.e., COQUELIN cadet, and there are seven "cadets" in the piece—it might be a game of golf!) was good in the undistinguished part of *Ragueneau*, and M. VOLNY lived and

died an excellent *Christian*—which is saying a good deal for any one—while M. DESJARDINS, as *De Guiche*, was what one of DICKENS's characters termed "massive and concrete." That M. COQUELIN is thoroughly popular in London was proved by the crowded houses and delighted audiences that went to improve their acquaintance with the comedian and with the French language at the same time.

A COCKNEY RHAPSODY.

[A critic in the *Daily News* accuses artists generally of ignorance in their treatment of rural subjects, and declares that nearly every picture of work in the hay or harvest field is incorrect.]

COME revel with me in the country's delights,
Its rapturous pleasures, its marvellous sights;
No landscape of common or garden I praise,
But Nature's strange charms that the painter portrays.

No Summer begins there, and Spring never ends,
It mingles with Autumn, with Winter it blends;
Its primroses bloom when the barley is ripe,
Amid its red apples the nightingales pipe.

There often the shadow falls southward at noon,
And sunrise is hailed by the pale crescent moon,
The sun sets at will in the east or the west,
In the grove where the cuckoo is building her nest.

There the milkmaid sits down to the left of the cow,
In harvest they sow, and in haytime they plough;
While mowers, in attitudes gladsome and blythe,
Impossible antics perform with the scythe.

There huntsmen in June after foxes may roam,
And horses unbridled go champing with foam;
From torrents by winter fierce swollen and high,
The proud salmon leaps in pursuit of the fly.

Ah Nature! it's little—I own for my part—
I know of your face save as mirrored in art;
Yet vainly shall critics begrudge me that charm,
For a fellow can paint without learning to farm.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Egypt in 1898 (BLACKWOOD), by G. W. STEEVENS, is a brightly-written account of a visit lately paid to that country. My Baronite is under the impression that the work originally appeared in the form of letters contributed to that sprightly little paper the *Daily Mail*. It is as informing as it is interesting, and is illustrated by some admirably reproduced photographs.

Two old friends, with brightened up faces, and looking uncommonly handsome and as fresh as colour can make them, are GILBERT ABECKETT's *Comic History of Rome* and the second volume of the *Comic History of England* (both from BRADBURY, AGNEW, & Co.), by the same author. Many a true word is here spoken in jest, and it is a pity that a knowledge of this English history according to ABECKETT is not generally adopted by examiners, as a most useful commentary on the serious records. The pictures representing the notable characters and chief events would impress themselves indelibly on the mind of the youthful student, who would be requested by the judicious examiner to correct whatever was incorrect in the costumes and accessories which make JOHN LEECH's illustrations, conceived in the vein of genuine burlesque humour, things of beauty (certainly not a few of LEECH's ladies merit this distinction) and joys for ever. Thus would the artistic faculties of the youthful aspirant be encouraged, and his appetite for knowledge, even of the driest kind, pleasantly whetted.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

"SCENE IN COURT."

In *Kingsbury v. Howard*, before Mr. Justice GORELL BARNES and a special jury, Mr. CARSON, Q.C., in his cross-examination of Dr. KINGSBURY, in the course of some questions concerning hypnotism, asked the witness, "Can you do as well on weak-minded men as on strong?"

Imagine the interest shown by the judge, leaders, briefed, and briefless, in fact by every one in court as they awaited the experienced doctor's reply!

"Some of my best experiments," said the witness, evidently with a keen perception of the situation, "have been on the members of the Manchester Bar."

"We will adjourn," said Mr. Justice GORELL BARNES, without a second's hesitation.

Fancy the awful possibility of a judge, jury, counsel, and everybody engaged being suddenly hypnotised by a plaintiff or defendant as the case might be! What a scene of Sleeping Beauties!!

THE WAY TO BE A POLICEMAN.

(From Information received on a recent Memorable Occasion.)

By stolidly refusing to show any discrimination, and keeping the door closed in the face of an illustrious personage.

By declining to believe that an illustrious personage is himself, and observing, "Oh, yes, I daresay. We have heard that before!" or by using words or gestures to the same effect.

By allowing a crowd to meet another crowd without keeping either to the right or left.

By being everywhere when not needed, and nowhere when services are required.

By failing to keep a crush from entering a room, and having to fall back upon the assistance of an amateur special.

By allowing a procession requiring particular attention to be mobbed by a host of enthusiastic but inconsiderate admirers.

By general apathy to the necessity of organising a crowd numbering thousands of well-dressed people.

By doing nothing to increase the prestige of that traditionally most worthy body of men, the Police Force of the Metropolis.

À PROPOS OF THE TWELFTH.

DEAR OLD CHAPPIE.—Can't get any grouse shooting this year, so no moor at present from
Lowater Lodge.

Yours truly,
HARRY HARDUP.

At the Opera.

Classical Lady (to *Flippant Habitue*). How do you like the WAGNER operas?

Flippant Habitue. Um—rather dull. Think they'd be all the better for a little of DAN LENO in 'em.



Dolly. "I WONDER, GRANDPAPA, HOW YOU CAME TO HAVE SUCH LONG EYEBROWS!"

Grandpapa. "DON'T KNOW, DOLLY. S'POSE I WAS BORN SO."

Dolly. "OH, GRANDPAPA! HOW YOU MUST HAVE FRIGHTENED YOUR MAMMA!"

OLD AGE PENSIONS.

Exeunt omnes. But "the resources of civilisation are not exhausted." By no means. With every post *Mr. Punch* is inundated with suggestions, and while he finds it impossible to print them all, he commends the following to the Cabinet to be carefully studied before the next General Election.

"H. R. H." writes, "It is preposterous to talk of providing pensions for the aged poor. The poor are the only well-to-do people in the country. They have no expenses—what do they want with pensions? The really distressed class are the Royal Dukes, whose treatment is a national scandal. Why, Sir, some of us have to keep up a position on £10,000 a year and even less!"

"GRUB STREET" considers the whole scheme "chimerical and criminal. It pauperises the poor, ruins thrift, and undermines self-dependence. Genius alone can accept such a provision without being morally degraded. Then again, the amount proposed is absurdly inadequate. Five shillings a week would be of no use to me; it must be guineas at the very lowest."

"DOSSER," who dates from *Tems Inbankmint*, wants to know "why e should giv 5 bob a weak ter chaps wot works coppers an other innimys of sersyerty wen he aint got a tanner isself for ter get a tuppiny rope."

On one particular *Mr. Punch's* correspondents are all agreed—the utter absurdity of every scheme except their own. On other points, *quot homines, tot sententiae*; and before the Cabinet can satisfy every one they will have to discover how to give a pension to each without giving one to all.

FROM OUR OWN IRRESPONSIBLE ONE (apparently reading *Isaac Walton in retirement*).—Q. What Fish is most appreciated in female piscine society? A. The gent-eel, of course!

NOTE BY OUR GALLERY ARGUS.—Bills not often met by the Parliamentary drawers: Private ones.



She. "WELL, HOW DID YOUR SHARES IN THE DANAB GOLD MINE TURN OUT?"
 He. "OH, I—ER—I'VE LOST ALL INTEREST IN THEM."

OPERATIC NOTES.

Ero e Leandro, the new opera by Signor MANCINELLI, was well received on Monday, when it made its first appearance in London. It is neither great nor original, but it is distinctly pleasing; in fact, it is MANCINELLI under gentle influence of WAGNER and MASCAGNI. Occasionally it seemed as if, had he only dared to violate the canons of the modern school, he would have liked to indulge himself by writing a "tune-tune!" Apparently, when he had nothing extra original to say, he tinkled the brass loudly. In the last act, the orchestration in combination with a thunderstorm was a trifle overpowering. Madame EMMA EAMES sang well, though a little too lackadaisical for an emotional heroine. Her *Shell* song, a kind of Wagnerian edition of "*What are the Wild Waves saying*," was greatly applauded. M. SALEZA, a most heroic *Leander*, seemed a bit tired, but he has had a good time of it this season as a tenor of all work, and lots of playing. As a Professor of Natation, his costume was strictly irreproach-

able. Evidently the Greeks of old bathed in full costume. M. Plançon sang and acted in his usually suave high-priestly manner. The mounting was excellent, and everything went without a hitch. The classical chorus sang well together, their appearance, especially the feminine portion, being distinctly and quaintly antique, whilst the men were more prehistoric than heroic.

Thursday.—The following letter, which has reached 85, Fleet Street, speaks for itself:—

July, 1898.

GOOD MASTER PUNCH,—Or you might be "bad" for aught I care, save that I wish to conciliate you, and get your consent to the publication of this letter. I have a complaint, good *Master Punch*, a complaint!

On *Thursday*, *Henry the Eighth*, composed by Camille Saint-Saëns, and written by the Messrs. Déroyat and Silvestre, was played for the first time in England in Covent Garden. Naturally I was there to see.

The curtain rose, and we were in a hall

of His Majesty's Palace in London. I could not determine where. It might have been (and probably was) that splendid structure opposite Chancery Lane where HENRY, had he lived in these days, might have got his hair cut. Out of the window was a capital presentment of Fleet Street in the olden time. The courtiers discuss with *Don Gomez*, the Spanish ambassador, the gossip of the moment. The king is in love with *Anne Boleyn*. He is getting a divorce, and *Buckingham* is to be executed. Then the king appears with *Catherine*. They are followed by *Anne* (smiling), and the chorus declare—to quote from the *Argument*—"that France and England are now one, seeing that the new maid of honour has come direct from the Court of CHARLES THE TWELFTH." *Henry* creates *Anne* Marchioness of Pembroke. Then *Buckingham* is heard without going to his execution to the sound of military music, suggestive of rather a sad Lord Mayor's Show, and the curtain descends—again I quote from the *Argument*—"as *Don Gomez* realises that he loves *Anne* in vain, while the others sing a solemn chorus on the subject of *Buckingham's* doom." But there was a gap. Some one was not there!

In the second act we are in Richmond Park, with *Henry* and *Anne*, to put it colloquially, "carrying on." The Papal legate arrives to decide against the king, when the monarch postpones further business to join in a popular fête. The value of the original, which included a presentment of the gathering of the Scottish clans, was not given. It was indeed regrettable. Then there was another omission. There was a gap. Some one was not there!

The third act passes in Westminster Hall, where *Catherine* is tried. I quote from the *Argument*. "The Papal legate enters, and showing the Papal Bull, announces that the Pope declares the marriage with *Catherine* lawful and valid. *Henry* then appeals to the people, and asks if they will accept a foreign mandate. On receiving a frantic negative, he constitutes himself head of the Church of England, and announces that he will take to wife *Anne Boleyn*, Marchioness of Pembroke. The legate excommunicates *Henry*, who always has a ready retort, and the scene closes amid general enthusiasm and rejoicing." But there was an omission. There was a gap. Some one was not there!

The opera—which I venture to declare is in plot, music, and execution, admirable—is brought to a close at Kimbolton, where *Anne* and *Henry* meet in the death-chamber of *Catherine*. But even then there was an omission. There was once more a gap. Some one again was not there!

And now, good *Master Punch*, tell me the name of the absentee. You cannot! Then I will supply the information. *I* was not there. *I* had been cut out. *I* had been omitted. My king was there, but not *I—I—I*. Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness.

Yours in (operatic) tears,

THE SHADE OF WOLSEY.

Elysium.

HIRSUTE ADORNMENT GREATLY AFFECTED BY MALE TEETOTALERS.—The ginger beard.

UNDESIRABLE BRIC-A-BRAC.—Family jars.



“ADVANCE, AUSTRALIA!”

AUSTRALIA. “NOT TO-DAY, POSTMAN. IT MAY SUIT THE OTHERS, BUT YOU DON'T LAND HERE FOR A PENNY!”

[“Australia will neither send nor receive penny letters.”—*Daily Paper*.]



Old Lady. "THROW THAT NASTY CIGARETTE AWAY, MY GOOD BOY. IT MAKES ME QUITE ILL TO SEE YOU SMOKING!"
Boy. "IT 'UD MAKE YOU WUSS IF YER SMOKED IT YERSELF, MUM!"

KISMET.

By good (or else by evil) chance
 I used to see her everywhere—
 When I went out to crush or dance,
 'Twas ten to one that she'd be there.
 What dainty pictures I might draw,
 If I had skill to paint or write,
 And make you see her, as I saw—
 The pretty girl I knew by sight!

Yet, on mature reflection, I
 Will leave her portrait unessayed—
 If you would know the reason why,
 It might be lifelike, I'm afraid!
 So whether she was fair or dark,
 Or short or tall, are matters slight—
 She was, I but again remark,
 A pretty girl I knew by sight.

With unobtrusive interest
 I watched her move through Fashion's
 maze,
 I saw her fair and sweet, possessed
 Of none but "great and gracious ways."
 To study her I simply sought
 Alike "by sun and candle-light,"
 To me she still continued nought—
 A girl I only knew by sight.

And "strangers yet," as HOUGHTON sings,
 We two for many months remained—
 'Tis one of those peculiar things
 Which never can be quite explained.
 I hold that Kismet shapes our ends,
 I said, "Whatever is, is right:
 We are not destined to be friends"—
 'Twas much to know her e'en by sight.

At last, no matter how, at last
 Fate with her kindly cruel net

Caught us together in one cast,
 And so at last, at last we met!
 We talked the afternoon away,
 How swift those hours winged their
 flight!
 She was my friend for half a day—
 The girl I'd known for months by sight.
 Since then she's vanished from my ken,
 And I have haunted every place
 Affected by my fellow-men,
 Where I might hope to see her face.
 I've sought her everywhere in vain,
 A very "phantom of delight,"
 A phantom that appears again
 To memory only, not to sight.

To meet her howsoever I pray,
 It is not likely now, I know,
 Because that memorable day
 Was ages—quite a week—ago!
 The Season wanes, the folk depart,
 And Fate decrees, in my despite,
 That I should know her now "by heart,"
 Instead of knowing her "by sight"!

Curious Effect of the War.

ARTICLES of commerce which have become much dearer:—Bread (in spite of the downfall of Mr. LEITER); Tobacco (notwithstanding the remission of duty); Claret and Brandy (though supposed to hail from France); Ropes (ostensibly by reason of the investment of Manila); Oil (apparently used as fuel by both the American and Spanish navies); Potatoes (possibly used as missiles). To which may be added Paper (which has been used in unprecedented amount); and goose-quills (ditto).

AT THE BAR.

(Vide "Daily Chronicle.")

ERE the sparrow starts to twitter,
 Ere the milkman yokes his van,
 We are up and drawing "Bitter"
 For the British working-man;
 When the ever-watchful peeler's
 Bull's-eye flashes like a star,
 We are serving midnight reellers
 At the bar.

Never resting, never sleeping
 Till the night is on the wane,
 And before the dawn is peeping,
 On our weary feet again;
 And however late or early,
 Or however tired we are,
 It's dismissal to look surly
 At the bar.

So with lips too often laughing
 Over sad and weeping hearts,
 'Mid the vulgar wit and chaffing
 Do we play our hated parts.
 And we often think 'twere fitter
 To be buried—fitter far
 For our life is one long "Bitter"
 At the bar.

At the School Treat.

Lady Helper (to Small Boy). Will you have some more bread-and-butter?
Small Boy. No fear, when there's kike about.

Lady Helper (trying to be kind). Cake, certainly! Will you have plum or seed?
Small Boy. Plum, in course. D'ye tike me for a canary?



A STUDY IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE BOARDING-SCHOOL "CROCODILE." FREQUENTLY MET IN THE SUBURBS. VERY FORMIDABLE IN APPEARANCE, AND STRIKES TERROR TO THE BOLDEST HEART—THAT OF YOUNG LEONIDAS, FOR INSTANCE.

PEPYS.

COMES to me a letter, copy of which did appear, it seemeth, in *Punch* last week. Well pleased to know that my descendant, SAMUEL PEPYS COCKERELL, did row right well for a Plate given by the Ladies. In good sooth, am highly pleased to find the Ladies favour him thus early: which minds me of mine own— But will defer what I would have said, as my wife, poor wretch, approacheth, and hath small sympathy with what she is pleased to call the foibles of man. I note that, although there be a famous tome entitled, *Letters from*—well, the Shades, yet it is right seldom that a letter is *delivered* here, we not having an Asbestos Postman.

S. P.

To "ONE WHO ROWS."

GOOD-BYE TO THE SEASON!

GOOD-BYE to the Season! Alas that it's over!

I borrow the sentiment boldly from PRAED—

Alas for the days I've been living in clover, Alas for the reckoning now to be paid!

I rail at the Fates, at the law, at the weather—

The Sun of the Season has left, going down,

For you moor and mountain, blue heavens and heather,

For me work and worry, the Temple and Town.

Good-bye to the Season!—its dinners and dances,

Its jaunts down to Hurlingham, matches at Lord's,

Good-bye to the Park, and the Play, and the chances

Of infinite pleasure the Season affords.

To-day I am thinking of what must come after,

Half dreaming, half stifled in hot wig and gown—

For you in the Highlands gay friends and light laughter,

For me the Old Bailey and heartache in Town.

Good-bye to the Season!—its follies and crazes,

Its fashions and politics, Music and Art, Good-bye to the tale of its blame and its praises,

Good-bye to my friends, and good-bye—to my heart!

The days will drag slowly which you'll be away for,

Meanwhile may all happiness each of them crown!

To you Heaven grant all the blessings you pray for,

To me—just our next merry meeting in Town!

BEAUTIFUL BUSINESS FOR BISLEY.

(A Communication from High Quarters.)

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—You represent the British nation, and consequently I address you. MR. PUNCH, SIR, the volunteers are now at Bisley. And in these troublous times, they must learn to do their duty.

MR. PUNCH, SIR, what is their duty? I will tell you—to accustom themselves to the privations of a campaign. MR. PUNCH, SIR, what is the use of good firing if the marksman lives in luxury? MR. PUNCH, SIR, no good at all. So, MR. PUNCH, SIR, I would abolish all comfort. Let everybody sleep in the open—no pleasant camp furniture and the rest of it.

MR. PUNCH, SIR, I would make the marksmen provide their own commissariat. Stop all food going beyond the lines. Cut off the excellent provisions always supplied by the caterers. Sorry for those gentlemen, but war is war.

Then there is another item. MR. PUNCH, SIR, there should be night attacks, and if it comes to that, day attacks, too. MR. PUNCH, SIR, the work down Woking way is not sufficiently realistic. Pot-hunting is all very well in its way, but pot-hunting would have to be discontinued in case of an invasion.

So thus I leave it, but you should see that my suggestions are carried out.

(Signed) MARS, Major.
Military Department, Olympia.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 11.

—"So you are occupying TOMMY BOWLES'S pie," said SARK to Mr. GEDGE, finding him once more ensconced in the coveted corner seat above the Gangway.

Mr. GEDGE bent a searching glance upon him. What might this suspicious commingling of syllables portend? It was only seven o'clock; but some men, especially in the City, dine early. SARK thought he had better explain. An old story; everybody knows it, every one but Mr. GEDGE: the college Don who delights a wide circle of friends by occasionally mixing up his syllables; goes to church a little late; finds a stranger in his pew. "Beg your pardon," he tumultuously says, "but you're occupying my pie."

Mr. GEDGE doesn't laugh. "I don't like jokes made about a pew," he said. "You'll be speaking lightly of the pulpit next."

This by the way. Having secured the coign of vantage, whatever we may call it, Mr. GEDGE rises thence and wants to know to which of Her MAJESTY'S Ministers seated below him he should address a question about the Lord Chancellor's disposal of his patronage. Which shall it be? Don't all speak at once. They didn't. Only PRINCE ARTHUR, in his most chilling manner, observed, "If questions of this kind are to be asked at all"—that is, if any one is so depraved, so lost to all sense of decency, so sacrilegious (PRINCE ARTHUR didn't say all this, but his look bent upon Mr. GEDGE conveyed every syllable of it)—"they should be asked of me."

Mr. GEDGE began to wish he'd stayed at home; dug his knuckles in his eyes, and whimpered that he had asked PRINCE ARTHUR; that PRINCE ARTHUR had told him to ask the Home Secretary; that he had gone to the Home Secretary, who told him to go and call on the Chancellor of the Exchequer; that he (Mr. GEDGE) had explained he would rather not.

PRINCE ARTHUR made no response. House rather disappointed. Would rather like to discover which of Her MAJESTY'S Ministers



"SANCTUARY!!"

Sir John G-rst in the House of Lords, July 12.

could tell Mr. GEDGE all about the Lord Chancellor's exercise of his patronage.

Business done.—Cap'en TOMMY BOWLES'S seat en-Gedged.

Tuesday.—"Thank Heaven for the House of Lords!" is a phrase with which reiteration has made us familiar. For the moment I limit my gratitude to the existence of the rails that mark off the space before the steps of the Throne."

It was JOHN O' GORST who spoke. He was sitting on the steps of the Throne nursing his knees, with one eye warily bent on that muscular Christian the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, both ears open to LONDON-DERRY. As soon as House met, the Primate asked COUNTY GUY on what authority, or on what evidence, the Vice-President had stated that religious teaching in Board

Schools in large towns is superior to that supplied in Voluntary Schools? COUNTY GUY explained that it was entirely an expression of private opinion. There were two personages, (a) the Vice-President of the Council, (b) JOHN O' GORST. If the statement alluded to had been made by (a) it would have been serious. Being made by (b), it was—as Mr. TOOTS said when he sat down on Miss FLORENCE DOMBEY'S Sunday bonnet incautiously deposited on a chair—of no consequence.

This brought LONDONDERRY to the front. If there's one thing the noble Marquis can't bear it's lack of party discipline. A Peer, even a Commoner, may, in the privacy of his home, think what he likes about, say, the policy or the leadership of the Premier. To discuss it, much less to



An Occupier of other People's Pies!
Mr. Sydney G-edge.

censure it in public, is flat burglary. To LONDONDERRY's well-ordered mind the spectacle of what in his haste he called "an Under-Secretary" bluntly telling the truth without first obtaining his chief's permission, was so shocking that he could hardly find words to express his burning indignation. It was during the delivery of this speech that JOHN O' GORST, safe in sanctuary, thanked Heaven for the railings outside the steps of the Throne.

Business done.—The Bishops asked that JOHN O' GORST's head might be brought in on a charger. Duke of DEVONSHIRE said he would see about it.

Friday.—Five o'clock and a fine morning—that is, for July. Spent a dreary night wrestling with Irish Local Government Bill.

"Not perhaps the best way of doing your work," says the milkman whom I, homeward bent, partly accompanied on his round.

Don't know that opportunities occurring on the milkman's round make him the best judge of what we do in Parliament. But, really, when I come to think of it, not sure there isn't something in my casual friend's remark. Here we've been all week worrying round this Bill, taking it up before four in the afternoon, setting it down on stroke of midnight. Not quite so much time on Wednesday: say, average seven hours close work a day; and mind you, the report stage of a Bill is the final winnowing out. Been at it for days, even weeks, on first reading, second reading, and Committee stages.

Do you mean to say, facing this smiling, childlike morn, trying to keep step with this hard-headed milkman, that if we had only the business of the Bill at heart, we couldn't have comfortably, much more effectively, have concluded our work at the customary midnight hour?

"Instead of which," as the judge acutely remarked, some three or four score of us have been sitting up through a sultry night, trying to keep ourselves awake as we discussed delicate points in the Bill. It had to be finished at this sitting, lest a worse thing befel. PRINCE ARTHUR, who is not nearly so simple as he looks, dropped hint that if we didn't achieve report stage there must be a Saturday sitting. We pretended not to hear; but the words stuck, and so did we—at our task till it was finished.

What the milkman says is, of course,



A Study of Admiral Field's Bow to the Speaker.

not evidence (see *Coke on Littleton*). But as we part and go our several ways, I have an uneasy feeling that there's something in it.

Business done.—Irish Local Government Bill passed Report Stage.



ENGLISH DICTIONARY ILLUSTRATED. I.

"COINCIDENCE." THE FALLING OR MEETING OF TWO OR MORE LINES OR BODIES AT THE SAME POINT.

DARBY JONES LOOKS FORWARD TO LIVERPOOL.

HONOURED SIR,—In this sultry weather I have only time and inclination to send you the following prophecy anent the Liverpool Cup:—

I cannot believe in the *Ass's Head*,
The *Orphan Child* has no hope from me;
The *Scarlet Robe* I'd prefer instead,
To the *Ac* that never can *Meaner* be.
Brave *Knight of the Mac* must run up well,
And *Always Remember's* not one to crack;
But the *Coal Consumed* may a story tell,
When the *Ducal O* You and I should back!

A simple lay. May it produce the Ever Desired Oof-bird's eggs so constantly found in the nest by

Your Dissolving Dependent,
DARBY JONES.

A HIGH CHURCH PARTY.—A steeple-jack.

DIRT-CHEAP.—Street ices.

CAMARA OBSCURA.

MEN marvelled whither he was gone;
Small wonder, for I swear
That all the time the valiant Don
Was neither here nor there.

"Mamalian" Language.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I read in the papers that an "Arabian Baboon," which distinctly ejaculates "mama," has lately arrived at the Zoological Gardens. This fact conclusively proves to me that the word with which children so fondly address their mothers is of Simian origin, and distinctly proves the Darwinian theory. Similarly, I can only imagine that all Guinea Fowl, with their cries of "Come back, come back," must be the direct descendants of primeval race-starters.

Yours obediently,
HARRY HOPKINS.
Mastodon Manor, Chalk Farm.



TOMMY'S SUNDAY AFTERNOON AS IT WILL BE.

["It has been decreed in several Line battalions that in future no soldier will be allowed to walk arm-in-arm in the street with a female."—*Daily Paper*.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. J. W. ARROWSMITH, of Bristol, has had a happy thought. More than a dozen years ago, when, as the preface to *The Chamberlain Birthday Book* puts it, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was the rising hope of stern, unbending Radicalism, there was published under authority a volume of his public speeches. It has long been out of print, and, tradition says, the sole copy with which the House of Commons library was endowed has been literally thumbed to pieces by Members in quest of pleasant reminders for "JOE," that he did not always see matters from the point of view of a Cabinet Council where he sits in company with Lord SALISBURY and Lord HALSBURY. *The Chamberlain Birthday Book* supplies the gap in pleasing ingenious fashion. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's pointed utterances on political questions and situations uttered in unregenerate days, are remorselessly colated. Appositeness is given by the signature of the public man closely concerned facing each entry under proper date, after the manner of the ordinary birthday book. For example, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was born on July 8, 1836. His name is duly entered, whilst on the page opposite there appears the following quotation from a speech delivered by him at Bridport on October 1, 1885:—"That I should purchase place and office by the abandonment of the opinions I have expressed, that I should put my principles in my pocket, and that I should

consent to an unworthy silence on those matters to which I have professed to attach so great an importance, would be a degradation which no honourable man could regard with complacency or satisfaction." There are plums like this on every page of a little book that will give more than a shilling's-worth of pleasure in family circles.

Oh, what a noble book! *The Encyclopædia of Practical Cookery* (L. UPCOTT GILL), edited by THEODORE FRANCIS GARRETT (bless him!), being "A Complete Dictionary of all Pertaining to the Art of Cookery"—the noble Art, the greatest of all the Arts!—"and Table Service." This is indeed tidings of the greatest comfort and joy, sent down from the GARRETT above to the Kitchen beneath. THEODORE FRANCIS has been assisted in his noble and monumental work by WILLIAM A. RAWSON, Cook and Confectioner, who has helped to dish up many a Lord Mayor's feast—at least, so opines the Baron. This excellent book, this genuine Cook's Guide, containing many a *tour de force*, is in two volumes, each as big as the conventional "Family Bible." The *magnum opus* "teems," if the Baron may be permitted the expression, copyrighted by one of his estimable colleagues, with illustrated information. And, indeed, where, in a civilised state and age, is the use of even the very best cooking, unless you have "plates"? These plates are provided by HAROLD FURNISS ("FURNISS"—name suggesting a combination of kitchen fires and grills), by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK (name recalling HARRISON AINSWORTH's Historical Romances, illustrated, which told of Gog, Magog, and their Gargantuan feasts), W. MUNN ANDREW (a good MUNN this), and others. Eight *chefs de cuisine* have assisted, aided by two confectioners, in the making of this work, and too many *chefs* have not spoilt the book. *Au contraire*. How appetising even to write about such dainty dishes! Let us rejoice and smack our lips! Let us read it day by day, devoting an hour *per diem* to its study, and to the thorough digesting of it. No household *troupe* should be without it. The first word in Vol. I. is "*Abat-faim*, French literally for a hunger-reducer," and hence it comes to mean the *pièce de résistance*, something at which, and into which, you can "cut and come again." This Cookery Book is an appetiser, and an "*Abat-faim*." First it makes you yearn without being too hungry, then it teaches you how to satisfy your yearning, yet not to gorge. And the last word is "*Zweibacken*," i.e., twice cooked cakes, to be eaten as dry biscuit, just to assist the wine-tasting: and so it ends. The spirit of liberality pervades the compilation, as is evident from the following wise and generous concession—"Should garlic be objected to, it may be omitted." It is impossible summarily to dismiss this work. "This is not my last word on the subject," quoth emphatically,

THE BRANTÔMEAN BARON DE B.-W.

TO BE SUNG AT CONCERT PITCH.—"The Tar's Farewell."



[A Fashion Paper for Gentlemen has made its appearance.]

WHAT WE MAY EXPECT TO SEE IN FUTURE NUMBERS,

"MR. FITZVERE'S WEDDING."

**TRIUMPH OF DE-JENNER-ATION.**

[The Bill for the encouragement of Small Pox was passed.]

THE ARMY SURGEON'S VADE MECUM.

Question. On joining the army, had you more than one qualification?

Answer. I had two, my knowledge as a scientist and the ordinary education of an officer. I had to become acquainted with military law, and other learning proper to one assuming command.

Q. On joining the service, how were you treated?

A. Scarcely to my satisfaction, for although I had my military qualification, that *spécialité* was ignored, and I was called surgeon this or surgeon that.

Q. Can you give a reason for this?

A. It was alleged that I was not a combatant officer, and consequently had no right to the privileges of my comrades.

Q. As a matter of fact, did you not perform the duties of a combatant officer?

A. The many Victoria Crosses gained by the Army Medical Department is a sufficient answer.

Q. Were there other officers who belonged to a department as you did?

A. Yes, there were paymasters, and officers undertaking the transport of stores.

Q. And were they called Pay Captains and Transport Majors?

A. No: which made it the harder for Brigade-Surgeon Lieutenant-Colonels.

Q. But you are talking of the past: how about the present? Has anything been done to improve the status of Army Medical Officers?

A. Yes: the prefix of "Surgeon" has been abolished, so that now a military doctor may pay a visit without the fear of being announced as a Sergeant-Major.

Q. Has this measure given satisfaction?

A. Very great satisfaction, for it has removed a grievance, and paved the road to the best men flocking to the colours.

Q. And what will be the probable result?

A. That the members of the Royal Medical Corps will in future be as conspicuous for their scientific attainments as they have already been for their bravery and devotion to duty.

DARBY JONES LOOKS ON GOODWOOD.

HONOURED SIR,—In a single sentence as epigrammatic as any uttered by a British Statesman, let me state that I have been badly treated. Worms that I have nourished have turned and stung me. I refer to Count GROGANOFF and Captain KRITERION, of whom—No matter—I will simmer down, and you shall have details in "my next."

I am angry, very angry, and was so when your friend Sir FRAISER PUNNETT, to whom I explained my misfortune in the Crush Room at the Opera, told me to keep "my Hair Male on," and escaped before I could get his address, which you for some subtle reason deny me. I am not only angry, but sad: but nevertheless I must try and find the winner of the Goodwood Stakes.

And now, Sir, for the Cup, the time-honoured Cup, shorn, I fear, of its traditional glory, but still, the Cup.

For the *Second New Port* I sha'n't go
With the *Argentine Brush* in the way;
The *Envoy* may make a fair show,
But the *Gal* won't be there on the day.
Stout *Manor House* ought to run well;
If not one, then he's sure to be three;
But the *Tart Dust* I clearly foretell
And the *Saint* are the heroes for me.



Mistress (about to engage a new Housemaid). "HAVE YOU HAD ANY EXPERIENCE?"
Applicant. "OH YES, MUM. I'VE BEEN IN 'UNDREDS OF SITUATIONS!"

Ah! honoured Sir, we know the Birdless Grove, and the Oofless Bird, the Grub under the Trees, and the Surrendering of Chichester to the Bombardment of "the Boys." They are "all there," as Captain KRITERION remarks. How the Police love these Noble Men of Sport, in common with Your own Topical Tipster,
DARBY JONES.

A Suggestion.

Is there a Social Club for Photographers only? If not, start one, and let it be called "La Cameraderie."

LORD SALISBURY'S LATEST RARA AVIS.—
The Niger signet.

LITTLE MISS LOGIC.

Little Dot (to *Eminent Professor of Chemistry*). Are you a chemist?

Eminent Professor. Yes, my dear.

L. D. Have you got a shop with lovely large coloured bottles in the window?

E. P. No, my dear; I don't keep a shop.

L. D. Don't you? Then I suppose you don't sell Jones' Jubilee Cough Jujubes?

E. P. No, my dear, I certainly do not.

L. D. (decidedly). I don't think I ought to talk to you any more. You can't be a respectable chemist.

E. P. Why not, my dear?

L. D. 'Cos it says on the box, "Sold by all respectable chemists."



"THIS 'ERE CHINA BUSINESS DO LOOK ALL WRONG; BUT DEPEND UPON IT, JARGE, P'R'APS LARD SALISBURY 'AVE GOT SOME HINFORMATION AS WE 'AVEN'T A GOT."

HEMISPHERES I HAVE "EXTENDED" OVER.

(By a late Cambridge Lecturer "in partibus.")

II.—THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE.

(Continued.)

POESIOPOLIS is a fenced watering-place in primeval forest of pine and maple-syrup on borders of first-class lake. For poll-tax of one-quarter dollar *per diem*, municipality lights the sylvan ways with electricity, waters roads, and supplies lectures. No further charge for programme of day, pinned on forest-trees. In this chaste retreat, free from frivolities of other holiday resorts frequented by the "summer girl," may be found physical rest and mental refreshment at above trifling charge. Cheap excursion-trains bring out the teeming population of Cultureville, one drawing-room car being always reserved for members of the Browning Society.

Immediately upon my arrival (after some twenty-four hours on American soil) was assaulted by series of female peace-correspondents all demanding my "picture," together with account of my views on the working of the United States Constitution. Assured them all of my high appreciation of the iced drinks of the country. "And now," said one young Canadian reporteress, whose antipathy to the States I had been cleverly flattering (the alliance not having been

yet consummated), "and now, just tell me something startling!" Could have told her several very startling things, not all suitable for publication, but confined myself to expression of opinion that this was one of the nicest Hemispheres I had ever come across.

Thermometer standing at some three figures Fahrenheit in shade, was allowed to demonstrate methods of Cambridge University Extension in open-air temple, popularly supposed to resemble Parthenon. This offered lawless opportunities to itinerant Kodak-demons, who did not hesitate to snap me through the temple-columns in midst of rapt oration. Found this very trying to modesty. Lake, however, afforded still more deadly facilities to prurient curiosity. Was in habit of publicly diving from prominence overhanging water. Met a gentleman lately returned from mother-country to whom my figure seemed familiar, though I did not remember to have set eyes on him before. Facts transpired as follows. His vessel, arriving off Sandy Hook, was met by tender bringing out Customs officials and newspapers. First object that rivetted his attention in leading New York journal was picture of athletic figure projected in mid-air over inland sea. Underneath ran terse legend:—"Professor —, of Great Britain" (mentioning my name), "dives into the lake at Poesiopolis!"

Confess to having felt in some degree shocked at first, but have since understood that this illustration contributed not a little to subsequent friendly relations between the two countries.

Intellectual enlightenment being sole reason for existence of Poesiopolis, which is deserted during close season for culture, no intoxicating drinks were to be purchased within the town-walls, nothing, in fact, besides those apparently innocuous mixtures that eventually disfigure digestive organs beyond all possible recognition. As evil fortune would have it, the environment to a radius of fifteen miles was a "dry" district, conforming to laws of Local Veto. Complained bitterly to friendly native of having to steam such a long distance down lake in search of a workmanlike drink. Thirst generally disappeared before it could be quenched.

"Don't you make any mistake," he said, "about these 'dry' districts. You cross right away to that hotel opposite—matter of mile-and-a-half or two mile—ask for Room 13, and see that you get it."

Rapidly took ship to haven where I would be. Entering hotel I advanced to manager and said, "I want to drink." "Ginger-beer and lemonade in Room 13," he replied. A little shaken in my confidence, I proceeded to Room 13, and caught the barman's eye. "Can I get anything intoxicating to drink here?" I asked, plaintively. "Ginger-beer and lemonade," he replied. "Then I will trouble you," I said, "for a couple of sherry-cobblers, if you please." Without another word he mixed and served the beverage named.

Have since learned that there are no more contented people in States than inhabitants of "dry" districts. All parties pleased. Teetotalers, because they have passed law against sale of intoxicating liquors; drinkers, because nobody keeps it.

But to pass by easy and natural transition from subject of dry districts to that of my lectures—"The Epic of Sordello." Local Secretaries of University Extension Centres in England have often expressed to me their apprehension that mere name of BROWNING would frighten nervous people from attending my courses. Was once tempted to meet difficulty by calling the subject "TENNYSON," and see how long I could lecture on BROWNING before I was found out.

But all rest of BROWNING upside-down is child's play to Sordello. Statistics show that not more than one in every three hundred thousand inhabitants of the British Isles have ever even said that they had perused it; and of these only 1.85 per cent. could prove that they understood as many as six consecutive lines of the work. Under these circumstances, had felt myself well-advised in giving to my course the title, "On Some Alleged Difficulties in BROWNING'S Epic of Sordello."

In first two lectures, result of devotion of large part of life-time, I endeavoured to elucidate the vexed and intricate Italian history of period in which hero figured. At end of second lecture, was privately rebuked by lady in audience. "Professor —," she said, "we wish you would not tell us things we know already. We wish you would just get on to the Book. There are lovely things in the Book!" In vain I protested that I had supposed extremely obscure background of poem needed illumination. "Why, no," she said, "you don't teach us anything we didn't know before."



KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

"'ERE, ARCHER, YER SADDLE'S HON THE WRONG WAY!"
 "WELL, AN' 'OWDGER KNOW WHICH WAY I'M GOIN', EH!"

We want you just to get on to the Book. There are lovely things in the Book." Muttering words of astonishment at the standard of culture in the States, I assured her I would get on to the Book without further delay. By my fourth lecture had become absolutely incomprehensible—to my audience, as I imagined; to myself, as I knew. Could not readily believe that any one would be found hardy enough to attend the fifth. Meanwhile, met my critic. "Professor —," she said, and a fine light of intelligence played in her speaking eyes, "let me thank you for your *de-licious* last lecture!" "I was afraid," I modestly interposed, "that you might have found it a little stiff. You have our word 'stiff'?" I added. "Why, certainly," she said. "We are vurry cultured, and we have all your best slang. A *de-licious* lecture, Sir!"

At close of my course, was recipient of many adulatory expressions, one of which so striking that I bear the marks of it to this day. Should perhaps have mentioned that, if I have a fault, it is an over-sensitive modesty. After final lecture was accosted by young and not unpleasing female. "Professor —," she said, "I want to shake hands with you." Replied in tones of *ennui* that she was at liberty to do so. "I want to tell you right here," she continued, "that you are my idea of *Daniel De-ronda*!" "Why," I said, "I thought he was a prig!" "I guess not," she replied; "I guess *Daniel De-ronda* was just fine!"

Had my doubts of young woman's intentions; and left quite early next morning en route for Eastern Hemisphere.

LAST OPERATIC NOTES.

ONE of the Last Nights. Sad things, "last nights," and we were in melancholy mood. "Before another week be out, '*Ichabod*' will be written over the doors of the Opera." "Indeed!" said a languid *habitué* of the Opera, to whom this remark was made, suddenly becoming alert on the chance of picking up a trifle in the way of "latest news." "*Ikibod*!" he repeated, evincing considerable curiosity; "is that a new Opera? Are they going to extend the season? Funny name, *Ikibod*. Who's it by?" On so limited an intelligence explanation is thrown away. He was referred to the daily papers. Doubtless ere now he has learnt all that can be known about *Ichabod*.

Thursday.—The house to-night crammed full; new men and old places. Conductor MANCINELLI looks anxiously towards the omnibus, but his fine eye in frenzy rolling is unable to detect the presence of any one occupying the box seat. The accident to H.R.H. is the general topic of conversation, and those among the audience who are informed by some "in the know" that the Prince, in his own room at Marlborough House, is thoroughly enjoying the Opera in an Electro-phonically way, are much relieved and greatly delighted. The effect on the singers is apparent. In order to be reproduced Electro-phonically, they all sing out, and do their very best. M. RENAUD is every way admirable as *Don Giovanni*; EDOUARD DE RESZKE, something between *Figaro* and *Don Basilio*, "the friend in-knee'd," is at his drollest as *Leporello*;

M. BONNARD is apparently a sweet-singing *Hamlet*, in a "suit of sabres" and hat to match, of most gentlemanly manners; M. GILBERT, representing in *Masetto* what *Joe the Fat Boy* in *Pickwick* probably looked like on reaching thirty years of age, or thereabouts, is decidedly comic; Madame NORDICA, admirable as *Donna Anna*, with just a *souppçon* of *Lucrezia Borgia* in her grand style; SUZANNE ADAMS singing charmingly and acting skittishly as the undecided *Donna Elvira*; and Mlle. ZELIE DE LUSSAN, a delightfully coquettish *Zerlina*, who already shows sure indications of developing into a *Carmen*, purringly soothes the jealous, flabby *Fat Boy Masetto*. What the Commendatore was like when alive, we are not in a position to say. The poor gentleman was killed before our arrival, and we could not stay to supper merely to meet his Ghost-ship. *Vive MOZART!* Where's your Warbling WAGNER now?

Monday and Tuesday's opera will be too late for our report, so practically this, to Mr. Punch's Operatic Representative, is the last night of a season which may be taken as satisfactory to the Higgins-de-Grey-Faber Syndicate, to Manager MATRICE GRAU, and Mr. NEIL FORSYTH their most civil-service secretary. All singers have done their best during a season not remarkable for brilliancy: Mlle. BAUERMEISTER quite recovered; and should Madame EMMA EAMES deny that she has been all along in excellent voice, why—"she is a Storey."

A ROUND NUMBER.—Zero.



ENTICING!

Salesman. "YOU MAY NOT LIKE THE COLOURS, SIR; BUT I ASSURE YOU THEY ARE ALL THE MOST FASHIONABLE SHADES. GUARANTEED TO LAST WELL TOO, FOR I WORE ONE MYSELF ALL LAST SEASON!"

THAT BICYCLE LAMP.

THE other Sunday afternoon I rode over on my bicycle to see the ROBINSONS. They live seven miles away. TOMKINS and others were there. People who live in remote country places always seem pleased to see a fellow creature, but ROBINSON and his wife are unusually hospitable and good-natured. After I had had some tea, and thought of leaving, a hobnail was discovered in the tyre of TOMKINS's bicycle. He, being very athletic, was playing croquet, a game which requires vast muscular strength. However, he said that his tyres were something quite new, and that in one minute one man, or even one child, could stick one postage-stamp, or anything of the sort, over that puncture and mend it. So all the rest of us and the butler, principally the butler, who is an expert in bicycles, went at it vigorously, and after we had all worked for nearly an hour the tyre was patched up, and TOMKINS, having finished his game, rode coolly away. I was going to do the same, but ROBINSON wouldn't hear of it—I must stay to dinner. I said I had no lamp for riding home in the dark. He would lend me his. I said I should have to dine in knickerbockers. That didn't matter in the country. So I stayed till 9.30.

The next Sunday I rode over again. I started directly after lunch, lest I should seem to have come to dinner, and I gave the butler that lamp directly I arrived. But it was all no good, for I stayed till 10, and had to borrow it again. "Bring it back to-morrow morning," said ROBINSON, "and help us with our hay-making." Again dined in knickerbockers.

On Monday I resolved to be firm. I would leave by daylight. Rode over early. After some indifferent haymaking and some excellent lunch, I tried to start. No good. ROBINSON carried me off to a neighbour's tennis-party. After we returned from

that, he said I must have some dinner. Couldn't ride home all those seven miles starving. Knickerbockers didn't matter. Again dined there and rode home at 10.30.

So I still have ROBINSON's lamp. Now I want to know how I am going to get it back to his house. If I have it taken by anybody else he will think I don't care to come, which would be quite a mistake. Have vowed that I will not dine there again except in proper clothes. If I cross his hospitable threshold, even before breakfast, I shall never get away before bedtime. Can't ride seven miles in evening dress before breakfast even in the country. Besides, whatever clothes I wore, I should never be able to leave by daylight. I should still have his lamp. Can't take a second lamp. Would look like inviting myself to dinner. So would the evening clothes at breakfast. What is to be done?

A CHANCE FOR MYSOGYNISTS.

[*"REQUIRED, the services of a Literary Person, to assist in the production of a pamphlet dealing with the deceit and artfulness of Woman."*
Advertisement in Daily Paper.]

I.

Ye scribes, hurry up for pity!
(I copy a well-known call)
Bring pens that are wicked and witty,
Bring nibs that are dipped in gall!
Here's a gent in the Agony Column—
At least I suppose it's a he—
Stuck in an advertisement solemn,
And sad as an "ad." can be.

II.

It's really too sad to write verse on,
The theme of this poor man's woes;
He is wanting a "literary person"
A terrible truth to expose
In a popular pamphlet, dealing
With feminine artfulness
And deceit—that's why he's appealing
To you and to me through the press.

III.

Does he want a fresh HOMER, I wonder,
A runaway HELEN to slate,
Or make a new JUVENAL thunder
'Gainst hussies too up-to-date?
Since paper and ink were invented,
The scribblers have had their say,
And female caprice long lamented—
'Tis a little late now to inveigh!

IV.

What's wrong with our advertiser,
Has she, perhaps, failed to keep tryst?
Has she possibly thought 'twere wiser
With somebody else to be spliced?
She may have gone out for a "beano,"
While he has gone out of his mind,
Or it may be a hoax, for all we know,
By one who too freely has dined!

A TERRIBLE ADVENTURE.

(*Evidently intended for the W. W. Magazine.*)

DEAR SIR,—When I was at the Bhilberry Hill Station in India, I was aroused one night by a ferocious snorting underneath my bed, which was, as is usual in those parts, covered by mosquito curtains—the mosquitoes being, with the natives, the chief plagues of the district. Trembling with anxiety, not fright, I recognised the sound to proceed from a well-known Man-Eating Tiger, badly wanted by the Shekarries in those parts. At the same time the mosquitoes in swarms continued to buzz rapaciously about my couch. An idea came to me. I softly drew aside the curtains, and giving a low whistle on the right side, stepped out on the left of my mattress. The tiger and the noxious insects apparently entered together into my sleeping-place. Anyway, we found the body of the monarch of the jungle punctured by the blood-suckers in a thousand different spots, and dead as the cold mutton into which he would, but for my presence of mind, have no doubt converted.

Your obedient servant, HORACE LAMB.
Burmah Club, W.



[The Bathing Season at Scarborough has commenced.]

TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE OF THE JENKINS FAMILY WHILST DRIVING ON THE SANDS. THE POSTILLION, WHO WAS, UNFORTUNATELY, SOMEWHAT DEAF AND ABSENT-MINDED, HAD, UNTIL QUITE RECENTLY, BEEN IN CHARGE OF A BATHING-MACHINE HORSE!

LEGAL "NOTES."

[“There was a distinct connection between law and music. . . . He often regretted that he and his colleagues had not been compelled to pass a musical examination.”—Lord Justice Collins at the Academy of Music Banquet.]

THE chief topic in the Temple just at present is, of course, the great action *Sharper v. Diddleum*, the hearing of which occupied the whole of last week. The concluding speech of the Attorney-General for the Plaintiff was a magnificent effort, and the exquisite flute-solos with which the learned gentleman interspersed his remarks are thought to have contributed greatly to the verdict which he secured for his clients; several of the jury were visibly affected by them, and the learned judge himself seemed to find some difficulty in playing the “Selection from *Il Trovatore*” upon his cornet, with which he prefaced his summing-up.

Some impatience is expressed by the parties interested in that important commercial action *Codlin v. Short*, as judgment, which was reserved at the hearing of the case two months ago, has not yet been delivered. But we understand that Sir WILLIAM ORPHEUS is still engaged in setting his lengthy judgment as a recitative, in the Wagnerian style, with full orchestral accompaniment, and that its impressiveness when thus delivered will more than atone for any delay there may have been.

There are various rumours of impending

changes upon the judicial bench, and a large number of names are mentioned in connection with possible vacancies. Mr. T. BOWLING, Q.C. (whose recent performance in an Admiralty case of “*A Life on the Ocean Wave*” was such a success), has a voice which eminently qualifies him for a judgeship; and, again, Mr. RATAPLAN’s skill upon the kettle-drums surely marks him out as a future Master of the Rolls. There has been some cavilling at the last appointments, which is only natural when men are chosen whose only merit is a knowledge of law, and who are most inefficient as musicians—a point of infinitely greater importance.

We hear that an unusually large number of men were “ploughed” at the last Inns-of-Court examination, owing to the high standard demanded by the examiners in Harmony and Counterpoint. Some of the Indian students are petitioning the authorities to be allowed to take up the “tom-tom” as their instrument for the “practical music” part of the examination. It is also suggested that a concert might suitably be given in Hall on “call-night” by those who have especial musical talent.

The litigant in person is always troublesome, but one who appeared the other day met with a speedy rebuff. On attempting to strengthen his somewhat faulty arguments by a violin-solo, the learned judge speedily caught him tripping, and, observing that such defective bowing clearly amounted to contempt of Court, committed him to prison for a week.

Some of the Street Cries appreciated by the London County Council.

(Taken down phonetically by a suffering Worker.)

“ARSONE! Arsonne! Arsonne!”
 “Mack-erill! Mack-erill!”
 “Oolup! Oolup! Oolup!”
 “Agarones! Agarones! Agarones!”
 “Swee-lander! Swee-lander!”
 “Hoop! Hoop! Hoop!”
 “Sell chicky sell! Sell chicky sell!”
 “O pokee! O pokee! O pokee!”
 “Corli— (Guttural grumble.) Corli— (Guttural grumble.)”
 “(Crash)—gathered stor-berries! (Crash)—gathered stor-berries!”
 “Eat! Eat! Eat!”
 “Imons, three of anny! Three of anny!”
 “Nyons! Nyons! Nyons!” and
 “Wee’nr! Wee’nr! Wee’nr!”

Mr. Punch does not pretend to interpret these fearsome howls. He only records them as heard, combined with the blare of barrel, piano, and other organs, the lilt of German bands, the shriek of bag-pipes, the shouts of omnibus conductors, the whistles of cabmen, the bell-ringing of bicyclists, the fog-horns of motor-carts, and the general rumble of the streets of what is supposed to be a civilised city.

Sackcloth and Ashes.

American Volunteer (after vainly trying to arouse half-a-dozen drunken Cuban revolutionists). And it was for you that I risked my immortal scalp! Give me Injun, any day.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 18. —It was the Parish Fire Engines Bill that led Dr. TANNER astray. Had sat through sultry night restive but inarticulate. Had listened to debate on suspension of Twelve o'Clock Rule, his volcanic bosom temporarily soothed by spectacle of that great Constitutionalist JEMMY LOWTHER protesting against breach of law by mean device of calling it "suspension of the Rule." Had refrained from taking part in debate on third reading of Irish Local Government Bill, though his lip curled when he beheld Colonel SAUNDERSON and JOHN DILLON falling on each other's neck and weeping tears of joy because it had passed. Had listened with puzzled air whilst Chancellor of the Exchequer explained intricacies of proposed Colonial Loans Fund. Found a little mental and physical refreshment in voting on Universities and College Estates Bill—or was it the College Estates and Universities Bill, or was it Coliversities and Unledge Estates Bill? Not quite certain; fancied, as there was undoubtedly estates in it, it had something to do with Death Duties. However that be, as only a few seemed going into Lobby against third reading, the Doctor joined them.

Then, before you knew where you were, the Statute Law Revision Bill passed through Committee and went bang through third reading. Isle of Man Customs Bill read a second time; Telegraph (Money) Bill passed through Committee and nobody asked for change; Metropolitan Police Courts Bill read a third time. Where would they stop? Be a revolution or at least a Septennate, if we don't look out.

"Parish Fire Engines Bill!" Clerk at Table called out.

SPEAKER left Chair. "Gone to fetch the Fire Engine," said the Doctor to himself. Soothing prospect at midnight, with the thermometer not far off eighty. Hose just sort of thing to freshen you up before going to bed.

Looking round again, the Doctor found House in Committee; Chairman at his post and CALDWELL on his legs. What with disappointment at turn things had taken—no parish fire engine, unless you regard CALDWELL in that light—the Doctor rose and made few remarks. Chairman objected that they were not by any visible means connected with Parish Fire Engines. TANNER would soon put that right. On again for another five minutes.

"Order! Order!" cried Chairman, sternly. "The hon. Member is not speaking to the amendment. I must call upon him to discontinue his speech."

This an attack on freedom of debate that must be resisted. From the Chairman he would appeal to the Chair itself.

"Mr. LOWTHER," he shouted, "I appeal to the Chair."

"Order! Order!" said the Chairman in ominous tones.

A propos of Parish Fire Engines, there here flashed on Dr. TANNER's mind recollection of famous episode in BURKE's Parliamentary career. Read in the papers somewhere that Squire EDWARD LAWSON still retains at Hall Barn the dagger he picked up off floor of the House when BURKE flung it down. TANNER hadn't a dagger about his person, not even a lancet, but he had copy of Orders of the Day. So, rising to full height and striding forth, he



CROMWELL AT THE "BAR."

Shade of Charles the First (on a nocturnal ramble through the Palace of Westminster). "Lord Protect—! Here's that old rascal Noll being tried at Westminster, after all. Charming execution, too!"

flung papers on the floor and passed out under the gaping doorway.

Back again after a few minutes. On proposal being made to read a third time the Habitual Inebriates Bill, the Doctor sternly shouted "No." Members made all the more haste to hurry the Bill on to the Statute Book.

Business done.—Quite a lot.

Tuesday.—Looking on benevolent features of SAGE of QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, have often been puzzled at half-felt conviction that he reminds me of something, or somebody. He is the very model of something. Of what? To-night as he went round making gentle enquiries as to when Ministers and ex-Ministers had been vaccinated, and how often, the answer to the question flashed upon me.

He is the *beau ideal* of the family doctor.

There is the mellow voice, the insinuating smile, the slight interrogative turn of the head as if he had passed all his life in putting the question, "How do you feel to-day?" Everything combines to form the family doctor.

Disclosure flashed on the mind during debate on Vaccination Bill. The SAGE is proud to represent a constituency that never bared the arm to the operator. Their attitude on the question is altogether negative. Not only will they not be vaccinated; they will not pay the fine for breach of the law. SAGE not a man given to boasting; but he could not restrain ring of triumph in his voice, or flush of pride mounting his brow, when he enlarged on the negativeness of Northampton.

In the course of his remarks, his eye resting on the portly figure of the President

of the Local Government Board, the instincts of the family doctor irresistibly declared themselves.

"I should like to know," he said, dropping his head a little on one side, "when the right hon. gentleman was last vaccinated?"

This a personal question CHAPLIN might have refused to answer; might even have resented. But the spell was wound about him. If the SAGE had added, "Put out your tongue," he would straightway have obeyed. As it was he meekly answered, "Not very long ago."

That wouldn't do. Suddenly dropping his suave manner, Dr. LABBY sternly said, "It is so long ago, that he does not remember. We ought to have him examined."

CHAPLIN furtively looked towards doorway to see if path were clear. Happily for him the Doctor's eye fell upon another patient. "Here is my right hon. friend, the Member for Wolverhampton," he said, bringing HENRY FOWLER to the front, as it were by the ear. "How often has my right hon. friend been vaccinated?"

Again the enquiry might have been

many hours' work at high pressure might reasonably be supposed they would gladly go for a stroll or a ride in the Park on their way home to dress for dinner. On the contrary, knowing that Criminal Evidence Bill is to the fore in the Commons, they crowd down to Westminster, throw themselves into the verbal fray with zeal that could not be exceeded if each man's copy of the Orders of the Day were marked 250 guineas, with pleasing prospect of refreshers. Mere laymen meekly stand aside leaving the Court free to the barristers.

Pretty to see how gravely they differ from each other, just as if they were in Court, as if the SPEAKER were "my lud," the twelve Members scattered on benches below gangway the jury. Only difference is that, whereas in Courts of Law a gentleman in wig and gown, not seeing eye to eye with his learned brother, decisively, almost triumphantly, snaps forth the points of dissent, here, when an honourable and learned Member does not agree with his brother man, he is almost melted to tears whilst gently expressing his presumptuous views.



The Doughty Fisherman of Grimsby.

(Who has gone back to get a fresh Coat of Paint.)

chiselled. A wonderful face gleams through the cold marble, its searching glance adown the corridor testifying how still NOLL wonders what became of the Bauble when, long ago, it was by his command "taken away."

Business done.—Russia proposing to build six battleships and four cruisers, we resolve to go twelve torpedo-destroyers better. Next move with Russia. Then we again go one (or more) better. And so the merry game goes round.

LORD'S!

THERE'S a glorious sanctum of cricket,
Away in the Wood of St. John;
No spot in creation can lick it
For the game at which GRACE is the "don."

Though Melbourne may claim a "Medina,"
The "Mecca" of cricket must be
In the beautiful classic arena,
The home of the "old" M. C. C.

Home, sweet home of the M. C. C.,
Ever my fancy is turning to thee!
Up with King Willow and down with the
dumps,
Hark to the rattle of leather and stumps.
Oh, what a rapturous thrill it affords!
Give yourself up to the magic of "Lord's."

OPERATIC SONG FOR A CRICKETER.—
"Batti, Batti!"



"Let me give you a lift."



SOME CELTIC ORNAMENTS.

"He (Mr. Balfour) was disposed to think that the best plan would be to institute a general inquiry into the relations between the British Museum and those of Edinburgh and Dublin, with a view to prevent the removal of characteristic Irish and Scotch curiosities from the country of their origin."

evaded. If vaccination at the moment remained compulsory, answer to such enquiry in such circumstances was not. But the ex-Lord of the Indies, in manner meeker even than the President of the Local Government Board, answered, "Four times."

"Very well, then," said the gratified medico; "he need not be vaccinated again."

So pleased was he that he quite forgot CHAPLIN's shortcoming, and, being on his legs, returned to discussion of the Bill before the House.

Business done.—Report stage of Vaccination Bill. At seven o'clock Minister in Charge swore he would ne'er consent to abandon compulsion; at 10.30 PRINCE ARTHUR consented.

Thursday.—The well-known waiter who, having a rare night's holiday, went out to help a pal to serve a dinner, is, SARK observes, nothing to the leaders of the Bar who have seats in the House of Commons. Been in Court all day, with wig and gown added to amenities of the weather. After

"Sir," said EDWARD CLARKE, looking as if he were going to a funeral, "it is with the greatest regret I sever myself from the Attorney-General on this matter."

The Attorney-General's manly bosom heaved in response a sigh of regret. His head drooped; his eyes half closed; his low lip quivered; and over his face stole a beatific look of Christian resignation and brotherly forgiveness.

As for BOB REID, who never found it in his heart to differ from any one (except the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD), he compromised the matter by declining to support the amendment, whilst affirming his intention of, in practice, adopting its principle.

I don't know what it was all about; but one looking on and listening felt he was getting a lot of good.

Business done.—Report stage of Criminal Evidence Bill agreed to.

Friday.—Mr. CHARLES WERTHEIMER, having endowed the Royal Academy with the rarest portrait of modern times, has presented the House of Commons with the finest bust of OLIVER CROMWELL ever



"THERE ARE MORE WAYS OF KILLING A DOG THAN HANGING HIM."

DARBY JONES AT COWES.

"WHAT the deuce is he doing in that galley?" will probably be your Gallic inquiry, Honoured Sir, on perceiving that I write this epistle from the Garden Island of England. Tedious explanation would occupy too much of your Space and too much of my Time. Suffice it to say that the Honourable FLIPLATT, of Oxford College, having benefited very Considerably by my Advice and Experience at Goodwood, has very considerably, and I may say generously, invited Captain KRITERION and myself to be his guests on board of the yacht *Sea Nipper*, which he has hired for a fortnight from Lord PERCY KOGNACK, the Marquis of BRANDYWINE's son, an Aristocrat whose ill-luck at the Ducal Meeting has necessitated a temporary retreat to Boulogne, in lieu of joining the Heir-Apparent and the Rest of the Royal Family on the health-bestowing waves of the Solent. When I add that Lord PERCY not only transferred the yacht and her crew, but also all the Provisions and Wines with which she had been liberally provided on credit, you may readily imagine that we are in Clover, if such an expression be

permissible anent the Briny Ocean, instead of in Sea-weed.

I cannot say that I am much taken with Yacht-racing, perhaps because KRITERION had me in a most *Unjustifiable* way on the opening day of the Regatta. A vessel—I don't know her name and don't want to—passed the Winning Post or Winning Boat, or whatever they call it, many lengths ahead of the second. "A fiver," I exclaimed, "on the yacht with the red and white flag!" "Done," cried the Captain. But alas! later on I had to part with Five of the Best to KRITERION, whom I couldn't persuade to take a Bill at Three Months. It seems in this blessed (I use the adjective sarcastically) Boat-racing there is a beastly thing called "Time-Allowance," a sort of Weight-for-Age the other way round that the Judge puts on and takes off by seconds and minutes, with the Agility of a Conjuror. There's no First Past the Post on the Cowes Course.

However, I managed to recover my lost money with an extra Fiver from FLIPLATT on the next day. He was talking about a little Watering-place on the Hampshire Coast called Lee-on-Solent. Having been studying an Admiralty chart in the morn-

ing I immediately offered to bet him ten pounds that Lee was not on the Solent. It is needless to say that he at once accepted the wager, and the stakes were deposited with KRITERION. At least, FLIPLATT handed over a Tenner, and I my word, which was just as good, knowing that I had a Certainty. I then sent for the Map and clearly demonstrated that the Solent does not begin till the Channel is West of Southampton Water. FLIPLATT parted with very bad grace, and retired to his cabin in the sulks. KRITERION, when he had reluctantly paid me, ordered a boat and went ashore, saying he had an important appointment at the London Club. He came back to dinner in High Feather. "That was a good Tip of yours about the Solent," he observed. "I've been backing it all the afternoon." Justly indignant, I claimed Halves, but he merely winked the other eye. Such is Human Ingratitude, the Offspring of Sordid Nature and Congenital Dishonour.

Your obedient, humble servant,
DARBY JONES.

NOISY ANIMALS.

O cock! that ere the dawn is grey
Shrillest thy clarion loud and clear,
O donkey! whose resounding bray
Tortures mine unoffending ear;
No longer shall ye dare to break
Sweet Morpheus' all too fleeting joys,
For ye are animals that make
A noise.

Yet, coster, courage! Not for thee
These terrors, though thy raucous throat

Shatter my nerves. The L. C. C.
Takes thought for him that wields a vote.

Therefore bawl on! No pains o'ertake
The County Council's favoured boys,
Though they are animals that make
A noise.

WHERE NOT TO GO.

To the foreign hotel where you are expected to take all meals within doors, and are glared at if you patronise an extra mural restaurant.

To the boarding-house "where a liberal table is kept," but which, in spite of its name, "Sea-view," is a mile and a half from the ocean.

To the seaside paradise recommended on account of its air to convalescents recovering from measles, scarlet fever, or hooping-cough.

To the co-operative trip half over Europe with the (estimated) minimum of expense and the (proved) maximum of discomfort.

To the excursion which starts at day-break, ends at midnight, and exists for the twenty-four hours in an atmosphere of beer, comic songs, and overcrowding.

To the newly discovered jewel of a health resort that some one's doctor has recommended to nobody in particular.

To any place likely to become a nuisance or with anybody who will develop into a bore.

Our Whist Party.

Major MacFlush (at close of rubber, to partner). Didn't ye see me call for trumps?
Partner (a new hand). You may have called, Major, but I never heard you!



"FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD."

North Pole (to South Pole). "DON'T YOU WORRY YOURSELF, OLD MAN. WHY, THEY HAVEN'T FOUND ME YET!"
 [Arrangements are being made for a Southern Polar Expedition.]

EXAMINATION PAPER FOR TRAVELLERS.*(Compiled for Use in the Domestic Circle.)*

Give briefly the reasons for leaving a comfortable house in London for questionable quarters at the seaside.

Describe the duties that servants owe to themselves, and trace how their inclinations affect your plans for departure.

Give the merits and demerits of any three watering-places in England and France, and explain the words "casino," "rowdy," "bathing mixture," and "tips."

Give a short description of your wife's luggage, chiefly in connection with overweight and other drawbacks to expeditious travelling.

Write out a doctor's bill for October, and trace the items to peregrinations in August and September.

Enumerate the miseries associated with either (1) furnished apartments, or (2) life in a boarding-house.

Explain how it comes—in the opinion of your wife—that being "put up" at a dear hotel is "cheaper in the long run."

Imagine you have spent three months away from your native hearth, and then write an essay on "Home, Sweet Home."

AT THE BAR.*(Vide "Punch," July 23.)*

Ere the early bird is feeding

On the early worm or ant,
We are drawing up some pleading
For the British litigant;

When you "dowse" your bedroom tapers,

When you yawn at moon and star,
We are reading midnight "papers,"
At the Bar.

Never resting, never sleeping,

Till the night is on the wane,

Ere the rosy dawn is peeping

We are at our briefs again—

Those, I mean, who are not briefless;

Those of us, perhaps, who are

Earn your pity and your grief less
At the Bar.

All the "big" men have no leisure,

All the "little" get few fees;

Yet they'd change their lots with pleasure

Fortune none of us can please—

Practice much too big or little's

What makes Life so very far

From affording "beer" (or "skittles")
At the Bar.

THE PROFESSIONAL BRIDESMAID.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see from the *Newcastle Daily Leader* that expert bridesmaids may now be engaged on hire in the United States, and are understood to be rapidly making a fortune. In fact, one young woman, of remarkable beauty, is said to have appeared in this capacity at over 200 weddings. I have just received, no doubt by mistake, the enclosed circular.

Yours, not taking any, Z. Y. X.

IMPORTANT NOTICE! MATRIMONY FOR ALL!

Miss DIANA Q. DE BANGS, of Chicago, Ill., and St. Louis, Mo., having an extensive and lucrative connection throughout the States, has elected to open a Business Center in London, Eng., where she is now, located in lofty, spacious and commodious offices on Regent Street at the above address.

Miss DIANA Q. DE BANGS undertakes, at a Reasonable Fee, to perform, personally



Blinks. "THE SUN LL BE OVER THE YARD-ARM IN TEN MINUTES. THEN WE'LL HAVE A DRINK!"
Jinks. "I THINK I'LL HAVE ONE WHILE I'M WAITING!"

or by Deputy, the Duties of Chief Bridesmaid to the English Aristocracy and Gentry.

Sisters wedded simultaneously at a Reduction, or an Easy Quotation given for a Series in the Same Family. Widows sympathetically supported on remarriage.

Miss DIANA Q. DE BANGS has put through the weddings of many of the New York Four Hundred with Marvelous Success and Promptitude, many of her *clientèle* requiring her Services a third and fourth time since she debuted two years ago.

Miss DIANA Q. DE BANGS only employs Real Live Travelers, and will interview Clients by appointment on her Roof-Garden. Iced-water and Chewing-gum provided. No cranks admitted. All refer-

ences must be on a high plane of respectability.

"DE BANGS is an elegant blond and weighs 135 pounds. She knows how to hustle, anyway. DE BANGS can receive business callers at 7.30 A.M. No dressing-gown methods. No flies on DE BANGS. DIANA breakfasts overnight."—See *Peoria Chipmunk* and *Spokane Owl*.

Prices away down after Season.

Rehearsals at short notice. Real tear-drops guaranteed at Church. Handkerchiefs extra. Miss DIANA expects introduction to Bridegroom and Dudes. Can arrange for Hire of Ornaments, but prefers to retain Souvenirs.

Don't you wait. You may be the Happy Man or Woman.



TOO EXACTING.

Parson. "NOW, JOHNSON, I REALLY MUST INSIST YOU PAY MORE ATTENTION TO THE CLEANLINESS OF THE PONY AND TRAP."
 Man-of-all-work. "WELL, SIR, YOU SEE, WHAT WITH 'ORTICULTUR AND THE COW, I 'VE VERY LITTLE TIME FOR 'OSSYULTUR!"

AUGUSTE AND LUDWIG.

A MEETING.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The other day I had an opportunity of introducing Herr LUDWIG MULLER to M. AUGUSTE DE BASSOMPIERRE. I think you may like to have a report of their conversation, which was evidently not private.

Yours faithfully, JOHN ROBINSON.

Auguste. Enchanté! Est-ce que vous parlez français, monsieur?
 Ludwig. J'ai un paire mots dans l'école apprené, qui je presque oublié ai. Pouvez-vous allemand?

Aug. Ich habe gelernt der deutsch sehr jung; ich bin desolirt dass ich ihn habe gegessen—ah non!—vergessen.

Lud. Also speak we English. I can English quite good.

Aug. Very voluntarily, Mister. Me I him have studied to the foundation.

Lud. Are you since long in England, or make you only one pleasurevoyage in order the town London to see?

Aug. Oh! I have acquainted the England since longtime, but in this moment here I am of return of at me.

Lud. Was ist das? In the winter am I in London atcome, and I was in intention the all town to see, but unlucklywise cooled I myself. During six weeks was I in the bed and then goed I to house.

Aug. Vous dites? [Here there was a pause.]

Lud. Learn you ever the English speech?

Aug. A discourse? Ah no! I write, however, enough easily.

Lud. But I understand not what you writed have.

Aug. It is probable. For to comprehend all the shades of a stranger tongue he must to study longtime. Me I have maked that. You also, dear mister and colleague, you there shall arrive more late.

Lud. Bitte?

Aug. Vous dites? [Here there was a pause.]

Lud. Ach so!

Aug. Parfaitement!

Lud. Dwell you willing in England? Are the Englanders leasing to you?

Aug. The mans are of brave people, but a little gloomy. It is that which we call the morgue britannique—the britannic mortuary. The misses are charming. Celles qui habitent Londres, the female ones who inhabit London, are ravishing, but the womans of province are habited as some Ger—, c'est-à-dire, as some Hollandesses. Sont-elles affreuses, les robes!

Lud. The misses are charming, but a little thin. The dames of the landpeople are charminger. The Londonish maiden sees often too adorned out, quite as one Paris—, ach nein! as one Wienerish woman.

Aug. What is this that this is that that?

Lud. Bitte?

Aug. Ah! you demand some "bitter," some English beer. Love you her?

Lud. Ach so! Beer! I love it not, but I drink it very willing. Here drinks man so little thereof.

Aug. So little? The English drink of her enormously, even during the repasts.

Lud. But in the Fatherland drink we beer evenings. What do the Englanders evenings?

Aug. They amuse themselves at the sad English mode. They rest at them, for they love much that which they call the "Home Sweet." They of him have maked even a song, as the "God Save."

Lud. Have they no Turnverein?

Aug. What is this that this is that that?

Lud. Bitte?

Aug. Ah! I comprehend. It is a sort of beer. I not acquaint her. As to the English the evening. I have speaked you of the families. The celibataries, who have not of at them, they are members of a circle, where they play a droll of billard, and each one drinks a whiskey. Oh ciel!

Lud. Yes well. Or one "lemons squashed." Du lieber Himmel!

Aug. Even without sugar!

Lud. Ach so, abscheulich!

Aug. Is it that you have seed an English billiard? The English are suchly lovers of the commerce, of the richness, of the

pocket in fine, that they have even some pockets in their billiard. And the English kitchen. What plates!

Lud. The plates? I remember myself not thereof. Naturally are they not beautiful as the German plates, as the Dresdenish plates to the example. But the food! What for one little *mittagessen*!

Aug. But yes. And what enormous *déjeuner*!

Lud. Yes well. And the eveningeating almost too much.

Aug. Perfectly! And the dinner enough often too much little.

Lud. *Schrecklich*!

Aug. I acquaint not that plate there. He of them has who are detestable. *Affreux*!

Lud. I have thereof never eaten. Eat you willing *compot*?

Aug. *Une compote*? But yes, of time in time.

Lud. In Germany eat man it two times daily, and here never. Man see only mealfoods, as in Wien, that call here "puddings."

Aug. Ah! yes, the "plompounding."

Lud. That have I never seed.

Aug. Nor me not more. And however it is one of the principal English plates, as the *rosbif* and the *palat*.

Lud. *Bitte*?

Aug. *C'est ça*. The bitter *palat*. You have eaten some English omelettes?

Lud. *Ach nein*! And you?

Aug. Never of the life! I of them have seed. My faith, it was enough! And the vegetables at the water! The boiled cabbage! The little peas at the English! *Sapristi*!

Lud. *Was ist das*?

Aug. *Vous dites*?

[Here there was a pause.]

Lud. Now must I forthgo. Also recommend I me. It rejoice me very you to meet. Good day. To again to see. "So long," as say the Englanders.

Aug. Enchanted, dear Mister. To the pleasure of you to see again. To soon. Ta, ta!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN ZACK, Australia seems to have found her BRET HARTE. *Life is Life*, which gives its name to the notable series of stories just issued from the House of BLACKWOOD is, in its camp-life scenes, closely akin to BRET HARTE's earlier work. It throbs with vigorous life, and has many intimate touches of local colour. But my Baronite infinitely prefers the much briefer story of Australia, "The Failure of FLIPPERTY." ZACK's personal acquaintance is not confined to Australasia. He knows Germany, Italy, his heart, untravelled, fondly turning to Devonshire which, my Baronite suspects, was his early home. For boldness and originality of conception, for vivid presentation of character, through all an undercurrent of the laugh that is not far removed from a cry, nothing to beat this book has lately appeared. These qualities find their fullest development in the story of "The Red Haired Man's Dream."

"Q" has planted himself in a fresh corner, where, my Baronite hopes, he will soon be picking up gold and silver. He has founded, and edits, *The Cornish Magazine*, a sixpenny monthly that will gratify a public beginning to be tired of the fripperies, freaks, and monstrosities just now popular with other sixpenny magazines. As the title indicates, Mr. QUILLER COUCH's new venture is designed specially for Cornishmen. But his net, deftly made and widely flung, will catch other fish than pilchards. The first Number is admirably done, "Q" contributing a weird story which boldly brings the Wandering Jew on the Cornish coast in quite novel circumstances.

In order to thoroughly enjoy Mr. ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS' *Rupert of Hentzau* (ARROWSMITH), it is advisable to go in for a few days' swashbucklerish sort of training, and to imagine yourself living among daringly reckless cavaliers of the doublet, trunks, and high-boots style, wearing some sort of Austrian uniform, and moving in old foreign towns badly lighted and badly policed, yet with all the advantages to hand of modern telegraphs and railways. I do not remember the telephone being employed in this romance, but then neither his hero nor heroine had any particular occasion for it. Also, while reading Mr. ANTHONY HOPE's stirring romance, you should ever and anon half draw your sword and send it back with a clang into its scabbard, taking care at intervals between the chapters to look to your revolvers and carefully to examine such small side arms as you may have about you. Thus equipped, accompany *Fritz von Tarlenheim* and old *Sapt* in all their adventures undertaken for the sake of their friend *Rudolf Rassendyll*, and in defence of



OUR CHILDREN. No. 2.

Fair Division of Labour.

REMEMBER, IT'S YOUR TURN TO WASH, AND MINE TO SAY PRAYERS TO-NIGHT, DOROTHY."

the honour of his friend's true lady-love *Queen Flavia*, wife of the King whose health "had been shattered by the horror and rigours of his imprisonment in the Castle of Zenda," as was told in the previous romance, of which this is the continuation and the finish. But is it by any means the finish? True, *Rassendyll* is dead, and so are all the most important enemies whose knowledge of the secret might be used for harm. But Mr. ANTHONY HOPE has left one old woman alive, the mischievous *Mother Holp*, who, if she only becomes a tool in unscrupulous hands, is capable of doing a lot of mischief. The Baron, in the interests of the Kingdom of Ruritania and the House of Elphberg, will keep an eye on *Mother Holp* and that very uncertain and impressionable young nobleman, the *Count of Rischenheim*. "It may be," quoth ANTHONY HOPE, letting a saving clause into his penultimate page, "that some day the whole story shall be told, and men shall judge of it for themselves." Aha! then good ANTHONY hath still a king up his sleeve. *Nous verrons*, as they say in Ruritania. A more stirring romance, with interest admirably sustained from the very first page to the last, than *Rupert of Hentzau*, it would be difficult to name. It is so artistically contrived a sequel as to have special interest for those who delighted in *The Prisoner of Zenda*, though, at the same time, it is so perfect a story in itself, that the enjoyment of this work is not made to depend on any knowledge of the former novel. "That we shall hear more of Ruritanian affairs is still with us A Hope," quoth the well satisfied BARON DE B.-W.

A CHILD'S IDEA OF SEASIDE HAPPINESS.—*Ocean cum dig.*



OUR YOUNG BARBARIANS.

Oarsman. "I'LL TELL YOU WHAT IT IS, OLD MAN; AS SOON AS I GO OUT OF TRAINING I'M GOING TO HAVE THE FINEST DINNER I EVER HAD IN MY LIFE. I'LL HAVE TURTLE SOUP, OYSTERS——"

Coach. "OYSTERS! MY DEAR CHAP, THERE'S NO 'R' IN THE MONTH. YOU CAN'T EAT OYSTERS IN AUGUST!"

Oarsman. "OH, CAN'T I, THOUGH! O-R-G-U-S-T, AUGUST. THAT'S ALL RIGHT!"

LYMPH-ON-THE-CONSCIENCE;

Being a Variation of Water-on-the-Brain.

You ask me how it is that I
Am hardly ever found agreeing
With simple views that satisfy
An ordinary human being?
Sir, I have principles at stake;
I do it all "for CONSCIENCE' sake."
When great reforms are in the air
That touch the health of half a nation,
I and my trusty gang are there
Primed with a deadly emendation;
And into really useful laws
We shove a little CONSCIENCE clause.
Of all the days of all the year,
Those are the merriest and maddest
When Members lean a stricken ear
To list the fulminating faddist;
(Such is the rather vulgar name
For men of conscientious aim).
And when in tones polite but firm
We execute a fluty chorus,
Mighty majorities will squirm
And lick the very dust before us;
It's CONSCIENCE!—that is why they crawl;
It makes such cowards of them all!
Take Vaccination—one could weep
Hot briny tears of pure revulsion

To think that men should want to keep
The country healthy by compulsion!
O England! peopled by the free,
Where is your boasted Liberty?
Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
So lost to reason and morality,
Who would not freely give his head
Rather than check our high mortality?
I'd die—or live; in either case
A smile upon my pitted face!
Small-pox! Our fathers braved the thing;
True courage they were never lax in;
They scorned the lancet's pointed sting,
They mocked the enervating vaccine!
Against all else the righteous kicks
Except his private CONSCIENCE' pricks!
I grant they flourished in an age
Ere JENNER spoke in this connection;
Before that overrated sage
Devised his loathly lymph-injection;
Yet, had they lived to see his day,
Would they have yielded? No, not they!
And, Heaven be praised, a precious few
Still hear their CONSCIENCE when it
wheezes,
The smallish voice that bids them do
Their little best to spread diseases;
In fact we mean to have our claws
In all the sanitary laws.

We look to see, by steady work,
A state of filth in every gutter;
To get the germs of death to lurk
In milk and even bread-and-butter;
And drains, like vaccination, shall
In time be purely optional.

"Live and let live!"—so ran the cry
In days when people knew no better;
This we propose to rectify
Both in the spirit and the letter;
Observe our motto—newest make—
"Die and let die!"—for CONSCIENCE' sake."

NOTE AND CORRECTION.—In our last week's issue, some of *Mr. Punch's* numbers contained a line under "Cartoon Junior" alluding to the Anti-Vaccination Bill as having "passed," while in other numbers it was in the same place mentioned as "awaiting third reading in the Commons." The event has proved the vaticination on anti-vaccination correct. But, of course, "awaiting third reading" is the right wording, the other being "matter in the wrong place," arrived there by a "concatenation accordingly," the details of which it is altogether unnecessary to explain.



DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

DAME EUROPA (*coldly*). "TO WHOM DO I OWE THE PLEASURE OF THIS INTRUSION?"

UNCLE S. "MA'AM—MY NAME IS UNCLE SAM!"

DAME EUROPA. "ANY RELATION OF THE LATE COLONEL MONROE?"



SEASIDE SPORTS.

A SUGGESTION FOR A WET DAY. BATH-CHAIR RACE ALONG THE DESERTED PARADE. THE LAST PAST THE POST PAYS FOR ALL CHAIRS.

AT THE PALACE.

MR. CHARLES MORTON may shake hands with himself as heartily as all his friends will shake hands with him, when congratulating him on the success of his present capital entertainment at the Palace Theatre of Varieties, a Music Hall indeed, which, by the aid of Mr. ALFRED PLUMPTON and his well-selected orchestra, becomes now and again, in the course of the evening's show, a genuine hall of music, and the result to the proprietors will be a haul of profits.

Mr. AMANN, "the facial artist and impersonator," is admirable in his line, rapidly making himself up and changing himself, in sight of the audience, into all sorts of distinguished personages, and, in spite of the dictum of BURNS that "Amann's Amann for a' that," this artist in clothes and colour completely destroys

his own identity. Do not be alarmed when a handsome Sarah Siddons-like lady, of a commanding presence, walks on to the stage attired in deepest black (evening dress), and in tones as deep as the colour of her costume, begins to sing. No! it is not "Hamlet's aunt," it is JULIE MACKAY, "Comédienne," if you please, and in a few seconds the laughter of the surprised audience tells you the "Comédienne" has made a hit.

The BAGGESSENS are exhaustingly funny. Their action is illustrated by more "plates" than there are in a quarter's collection of a pictorial paper. Crockery is cheap where the BAGGESSENS come from, and how the male BAGGESSEN gets himself hopelessly mixed up with an adhesive fly-paper is a thing to see and a joy to remember.

Then the unrivalled ALBERT CHEVALIER, a thorough artist *au bout des ongles*. His old peasant singing, "*E can't take a Roise out of Oi*," is admirable; his expression, his laugh, the action of his hands, every movement is a study from life reproduced without any caricature whatever. Of course, his Coster is inimitable as ever; but his curate is conventional, and is the only figure which his admirers would like him to omit from the list. His rendering of "*My Old Dutch*" compels a house, crowded from back seat of gallery to front row of stalls, to sympathetic silence, and not a few will experience the "hysterica passio" against which so many struggle by forced blowing of noses. Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER is better than ever.

Then comes "The American Biograph." Wonderful!! But, my eyes! my head!! and the whizzling and whirling and twitting of nerves, and blinkings and winkings that it causes in not a few among the spectators, who could be content with half the show, or even a third of it. It is a night-mare! There's a rattling, and a shattering, and there are sparks, and there are showers of quivering snow-flakes always falling, and amidst these appear children fighting in bed, a house on fire, with inmates saved by arrival of fire engines, which, at some interval, are followed by warships pitching about at sea, sailors running up riggings and disappearing into space, trains at full speed coming directly at you, and never getting there, but jumping out of the picture into outer darkness where the audience is, and then, the train having vanished, all the country round takes it into its head to follow as hard as ever it can, rocks, mountains, trees, towns, gateways,

castles, rivers, landscapes, bridges, platforms, telegraph-poles, all whirling and squirling and racing against one another, as if to see which will get to the audience first, and then, suddenly... all disappear into space!! Phew! We breathe again!! But, O heads! O brandies and sodas! O Whiskies and waters! Restoratives, quick! It is wonderful, most wonderful! Nay, we had almost said, with the learned Dr. JOHNSON, that we wished "it were impossible." But to wish this is to put the clock back, and the show is over in excellent time to allow of supper and refreshment where you will. Still, just a third of the American Biograph, as invented by HERMAN CASLER, would suffice for this particular deponent, and for not a few others. Anyway, the Palace thoroughly deserves its present most evident popularity.

By Our Bankruptcy Court Minstrel.

REVELATIONS startling! false or true,
They've raised a regular Hookeybaloo!



SHAKESPEARE ON SALVATION ARMY RECEIVING GENERAL BOOTH.

"Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know."
This, though it reads like a quotation as to "*General Bombastes*" ("*Bombastes Furioso*"), is from "*Troilus and Cressida*," Act IV., Sc. 5.



"Oi've 'arf a moind to show 'em up, or reytner take 'em down. Oi 'ardly knows which way 'ud be the best."



Hostess. "WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO EAT, EFFIE?"

Effie. "CAKE."

Mother (reprovingly). "EFFIE! EFFIE! WHAT IS THE WORD YOU'VE FORGOTTEN! PL—"

Effie. "PL—UM!"

THE CELL.

(A Fragment.)

THE key grated in the lock, the warder's footsteps died down the corridor, and the wretched girl sank lonely and exhausted on the floor of her cell. She was slight; she was beautiful. In her face there was nothing to suggest the criminal; so young, so fair, what crime had she committed?

For awhile she lay moaning. Suddenly she started up with a cry of horror. Was it conscience? Had the enormity of her offence been brought home to her? She caught her hand to her head and felt for the hat-pin. What! had it come to this? Oh! wise searcher that had removed temptation! She sought her scissors. What! would she open a vein? This chance, too, the searcher had foreseen, and the scissors were gone. Matches? But the searcher knows that criminals may set fire to themselves and the police-station too. Even her garters had been removed; have not desperate women hanged themselves ere now?

"Alas!" she cried, realising her helplessness and bursting into tears, "baffled on all sides, there is no escape for me—none. What have I done? Why am I shut in a police cell? Why am I searched and thrust into the dock? Ah me!" she moaned, "it is because I have sinned! I have broken the laws of my country, or rather, the by-laws of Kingston, a very different thing! I have cycled through the parish at eight miles an hour!"

TO PRIZEFIGHTERS AND OTHERS.—

Wanted, MUSCULAR CHRISTIANS to act as Sidesmen; used to *mêlées* and capable of using their fists. Liberal terms. Free Doctor. Pension in case of permanent injury.—Apply, stating qualifications, to High Church Clerical Agency, Kensiton, W.



SHAKSPEARE JAPANNED.

Several of Shakspeare's Plays have recently been translated into Japanese.

MINOR POETS.

["JOAQUIN MILLER, the poet, is amongst those who have returned from Klondyke with wealth."—*Globe*.]

WHEN, like a spectral shadow weird,
The down upon my lip appeared,
And I, aspiring to a beard,
With art would seek to grow it,
Then, high as lark above the corn,
Was I upon ambition borne,
And treated with a splendid scorn
The title "Minor Poet."

What noble tragedies I penned!
What epics none could comprehend,
So Browningsque that every friend
Indignantly cried "Stow it!"
Then was I all for greatness! See,
Another MILTON I would be,
A SHAKSPEARE, DANTE—not for me
The title "Minor Poet."

But, as my down to stubble turned,
And all my greatness nothing earned,
Ambition in me lower burned,

Till now—who will may know it—
I find cash sweet, and for its sake
Some small concession I would make,
And even, could I get it, take
The title "Miner Poet."

WANTED, a few PEW-OPENERS. Applicants must be strong and athletic, and ready, if necessary, to assist in chucking out. Must be used to wounds and battlefields. Preference given to Hospital Nurses.—Apply—[see "To Prizefighters," above].

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 25.—SARK often says there has been an arch-deacon, almost a dean, thrown away in the Member for East Marylebone. Put BOULNOIS in a surplice, set him up on high in a pulpit, and if he only glances round on the congregation it will be as good as the average sermon. Certainly there ever rests on BOULNOIS' countenance a smiling air of peace and plenty soothing to the troubled breast.

To-day its habitual calm broken by an anguished look. Is in charge of what is known as the Marylebone Churches Bill. Quite a mediæval flavour about its story. Early in century the good Duke of PORTLAND, who owned much land in Marylebone, bethought him how he might improve its value. Occurred to him it would invest district with air of respectability, and ultimately raise the rents, if he sprinkled a few churches about the property. But churches cost money, and with prophetic forecast of death duties to be brought in ninety years later by a ruthless Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Duke felt impulse to economy. Then flashed upon him memory of the contemporary magnate and public benefactor,

Mr. BROWN, who of his great bounty

Built this bridge at expense of the county.

The Duke would build the churches at the expense of the parish, and then magnanimously, regardless of expense, present them to the parishioners. Moreover, he got Acts of Parliament passed whereby the parishioners were for ever engaged to support the churches. Then the good Duke, feeling he had not lived in vain, folded his hands across his breast, and was gathered to his fathers.



BEHIND THE ARRAS!

Lord H-g-h C-o-l is discovered and drawn into the light of day!



TWO OLD PARLIAMENTARY DOGS.

Toby, M.P. (to "Billy," the Speaker's Bull-dog). "Needn't look so down in the mouth, old man! We shall soon get away now!

"Mon Billy! doux! O mon très cher Billee!
I'm off!—No moor! My bark is on the sea."

This is JOHN BRUNNER's historical narrative. Must be taken with grain of salt necessary in tasting dishes about Dukes prepared by Radical cooks. However it be, Marylebone parishioners, in spite of abolition of Church Rates, are to this day compelled to pay rates in respect of parish churches. Bill introduced to commute the tax by payment of lump sum. Dead set made at it from Radical camp. Paper bristling with amendments. To-day notice appears of two Instructions to Committee. When about to be called on, discovery made that Committee have finished their work, reporting Bill without amendment.

"A thoroughly disreputable trick," said LLOYD GEORGE, translating without circumlocution from the Welsh.

It was here that BOULNOIS displayed the shocked look that varied his ordinary serenity. "I am surprised," he said, "at the language of the hon. Member."

It was indeed shocking. BOULNOIS comforted with knowledge that he had carried through the little affair about the churches.

Business done.—London University Bill read a third time and passed.

Tuesday.—Never saw PRINCE ARTHUR so suddenly, utterly, depressed. At question time quite brisk; more than usually successful in saying as little as possible with appearance of taking anxious inquirer into fullest confidence. Not been the same man since Mullingar loomed on the stage.

PATRICK O'BRIEN, having put on a new necktie, a clean shirt-front, and a kummerbund, dragged in Mullingar. It appears that the Mullingar Board of Guardians, regarding a speech delivered by HAYDEN, M.P., on the Irish Local Government Bill as "anti-clerical," have, in accordance with irresistible rules of logic, resolved to withhold insertion of their advertisements in Mr. HAYDEN's newspaper.

"This," says PATRICK O'BRIEN, momentarily rousing himself from the mincing

air and manner superinduced by his fashionable apparel, "is the worst case of attempting to intimidate a Member of this House I ever heard of."

PRINCE ARTHUR admitted that it was indeed blood-curdling. But what would you? What could be expected of Mullingar? Leave the Guardians wrapped about in the obscurity of the contempt that every right-minded man must feel for them. In the dead unhappy night, when the rain is on the roof, Remorse, naked-handed, will stalk through the alleys of Mullingar, and smite the white soul of each shuddering Guardian of the Poor.

Thus PRINCE ARTHUR (or something like this), anxious, above all things, to get on with business. REDMOND *ainé* not to be put off with fine words which butter no Guardians. HAYDEN one of his small but select party. Useful thing to let Ireland see it is not to be touched with impunity. So insisted upon having his pound of flesh cut out of the miscreant Mullingars.

House had uneasy consciousness that it never touches question of privilege without making itself ridiculous. If it passed resolution declaring conduct of Mullingar Guardians breach of privilege, other steps must follow. "Surely," said PRINCE ARTHUR, in anguished tone, "you don't want to have the Mullingar Board of Guardians brought to the Bar of the House?" "Pass the resolution, and we'll see what follows," said REDMOND *ainé*. Whereupon the Lord of Legions, with miserable knowledge of the risk he ran, of the absurd quandary he was preparing for the House, humbly, unaccountably, consented.

"Why did I do it?" snapped PRINCE ARTHUR, turning almost angrily upon me, one of his oldest friends;

"It is the very error of the moon,
She comes more nearer earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad."



He. "REALLY, I ENJOYED MY WALTZES WITH YOU AWFULLY. I FELT THAT, WITH YOU FOR A PARTNER, I COULD WALTZ TO—ER—TO—ER—CELESTIAL REGIONS!"

She. "AH!—YOU SHOULD SEE ME 'REVERSE'!"

Business done.—The House of Commons solemnly denounces the Mullingar Board of Guardians as guilty of Breach of Privilege.

Thursday.—House talking for two hours with rising passion about some one's iniquity in connection with Provisional Order Bill. As far as I can make out the matter, Bill as it passed earlier stages approved a particular site for a Board School called "plan 10." When Bill came up for report stage it was found that plan 10 had disappeared; gone in the night; swallowed up by an earthquake.

Yes, but Radical Members want to know Who made the earthquake? Suspicion first fell upon JOHN O' GORST. Then Röntgen rays turned on Chairman of Ways and Means. Traces clearly visible of a hand, recognised as his, in act of striking out the clause. That seemed conclusive. But ROBSON, Q.C., trained in criminal cases, perceived, and pointed out to startled House, shadowy figure of another hand directing Chairman's. Whose was that?

As ROBSON, Q.C., fulminated this inquiry, his eye, accidentally as it seemed, fell upon HUGH CECIL, seated in sacerdotal attitude below gangway opposite. A moment's pained pause. Then Lord HUGH lifted his tall form, and like a Cecil—told the truth. He had had no direct communication with Chairman of Ways and Means, but had certainly "conversed" in ordinary way with Vice-President of Council, and—and—well, plan 10 had disappeared from the Bill, and there would be one School Board school the less in London.

Upon that fact Lord HUGH openly gloated. Members opposite squirmed, but

they liked the young lord's frankness and his courage. At same time, when fresh Provisional Orders affecting school sites are about, an eye will be kept on HUGH CECIL.

Business done.—PRINCE ARTHUR hears with sigh of relief that Mullingar has magnanimously resolved not to take advantage of the blunder into which he was on Tuesday entrapped.

Friday.—How fleeting are the pleasures of life! How short its satisfactions! Here's the Mullingar business, after all, not finally laid. P. O'BRIEN informed shuddering House that there is reason to suspect the Board of Guardians' retreat was merely strategic. Going to wait till Parliament prorogued; then, with no fear of privilege penalties before them, they will withhold their advertisement from HAYDEN, M.P.'s newspaper.

House hopes no one clad in human form could be so iniquitous; but PATRICK is positive. "If they do," he said, even he shrinking from more directly specifying the crime, "I'll bring every one of them here next Session, and the person who inspired them to action."

The prospect of P. O'B. dragging in the Mullingar Guardians by his kummerbund, laying them out one by one at Bar of the House, and then going in search of "the person who inspired them to action," steeped the House in gloom.

Business done.—PRINCE ARTHUR wishes there weren't no such place as Mullingar.

CRUSTACEANA.—Lobsters are always appreciated at regattas on the Thames, but not crabs.

A COWES WEEK EXPERIENCE.

Monday.—Dear old BLUEWATER—what a good fellow he is!—asks me to join his yacht, the *Sudden Jerk*, for Cowes week. Never been yachting before.

Tuesday.—Arrive Ryde Pier, correctly (I hope) "got up"; blue serge, large brass anchor buttons, and peaked cap. Fancy BLUEWATER rather surprised to see how *au fait* I am at nautical dress. "Ah! my dear fellow, delighted to see you. Come along, the gig is lying alongside the steps. One of the hands" (why "hands"? "shall look to your traps." We scramble into gig and are rowed out to 50-ton yawl. Climb up side. BLUEWATER says, "Come below. Take care—two steps down, then turn round and— Oh! by Jove! what a crack you've caught your head. Never mind, old boy, you'll soon get accustomed to it." Devoutly hope I shall not get accustomed to knocking my head. Arrive at foot of "companion" (why "companion"? stairs. BLUEWATER pulls aside curtains and says, "There you are!" Reply, "Oh! yes, there I am. Er—is—do you lie on the shelf—oh! berth, is it?—beg pardon—or underneath it?" He explains. "You'll find it very jolly, you know; you can lie in your bunk, and look right up the companion to the sky above." "Oh! awfully jolly," I say. We repair on deck. Get under weigh to run down to Cowes. Dear old BLUEWATER very active. Pulls at ropes and things, shouting "leggo your spinach and broom," and other unintelligible warcries. Stagger across deck. Breeze very fresh. "Lee oh!" shouts BLUEWATER; "mind the broom!"—or it might have been boom—and next moment, am knocked flat on my back by enormous pole.

Arrive Cowes. Crowd of yachts. Drop anchor for night. Go below, damp face in tiny iron basin; yacht lurches and rolls all the water out over new white shoes. Enter saloon, tripping over some one's kit-bag at the door. Try to save myself by clutching at swing-table, which upsets and empties soup tureen all over my trousers. Retire, change, return. Host and I sit down and proceed to chase fried soles backwards and forwards across treacherous swing-table. "Now, my dear fellow, isn't this jolly? Isn't this worth all your club dinners?" Reply "Oh, yes," enthusiastically. Privately, should prefer club in London. Weather gets worse. Try to smoke. Don't seem to care for smoking, somehow. Feel depressed, and ask dear old BLUEWATER to describe a sailor's grave. Tries to cheer me up by saying, "Don't waste the precious moments, my friend, on such sad subjects. You are not born to fill a seaman's grave. There's a class of man not born to be drowned, you know." Then he laughs heartily. Try to smile; fail. Pitching and rocking motion increases. Retire early and lie down on shelf. Fall off twice. Manage to reach perch again. Weather gets worse. Shall never sleep with noise of trampling on deck and waves washing yacht's sides. Shall never— Sudden misgiving. Am I going to be—? Oh! no, must be passing dizziness. It cannot possibly be. . . . IT IS!!!

Am rowed ashore, bag and baggage, next morning. Dear old BLUEWATER tries to keep me from going, and says, "What, after all, is sea-sickness?" Dear old BLUEWATER must be an ass. Confound old BLUEWATER!

* Qy. spinnaker boom.—Ed.



Nurse. "TOMMY, THERE'S SOME JAM ON YOUR CHEEK."

Tommy (with interest). "THERE ISN'T ANY WORTH EATING, IS THERE?"

DARBY JONES ON LAND AND SEA RACING.

HONOURABLE SIR,—During my sojourn on the Sea, my thoughts have nevertheless turned with the Persistency of a Lover to the Main Attraction of *Terra Firma*. Need I say that I refer to the Sport of Emperors, Kings, Grand Dukes, Noblemen, and the Baser Herd? This Yacht-racing business seems to me a Poor Thing compared with the Diversion of the Turf. From the point of view of an Owner, I consider that the Marine Competitions are ridiculous; from that of the General Public, valueless. Let me illustrate my meaning. A Sportsman such as the Duke of PORTLAND, Mr. HARRY McCALMONT, or Mr. GUBBINS, invests a pile of Spondulicks in buying or breeding and training a Colt of Merit. This animal he enters for all the most Valuable Contests possible. If the Quadruped be of First-rate Quality, he not only recoups his Proprietor for his outlay, but also places many Thousands of Pounds to his credit at his Bankers in *Stakes alone*. I make no reference to profits to be made from the Wagering

Ring. Even a Duke does not object to his Fiscal Account being enlarged, and Millionaires rejoice to be able to alleviate the necessities of their Poorer Brethren with their gains. After his Turf Career is over, the Horse is still remunerative, either as the Progenitor of other Highflyers in Great Britain, or as a Costly Article eagerly sought after by Foreign Governments or American Klondikers. The First-class Racehorse, then, has done more than paid for his Education and Grub. He has been an Investment of considerably more value than one in the Three per Cents. Moreover, he has been "a Boon and a Blessing" to those who have followed his Career, and have not hesitated to stake Coin of the Realm on his chances of Victory.

Let me now turn to the Waves. A Rich Gentleman, partial to Canvas Struggles on the Briny, causes a Yacht to be built, with which he proposes to sweep the Seaboard of its prizes. I am given to understand that, apart from the A or No. 1 Expenditure concomitant with the Construction and Equipment of the Bark, he must spend Ten or Twelve Thousand Golden Shekels

per annum in keeping the vessel going. And what does he win with his Argosy, should she turn out to be an ocean *La Flèche*? Perhaps a few hundreds of pounds, which are handed over to the Greedy Mariners who navigate the Yacht, and a collection of Silver Pots not to be estimated by any Honourable Pawnbroker at one-fourth the value of the Gold Cup at Ascot. As to Bets, they are NIL, except when an inexperienced Sprat like myself is swallowed by a voracious Shark, such as Captain KRITERION. Pshaw! And of what use is the most famous of these Cutters, Yawls and Schooners after, say, a couple of years, when craft of newer design have clipped her wings? "Firewood" appears to be the only sane answer. Far be it from me to depreciate Yachting as a Pastime like Coaching, Cricket, Football, Quoits, or Shove-halfpenny, but as a Racing Medium—no, Sir, 'tisn't good enough for

Your Devoted Dry-bob,
DARBY JONES.

HISTORICAL EXAMINATION PAPER.

(Answers by Master Bob returning for Holidays.)

Question. Who was JULIUS CÆSAR? Give some account of his invasion of Britain.

Answer. There was no such person as JULIUS CÆSAR; and even if he had existed, there would have been no such place as Britain in his time.

Q. Give a short account of the establishment of the Saxons in England.

A. Know nothing about the facts, but fancy they came from Germany.

Q. Who was WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR?

A. Why, the Conquering WILLIAM.

Q. Why was WILLIAM THE SECOND called RUFUS?

A. Because it was a deuced good name for him, and no one could think of any other.

Q. Why was RICHARD THE FIRST called CŒUR DE LION?

A. Because it was rather the thing to talk French in those days.

Q. Give a short account of the signing of Magna Charta.

A. It was done with a pen and ink.

Q. What were the Wars of the Roses?

A. Probably the first attempt at a "battle of flowers."

Q. What do you know about HENRY THE EIGHTH?

A. That there were seven other Henries in front of him, and he had a history.

Q. Who were the STUARTS and what did they do?

A. Most respectable Johnnies. A lot of things.

Q. What gracious remark did CHARLES THE SECOND make on his death-bed, and what occasioned it?

A. "What rot!" And probably he said it because some idiot had bothered him as some other idiot wants to bother me. But he won't! Good-bye.

Had Him There.

Would-be Wag (to Stern Gambler). Now, you're always playing at something. What do you suggest as a good fireside game—"Cricket on the hearth"?

Stern Gambler (promptly). No, Sir; "poker."



"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

Promoter. "Um! They cost a lot, but I suppose they're worth it."

"Kind hearts are less than coronets and simple faith in Norman blood."—(*Lady Clara Vere de Vere adapted to the occasion.*)

HOUSE VERSUS GROUSE.

THE House is a blank desolation—
Well, this is the moment for me
To startle the slumbering nation,
And let my constituents see
That while others, intent on mere pleasure,
Are tramping the heather for grouse,
I, faithfully watching each measure,
Still stick to my post in the House.

Yet, London is horribly stuffy,
And Members who chance to be there
Are all far too hot and too huffy
To relish my eloquence rare.
What's China, or what's Vaccination?—
Sometimes when addressing the House,
I think there is worse recreation
Than tramping the heather for grouse.

O Duty! O Vaulting Ambition!
How I tremble and crimson and blench
When I dream of a splendid position
On the front ministerial bench.
Yes, office!—Stop!—Hills! Heather blow
ing,
The moor where the hawk strikes the
mouse—
But a title?—Yes, dash it! I'm going—
No, I won't—yes, I will—to the—?

TIPS FOR TRAVELLERS.

(Strayed from a Ladies' Journal.)

FLOSSIE.—Yes, the tour you sketch
sounds delightful, including as it does
Paris, Brussels, most of Switzerland, and
the Italian lakes. But I'm not sure
whether you will be able to accomplish
this, as you propose, at a cost of £3 17s. 6d.
Your scheme of labelling yourself and
travelling by goods train is original, but
perhaps not quite feasible. Why not try
Southend for this year?

PHILANTHROPIST writes to recommend
Sandiford as a delightful holiday resort.
The climate is delightful, the scenery
lovely, and the accommodation at the
"Black Swan" absolutely unrivalled. My
readers may place implicit trust in this
recommendation, since "Philanthropist"
is himself, I understand, the proprietor of
the "Black Swan."

RECLUSE.—Yes, I quite understand your
wants—some place out of the beat of the
ordinary run of tourists, and where you
won't be pestered by excursionists. Un-
fortunately, the only means of finding such
a spot nowadays would be to join the next
Polar expedition.



Mick ("Boots" at the Ballyragg Hotel, knocking at Visitor's door at Four A.M.). "FWHAT
TOIME WUD YE WISH TO BE CALLED THIS MORRNUN', SORR!"



SHAKESPEARIAN MOTTO FOR AUGUST 12.

"Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor!"
Titus Andronicus, Act II., Sc. 3.

THE SCHOOLGIRL ABROAD.

[MRS. CREIGHTON, addressing the girls of Ken-
sington High School, said the study of botany
would help them to enjoy the beauties of nature.]

DEAR girl, who profit as you ought
When scientifically taught
By able teachers,
When on your holidays you go,
Nature to your trained eyes will show
Undreamt-of features.

While on some bank of moss or fern
Your sisters idle glances turn,
Then idly press on,
That self-same spot, by you if seen,
Yields to your observation keen
An object-lesson.

You give no vulgar admiration
To wallflower, lily or carnation
That decks the border;
Each flower you skilfully dissect
To wrest its secrets, and detect
Its class and order.

Beside the river bank (poor boy!)
Your brother, with a puerile joy
That never varies,
A primrose plucks—a flower to him—
To you, dear child, it is a *prim-
ula vulgaris*.

So not an incident or sight
Shall meet your gaze from morn to night,
But dexterous turning
Therefrom occasions will procure
Of showing off to others your
Superior learning.



ILL-OMENED.

Mr. Grouse (who is being chaffed by his cousin, Mr. Partridge, at the outskirts of the moor). "OH, YES, IT'S ALL VERY WELL FOR YOU TO SIT SMIRKING THERE; BUT, I CAN TELL YOU, IT'S DOODED UNPLEASANT FOR OUR BRANCH O' THE FAMILY, THE TWELFTH FALLING ON A FRIDAY!"

Bismarck.

BORN, 1815. DIED, JULY 30, 1898.

PRINCE of the iron heart and iron hand!

Lo, Death, thy single victor in the fight,
Urges against thee now thine own demand,
The claim that Might is Right.

Yielding, thou hast the best of all awards,
Peace from the strife in which thy prime was spent,
Purer than any purchased by the sword's
Bloody arbitrament.

And there thy Kaiser haply thou shalt see,
Dear object of thy high Imperial schemes,
And dearer by the change that banished thee
To memory's lonely dreams.

With him in Europe's history enrolled,
Thy work, the Empire, shall forget thee not,
When those that scorned thy service, being old,
Themselves are clean forgot!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THERE has been recently brought out by Messrs. GEORGE BELL AND SONS, a most dainty pocket edition, in "one small volume and no more," of HANS HOLBEIN's celebrated *Dance of Death*. With what grim, satirical touch would not HOLBEIN have added an anti-vaccination cut to his series! The introductory note by AUSTIN DOBSON gives additional interest to this *livrette de luxe*.

Excellent got-up, and clearly printed is the very handy series of "The Temple Dramatists," brought out by J. M. DENT & Co. The latest addition to this issue is *Edward the Third*, a play to which it is impossible to doubt that SHAKESPEARE was a contributor. Mr. G. C. MOORE SMITH, the present editor,

is of this opinion, though against him are ranged some of the most learned Shakspearian critics. Act II., Scene I., is worthy of SHAKESPEARE. The idea of a lover employing a poet to make love for him to his inamorata, is the chief motive of *Cyrano de Bergerac*. A coincidence. *King Edward* is the lover, and *Lodowick* is the poet.

K. E. Hast thou pen, ink, and paper ready, *Lodowick*?

Lod. Ready, my liege.

"Then," says *King Edward* to him, "drop into poetry" (this phrase does not occur in the play), whereupon *Lodowick* inquires:—

"To whom, my lord, shall I direct my style?"

Whereupon *King Edward* tells him to address his poetic effusion to the Countess of SALISBURY; but as it eventuates that *Edward the Third* is a better hand at "lyrics" than the professional gentleman whose services he has engaged, the King, after severely criticising the efforts of the hired poet, cries,

"Love cannot sound well but in love's tongues;

Give me the pen and paper, I will write."

Just as *Lady Macbeth* impetuously exclaims "Give me the dagger!" We trust there are many more as interesting volumes as this latest production from "The Temple Dramatists."

Something gorgeous in the way of journalism *de luxe* is the English edition of *La Mode Artistique*, entitled, *The Powder Puff*. Queens, Royal Highnesses, Princesses, and Duchesses patronise it, so it requires no "puff" from the Baron, to whom, as a compliment to the Baroness, the number for July has been forwarded. Oh, the wonderful women with the fanciful figures and waspish waists! And the bathing ladies! Why not dress the entire ballet of *baigneuses* in *Les Huguenots* after the fashion shown at page five? Then there's a scene in the *salle à manger* of that hotel in Paris, into which, on account of its ominous name, not even the most unprincipled debtor would dare to venture, *viz.*, the Hôtel "Ritz." The coloured fashion-plates are charming, especially the *toilette de campagne créée pour Madame de P*— (is it *La Princesse de Petits-Pois*?), in which the wearer must feel herself so free and easy, that were she to change her present attitude the effect might be fatal. On second thoughts, this work shall not reach the Baroness's eyes, otherwise there might be a financial crisis in the City. "The Powder Puff, *chez moi*, must be discreetly bestowed, as powder puffs generally are," quoth the judicious BARON DE B.-W.



EARLY MORNING MARKETING.

Sarah Jane. "I DO BELIEVE, MUM, AS WE'RE THE ONLY LADIES IN THE PLICE!"



5

BISM

JUL



SWAIN Sc

RCK.

1898.



WITH ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME.

THE BIGGLESBY FAMILY FIND IT IMPOSSIBLE TO HAVE THEIR USUAL HOLIDAY AT THE SEASIDE THIS YEAR, BUT WITH THE AID OF A FEW CARTLOADS OF SAND, AND A LITTLE IMAGINATION, THEY MAKE THE BEST OF CIRCUMSTANCES IN THEIR BACK GARDEN.

LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'AFFICHE.

I.

THERE was a Time—inadequately sung—
When this extremely hoary World was young;

When none had learned, to any marked extent,

How sweet the uses of Advertisement,
Which, like the ugly toad, as someone said,
Still wears a useful jewel in his head.
Blest Age! ere Modesty was yet a jade,
When even Authors loved the lowly shade;
And sooner would have sunk inside the tomb

Than urge the loud preliminary boom!
No writer cared to sketch himself from life,
Or tell the World how much he loved his wife;

No interviewer claimed the current prices
For painting chaste suburban Paradises,—
The lady-novelist among her flowers,
The playwright plotting in his rural bowers.
Waiving alike their private woes or whims,
They sat apart composing local hymns;
And called themselves, in fine contempt for fame,

By HOMER's (or another person's) name.
No publishers would wax exceeding stout,
Because there were no publishers about;
And consequently nobody decreed
That sort of stuff was proper stuff to read.
No enterprising literary sweaters
Assumed the thoughtful air of Men of Letters,

Or posed as patrons of the gentle Arts
Because they sold a tale in monthly parts.

No rising genius would hang his wall
With ancestors that never lived at all;
Or deem his *penetralia* incomplete
Without a parent made in Wardour Street.
No snob would tell his neighbour Who was Who,

Because the other party always knew;
And people seldom spoke of blood and birth,
When all were relatives of Mother Earth.
No Baronet was seen to draw his sword
Upon the offspring of a legal Lord;
Or went for bogus Barts. with naked fist,
Seeing that titles did not then exist.

In brief, the Earth was full of fair content
Before the d——l devised advertisement!
But of the subsequent decline to speak
Will take us more than one ensuing week.
For 'tis, indeed, a very wide, wide World
At which our homely paper-dart is hurled,
Embracing many an intermarried tribe—
The pushing faddist and the puffing scribe,
The leading histrion, the lobby-hack,
The lying sportsman and the social quack,
The climbing orator, the *nouveau riche*,
Le Monde—as we may say—où l'on s'affiche.

"Sortes Virgilianæ."

EVIDENTLY, says Our Own Schoolboy,
the poet was prophetically alluding to
vaccination when he wrote,

"Arma virumque cano!"

which, regardless of gender, Our Advanced
Scholar thus translates, "I sing of arms
and *virus*."

CAGED BIRDS.

["Do not separate the couples. Give them time to
make up their differences, and they will soon settle
down."—*Advice on Canary Breeding.*]

Birds in their cages disagree,
And much resemble you and me,
Birds in their cages mope and mew,
Reminding me, my dear, of you.

Birds in their cages pluck out plumes,
First one, and then the other, fumes,
Birds in their cages fret and fuss,
In fact, they quite resemble us.

Birds in their cages take delight,
Like common married folk, to fight,
Birds in their cages, slang to speak,
Come for decisions to the "beak."

Birds in their cages will at last,
Like us, forget about the past,
Birds in their cages find it best
To live in peace and mind their nest.

ANOTHER "W. G."—The Great GUNN of
Notts. WILLIAM GUNN has been playing
for eighteen years in first-class matches.
This GUNN ought to be loaded—with
honours, before he goes off.

Up and Down.

WELLDON of Harrow resides on a hill,
And till he's a Bishop he'll live there still.
But when he's a Bishop, as Bishop he'll be,
He'll come down the hill and he'll go to
the See.



"I SAY, BILL, WOT'S A PRODIGAL!"

"WHY, A PRODIGAL'S A SORT O' COVE AS KEEPS ON COMING BACK!"

THE NEW B.A.

THE *Medical Press and Circular* considers that hair-cutting and shaving operations should be conducted scientifically by a barber with "a smattering of anatomy and physiology," and some idea of "manipulating the microscope."

A Tonsorial Tripos, to confer the degree of "B.A.," or "Barber of Arts," may be expected at Cambridge for the benefit of distinguished foreign artists. The following is the preliminary paper, communicated, under cover, to Mr. Punch:—

1. Draw a diagram of the facial tracts, indicating where you usually find the carotid artery and the jugular vein.

2. Show how to probe for the hyoid bone, where the subject has a double chin. Is this operation in all cases really necessary? Give instances where it may be obviated.

3. Point out the advantages of a knowledge of physiology in cranial manipulation; e.g., demonstrate the quickest way (a) to drown, (b) to freeze, a patient while he is being shampooed.

4. What physiognomical peculiarities indicate that a client (i) has cut lectures that morning; (ii) lives over a boot-shop in Green Street; (iii) has fifteen photographs of Miss _____ (the reigning Varsity actress) on his mantelsheff?

5. What is the exact phrenological meaning of the phrase "to make a bump"?

6. Why is it necessary to use a short-focus object-glass and high-power lens in treating the upper lip of a freshman?

7. How would you manipulate the English language, so as to impart freshness to the statements (i) that a customer's hair is getting thin; (ii) that you have exactly the needful corrective.

8. Give an ocular and oral demonstration on a bald old gentleman's head of your general knowledge of civil engineering, spherical trigonometry, hydraulics, landscape-gardening, phlebotomy and tommyrotomy.

FABULA NARRATUR DE TEA.—When it was publicly announced that Sir THOMAS LIPTON was building a yacht in order to compete for the America Cup, there was a rush to Mr. Punch's office to suggest something about "hoping there would be no slip 'twixt Cup and Lip-ton." It has been done before, and will probably be perpetrated again. But *à propos* of Sir THOMAS, would it not be best for him (and for those writing about him), invariably to sign himself, not "Sir THOMAS," but "Sir 'T.' LIPTON"?

IT SOUNDS LIKE IT.—Is "General WHEELER," of whom we have recently heard so much, a distinguished bicyclist?



A RISING WATERING-PLACE.

STONE-BEACH-ON-SEA. THE SEASON MAY NOW BE SAID TO BE IN FULL SWING. THIS MORNING A SINGLE-HANDED NEGRO ENTERTAINER GAVE HIS PERFORMANCE ON THE SANDS TO QUITE FIVE PEOPLE.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, August 1.
—Something truly pathetic about look and bearing of Mr. CALDWELL. Prorogation cannot now be long postponed. If on this day fortnight JAMES were, by force of habit, to take a penny 'bus as far as it would carry him from Holland Road in the direction of Westminster Bridge, intent on holding forth to a wretched audience on the subject of the financial relations of England and Scotland, upon fixity of tenure, upon the superannuation of ele-

bloodless character of rules governing debate in House of Commons that a man is positively permitted to make only one speech at the second reading stage of a Bill! It may be as long as he likes, and Mr. CALDWELL, once on his legs, usually likes. But opportunity is strictly defined. When proposal to read a Bill a second time has been made, a Member may move the adjournment of the debate, talking at length thereupon without imperilling his privilege of later delivering another prodigious speech on the main question. So on Saturday, when artless PRINCE ARTHUR put forward second reading of Superannua-

Business done.—Merrily clearing off arrears.

Tuesday.—"What I like about YERBURGH," says SARK, "is his pluck in blurring out to the face of ministers what other of their supporters murmur behind their backs. In club or smoking-room, on Terrace or in the lobby, wherever two or three ministerialists are gathered together, you are sure to hear them speaking disrespectfully of the Foreign Minister, just as if he were the equator. When it comes to debate in the House, they sit silent. If any one ventures to put question to test of vote, they meekly obey gesture of

**SURELY A MISNOMER.**

Mr. F-r-b-g-h. "Well, whatever George Curzon may say, I'll be hanged if I call that an 'Open Door.'"

mentary school teachers regarded from the point of view of the Scottish law, he would find the door of the House shut in his face.

Close and heavy upon him looms the enforced silence of the Recess. For six long lean months he must needs shut up—at least, as far as public record goes. Remembers the old proverb about making hay whilst the sun shines. Will make speeches whilst the SPEAKER is in the Chair, and eke whilst an entirely unsympathetic Chairman of Ways and Means sits at the table.

Had a rare slice of good luck on Saturday. PRINCE ARTHUR, having spent a cheerful five hours in the Vaccination Hospital, proposed to run School Teachers' Superannuation Bill through second reading. Here was chance an eagle eye trained among the fastnesses of Milton on Campsie swiftly descried. Such is the

tion Bill, expressing hope that it might be disposed of in a brief space of time, JAMES—our JAMES, Scotland's JAMES—rising like a lark, carolled over the head of the wretched House for full twenty minutes, concluding by moving adjournment of debate.

Hapless ministers, feeling impossibility of keeping House sitting further through Saturday half-holiday, perforce consented. To-day Bill comes up again for second reading. JAMES also up again in his long frock coat, his face fringed with weak wan whiskers that have a curiously bored look, a dumb but eloquent appeal to passers-by to bring along a razor and deliver them.

As SARK acutely says, "We can, and indeed do, flee from the premises when we see JAMES rise. His whiskers must, perforce, remain and suffer."

Whips; not only go into the lobby as directed, but give the Whips silver cigar-boxes and gold match-boxes for sending them there."

I don't know nearly as much about these (or any other) things as SARK does. Suppose if it came to anything like critical division, YERBURGH would go the whole match-box—that is, he would vote with his party even if he thought his esteemed Leaders were in the wrong. However that be, he to-night stood up boldly to his pastors and masters on the Treasury Bench.

One of the veterans amongst them, GEORGE CURZON to wit, was shocked, even deeply pained. What he can't a-bear is the idea of a young Member, well groomed, respectably connected, Major of the second volunteer battalion Cheshire Regiment, one who has enjoyed the advantage of serving as private secretary to AKERS-



JESSE IN THE CHAIR.

Mr. C-daw-n. "Mr. Lowther, Sir—!"

DOUGLAS, but who has never travelled in Central Asia, Persia, Afghanistan, Siam, Hindo-China, Corea, not to mention the Pamirs, presuming to discuss questions of foreign policy. Worst of it was, YERBURGH showed he had thoroughly studied his subject, was able to express his views cogently, and stood up effectively to PRINCE ARTHUR, JOKIM, and GEORGE CURZON, when in turn they interrupted him. A most promising speech, delivered under exceptionally embarrassing circumstances with regard to hour of night and jaded condition of House.

Business done.—Foreign Office Vote reported.

Thursday.—"Thank Heaven for the House of Lords!" said HARRY CHAPLIN, mopping his massive but heated brow as, just now, he strode forth from the gilded chamber. Truly a great triumph for President of Local Government Board. For weeks been fighting the Anti-Vaccinists at Ephesus—represented at Westminster by the Grand Committee room. Brought in his Bill; triumphantly carried second reading; at later stage clause introduced whereby a man having conscientious scruples might, undeterred by penal consequences, prepare the way for spread of small pox. Electoral exigencies compelled Government surrender. The conscience, or small pox, clause included in Bill and sent on to the Lords. Ministerial majority in that House, regardless of the Whips, scored out the clause.

SARK says it was STANLEY OF ALDERLEY did it. Impossible for the strongest prejudice, the most loyal deference to party ties, to withstand his keen argument, his subtle irony, his flashing eloquence.

I suppose that's so; but I confess I didn't hear a word of the speech. When AILESBUURY had finished coughing out his observations, I saw a peer advance to table

on Opposition side. There followed an interval of something like ten minutes, during which noble lords sat in attitude of polite attention. Meanwhile the peer stood at the table, turning his head occasionally from side to side, now and then thumping the table, as if he had suddenly remembered something. Accompanying the pantomime was faint rumbling sound, as if some one was imprisoned in the cellar, and was wanting to know when they would let him out for refreshments. At the end of ten minutes the peer gave the table a conclusive thump and sat down.

I thought he had at last remembered the something he had been groping after. But SARK says it was STANLEY OF ALDERLEY either supporting or opposing the amendment, he didn't know which. However it be, the small pox clause was struck out and CHAPLIN revenged.

Business done.—Government defeated in Lords on Vaccination Bill by 40 votes against 38.

Friday.—FLETCHER MOULTON back again, *via* Launceston. In erudition, in scholarship, in intellectual force, the House, without taking thought, has added a cubit to its stature. Members all "unionist" in the hope that the brilliant undergraduate, who in his year cleared Cambridge of prizes, and has since captured a foremost position at the Bar, has come to stay.

Business done.—Resolve by 129 against 34 to disagree with Lords' Amendments to Vaccination Bill.

At Canterbury—A Fact.

First Stranger (reading bill). And who are "The Old Stagers"?

Well-informed Visitor. A lot of worn-out cricketers who've had to take to playing for a livelihood.

VICTORY (?)

["The time has now arrived when it is imperative for the I. L. P. to fight to win, and not to lose. . . . Mr. QUELCH scored 270 votes at Reading."—*Daily Paper.*]

"No longer shall the I. L. P.
Provoke your scorn or pity;
No longer shall the party be
A butt for Pressmen witty;
Another epoch's ushered in;
From this day forward we begin
A new régime—we fight to win!"
Declared the bold Committee.

We heard, and trembling like a flock
Of sheep, some danger dreading,
We wondered for what hidden rock
The country might be heading;
But, blest relief! we breathed anew,
Vanished our fears of revolution
When we learnt how Mr. Q.
Had "fought to win" at Reading.

HANDLING A SPADE IN THE "QUARTERLY."

—In the *Quarterly* for July, a reviewer, writing on "The Mycenaean Age," "The Greek Epic," and other works of light and leading literature, gives his principal attention to "The Spade in Prehistoric Greece." The interest of the reader is naturally aroused to know whether these *Antiquissimi Graeci* did "call a spade a spade," or whether they possessed any dexterous receipt for getting themselves out of the difficulty. The learned writer having found "reasonable links," will no doubt in some future number, while reserving his spade for a trump card, improve the occasion offered by "reasonable links" to discuss Antediluvian Golf. Then as a *sequitur*, Classical Cricket and Phœnician Football.

A CURE FOR THE SCORCHER.

[According to the *Medical Press*, a new disease has been discovered by a French physician, and named by him, "locomotor hysteria." The principal symptom of this malady is an uncontrollable desire to travel rapidly over the ground.]

Deal gently, Man in Blue,
Inflict no needless torture
With bâton or lasso
Upon the giddy scorcher!

Spare him the prison cell,
The handcuffs and the skilly,
If, minus brake and bell,
He coasts down gradients hilly.

Spare him, I pray, the Law's
Stipendiary terrors,
When once you've learnt the cause
Of headlong 'ARRY's errors.

Hysteria, of the sort
Called "locomotor" tersely,
Has seized the wheelman's sport
Pervasively, perversely.

Insidious, uncontrolled,
The malady has tricked him—
'Tis useless then to scold
A neuropathic victim!

THE GUINNESS DIVIDEND.—Nineteen per cent.! Bravo! Stout and substantial! Noble is this distribution of Guinness! They give away the pounds and let the shillings take care of themselves.

QUERY.—Instead of an Anti-Vaccination Policy, why doesn't the Government adopt an Anti-Vacillation Policy?



Mabel. "I THINK IT'S CRUEL TO SHOOT BIRDS RONALD."

Ronald. "THEN WHY DO YOU WEAR THE WINGS OF ONE IN YOUR HAT!"

DARBY JONES ON A LAMENTED DEATH AND TURF NOMENCLATURE.

HONOURED SIR,—Ever since escaping from the Hon. FLIPLATT, Captain KRITERION & Co. at Southampton under the plea (like officers during the Crimean war) of "urgent family affairs," I have rejoiced at my return to *Terra Firma*. I can surmise, Sir, that you will enquire "who was responsible for the hire of the Yacht?" I resent the probably enquiry, and indignantly, though ungrammatically, reply, "Not me"—distinctly Not Me. I took a train as quickly as I could to Kempton Park *via* Clapham Junction, and immediately returned with the joy of an Urchin released from his Seminary to Holiday Pleasure. Perish the Sea and all its Attributes. Give me the Land.

But Kempton Park was far from cheerful. You need not enquire why now. Mr. S. H. HYDE, the honoured and loved Secretary and Manager, passed away during the battling of the meeting of which he was both Creator and Director. His death caused a Thrill throughout the Gathering as powerful as was the beat of his Noble, Honest Heart. Mr. HYDE, Sir, was not only a Great but a Good Man. He had the Welfare of the Turf in view, even to

his own (apparent) Detriment. He surmounted obstacles more difficult to negotiate than those which he used in the Winter Season at Kempton. He made the Park what it is, the best race-ground in the world, and he was in the execution of his duty Fearless to do Right so that others should do no Wrong. My Miserable Muse is willing but unable to do justice to his memory, but a Bard, who shall be nameless, sends me the following lines:—

"Brave, honest soul! we ne'er again
Shall meet beneath the Kempton trees;
Together hear the glad refrain
Of thousands whom you sought to please!
But this at least we surely know,
A favourite you were to "claim"
Not in a "selling" race. Your name
Could not conceal the debt we owe
To Him who never had a foe!"

To sum up, Mr. HYDE found Kempton a wilderness, and left it an oasis in the desert.

It is time, Honoured Sir, that the Working Members of the Jockey Club should turn their Attention, when not occupied with the leasing of Desirable Lands round about Newmarket, to the Naming of the Flyers of the Turf. The British Public is a singularly Forbearing Animal, not altogether dissimilar from the Patient Animal

known as the Jerusalem Pony. But the B. P. likes to know its Methods of Progression. It strikes me, in the first place, that it reflects no credit on the ingenuity of an Owner of Racehorses to keep running a colt or a filly with no more *Definite Appellation* than that of *Oliver Twist* when he was admitted to the workhouse. To read that the Geranium Colt or the Gardenia Filly has run some contest at Lewes or Paisley is very misleading, when these same Quadrupeds figure later on as *Polyanthus* and *Stephanotis*. The *Racing Calendar* is not largely bought by the B. P., and HER MAJESTY'S permission is not needed for change of name. I am sorry to say that there are those who work this lax state of affairs to their own Profit. Equally pernicious is the system permitted of adding Roman Numbers to quadrupeds sharing the same name. I have read in the *Almanach de Gotha*, which I have perused (with the aid of a Dictionary, English-French), that there is a distinguished Teutonic Personage known as Prince HENRY THE SIXTY-SEVENTH of Reuss, a Territory subject to the will of the Father of the Fatherland. Far be it from me to decry the custom of this Ancient Principality, but in common with many other Frequenters of the Flat, I do demur to the Practice of the Princes of Reuss (a territory considerably less than that devoted to the Turf of Great Britain) being applied to Equine Candidates for Honours in our own Country. We are already in the Second Generation, *Bridegroom II.*, *St. Cloud II.* &c.; but where are we going to stop? We may come to *Bridegroom XXIV.*, and *St. Cloud XXXV.* I know, Honoured Sir, that there are Classic Scholars (such as yourself) who earn handsome incomes by standing Godfathers to this Colt or that Filly, but there the more do I contend that the Jockey Club should ordain—

1. That all horses must run under a given name.

2. That all owners should be forbidden to append numerals to such names.

This suggestion is not so controversial as the Conscience Clause of the Vaccination (Heaven help the Nation—never mind the Vaccine) Government Dilly-dally Bill, but it is COMMON SENSE.

With such sentiments, I remain,

Your Never-forgotten Pensioner,
DARBY JONES.

THE JADED JESTER IN AUGUST.

I COULD jest
With the best,
Or a jape
Put in shape;
And once on a time,
You'll allow,
Could fashion a rhyme—
But not now.

Blank my mind
Is, I find,
On my lips
No more quips;
'Tis awfully hot,
You'll admit,
I really cannot
Work a bit.

À BERLIN.—Although Berlin is "on the Spree," its cheerfulness is considerably discounted by "the Oder" in its vicinity.



"OUR MR. BERESFORD"

Commercial Travelling in China.

[¹] Lord Charles Beresford has assented to the request of the Chairman of the Associated Chambers of Commerce to go to China, in order to find out what are the prospects for the employment of British capital in that country. The Lords of the Admiralty have assented to the project. — *Daily Paper.*]

SONGS FOR THE NATION.

"Carmina, non leges!"—Horace.

Naval Songs.—The importance of good naval songs cannot be over-emphasised. Unfortunately, none are published which are *up-to-date*. The beautiful imagery of the older songs of the Dibdin type is no longer adequate in these days of ironclads and torpedoes. It is evident that the time-honoured expression, "shiver my timbers," must give way to "ram my protective plating," and so on, all along the line. There may be a loss from a sentimental point of view. DIBDIN'S "*Sweet Little Cherub*" would probably turn out something like this:

"There's a quick-firing gun that is perched up aloft

To look after the foes of poor Jack!"

It doesn't look exactly right.

JACK'S LOVE.

I LOVE a gal, I do.

'Cos why? Her name is NANCY!

I swear as I'll be true,
She says it's only fancy.

I says to her, "My dear,
Avast there, you're a beauty!
You've got no call to fear,
To love you is my duty.

"From out your conning-tower
Your search-lights gleam so brightly,
My heart they overpower,
They haunt me day-and-nightly.
Though I should steel my breast
With six-inch "Harveyed" armour,
'Twould never stand the test
Of your attack, my charmer!

"Just look me in the heye,
I ain't a dashed torpedo—
Now stow it, don't you cry,
There ain't a bit of need, oh!
My heart with love is hot
As any "Belleville" biler;
What makes you think it's not?
Cheer up, my pretty smiler!

"It rakes me fore and aft
To see you sad unduly,
Give up your little craft,
And join in with yours truly.
'Twin-screws,' we'll surely plough
Through life's rough sea together,
I'll run with you, I vow,
Come fine or stormy weather.

"If war should call for JACK,
You really must not worrit,
I'll face the foe's attack
From barrette, top or turret.
By thoughts of NANCY led,
No matter what befalls me,
I'll go 'full steam ahead'
Wherever duty calls me."

"SMALL BY DEGREES, AND
BEAUTIFULLY LESS."

(A Page from a Holiday-Maker's Diary.)

Monday.—Delighted with all I see. Capital band plays all the best music. Bathing admirable; just what I like. Drives most interesting; all sorts of historical spots worth visiting. Splendid library; make up for my neglect in not reading everything before. And such a good hotel! Cook evidently *cordon bleu*. Satisfied with everything.

Tuesday.—Certainly pleasant. But I do wish that band would move on. It might visit adjacent watering-place—and stay there—with advantage. Still, leaving out



She. "How is that Brother of Yours doing?"

He. "Oh, splendidly! He's just borrowed ten pounds from me."

the band, a very decent spot indeed. Not so very much to complain of.

Wednesday.—Think I was right to come. Find, however, that the bathing might be better. Machines of the old-fashioned sort and the water of third-rate attractiveness. Besides, remember that my doctor told me I was not to take a bath except with the chill off. Can't get chill off the ocean. Still, leaving out the band—which will play on—and the bathing, a fairly good resting-place. Not very much to complain of.

Thursday.—Tol lol! However, I can't stand the drives. Never came across such ramshackle flies in my life. And places of historical interest, indeed! Who cares a hang to see the alleged resting-place of CHARLES THE FIRST after his flight from Oxford. Great rot! Still, omitting drives, and the band—worse than ever!—and bathing, occasionally amusing. Not much to complain of.

Friday.—Still here! But, good gra-

cious! fancy counting upon the library as an attraction! Of all the out-of-date, unsaleable rubbish! Not a novel worth reading, and the rest impossible. Confess disappointment. Still, with the books left out, and the band—curse it!—banished, and the bathing and driving omitted, might possibly rub on. Not altogether dissatisfied.

Saturday.—Thank goodness, on the move. Could stand it no longer. Such a hotel! Row with everybody. Tough steak the last straw. So am off. Good-bye to the wretched resting-place, the beastly band—my worst imprecations upon it!—the health-destroying bathing, the revolting promenades, the rotten library. Farewell, a long farewell to them all. Satisfied with nothing!

THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA.
—A "NAT" annoying to the Russian Bear.



ABOUT RIGHT, TOO!

'Arry (on Tour in Norway). "SO THIS IS RIDING IN A STOLKJERRE, IS IT? WELL, I CALLS IT RIDING IN A JOLT-YER AND FRIGHTEN-YER!"

(?) FROM "FAR CATHAY."

At vast expense, we commissioned a (more or less) trusted correspondent to send us a brief account of some junk racing, which, he informed us, was quite the rage amongst the Chinese "*Jeunesse Dorée*." It runs thus:—

On my arrival in this far-off land, I met, by chance, a neglected native poet, UN-SUNG, who, together with a companion of his, accompanied me to the scene of the great aquatic contest, which is here known as the festival of Kowe-Sweek-Yot-ting. UN-SUNG kindly furnished me with the names of the competing junks and their owners, which I append:—

Junk.	Owner.
1. <i>Ayl-Sah</i>	SUN-OF-JIM.
2. <i>Sen-Tuh</i>	AYE-BU-SING.
3. <i>Bo-Nah</i>	DU-KEE-AB-ROO-SEE.
4. <i>Eyes-old-ah</i>	DON-ALD-SUN.

In gratitude for this, I invited UN-SUNG and his friend to moisten their celestial lips with some wiskisodah (native drink). Both he and his companion, TAY-KA-LONG-WUN, readily accepted, and we adjourned to a small refreshment house ("*Pub-lik*"), and there sipped this not ungrateful fluid. Under its influence, UN-SUNG lifted up his voice, and drawing a roll of closely-written manuscript, about four feet long, from his sleeve, proceeded to read me much of his life's work—more of his life's work, in fact, than I had any use for, at that moment. I told him I would call in and take the rest when I had a month hanging heavy on my hands. Then we went out and watched the noble junks hoist their great white sails aloft, and prepare for the start.

When all was at length in readiness, the Mandarin presiding over the Festival, and who was addressed as *Kom-ah-dor*, fired a signal gun (the recoil from which knocked him flat on his back, and sent his peacock's feather flying), and the competitors were despatched on their journey, or, in the quaint language of the people, were "*Un-dah-wai*." The junk belong-

ing to SUN-OF-JIM led, AYE-BU-SING's boat coming next. Great excitement prevailed along the shore where I stood, and order had to be preserved by the "*Bob-bais*," or native police. The junks were soon temporarily lost to sight, and then, whilst black-faced troubadours twanged on stringed instruments, and sang their native love songs, most of the people opened baskets and partook of the mid-day repast ("*Lun-Chon*"), this being washed down by copious draughts of *Ay-yah-lah-sec*, *Klee-Ko*, *Mo-Ay*, and other delectable drinks.

So cosmopolitan have I become from much travel, that, instead of wrapping myself up in my insular pride and prejudice, I determined to share their frugal repast, and to make myself one of them, so, selecting what looked like the party of a high-class Mandarin, I nodded genially to him, and taking from his hand the bottle from which he was helping himself to *Mo-Ay*, poured out a tumblerful and was raising it to drink his health, when, to my intense astonishment, it was dashed from my hands, and, almost at the same time, I seemed to be sitting on his foot for a brief moment, and then lying on my face with my nose buried in the crust of the puppy-dog pie. For an instant, I could hardly grasp the fact that I had been insulted ("*Kik-Tout*" in the vernacular). Not content with this, the Mandarin, who, I have since heard, belongs to the most exalted Order of the Royal "*Yots-Kwod-Ron*," commanded a *Bob-bai* to "*Yank-y-mout!*" and I was ignominiously conducted through the crowd by my collar. I explained to the almond-eyed follower of CONFUCIUS that if he would release me, I would bestow upon him a certain reward. I also informed him that I was a lone, unprotected male, far from home and friends and things, and whether it was my tale of woe or the tael of silver which I gave him, I cannot say, but the fact remains that he let me go.

Having got rid of TAY-KIM-UP, I returned, but avoided catching the eye—or foot—of the Mandarin who had treated me so inhospitably. The junk of AYE-BU-SING ultimately gained a victory over that belonging to DU-KEE, DON-ALD-SUN being third with *Eyes-old-ah*. Am just off to Peking. CHIN CHIN.

* Our Special's letter has every appearance of having been written some time ago, and therefore the writer may have been to China. But—it did not come by post, having been left mysteriously at our office by a lad who said there was no answer.—Eo.

"ANOTHER serious charge against ESTERHAZY."—So said the papers last week. His prospects are becoming Ester-hazier-and-hazier.

OSTEND.

WHEN my friend VANDERBLANK invited me to visit him in Ostend, he advised me to bring a bicycle. There are but few dangerous hills within five hundred miles of the town, and bicycle riding is, in consequence, safe and luxurious.

Arrive at Victoria with my bicycle, three bags, a bowler hat, and the usual bundle of coats and sticks. Find there a vast number of persons all similarly equipped, many having also boxes. Platform blocked with bicycles, bags, boxes, bundles and bowlers; carriages filled with them; racks overflowing. However, arrangements admirable, and there is even room somewhere for a number of trippers, with the minimum of luggage, who are going to spend a week in Lucerne for half-a-crown, or thereabouts. At Dover the waves are dashing over the pier.

Descend to the steamer's saloon, adorned with the efforts of Belgian art, and obtain a sandwich. As a work of art it is rather unsatisfactory. A sandwich provided by the Belgian Government, or by any civilized government, ought to be good. At least, it ought to be large, since the Belgians are always hungry, and cheap, since they are practical and frugal. But it is none of these. It is the worst sandwich that I have ever tasted or seen; it is the most expensive that I have ever heard of. It is a thick lump of old cab-horse, partially cooked, between two slices of detestable bread; it is not more than three inches square, and it costs sixpence.

Resolve to eat no more till I reach the villa of the hospitable VANDERBLANKS. Am hopefully hungry by the time we are in sight of Ostend. Am fairly famished when at last I grasp the friendly hand of VANDERBLANK on the quay. Expect that in a few minutes I shall be eating a "fivocklock" at his house. But no! The Belgian Government does not let me off so easily. It has done its best to make me uncomfortable with its sandwich, and now it has got hold of my bicycle. After about half an hour my bags have passed the Custom House, and VANDERBLANK is sitting with them outside in a *fiacre*, and then the fun begins.

In a very small space, choked up with bicycles, a crowd of angry and impatient English travellers and Belgian officials are pushing here and there. The English are too agitated to speak much French, the Belgians speak no English, and all the time they are asking each other unintelligible questions. In the midst of the crowd stands a stolid Fleming writing incessantly in an enormous book. To each one of us, after long waiting, he delivers an immense document, compared to which the last will and testament of a millionaire would be a mere trifle. It is the *Acquit de Transit* of the *Administration des Contributions Directes* for the *marchandises ci-après désignées, marquées et numérotées ainsi qu'il suit, savoir: Une bicyclette*. There is any amount of it, every word being given in French and in Flemish. There is also a receipt for the *Droits de douane*, a comparatively tiny document, though it is about as long as the lease of an English house. Meanwhile the train for Brussels has started, and the travellers who have missed it are furious. But the stolid Fleming continues placidly, until at last I pay my thirty francs, receive my documents, get them signed and countersigned, have my bicycle *plombée*, and rush out to the unfortunate VANDERBLANK, who is abusing the institutions of his native land with admirable impartiality. As for me, by this time I am simply starving.

So no more at present from the Rover, who is roving this time at a very little distance from London. ROBINSON THE ROVER.

THE TREASURY OF KNOWLEDGE.

(Fragment from an Educational Romance picked up on the Thames Embankment.)

THE Visitor asked the Contractor how much it would cost to erect the building.

"About £2,000, Sir," was the reply.

"Then, if I say £5,000, I shall be safe?"

"Safe—quite safe."

"And now, what will chairs cost?"

"Well, Sir, chairs are rather outside my line, but five shillings apiece should secure a serviceable article."

"Then if I say thirty shillings each, I shall again be on the right side?"

"Indeed, you will, Sir," returned the Contractor, earnestly. "You will leave an ample margin."

"And about copy-books? What should they cost?"

"About a shilling a dozen, I should think. But, again—"

"Then a shilling each would do very well?" interrupted the Visitor. "You think a shilling each would not be too low an estimate?"



LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

"D'YEAR AS 'OW OLD BOB OSBORNE 'AVE GIVE UP SHRIMPIN' AN TOOK TER WINKLIN'?" "WELL, I'M BLEST!"

"On the contrary, ample, ample. But—"

"Then there are the salaries of the teachers. What do you think they ought to be paid?"

"Again, Sir, I am afraid you are going beyond my knowledge. But, as a personal matter, I may say that a niece of mine would be delighted to earn eighty pounds a year."

"Then eight hundred should be liberal? We might put down the salaries at eight hundred."

"My dear Sir," protested the Contractor, "I really know nothing about these matters. But the building, shall I take that affair in hand?"

"No," said the Visitor, "why should you?"

"Why, did you not come here to order it?"

"Certainly not. I came here in the service of the public."

The Contractor was perplexed. What did his Visitor mean? Who could he be?

"No," returned the would-be servant of the public. "I am not mad, though the acts of my colleagues savour of insanity. I am asking all these questions and making all these estimates because I am in training for the Finance Committee of the School Board for London."

JEAMES JUNIOR ON HIS LEGS.

SIR,—I ear has it ave been said by some Honble gent in Parlymint as "thirty-three per cent. of calves were affected by tuberculosis." I copy the egstrack as printid in the *Times* newspaper. Xcuse me sir but the elegant shape of all the calves of the purfessional gentlemen as are hornyments to sassiety is not doo to hanythink unhealthy tho it may be aggeriwated by overstuffin wich is the contrairy of hartistick.

Yours,

Bilgravyer.

JEAMES JUNIOR.

P.S.—Ave jest seen a contrarydikshun wich says as dairy cows and cattle were meant not calves. But no matter. My statemint is not hafected.



THE DRAWBACKS OF TOURING IN FRANCE.

Jones (coasting down the hill at twenty miles an hour). "MERCIFUL HEAVENS! I WONDER WHAT'S THE FRENCH FOR 'GOOD OLD FELLOW!'"

LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'AFFICHE.

II.—THE MANX METHOD.

If one may credit what the bards record,
That Virtue's self was once her sole reward,
Then to the thoughtful student of to-day
It seems that some of us have gone astray.
And when we try to probe the crucial spot,
To touch the germ of this lamented "rot,"
We find the doctors, our supposed superiors,
Have quite forgot to dose their own interiors;
That those who teach in novel, play and poem
The paths of Virtue, so that fools may know 'em,
And therefore might, a little less than others,
Set bad ensamples to their simpler brothers,
Themselves purvey the Truth, the written sign,
For all the lucre they can lift per line.
Time was, before the art became a trade,
When authorship was rather lightly paid;

When just a paltry fiver was the price
Of MILTON's little thing on Paradise;
But, though I think that inwardly he swore
Because he failed to make a trifle more,
He would not ask aloud for further oof,
But, rich in Virtue's rubies, smiled aloof,
Deeming their value, nett, to be enormous,
Compared with baser gems from Ind or Ormus.

Nor did the best of writers then suspect
That they were Heaven's peculiar own elect,
Or wear the swollen head and pompous airs
Of persons who conduct the World's affairs.
Take SHAKESPEARE, now—the well-known man who wrote
A deal of poetry that people quote—
Having revealed some promise in his plays,
How did he spend his later manhood's days?
Did he appear on platforms in a wreath
With rows of paid reporters underneath?
Did he inflame the interviewer's heart
With lectures on Elizabethan art?
Or issue public bulletins upon
The operations he had undergone?

Did he engage his critics in a feud?
Or sit for several portraits? No; *he brewed!*
Brewed, too, for just the joy of making beer,
And not in order to become a Peer;
Brewed pecks of malt in that domestic haven
From which he took the title, Swan of Avon;
Although to him it never once occurred
That he resembled that engaging bird.
He wore his wisdom lightly as the air,
And wondered how it happened to be there;
Did not so much as mention in his will
One solitary product of his quill;
And left posterity to lie awake on
The question whether SHAKESPEARE wasn't BACON!

Next, please,—to illustrate the modern plan,
Observe the representative of Man!
(That is, the island, not the human race,
The Author's view not counting in the case)
Fair lies his home on yonder castled hill.
The tout's resort, the puffer's Rosherville,
For truly he must travel far to seek
A place to spend a more suggestive week.
There by the Master's side his hours are spent
Imbibing candid tips on self-content;
Of which he ultimately gets the gist
Type-written by the Master's actual fist;
Together with an incidental hint
That things like this look better still in print.

But when the compromising truth is out,
How all the blessed booming came about,
The Author asks: "Am I a Canine dog,
That I should urge my own revolving log?"
Alleges that he never, never thought
His confidence was being sold and bought;
If hospitality is thus betrayed,
The race is growing sadly retrograde!
And while a pretty interchange of blows
Peppers the Master's eyes and minion's nose,
And each apparently is taking pains
To drag the other's honour through the drains,
You find—so cleverly the thing is done—
The Master's Works a-selling by the ton!
This for the type of those that hawk their stuff
By process of the self-conducted puff.
Loud as the pillule-sign whose rude insistence
Shatters the nerves at almost any distance.

Scarcely Correct.

Lord Greenpark (to Mr. DE LA BOURSE, who has asked him to lunch at the City Athenæum Club). Are there any lady members?

Mr. De la B. Good Heavens, no! The aprons belong only to the Parent Institution in Pall Mall. (*After a slight pause.*) But the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street is, of course, an honorary member.

In the Smoke-room.

First Non-City Man. What does "Bank Rate unchanged" mean?

Second Ditto. Don't know exactly; but if the money goes out of the Bank as fast as it does out of my bank, the sooner there's a stop the better; otherwise there'll be no change at all soon.

[Sighs, and calls for something iced.]

TINTERN ABBEY TO BE SOLD.—Its name will be justified, as the owner will turn over tin by the sale.



THE NEW STAR OF INDIA.

RIGHT HON. A. BALFOUR. "OFF TO CALCUTTA! THEN, GOOD-BYE, OLD MAN. HOPE YOU WON'T FIND IT TOO HOT!"

RIGHT HON. G. CURZON. "WELL! AT TIMES WE'VE KNOWN IT TO BE FAIRLY SULTRY HERE. EH?"



SCENE—Village Agricultural Show. Ponies in the Ring.

Voice from the Crowd (to Groom on high-stepper). "LET HIS HEAD GO A BIT, MA LAD! LET HIS HEAD GO DOWN! CAN'T YER SEE HE'S A TRYIN' TO SCRAT (SCRATCH) IT?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WHEN the story of NANSEN's journey, *Farthest North*, was first published, it was, necessarily, issued at a price prohibitive save to "them as is rich and rides in chaises." Now, thanks to the business enterprise of Messrs. GEORGE NEWNES, we can all buy the book and read "like blazes." It is out, at moderate price, in two handsome volumes, with all the original illustrations, including a splendid map of the arctic circle. It is too late in the day to say anything of the profound interest of this wondrous tale. But my Baronite, turning over the familiar pages presented in nice new dress, is again struck by the rare literary faculty possessed and modestly displayed by NANSEN. Anybody could go and not find the North Pole. It isn't given to every one, especially a foreigner, to produce a masterpiece of writing in the English tongue. The Dedication to his wife is a pearl of a sentence, exquisite in its tenderness. Twelve words long, yet telling a life's story: "To her who christened the ship and had the courage to wait."

The fourth volume of THACKERAY's works (SMITH, ELDER) includes the *Memoirs of Barry Lyndon*, the *Fitz Booodle Papers*, and others less well known to the average reader. It brings Mrs. RITCHIE's recollections, being the story of her father's life, down to 1839-44. At this time the THACKERAYS were living at 13, Great Coram Street, Russell Square, the head of the household hard at work winning bread. THACKERAY, in addition to writing for *Punch*, *Bentley*, *Fraser*, and other periodicals, contributed to the columns of the *Times*, and the *Morning Chronicle*. His chief work of the period was *Barry Lyndon*, of which he seems to have got tired much sooner than does my Baronite. In his diary, written at Malta, on his famous journey from Cornhill to Cairo, there are pathetic entries testifying to weariness of the work. In a footnote to her charming chapter of biography, Mrs. RITCHIE tells a lovely story about an unnamed Lord Mayor. Dining at the Mansion House one night, THACKERAY observed his Lordship nodding to him in friendliest fashion. "I know you," said his genial Lordship, "HORACE TWISS." The author

of the *Life of Lord Eldon* was at the time well known in the London world, and a personal friend of THACKERAY's. But THACKERAY protested he was not HORACE TWISS. The Lord Mayor was not to be contradicted in the Mansion House. It finally came out that he mistook THACKERAY for DICKENS, whose *Oliver Twist* was then the talk of the town. By further mixing up the name of HORACE TWISS with that of DICKENS's hero, the Lord Mayoral mind, in waggish mood meet for a Mansion House dinner, showed THACKERAY how clearly he recognised him.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

A NOTE ON THE "LONG."

TO THE EDITOR OF "PUNCH."

SIR,—As the representative of the legal profession, I beg to address you on a popular fallacy. About this time of the year, when the Courts are up and the members of the four Inns are supposed to be on the wing, the public insist that practice at the Bar is not only pleasant and lucrative, but full of leisure. The fact that the wig-case contains its wig during two or three months out of the twelve is produced as evidence that counsel learned in the law, to put it colloquially, have an easy time of it.

Pray let me disabuse the public mind of so false an impression. Let me take my own case. I can solemnly declare (and my declaration will be supported by my admirable and excellent clerk, PORTINGTON) that I have every bit as much work to do during the Long Vacation as at any other period of the forensic year. Yours faithfully, (Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump-Handle Court, August 13, 1898.

WE have already had a short spell of summer. Odd that it should come directly after the visit to England of WINTER (Sir JAMES) from Newfoundland.

"THE RIGHTS OF CIVIL SERVANTS."—Tips. The more civil the servants the bigger the tip.



HER "FIRST."

Miss Nimrod. "OH, DEAR! HE'S POINTING! WHICH END DO I SHOOT AT?"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Miner searching for Love, is disappointed with his "claim" in Lunar regions.

I know that first I saw your face
Up in the Mountains of the Moon!
Dimpled with light of lofty grace,
Up in the Mountains of the Moon!
You beamed upon me from on high,
And made long and love and sigh,
And though so far you drew me nigh,
Up to the Mountains of the Moon!

You were so strong and I so weak,
Up in the Mountains of the Moon!
A flitting fay from peak to peak,
Up in the Mountains of the Moon!
Your glances made me brave and bold,
I felt like paladin of old,
Although the glaciers were so cold,
Up in the Mountains of the Moon!

The Gold of Love was what I sought
Up in the Mountains of the Moon!
The gold wherewith mankind is bought,
Up in the Mountains of the Moon!
I thought I'd found the precious ore,
To garner, cherish and adore
For ever and for evermore,
Up in the Mountains of the Moon!

But though your heart I may beseech
Up in the Mountains of the Moon!
I never may that gold mine reach,
Up in the Mountains of the Moon!

Smile on! To you I'm henceforth blind!
Some lesser light may be more kind,
On Earth a Klondike yet I'll find,
Far from the Mountains of the Moon!

ALL FOR HIT.

(A Romance of Lord's, the Oval, and elsewhere.)

"I TELL you I cannot accept the brief," replied the young barrister, in answer to the solicitations of the leading solicitor.

"But, my dear Sir, it will lead to fame and fortune."

"That may be," replied the young man, suppressing a sigh; "but I must do my duty."

The solicitor retired regretfully, and his place was taken by a celebrated publisher.

"You must stay on and finish that work, for that will double the balance at your bankers."

"No," returned the young man, "it is impossible; I have something more important to claim my attention."

And the publisher, crestfallen and sorrowful, retired.

"Accept this appointment and become a millionaire," urged a prince of finance, who had succeeded to the others. "All you have to do is to attend from Monday to Friday from 10 to 4, leaving on Saturday a couple of hours earlier."

Again the young man answered in the negative. He would not accept enormous

wealth, he would not secure worldwide fame.

"No," said he to his friends, in explanation. "You see, I have been chosen for my county eleven, and playing in my county eleven's matches must be my first, my only consideration."

And his friends, being fond of cricket and wanting to see a good score, cordially agreed with him.

THE REASON WHY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have heard many theories suggested for the adoption of the celebrated Conscience Clause by our Vaccillation Government. But I think that I am alone in having discovered the true reason. It is simply because our Lords and Masters are aware that the surplus and unproductive population needs thinning. We have no great war in immediate view. Russian arrogance in China notwithstanding. So the Conscience Clause affords a ready means of exterminating the untaxed classes. It is a great scheme, having only one drawback, viz., that while the dregs of humanity may sink to the bottom, the scum of the movement may seriously affect the top of Society. We only need Free Trade in poisons to make our future system perfect. Yours obediently,

BOANERGES BROWN.

Pitt House, Chatham.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday night, August 8.—Regarding prospect from strictly business view, if we must have ministerial crises, much better they should take place in the Lords than in the Commons. If it were the custom for Lords to issue trade circular, they would be justified in having the permanent "N.B.—Ministerial Crises conducted with punctuality and despatch."

When House met to-night, strongest Ministry of modern times was in tight place. The small pox clause, which PRINCE

gloomy GALWAY, the delapidated DE LA ZOUCHE, the fevered FEVERSHAM, angry ALDENHAM, pertinacious PORTSMOUTH, and grim GLENESK from the frozen North—each followed the other, shaking pennon and clashing mailed hands in despite of their Lord the MARKISS.

"The Thanes fly from me," the MARKISS murmured, looking round to see if anybody else wanted to say anything.

Nobody rising, least of all in support of the clause, up gat the Premier, and fronting fickle Fortune as if the jade still smiled upon him, delivered a perfect speech, just twelve minutes long, that seemed to leave nothing unsaid. Whole business, including

bly, GEORGE CURZON has won his way by sheer capacity and pluck to a ministerial position circumstances combined to make one of exceptional delicacy and difficulty. These very conditions that would have overcome a weaker man have completed his success, and paved the pathway of promotion.

Long ago, when the House used more or less indulgently to smile at his oratorical efforts made below the gangway, it was foretold on this page that GEORGE CURZON would "go far." I confess at the time of making that entry I did not think it would be all the way to Calcutta, to share the Viceregal Throne with a gracious lady,

**"IMITATION IS THE SINCEREST," &c.**

Now, if either of these gentlemen (Cap'en T-mmy B-wl-s, Mr. A-st-n Ch-mb-rl-n, and Mr. B-rtl-y) succeeded Mr. C-rz-n, with a very little trouble on their part the change (pictorially) could really be made scarcely perceptible!

ARTHUR, in deference to electoral exigencies, had grafted on Vaccination Bill, was, in spite of entreaty from the MARKISS, thrown out by majority of 2. The Commons reinstated it. Now Bill come back to Lords; next and final stroke of the game with them. Would they insist on elimination of clause, or would they surrender?

In analogous circumstances the Commons would have been thronged; seething with excitement. The Lords turned up just a hundred strong. Some acceleration of conversation, some flitting to and fro between ministerial bench and the ruled enclosure of Throne, within which stood PRINCE ARTHUR and other colleagues from the Commons. Nothing that would have suggested to uninformed looker-on that a principal measure of the Session was in dire peril. Peer after peer rose from centre of ministerial camp and preached revolt. The raucous Rookwood, the

division, over in an hour. Plenty of time for noble lords to take a turn in the Park before dressing for dinner. In the Commons, we should have made at least a long night of the job, and not altered its conclusion by a single vote.

Business done.—Lords, constrained by the MARKISS, eat the leek proffered by the contumelious Commons. By 55 votes against 45 undo what on Thursday they accomplished by 40 votes against 38. Vaccination Bill, transformed in its progress through Commons, now safe.

Tuesday.—Rumour current to-night that India is about to add to her boundless treasure possession of our GEORGE CURZON. He is, *on dit*, (who's *On!*) to go out as Viceroy in succession to Lord ELGIN. A glittering prize for a still young man. If proffered there will probably be, even in this wicked world, no voice raised in disparagement. Through a critical and, to begin with, not particularly friendly assem-

a Pearl of the West worthy of rare setting in the storied East.

Business done.—Appropriation Bill brought in.

Wednesday.—PRINCE ARTHUR, dropping remark casually in course of speech on affairs in Far East, confirms report that GEORGE CURZON is to be the new Viceroy of India. Yesterday he was with us for the last time, we listening to his answers all unknowing that he was making his last appearance as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. It is a way great statesmen have of withdrawing from the Parliamentary scene. So DIZZY went; so GLADSTONE walked forth, making no sign of farewell.

On all sides regret at the severance. India's gain our loss. P. and O. SUTHERLAND has a charming idea of paying a compliment to the new Viceroy. In the mighty P. and O. fleet is a steamer called the *Kaiser-i-Hind*, which, being translated, means *Empress of India*. The Chairman

proposes to re-christen the ship, calling her the *Curzon-i-Hind*.

Business done.—Appropriation Bill read a second time.

Thursday.—BASHMEAD ARTLETT, Knight, beholds his opportunity, and, as they say in France, will seize it by the hair. GEORGE CURZON's promotion makes vacancy at Foreign Office. Who so well able to fill the post as Sir BASHMEAD? Confidant of the SULTAN, mentor of the King of GREECE, custodian of the interests of the British Empire, protector of Swaziland, flatterer of Duchesses, descendant of men who went out in the *Mayflower* and came back in a Cunarder—who so competent to assist the MARKISS in making graceful concessions from the Foreign Office? Loaded with honours by foreign states, entertained to tea by the SULTAN (with a band playing in the back garden), hailed "SILOMO" by grateful but only partially clothed Africans, why should he lack honour at home?

He might look higher than an Under-Secretaryship. But it will serve to begin with, being, as we see, the open door to Viceroyalties. It is a happy chance for the Premier and the country that finds him disengaged at this particular juncture. Others may go off making holiday. BASHMEAD ARTLETT, Knight, will stay at home and await the inevitable summons.

Business done.—Appropriation Bill through Committee.

Friday.—Parliament prorogued.



Off for the Holidays!

HANDBOOK FOR THE MILITIA.

Question. You are out for your training about this time?

Answer. Taking "this time" to mean from late April to early September—yes.

Q. And during the remainder of the year you do nothing?

A. Besides wearing my uniform at a levee or fancy ball, practically nothing.

Q. Then you cannot consider yourself particularly useful from a military point of view?

A. On the contrary, I am of a diametrically opposite opinion.

Q. But surely this is not on all fours with common sense?

A. I am not so certain of that, when you take into consideration that a militiaman, in one of his days of training, gets over as much ground as that traversed by a regular in a week.



First Customer. "WAITER, A FRIED SOLE."

Second Customer. "BRING ME A FRIED SOLE, TOO, WAITER—AND MIND IT IS FRESH."

Waiter. "TWO FRIED SOLES—ONE FRESH!"

Q. How many days a year do you have?

A. Twenty-seven, with deductions.

Q. What are the deductions?

A. The time occupied by getting into uniform and out of it, plus wet days and the hours given over to musketry instruction.

Q. Why do you add the latter to your list of *dies non*?

A. Because, during the hurry-scurry of a militia training, instruction about the rifle and how to use it is valueless.

Q. If you are stationed at Aldershot or some other military camp of instruction, do you get as much benefit as when at your own headquarters?

A. It is the general opinion that home training is to be preferred. A battalion should learn how to march in quick time before being instructed in the double.

Q. From this, I take it you think company and squad drill is more useful to a number of raw recruits or rusty veterans than brigade movements?

A. Yes; although this may not be the opinion of some C. O.'s having a greater admiration for tinsel than gold.

Q. From a pecuniary point of view, is service in the militia advantageous?

A. Certainly not, as it is impossible, on

the pay and allowances, to make both ends meet.

Q. Then what is the advantage of belonging to the Old Constitutional Force?

A. It is comforting to the conscience to know one is doing one's duty.

Q. But does not rank in the militia give you precedence?

A. Which, according to some people, is used only by fools or snobs.

Q. Then why serve?

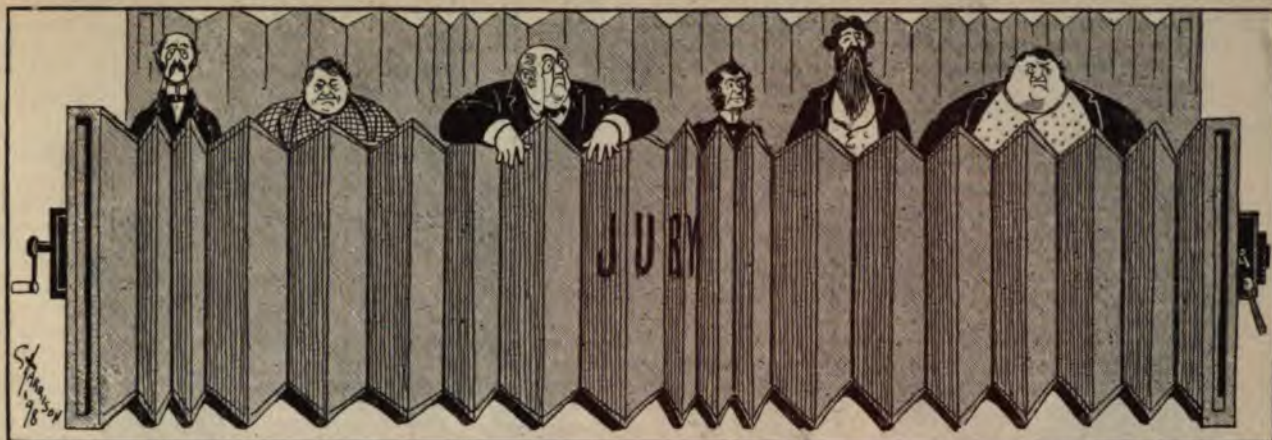
A. Because England expects every man to do his duty; and after all, there is something in being a captain of militia.

A SILENT COURTSHIP.

WHEN first they met, 'twas in the Park,
He gazed, and offered no remark,
But slightly bowed his silver head,
While she looked down and blushed rose red—

Love in their eyes, but naught was said.

But now the joy-bells hail the bride,
The wedding-knot is safely tied;
With rugs and wraps around the twain,
They take their places in the train,
This Parasol and Silver Cane.



["Jurymen are crowded into a box so limited in space that they are hardly able to cross their legs."—*Globe*.]

WHY NOT HAVE AN EXPANDING JURY BOX ON THE CONCERTINA PRINCIPLE, AS ABOVE? TAKE ANY SIZE JURYMEN. SUGGESTION GRATIS

DARBY JONES ON TURF RUFFIANISM AND THE EBOR HANDICAP.

HONOURED SIR,—Ever since Horse-Racing was established in this country, and that is going back several centuries, the Princely Pastime has attracted not only the Favour of the Great and Good, but also the Attention of those Unprincipled Ruffians who stick at No Crime, if so be that they can see their way to Trowsering more or less Filthy Lucre. The *Daily Telegraph*, after issuing considerably over Fifteen Thousand Numbers of its smart and news-giving sheets, has suddenly tumbled to the fact that Roughts exist upon the Turf. It required no CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, LIVINGSTONE, STANLEY, or NANSEN, to discover this,—but all honour to the *D. T.* for being bold enough to show that a very Old Sore is nevertheless in want of some Healing Treatment, and that without delay. But the various Amateur Doctors, who propose drastic measures in the Largest Circulation for curing the Evil and cite Vivid Examples of the growth of the Pestilence, appear to forget that the Remedy really rests with the Racegoers themselves. Take, for instance, Goodwood, the most Select and Fashionable Assemblage in the whole world barring, perhaps, Ascot. It is held in a Ducal Park, remote from a Railway Station, and yet I will guarantee to say that no gathering is more saturated with the Scum and Dregs of Depraved Humanity than is this first meeting of the Sussex Fortnight.

The True Tales of Brigandage that I could relate in this connection would make the Bishop of the Diocese tremble in his Episcopal Palace. And the Robbers do not practice their art under the Cover of Night, but boldly pursue their malpractices under the eyes of Phœbus Apollo and the observance of the Policemen on so-called Duty. Why, honoured Sir, even I have had my Pockets rifled immediately opposite the Grand Stand, not by the Sly Pickpocket, but by a Band of Snatchers, who, getting me off my legs from Front and Back, have run the Rule over me like so many Carpenters. On one occasion the scoundrels relieved me of a Canvas Bag containing, alas! fifty golden Sovereigns. In less time than it takes me to write this, they had appropriated my Hard-earned Winnings, and, adding Insult to Injury, returned the empty bag, which

was stamped with the name of a philanthropist of world-wide fame. Of what use was it for me to kick and yell for Assistance when I was lifted aloft like Tom Bowling of Ballad Fame? The Constable whom I subsequently addressed on the subject, Caustically and Cruelly remarked that I ought to have known better than to have carried so much money with me, and asked for a Description of the Thieves. Merry Wags are these Policemen sometimes! This is only a Solitary Incident, and I mention it merely to show that the Banditti do not hold up only the Innocent and Unsuspecting, but also Old-timers like myself. I believe that the Underwriters at Lloyd's will insure against almost any loss, but he would be a rash Lloyd's man who guaranteed a visitor to Goodwood against bushrangers. A worthy Inspector from Scotland Yard, now no more, once told me that he had noted 999 Years of Penal Servitude walking about on the Course.

But I have digressed. Let me suggest a Nostrum. It is no secret that the Duke of RICHMOND AND GORDON does not permit the meeting to be held in his Beautiful Park from purely Philanthropic Motives. A certain Grove may be Birdless, but on such occasions the Oof Fowl wings it to Goodwood House. You don't get on to the Lawn or into the Paddock by showing your Visiting Card. Clearly, then, his Grace is morally, if not legally, bound to protect his Patrons.

And now, Sir, to breezy York, whereof the Archbishop signs himself "EBOR," no doubt out of compliment to the famous Handicap, now somewhat shorn of its glory, but still a Record Contest. After recklessly regaling my Muse on Yorkshire Beef, Yorkshire Hams, and Yorkshire Grouse, I warble:—

The Ocean that Waltzes I will not advise,

For the Jersey Costume I prefer.

Bad Antler may give us a sorry surprise

When the African Liner won't stir.

But the Born Charioteer I prefer for a place,

Not forgetting the Warrior's might.

Yet the Lock near to Florence should certainly race

And succumb to the Fowl on the Flight.

May my vaticination provide powder and shot for the Partridges on the First to you and other Honourable Patrons, who were strangely forgetful on the 12th of this Month of Your trusty Tyke,

DARBY JONES.

TIPS FOR TRAVELLERS.

TODDLEKINS is anxious to take his family to Mars this summer, and inquires where he can hire a speedy balloon for the purpose. He is anxious to know whether he can obtain golf there, and also whether the roads are good for bicycling. He is recommended to apply for information to the Astronomer-Royal. But why should Toddlekins trouble to go so far afield? He would be sure to find congenial society in the neighbourhood of Hanwell, and by selecting this spot as his destination, the expense of a return-ticket would be saved.

ANXIOUS MOTHER.—So glad that you intend taking your dear ten children to Poppleton-on-Sea for three weeks' change of air. And all that you tell me about TIMOTHY's pet rabbit and SELINA's last attack of measles is so deeply interesting. Unfortunately I cannot answer all your questions myself, but I will print them here, so that some of my kind readers may be able to assist you. You want to know, in regard to Poppleton—

(1) Whether the pavements (if any) are stone or asphalt.

(2) What is the mean temperature, the annual rain-fall, and the death-rate.

(3) What are the Rector's "views," and if there is a comfortable pew in the church, out of draughts, calculated to hold eleven.

(4) What time the shops at Poppleton close on Saturdays.

DUBIOUS.—As you say, it is difficult to make up one's mind where to spend the holidays, because there are so many places from which to choose. And you were so wise to write and ask me to give you the name of one single place which I could thoroughly recommend, and so save you all further worry. How about Brighton, Hastings, Eastbourne, Bexhill, Seaford, Cowes, Weymouth, Exmouth, Penzance, Lynton, or Tenby? I am delighted to give you this real and valuable help!

PICNIC-PARTY.—You have my full sympathy. It is most churlish of riparian owners to refuse to allow strangers to land on their property. Fancy any one objecting to having his lawn covered with broken bottles and paper bags!

OWNER.—I feel deeply for you. The way in which trippers on the river invade riverside gardens is outrageous. The bags and pieces of glass they leave about must be a gross disfigurement to your lawn.



"MARRIAGE LINES."

'SURE SUCH A PAIR WERE NEVER SEEN
SO JUSTLY FORMED TO MEET—BY STATUTE.'

(Fancy Subject, representing the Union of Hearts and Hands between Mr. L. C. & D. Co. and Miss S.-E. Railway, in the presence of the Presiding Genius.)

FEEDING UP TO DATE.

No longer let the butcher gay
Deck out his festive shop,
No longer let the cook display
His appetising chop;
For Doctor Some One says that he
Has found a substitute, you see;
So meat as food in future we
Must drop.

The dishes that were once our joy
The Doctor now doth ban;
No more the tasty saveloy
Shall sputter in the pan;
The tender chick, the juicy steak,
The cutlet brown we must forsake—
The Doctor's tabloids only make
A man.

To think what folk will come to! *Meat!*
Is decency all fled
That human men should ever eat
A horrid cow that 's dead?
No! no! let others feast their fill
On luscious morsels from the grill—
We take a lozenge or a pill
Instead.

When to their City banquets throng
Fat aldermen in scores,
To listen to orations long
By after-dinner bores,
We, all other as a star,
Our capsule take, and there we are!
All coarser meats we leave to car-
nivores.

We do not toss through restless nights
In Indigestion's spasm.
We do not see wild nightmare sights
And shriek like one that "bas 'em";
We eat not lobster salad—no!
Nor *foie gras* when to bed we go,
We merely sip a drop of pro-
toplasm.

Our pills are perfect, for you see,
All foodstuffs they contain,
According to the Doctor, we
Can ne'er be ill again;
And yet I sometimes think a meal
Would somehow make me seem more real—
At times I almost long to feel
A pain.

THE PROMOTER'S VADE MECUM.

(Subject to Revision after the Vacation.)

Question. What is meant by the promo-
tion of a company?

Answer. The process of separating capi-
tal from its possessors.

Q. How is this end accomplished?

A. By the preparation and publication
of a prospectus.

Q. Of what does a prospectus consist?

A. A front page and a statement of
facts.

Q. Define a front page.

A. The bait covering the hook, the lane
leading to the pitfall, the lath concealing
the quagmire—occasionally.

Q. Of what is a front page composed?

A. Titles, and other suggestions of res-
pectability.

Q. How are these suggestions obtained?

A. In the customary fashion.

Q. Can a banking account be put to any
particular service in the promotion of a
company?

A. Certainly; it eases the wheels in all
directions.

Q. Can it obtain the good-will of the
Press?

A. Only of questionable and usually
short-lived periodicals.



Snooks (to new acquaintance). "TELL YER WHAT, LOOK IN ONE EVENIN' AND 'AVE A BIT OF SUPPER, IF YOU DON'T MIND 'AVIN' IT IN THE KITCHEN. YER SEE, WE'RE PLAIN PEOPLE, AND DON'T PUT ON NO SIDE. OF COURSE, I KNOW AS A TOFF LIKE YOU 'UD 'AVE IT IN THE DRAWING-ROOM!"

Q. But the destination of the cash
scarcely affects the promoter?

A. No; for he loses in any case.

Q. How much of his profits does he some-
times have to disgorge?

A. According to circumstances, from
three-fifths to nineteen-twentieths of his
easily-secured takings.

Q. And what does promotion do for the
promoter?

A. It usually bestows upon him tempo-
rary prosperity.

Q. Why do you say "temporary"?

A. Because a pleasant present is fre-
quently followed by a disastrous future.

Q. You mean, then, that this prosperity
is like the companies promoted, "limited"?

A. Yes, by the Court of Bankruptcy.

THE TIME OF ROSES.

["Sir WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT travelled
to Hertford in a saloon carriage decorated with
roses."—*Daily Paper.*]

To Hertford town there travelled down

Our own, our sweet Sir W.

Most honoured knight, while all was bright,

Did really nothing trouble you?

The roses fair were everywhere,

And you were passing merry;

Did you forget one floweret,

The rose that bears a berry?

APPROPRIATE FACT.—Mr. POWELL, hav-
ing won the Wingfield Sculls, is now Ama-
teur Head lad on the river.

AN IDYLIC ISLAND.

WHEN we came to Amsterdam, we determined, PASHLEY, SHIRTLIFF and I, that we would take the earliest opportunity of seeing Marken. Wonderful place, by all accounts. Little island, only two miles from mainland, full of absolutely unsophisticated inhabitants. Most of them have never left Marken—no idea of the world beyond it! Everybody contented and

being treated like a show. *We* shouldn't like it ourselves!

That may be, but, as PASHLEY retorts, it's the Markeners' own fault. They shouldn't be so beastly picturesque.

Fine buxom girl approaches, carrying pail. On closer view, not precisely a girl—in fact, a matron of mature years. These long, brown side-curls deceptive at a distance, impression, as she passes, of a kind of Dutch "Little Toddlekins"; view of

copybooks with children's exercises. "Capital; so neatly written!" What is she trying to make us understand? Oh, in Winter, the sea comes in above the level of the wainscot. "Really? How very convenient!" We don't mean this, but we are so anxious to please and be pleased, that our enthusiasm is degenerating into drivel. Girl by the window contemplates us with growing contempt; and no wonder. High time we went.

Little Toddlekins at the end of her tether; looks at us as if to imply that she has done *her* part. Next move must come from us. PASHLEY consults us in an undertone. "Perhaps, after all, she *does* expect, eh? What do *we* think? Would half a gulden—What?"

Personally, I think it *might*, but SHIRTLIFF won't hear of it. "Certainly not. On no account! At all events, he'll be no party to it. He will simply thank her, shake hands, and walk out." Which he does. I do the same. He may be right, and anyhow, if one of us is to run the risk of offending this matron's delicacy by the offer of a gratuity, PASHLEY will do it better than I. PASHLEY overtakes us presently, looking distinctly uncomfortable. "Did he tip her?" "Yes, he *tipped* her." "And she flung it after you!" cries SHIRTLIFF, in triumph. "I knew she would! Now I hope you're satisfied!"

"If I am, it's more than *she* was," says PASHLEY. "She stuck to it all right, but she let me see it was nothing like what she'd expected for the three of us."

SHIRTLIFF silent but unconvinced. However, as we go on, we see a beckoning forefinger at almost every door and window. Every Markener anxious that we should walk into his little parlour—and pay for the privilege. All of them, as PASHLEY disgustedly observes, "On the make"; got some treasured heirloom that



"Fishermen strolling about in baggy black knickerbockers."

equal; costumes quaint; manners simple and dignified. Sort of Arcadia, with dash of Utopia.

And here we are—actually at Marken, just landed by sailing-boat from Monnickendam.

All is peaceful and picturesque. Scattered groups of little black cottages with scarlet roofs, on mounds. Fishermen strolling about in baggy black knickerbockers, woollen stockings, and wooden shoes.

Women and girls all dressed alike, in crimson bodice and embroidered skirt; little cap with one long brown curl dangling coquettishly in front of each ear. Small children—miniature replicas of their elders—wander lovingly, hand in hand. A few urchins dart off at our approach, like startled fawns, and disappear amongst the cottages. Otherwise, our arrival attracts no attention.

The women go on with their outdoor work, cleaning their brilliant brass and copper, washing and hanging out their bright-hued cotton and linen garments, with no more than an occasional shy side-glance at us from under their tow-coloured fringes. "Perfectly unconscious," as SHIRTLIFF observes, enthusiastically, "of how unique and picturesque and idyllic they are!"

All the more wonderful, because excursion steamers run every day during the season from Amsterdam.

We walk up and down rough steps and along narrow, winding alleys. SHIRTLIFF says he "feels such a bounder, going about staring at everything as if he was at Earl's Court." Thinks the Markeners must hate

broad back and extensive tract of fat, bare neck under small cap. She turns round and intimates by expressive pantomime that her cottage is close by, and if we would care to inspect the interior, we are heartily welcome. Uncommonly friendly of her. PASHLEY and I are inclined to accept, but SHIRTLIFF dubious—we may have misunderstood her. We really can't go crowding in like a parcel of trippers!

Little Toddlekins, however, quite keen about it; sees us hesitate, puts down pail and beckons us on round corner with crooked forefinger, like an elderly Siren. How different this simple, hearty hospitality from the sort of reception foreigners would get from an English fishwife! We can't refuse, or we shall hurt her feelings. "But whatever we do," urges SHIRTLIFF, "we mustn't dream of offering her money. She'd be most tremendously insulted."

Of course, we quite understand *that*. It would be simply an outrage. We uncover, and enter, apologetically. Inside, an elderly fisherman is sitting by the hearth mending a net; a girl is leaning in graceful, negligent attitude against table by window. Neither of them takes the slightest notice of us, which is embarrassing. Afraid we really *are* intruding. However, our hostess—good old soul—has a natural tact and kindness that soon put us at our ease. Shows us everything. Curtailed recesses in wall, where they go to bed. "Very curious—so comfortable!" Delft plates and painted shelves and cupboards. "Most decorative!" Caps and bodices worn by females of the family. "Charming; such artistic colour!" School



"Little Toddlekins quite keen about it."

has been in the family without intermission for six months, and that they would be willing to part with, if pressed, for a

consideration. We don't press them; in fact, we are obliged at last to decline their artless invitations—to their unconcealed disgust. Nice people, very, but can't afford to know too many of them.

"At least the children are unspoilt," says SHIRTLIFF, as we come upon a couple of chubby infants, walking solemnly hand in hand as usual. He protests, when PASHLEY insists on presenting them with a cent, or one fifth of an English penny, apiece. "Why demoralise them, why instil the love of money into their innocent minds?" SHIRTLIFF wants to know.

Fancy we have compromised all claims at last. No; Marken infantry still harassing our rear. What more do they want? It appears that we have not paid the baby, which is an important extra on these occasions, and which they carry after us in state as an unsatisfied creditor and a powerful appeal to our consciences. Adult Markeners come out, and seem to be exchanging remarks (with especial reference to SHIRTLIFF, who is regarded as the chief culprit) on the meanness that is capable of bilking an innocent baby.

"What I like about Marken," says PASH-

"Oh, that will have to be paid by the Mother Country," was the prompt answer.

And so the Cabinet Minister is left considering. And if it comes to that, so is the Mother Country.

A RIVERJE.

(By the Bard in Chambers.)

OUTSIDE this spot
'Tis scorching hot.
Branch-shaded boat
In which we float,
Then idly dream
And watch the stream.
A cigarette
With you, my pet,
Content to rest
At ease, and best
Of all to see
You close to me.
'Tis afternoon,
And will be soon
The time for tea;—

But woe is me!
The pictures fade,
No shady glade
Above me grows,
No river flows
Beneath my feet,
And you, my sweet,
Have also flown;
I am alone,—

Alone, in gloom,
In this dull room,
Surrounded by
A pile of dry
Dull legal works
In which there lurks
A certain case
Which I must trace,
And bring to light
The wrong and right,
And override
The other side.



"Sternly demanding five cents a head."

He is delighted when they exhibit no sort of emotion on being thus enriched. It shows, he says, that, as yet, they have no conception what money means.

The pair have toddled off towards a gathering of older children, and PASHLEY, who has brought a Kodak, wonders if he can induce them to stay as they are while he takes a snapshot. SHIRTLIFF protests again. Only spoil them, make them conceited and self-conscious, he maintains.

But the children have seen the Kodak, and are eager to be taken. One of them produces a baby from neighbouring cottage, and they arrange themselves instinctively in effective group by a fence.

PASHLEY delighted. "Awfully intelligent little beggars!" he says. "They seem to know exactly what I want."

They also know exactly what they want, for the moment they hear the camera click, they make a rush at us, sternly demanding five cents a head for their services.

SHIRTLIFF very severe with them; not one copper shall they have from him; not a matter of pence, but principle, and they had better go away at once. They don't; they hustle him, and some of the taller girls nudge him viciously in the ribs with sharp elbows, as a hint that "an immediate settlement is requested." PASHLEY and I do the best we can, but we soon come to the end of our Dutch coins. However, no doubt English pennies will—Not a bit of it! Even the chubby infants don't consider them legal tender here, and reject them with open scorn.

LEY, when we are safely on board our sailing boat, to which we have effected a rather ignominious retreat, "what I like about Marken is the beautiful simplicity and unworldliness of the natives. Didn't that strike you, SHIRTLIFF?"

We gather from SHIRTLIFF's reply that he failed to observe these characteristics.

"WHAT PRICE PATRIOTISM?"

(A Note of Proceedings picked up near the Admiralty during the Recess.)

THE deputation was introduced.

"Yes," said the first Enthusiast. "there is no doubt that men in thousands might be obtained."

"Very good indeed," replied the Cabinet Minister.

"And then forts might be erected in all directions," said a second spokesman.

"Capital!" responded the representative of the Government.

"And then guns and ammunition could be supplied with limitless celerity," shouted a third.

"Admirable!" was again the commentary.

Then came a silence. The eloquent oratory for the moment was exhausted. The Statesman "hemed" and "hahed" for a moment.

"And how about the cost?" he ventured to suggest at last.



GR*

THE MUSCOVITE "W. G."

A Fancy Portrait by a Russian Artist.

[According to a correspondent of the *Standard*, the *Moscow Gazette* says that "Dr. W. G. GRACE will be long known as the champion player at—Croquet!"]



First Girl. "I WAS IN FRONT LAST NIGHT, DEAR, TO SEE YOU PLAY JULIET."

Second Girl. "YES, I KNOW YOU WERE. BUT YOU NEEDN'T HAVE TALKED SO LOUD ALL THROUGH MY BEST SCENES."

First Girl. "OH, BUT YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN, DEAR, IT COULDN'T POSSIBLY HAVE BEEN I. I NEVER TALK IN MY SLEEP!"

LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'AFFICHE.

III.—THE AUTHOR-LECTURER.

THERE is another way that none may tread
But whoso has a halo round his head;
Who, whether Nature leaves his apex bare
Or nicely coated with a wealth of hair,
Arranges, like the milking-maid, to base
The nucleus of fortune on his face.

Expressly chartered at a lordly wage,
He stands in beauty's strength upon the stage,

Perusing to a fine and cultured crowd
His own selected efforts out aloud,
Or lecturing the literary Press
Upon the methods which command success—

Maidens that dote and women that adore
All drinking in his charms at every pore.

Dight in a dress that suits the brilliant scene,
Rich knickerbockers wrought of velveteen,
Or else in evening-wear whose very hem
Scarce would the *London Tailor* dare condemn,

Awhile he poses in a weary trance
To give the wonder-stricken pit a chance,
Then, if he boasts the kind of hairy crown
Which means an extra forty dollars down,
Just runs his fingers through the wavy crop
While in the hush you hear a hair-pin drop;
Till with a studied smile of high disdain
He breaks at last the agonising strain,
Lifts up his tawny voice and lets it go,
And in a burst of passion blent with woe,

Where all the notes of nightingales occur,
Becomes (like Heaven) his own Interpreter.

There is to prophets, so I understand.
A certain charm in some one else's land;
For when our native products cross the sea

They are devoured with more avidity.
That is to say, in doing foreign nations
The author runs to higher valuations;
His figure being only vaguely known,
They very kindly take him at his own;
Which estimate is entered in the bond
And backed by BARNUM'S or by Major POND.

Whereas, at home, it is another case,
For there we see the prophet's frequent face;

Perchance we have that best of annual treats

When the Society of Authors eats;
Or find him feeding in a friendly way
At houses where you haven't got to pay.
And if from oversight, or other reason,
Patrons omit to ask him in the season,
We still may hope—most happily for us—
To brush against him in an omnibus;
Or sometimes even see him in the street
Fanning the pavement with his winged feet;

Where anybody has a perfect right
To watch him till he trickles out of sight.

But over there, where people read his books,
But know not, save in pictures, how he looks,

Where still the hero draws a fancy price
For sniffing up the fumes of sacrifice,
There men will freely fling the careless dollar

Simply to see a section of his collar,
Girding the sacred column which sustains
The beetling bulk of those abnormal brains—

A sight that well repays the entrance-pelf,
Being an education in itself;—

Will sit on wooden planks, in mortal anguish,

To watch the poet's lovely glances languish;

Will cross a continent's complete expanse,
To scan the brow that schemed the brave romance;

And die of suffocation just to wring
The veritable hand that wrote the thing.

Thus may be worked, with small expense of wit,

The Man-and-Author's Mutual Benefit;
For such as read the latter's verse or prose

Will take a stall to view the former's nose;
While those that pay to see the Man's complexion

Will go and buy the Author's whole collection.

What wonder, then, if, there across the main,

RICHARD LE NARCISSE* is himself again,
And tansured ANTHONY, our only Hope,

With this temptation really could not cope.

* "Un narcissé—One who is enamoured of himself."—*Dict. Fr.*



PEACE!—AND AFTER?

SPAIN (to UNCLE SAM). "WELL, YOU WANTED HIM! YOU'VE GOT HIM! AND I WISH YOU JOY OF HIM!!"



ON THE SANDS AT OSTEND.

Master Tom (knowledge of French—nil). "I SAY, DO I CALL YOU MADAM, OR MADYMOISELLE?"
 Mademoiselle. "WHEN ONE DOES NOT KNOW, ONE SAYS MADAME, N'EST CE PAS, MONSIEUR!"

AS NOW WORN; OR, THE CENTS' ARBITER OF FASHION.

Now that the Golden Youth, it appears, have their own fashion-paper, it is quite incumbent on Mr. Punch to publish a column for the guidance of the inexperienced in the all-important matter of male costume. Every one being now out of town, the following remarks are chiefly for the benefit of seaside and country readers:—

DEAR BASIL,—Silk hats may now be put away for a few weeks. The black cloth band should be removed, as it has had its day, and a *cordon noir* of silk, exactly one-and-a-quarter inch in width, should be substituted. Oil the *chapeau* slightly and wrap in tissue paper. With a little care it may be made to do for the Autumn. If the edges are worn, they may be very successfully renovated with Messrs. RAMONEURS' Brim-Blackener. I do not recommend for this purpose the eye-brow grease-paint used by actresses, as this has a tendency to come off in a shower, and it is as well to avoid having sable streaks across one's countenance. See that your head-gear is well blocked before being put away for the recess, as it may be required for a school-treat or a sudden emergency, and an accordion shape is not favoured in the best circles. I prophesy that next winter's *mode* will be the *castor américain*.

Fashion still smiles on the straw-hat, and has temporarily relegated the bowler to the background. I saw a charming *chapeau de paille* the other day worn by a *débutant* on the East-bourne Esplanade. The straw was in two thicknesses, *jaune* on the upper side of the brim, and *verte* underneath, casting a very becoming green shade over his complexion. A *risqué* note was added to this confection. I noticed the vivid scarlet and green colours of the best of the Bohemian Clubs peeping through a slit in the black ribbon round the hat.

Cravates are worn this season as usual round the neck. Some of the best-dressed *mondains* are having them made of beige or foulard in the new *choufleur* design. Do not let them ruck over the back of the collar. This is too *négligé*. They may be pinned

on to the front of the shirt, though this rather spoils the look of the shirt-front, if you require it for evening-dress. It is as well, therefore, always to have a spare clean shirt, and this should not be beyond the means of the fashionable aspirant.

If your collars or shirts are at all frayed at the edges, have them neatly trimmed. You can generally beg or borrow a pair of nail-scissors for this purpose. Iron-mould spots should always be carefully aspinalled in a dead white tint. It is almost impossible then for them to be detected.

Frock-coats, at this time of the year, should be sprinkled with pepper or camphor (to keep away the moth) and stowed away securely. No *clubbiste* who is *bien mis* will appear on the sands or elsewhere in public in such a garment combined with white flannels and a straw hat. Yet, I regret to say, I have seen this done.

Now is the time to use Messrs. KNICK-NACKS' Patent Anti-bag Trouser-stretchers. Truly wonderful effects are sometimes produced by these invaluable accessories to a genteel wardrobe. Never be seen with worn-out and unravelled trouser-ends. Let them invariably be repaired by the local snip. Do not, however, start on a round of visits without an extra ten-and-sixpenny pair. Borrowed continuations somehow never look well.

Knickerbockers are not without their advantages. They can readily be constructed out of unmentionables that have seen their day, and may sometimes be very effectively patched, so as to look like riding-breeches. This gives the distinguished appearance, which no modern *élégant* can afford to neglect.

I have some useful wrinkles on cummerbunds, hat-guards, and paper cuffs, also a marvellous recipe for removing the shiny look from cloth, but I regret that considerations of space prevent me giving them at present.

So, much against my will, I bring this interesting letter to a conclusion—for the present. Man has at length found his destiny—to dress. With sincere regards,

By the sad sea waves.

(Please don't forward.)

Yours ruralising,
 ZEDWHYKES.



"THE PRIVATE SECRETARY" AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

The Rev. Arthur Balfour. "DO YOU KNOW, WE'RE TAKING QUITE A DISLIKE TO YOU! IF YOU GO ON PUSHING IN THIS RUDE WAY WE SHALL REALLY HAVE TO HURT YOU DREADFULLY! I DON'T KNOW THAT WE SHOULDN'T HAVE TO TAKE ANOTHER HARBOUR SOMEWHERE!"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

An Indolent Fellow proposes himself to a Brisk Damsel, and deploras his constitutional inactivity.

I NEVER was a restless man,
Impatient to be up and toil,
I always walked when others ran,
They finished up when I began,
I simmered while they yearned to boil.

I never was an ardent swain
To urge my suit with cries and tears,
I played at "cut and come again,"
And never felt the secret pain
That fills the heart with hopes and fears.

I never was the one to go
And mix with speculative cares,
The Stock Exchange I do just know
By sight, but that is all; and so
I never trouble "bulls" or "bears."

I've never climbed an Alpine peak,
Or in a foot-race tried my stride,

Or rowed a match. I am too weak
To venture on athletic freak;
I never walk when I can ride.
In short, I am a languid sloth,
And still a lazy loon I'll be;
But you have rush enough for both,
You've energy, good looks, and youth.—
Bad rhyme! but good enough for me.—
No more, sweetheart. R.S.V.P.?

THE HAND OF FATE.

(A To-day's Dialogue about To-morrow.)

SCENE—Corner at a "Sale of Work" at the Sensitive. Palmist discovered "doing" an Enquirer.

Enquirer. Yes, it is certainly true that I have seen it several times. Had the measles and hooping cough as a child.

Palmist. And you are very fond of company, though sometimes prefer to be at home. I mean, you like seclusion.

Enquirer. Yes, I think so. At least, sometimes.

Palmist. And you are very generous, but cautious. And you do not sufficiently appreciate your talents. Yes, you are very clever.

Enquirer. Well—really—I don't know. But can't you tell me of the future?

Palmist. Yes; I see you are going to have a journey shortly.

Enquirer. Strange. I have promised to go to a dinner in Bayswater this evening.

Palmist. And you are to have a number of honours. You have not been knighted?

Enquirer. No, of course not.

Palmist. Well, you will be. Soon, very soon.

Enquirer. Indeed. Can you say when?

Palmist. Oh, in a year or two. And you are to be fortunate in your heart interests. You are not married?

Enquirer. Well, no—not at present.

Palmist. You will soon be. There may be some slight retard, but before you are sixty you will certainly have a wife.

Enquirer. Dear me. How strange! And I am absolutely engaged, and according to present arrangements, am to be married on Tuesday.

Palmist. Did I not say so! Ah! here is a little cross. You will lose some money. And now I am afraid I must attend to some one else.

Enquirer. Thank you so much. (Aside to himself as he retires.) Of course, the honours and the journey and the marriage were all rot. But why did she say I was going to lose some money? Of course it's all nonsense, but I wonder where and how I'm going to lose the money!

[Left pondering.]

AFTER THE HOOLEYBALOO!

[While he (Mr. Justice Wright) acquitted Lord DE LA WARR of any desire to procure the debtor to give false evidence, he declared that he was not wholly guiltless of indiscretion. So far as the matter of the promise of £1,000 is concerned, if Lord DE LA WARR is guilty, I have no doubt that Mr. BROADLEY is much more guilty.] —*Standard's Summary and Report, Thursday, August 18.*

"In love and"—business—"everything is fair."

For DE LA WARR la fortune de la guerre
His course towards a peaceful haven shaped;
So BROADLEY who so narrowly escaped.
The Hooleybaloo is over, for the present,
And things all round are being made quite pleasant.

When I commit an—"indiscretion," say—
Or aught for which there's penalty to pay,
May I before a Wright good Judge be
brought,
And then be Wrightly sentenced by the Court.

Mercy has tempered Justice. Every one
Herein agrees that Justice has been done.

At Brussels.

Mrs. Trickleby (pointing to announcement in grocer's window, and spelling it out). Jambon d'York. What's that mean, Mr. T.?

Mr. T. (who is by way of being a linguist). Why, good Yorkshire preserves, of course. What did you suppose it was—Dundee marmalade?



Commander. "WHAT IS YOUR COMPLAINT AGAINST THIS POY?"

Bluejacket. "WELL, SIR, AS I WAS A-WALKIN' AFT, THIS 'ERE BOY, 'E UP AN' CALLS ME A BLOOMIN' IDJIT. NOW, 'OW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE CALLED A BLOOMIN' IDJIT, SUPPOSIN' YOU WASN'T ONE?"

A POLITE EDUCATION.

(Vide an article, "A plea for better instruction in Manners," in the current "Nineteenth Century.")

IN obedience to your instructions, writes our own Prophetic Interviewer, I journeyed to Chesterfield College, where our boys are taught that studied courtesy of manner, which, it is now recognised, is a far more necessary part of education than classics or mathematics. I was received by the Principal, who took great pains to explain his system to me.

"Yes," he said, in answer to my questions, "the greatest trouble is taken to ensure that every pupil shall be taught the very best kind of manners. Not only are lectures given daily on deportment and the art of polite conversation, but we see that the principles laid down are carried out even in play-time. In old days the conversation of boys while playing cricket or football used to be disgracefully crude and unpolished, but if you will kindly accompany me, I think I can show you how we have improved this feature of school-life."

So saying, he led the way to the cricket-ground, where the pupils of Chesterfield College were engaged in the national game. As I approached, one of the batsmen put away a ball through the slips.

"May I enquire, Sir," he asked, addressing the batsman at the other end, "whether in your opinion we should be justified in attempting a run?"

"I fear it is impossible," replied the other, which indeed it was, as by the time these speeches were finished, the ball was in the wicket-keeper's hands. However, both batsmen kept up their wickets, and the captain decided to make a change.

"SMITH Minor," he observed, addressing the bowler, "with infinite pain I am compelled to ask you to hand over the ball to BROWN."

SMITH Minor bowed profoundly, and replied, "My greatest happiness, Sir, is to carry out your commands." And accordingly BROWN went on to bowl. Shortly afterwards, one of the batsmen put up an easy chance to point, who, however, failed to hold the ball. "Butterfingers!" screamed a small boy in the out-field. The Principal turned towards him, angrily.

"Go indoors, Sir!" he cried, "and write out two hundred

lines for addressing one of your fellow-pupils in that unseemly manner."

Presently a ball struck a batsman's pad.

"How's that?" asked the bowler.

"JOHNSON!" cried the Principal, warningly.

"I mean to say," said the bowler, hastily correcting himself, "may I trouble you for your views as to the respective positions of the batsman's leg and the wicket?"

The Principal looked at me for approval. "Wonderful what an improvement our system makes, isn't it?" he said, "and it's so strange that the old barbarous language was tolerated at schools for so many years."

I congratulated him on his success and prepared to leave. As I did so, I noticed for the first time an inscription over the College gateway.

"That," said the Principal, "is an adaptation of a motto belonging to one of the schools of the bad old kind. It runs, you see, 'Mannerisms Makyth Prigs.'"

WILL LONDON WAIT?—And if so, for how long, before the daily increasing ruffianism of the London "Larrikins," thieves, and roughs, both of the East and West End, is summarily dealt with and put down by *force majeure*? The sufferers in these districts are "intimidated," and dare not come forward to give evidence. According to the magistrate, a scoundrel may have his fingers in somebody else's pockets, but unless he succeeds in actually abstracting a halfpenny, he cannot be sentenced as a thief! Don't spare the cat, and then you'll spoil the little game of thieving, murderous Larrikin. If the magistrates' hands are so weak, let them be strengthened at once. Peace-abiding, police-supporting, rate-paying citizens are forced to form themselves into bodies of "specials" with police-drill. Why not patrol these districts with volunteers doing sentry-duty, and provided with a stout truncheon in place of side-arms? Probably, as is our way in England, no drastic measure will be adopted until murder has placed one of these ruffians of the Larrikin type in the hands of Mr. John Ketch. It seems that the magisterial and police policy is to give these pests as much rope as possible in the hope that they'll get one more length of hemp added to it on the gallows. But surely, is not prevention far better than cure?



G.R. Halkett.

SPEED THE PARTING GUEST.

"I have done the State some service, and they know 't."

Othello, Act V., Sc. 2.

Mr. Punch (with real emotion, to retiring American Ambassador).
 "GOOD-BYE, YOUR EXCELLENCY, AND GOOD LUCK GO WITH YOU.
 YOU WON'T FORGET US ON THE OTHER SIDE?"

OSTEND.

THERE are several ways of getting through the day at Ostend, where the day is about as long as at other seaside resorts, or perhaps rather longer. The simplest plan is to sit in the morning on the terrace of the Kursaal and chatter, till it is time to go to *déjeuner*, to do the same in the afternoon, till it is time to go to dinner, and to repeat this amusement in the evening, till it is time to go to bed. The next morning you begin again. In this way you avoid all needless exertion.

Another plan is, in the morning, to stand in the sea. If you are very brave you go in up to your waist, and if you are very strong you splash a little water on your chest, but you never wet your head for fear of hurting your hair. You may wear a straw hat as a protection from the sun, and, if you are a German, you may add a pair of spectacles. The only disadvantage of this plan is that about four thousand people want the four hundred bathing-machines. If you are a woman, you flounder about on wet sand and never get a *cabine* at all. If you are a man, you take off your boots and socks, wade in up to your knees, and pursue the machine in the water. The *chasse aux cabines* is fine exercise, but it is hardly luxurious. By standing in the sea you begin the day comfortably cool. In the afternoon you stand on the race-course, the pigeon-shooting ground, the pier, or the promenade, or you can sit down if you like. These pastimes make you considerably warmer. In the evening you have a choice of two places to stand in. One of them is the dancing-room of the Kursaal, where the temperature is about ninety degrees. You can dance if you wish. The other is the gambling-room, where the temperature is about one hundred and fifty degrees. You stand here in a dense crowd, reach over the heads of the few who have obtained chairs, and lose as many *louis* as you like.

A third system is to linger over your *café-au-lait* till it is nearly time for *déjeuner*, to prolong your *déjeuner* with coffee and liqueurs until about the time of the *five o'clock*, when you have a glass of port, or a *scherry gobble*, and, beginning dinner soon after seven, to go on with this till half-past ten, or later, when all the other diners have left the restaurant, and the weary

waiters have piled all the other chairs upon all the other tables. But this system will ruin your system after a time.

It is believed by some that there are excellent concerts in the Kursaal every evening from 7.30 to 9. But to hear them at such an impossible time one must go without dinner altogether, which no one can do. In fact, there is reason to believe that nobody ever did get to these concerts. Once, when VANDERBLANK and I had rather hurried over our coffee and cigarettes in his *vérande*—the *vérandas* of Ostend are very pleasant in hot weather—we arrived at the Kursaal just in time to see some men with violins disappearing from the orchestra. Since then I have considered myself rather an authority on the Ostend concerts, having got as near hearing one as that.

ROBINSON THE ROVER.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

If the title had not been appropriated in quite other regions, Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD might well, my Baronite imagines, have called her last novel *The Runaway Girl*. At all critical epochs of her interesting life the heroine of *Helbeck of Bannisdale* (SMITH, ELDER) runs away. Thus she bolts when her unwelcome lover, *Hubert Mason*, wants to conduct her over the sands. She flies from Bannisdale after she has accepted the offer of its lord's hand; and at last—No, it would not be fair even to hint at the "at last." But this is so frivolous, and there is nothing of frivolity about this story. It is rather a stately narrative of a profound tragedy in two human lives. Both are skilfully drawn. *Laura Fountain*, with her bright nature, her capacity for overwhelming love, and her agnostic training; *Helbeck*, a bit of old tapestry hung on the walls of a nineteenth century room. He has depths of love even more plumbless than she, and he is a Catholic born and bred, a man with a private chapel attached to his ancient home, where mass is said every morning, the house swarming with priests. It will be seen that here is a difficult situation, rough-hewn and finished with a master hand.

Dicky Monteith, by TOM GALLON (where's HARRY? HUTCHINSON, the publisher, my Baronite supposes, makes up the immortal triumvirate), is none of your novels with a purpose, freckled with women with a past. It is a right-down, downright melodramatic story, in which the wicked are punished even in this world, and injured innocence comes to its own. *Dicky* is an amiable, good-hearted, not particularly strong-headed fellow, who has muddled away his own and other people's money. After which, he works apparently twenty-four hours a day, earns very little, and shares it with the poor. A leading character in the transpontine plot is a little maid, a cross between the slavey in *Our Boys* and *Dick Swiveller's* unapproachable friend, the Marchioness. Also there is a guardian-angel sort of young lady, who thinks nothing of surreptitiously conveying to the man she loves mysterious envelopes containing notes for £100, and finally draws a cheque for £2,500 to save him from what the little maid aforesaid calls "the Coppers." A pretty story, with plot skilfully complicated.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

FURTHER RULES REGULATING THE CONDUCT OF BARRISTERS.

(Not submitted at the Recent General Meeting, but for use during the Long Vacation.)

A COUNSEL finding himself in the presence of laymen, must lay down the law on every conceivable subject.

In carrying the above aim into execution, he will set a General right about Army concerns, a sailor about things appertaining to the Navy, and a civilian upon all other matters.

To keep up the dignity of the profession, a barrister must never permit himself to be contradicted, and insist upon his word being accepted as law.

As a matter of professional etiquette, it is undesirable to give your opinion upon any point of law unless you are quite sure that you know nothing whatever about it.

It is advisable to be civil to the other branch of the profession, save in public, when you must remember that your right of audience in the superior courts does not run to the solicitors.

Although self-conceit is to be deprecated, it is well to remember that although officers of the Army and Navy are better educated than they used to be, culture in its highest form is the exclusive property of the Bar.

If a counsel meets another counsel without recognising his forensic degree while they are both engaged in discussing an acquaintance in Common's dinner, he will oppose his fellow guest to the death until he discovers his mistake, when he will join his "learned friend" in sitting upon the rest of the company.

Finally, all men are equal, as a rule, but a barrister is invariably an exception in particular.



SPORTSMAN (WHO DECLINES TO BE TOLD WHERE TO GO AND WHAT TO DO BY HIS GILLIE), AFTER AN ARDUOUS STALK IN THE BLAZING SUN, AT LAST MANAGES TO CRAWL WITHIN CLOSE RANGE OF THOSE "BROWN SPECKS" HE DISCOVERED MILES DISTANT ON THE HILL-SIDE!

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN VADE-MECUM.

(By an Enthusiast with a Difference.)

Question. You are in favour of an alliance between England and the United States?

Answer. I am, theoretically, not practically. I consider that both countries should be free.

Q. You mean by "free," the opportunity to give one another away when necessary?

A. Perhaps; although it is a pious belief that between children of a kindred race the necessity will never arise.

Q. Is there, as a matter of fact, any precedent for the cruel spectacle?

A. Well, during the Civil War between Federals and Confederates, public feeling ran very strong.

Q. Then you do not believe that blood is at all times thicker than water?

A. Not always, especially if self-interest acts as a filter.

Q. I may assume that the object of all good English-speaking people is to draw closer the ties binding nations together on either side of the Atlantic?

A. Quite so. It is the union of hearts, the grasp of hands, the fraternal oaths of a family of brothers.

Q. And how long do you consider this happy sentiment of kinship will last?

A. For ever, or—

Q. You hesitate. You say the friendship will last for ever, or—

A. Well, it is a pious belief.



["It is highly desirable that he who strives to attain the highest excellence as a performer on the pianoforte should have well-developed muscles."—*M. Paderewski*, in *Sandow's magazine*, "Physical Culture."]

AWFUL PROPHETIC PICTURE
OF HOW M. PADEREWSKI WILL APPEAR
NEXT SEASON.

"BUT STILL THE DOUGLAS IS THE THEME!"

WHAT an excellent likeness of Sir DOUGLAS STRAIGHT, "The DOUGLAS bearded in his den," is given in the *Sketch* for August 24. Messrs. BARRAUD, the photographers, have treated him well, but Professor Time, the great Hair-Whitener and Chronic Wrinkle-giver, has treated him still better, and has "put him up to a wrinkle" for keeping away all other wrinkles. The "Sage DOUGLAS" is a Vice-President of the Cabdrivers Benevolent Association, having been selected for that office because he looked so Hansom. The *Sketch* Portrait is characteristic: "Brave DOUGLAS" is evidently looking Straight at some one, and the some one at whom, or for whom, he is looking, is not Straight in front of him; not that such a self-inspection would be impossible, as, notably, Sir DOUGLAS has always been able to "look out for himself," and to find himself pretty comfortable, thank you. Once upon a time "the noble DOUGLAS saw The Commons rise," but after a brief yet pleasant Parliamentary canter, he lost his seat and was thrown out. In this portrait, which is a speaking likeness, the eyes are eloquent, and there is a moral point in the nose, conveyed by the tip which he cannot give to any one, but the point of which every one can see for himself, and apply it, thus: "Follow in the way of The DOUGLAS, and you will always be in the Straight line."

CRICKETER'S FAVOURITE FISH.—Slips.



VERB. SAP.

John Bull (to Right Hon. Cecil Rhodes). "YOU MIGHT HAVE DONE BETTER. TAKE MY ADVICE—DON'T TALK SO MUCH ABOUT 'BRITISH SUPREMACY.' I WILL LOOK AFTER THAT, IF NECESSARY."



A TRAVELLER'S TALE.

Mr. Borecastle. "AT LAST I CAME TO A PLACE WHERE IT WAS SO STEEP THAT IT WOULD BE HARDLY SAFE EVEN FOR A DONKEY TO GO DOWN—SO I TURNED BACK." Mrs. Downshire Tall. "WHY?"

À BOULOGNE.

GRILLING on Kent coast, and consequent restlessness at Ramsgate. Whither? Seawards, decidedly, and across the sea to Boulogne, *via* Folkestone. Devoted as is our attachment to the Dover-Calais route, both on account of the grand big boat-service, and the luxurious lunch at the celebrated buffet of the *Gare Maritime Hôtel*, yet the prospect of a stifling hot and dusty forty minutes' railway journey, from Calais to Boulogne, decides us on travelling *via* Folkestone. So, by lines running in pleasant places, we arrived at Folkestone, where for a while our perspiring party stayed at the *Métropole* for delightful rest and excellent refreshment, consisting of a *table d'hôte* lunch in the coolest corner of the Imperial *Salle à manger*, and thence aboard the gallant *Albert Victor*, and so, coolly, and breezily, to Boulogne, which port we reached by seven o'clock, there or thereabouts; and were received by the most polite of commissionaires deputed by M. FABESCH, of the South-Eastern Hotel, for this particular service. Any one wishing to be absolutely *dans le mouvement*, will find himself thoroughly "in it" at the S.E.H., which is a "growing concern," where travellers are treated to the refinements of South-Eastern luxury, and will meet with comfort, courtesy, and capital cuisine.

But O the heat of Boulogne! What should we have done without the electric tram which now performs the ascent of the Grande Rue, and takes you right up to within a hundred yards of the Cathedral! Bless the electric tram! In the old days, the one-horse car used to run you along the lines only as far as the market-place, where stands L'Eglise de St. Nicolas, and thence you would have to trudge, or to pay one franc fifty, and a *pour-boire*, for a *voiture*. But now! Here we go up, up, up! not gradually, or laboriously, or joltingly, or jerkily, but without abatement of speed, unless it be to take in or let out a passen-

ger. Right away up to the top, all for twopence-halfpenny! "The halfpenny be demmed!" quoth Mr. Mantalini; and the electric tram be blessed, for here 'tis a boon and a blessing to men."

Et le Dimanche! O the heat! Skulking under the shade of a broad-spreading sun-shade, limp and feeble, but with a fixed and firm resolve to *déjeuner à la fourchette* at the "*Parc aux huîtres*," on the Jetty, we lounged in the baking sunlight along the burning, shadeless way to our destination. Once in "The Oyster Bed," we are assured of a good "tuck in," as our travelling scholar (aged thirteen) describes the *déjeuner à la fourchette* of our special ordering. Here, by open window, we sit, enjoying the sea-scape and the sand-scape, the bathing, and the breeze, and the startling sight of the tide rushing in, at top speed, as though it were very much behind time, and would wait for no man, woman, or child, but meant to catch 'em, unless they would cut and race for their lives, and intended to give them a good sea-bath whether they liked it or no. After the *déjeuner à la fourchette* came *l'addition à la "fork out."* "Bang goes saxepece," but 'tis money well spent.

Then, like joyous ghosts, we seek the shades and stagger to umbrageous retreats offered by the gardens of the establishment. There, within cheerful sound of electric-tram bells, and of the soothing steam-whistles of the many *bâteaux à vapeur* coming in and going out, we doze the happy hours away. Then we awake to see the ecclesiastical procession celebrating the great *fête* of Boulogne. By tram to Grande Rue, which this morning was comparatively empty. Now we take our "Rue with a difference," as it is choke-full. Thousands walking, standing, sitting; windows up to highest storeys full; banners, hangings, festoons everywhere. It is a sort of religious Lord Mayor Show; the little children in blue and white are rapturously received, as also are the sailor-boys. Soldiers are

conspicuous by their absence, and, as far as we could see, perfect order was kept, in our quarter, at all events, which represented, as it were, a portion of Fleet Street on the ninth of November, by two policemen. Good temper and respectful interest were the notes of the crowd. Then, lastly, came the bishop of the diocese, walking along (catch a Lord Mayor walking!), and impeded in his way by hundreds of mothers insisting on his blessing their children, which he does, smiling and laughing, with a pleasant word for every one, as if trudging a few miles in full pontificals, in a crowd, and the thermometer at one hundred in the shade, were the pleasantest possible way of spending a sultry afternoon in August. Phew!! Then we lounge back again and sit within doors, and near open windows, with blinds down, till dinner-time. After that, the gardens, where we see Les Boulonnaises et Boulonnais dancing and literally "kicking up such a dust!" The town subsides about midnight, but the quais are still alive, and there are excursion boats and trains departing whistling and shrieking.

"Up in the morning early," Monday, and by the tram, up hill, to the Cathedral, where, being ever ready to improve and test our acquaintance with a foreign language, we, having wedged ourselves into the perspiring crowd, were jostled into the building, and deposited in a side-aisle. Here, having deftly accommodated ourselves with a chair, we commanded a view of the pulpit, in which suddenly appeared a long-bearded Franciscan "in his habit as he lived," evidently bent on giving his audience something like a sermon. For us the discourse would be a valuable lesson "in French as she spoke," all for the small sum of one halfpenny paid for our seat. A scratching of chair-legs on the paved floor, an unsettling and resettling of everybody "round and about our quarter," who, by turning their backs on the bishops, curates, and several chapters of deans and canons seated at the East end of the Cathedral, clearly indicated to them that their turn would come later on when they had finished with the gentleman in brown, who now occupied the pulpit and their entire attention. The sermon began. In a low voice at first; and we, listening intently and following every word with a sort of mental grammar and dictionary, were suddenly startled by loud chanting in the distance, and the rumbling of an unseen organ. What could it be? Bishops, curates, deans, and canons, all the ecclesiastics in the choir, turned round, momentarily startled. Had an organ got loose anywhere? Was there a revolution headed by choir boys? Could a Salvation Army have invaded the sacred precincts? But the Franciscan preacher cared for none of these things. Like a second St. Anthony, whose equanimity "shouts nor laughter, groans nor cries" could ever disturb, he braced himself up to full concert pitch, and then and there backed himself and his naturally-powerful organ against all the choirs of all the pilgrims, accompanied by all the mechanism that any number of organists could bring into play. The struggle was Titanic. The louder the preacher shouted, the more powerful was the volume of sound proceeding from the hidden organs and from the "choirs invisible." All chance of improving either our French, or our minds, by the sermon, was utterly gone: our interest was centred in the battle between Organ and Orator. In vain the ecclesiastical dignitaries tried to look as if their whole attention was being given to the preacher; the attempt was manifestly a failure, and after a brief consultation, a Canon went off (this didn't add to the noise), evidently to damp, or, rather, tone down, the exuberant enthusiasm of the pilgrims who, just arrived at the extreme East end, were blissfully unconscious of what was going on in the West. Sturdily the Franciscan went on his eloquent way, ignoring all interruption, "speaking through music," and making himself heard everywhere; he riveted the attention of the immense crowd, who had clearly laid odds on his winning, and as the interruptions suddenly ceased, his robust eloquence asserted itself triumphantly, and he stood there, arms uplifted, a living picture of Perseverance Rewarded!

After more "food and feeding,"—of which even Sir HENRY THOMPSON would have approved,—we bade "*Au plaisir*" to courteous and energetic Manager FABESCH and his Most Civil Service company, and, catching the refreshing breezes, we return, *via* Folkestone, to find Ramsgate, which we had quitted because of the heat, absolutely glacial in comparison with Boulogne.

ALLY A. RAYTOOR.

P.S.—Happening upon the *Supplément gratuit du Petit Parisien*, we find among the names of the visitors to the Grand Hotel at Paris-Plage the name of "*Ponche et famille*." We were indeed sorry that we were afforded no opportunity of paying our respects to the representative of a foreign branch of the distinguished Punch Family, *c'est-à-dire* "*de la famille Ponche*."

FROZEN MEET.—A Klondyke hunting-party.



A DEGRADING THOUGHT.

Bertie. "WELL, SUSAN, IS THIS FAIR! WE WERE GOING TO PLAY AT LIONS AND SHEEP, AND THEY WANT ME TO BE A SHEEP AND THEM TO BE LIONS!"

"THE GYRATIONS OF A GENIUS."

An Autobiographical exploit—Designed for the instruction, amusement, and elevation of the human race, and constructed in water-tight compartments to suit the tastes of all readers, by the author of "*Triplets*," "*The Threelegger*," "*The Perplexities of Pluto*," "*The Heathen*," &c.

Chapters 1, 3, 86, and 150 would at once double the circulation of any human being, newspaper, or heating apparatus.

Chapters 5, 9, 36, and 173 will cure chronic insomnia.

"One of my worst cases got hold of the book after dinner three days ago, and is still asleep in his arm-chair."—AN EMINENT DOCTOR.

Chapters 60, 200, and 239 have the force and dry humour of an Act of Parliament.

Chapters 18, 64, 187, and 206, if carefully studied, will enable any person of ordinary intelligence to pass the examinations of the Indian Civil Service, the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, and the Army.

"Since using the *G. of G.* we have used no other book, and all our pupils pass first."—GRYNDE AND KRAMM (*Private Tutors*).

Chapters 7, 103, 199, and 250 contain all that is worth knowing in ARISTOTLE, PLATO, KANT, BACON, and MARTIN TUPPER, and a good deal of original matter besides.

Chapters 2, 22, and 222 are genuine side-splitters. Seven mutes have read the book, lost their places, and become clowns.

Chapter 248 contains the complete tipster.

"The publication of the *G. of G.* has been the curse of the turf, and since it came out, race-course betting has practically ceased, as results cannot now remain a matter of doubt."—*The Blue-un.*

Chapters 11, 37, 56 and 242 contain practical solutions of the Irish Question, the Labour Dispute, Bimetallism, The Mystery of the Man in the Iron Mask, and the Acrostics in the "World."

The remaining chapters contain everything worthy of note which is not dealt with in the above-named portions of the work.



NINETY IN THE SHADE—NOT OUT!

UMPIRE PUNCH (to W. G. SOL). "BY JOVE, OLD MAN, YOU'VE 'BEATEN THE RECORD' *THIS* TIME, AND NO MISTAKE!"

[“The Record-breaker was greatly gratified with the greeting, but did not fail to remember that his long innings might be declared ‘closed’ at any moment by that most capricious of Captains, the Clerk of the Weather.”—*Punch's Epitome of History.*]



THE HORNPIPE AT PEKING.

SOME MEMBERS OF THE TSUNG-LI-YAMEN AS THEY WILL PROBABLY EMERGE FROM A BUSINESS INTERVIEW WITH LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.

ON THE CARDS.

BESIDE the road of life I chanced
On Fortune's Temple on a day;
The Priestess, as I paused, advanced,
And bade me there my journey stay.
She took me in, and showed me round—
A charming lady, I should state—
And (you'll have guessed it, I'll be bound,)
She volunteered to tell my fate.

I shuffled nervously the pack,
I cut—and felt inclined to run—
I trembled as she took it back,
And laid the cards out one by one.
I watched her count with rites occult,
I watched her ply her awesome arts—
The first and principal result
Proclaimed my "fate" the Queen of Hearts.

She counted up, she counted down,
My Queen of Hearts, she said, would pay
A visit shortly out of town—
(I wish they'd ask me, too, to stay).
A good appointment that I craved
Would end in one of Fortune's rubs—
It also seemed I'd not behaved
Quite nicely to the Queen of Clubs.

A most unpleasant interview
With some old lady I'd in store—
A foreign letter, too, was due,
Perhaps a journey. (What a bore!)
There'd be a wedding—that was clear
(The Queen of Hearts still hanging round),
Although a rival would appear
(The King of Spades, whom Fate con-
found!)

A legacy'd be dropping in,
Some disappointment (who has none?)

Yet I the Queen of Hearts should win—
She ended much as she'd begun.
My fortune truly might be styled
One calculated to attract,
If it could but be reconciled
With one most inconvenient fact!—

Which is—I've little chance to win
Beauty and Love, the tourney's prize—
Being ineligible in
All cute mamma's appraising eyes.
No knight am I to take the lists,
The least of all the lesser bards,



Indian Clubs and Hairbrush Combination for Busy Men.

And if my Queen of Hearts exists,
She's hardly more than—"on the
cards"!—

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS FOR A MERE MAN.

Question. What is your idea of perfect happiness?

Answer. Peace, with comfort.

Q. Then, you do not emphasize the possession of honour?

A. Not distinctly, as I would be satisfied with the ideal I have suggested.

Q. You hold woman in esteem?

A. More—in abject veneration.

Q. Do you consider her in every way your superior?

A. I think it most desirable that I should hold such an opinion.

Q. Can you tell me why?

A. Without hesitation—to avoid a row.

Q. Do you consider it the duty of your sex to submit to any demand of the other?

A. It may not be a duty, but it is unquestionably a necessity.

Q. Are you satisfied with this condition of affairs?

A. In moments of extreme exaltation of ideas, I have imagined something nobler, if not safer.

Q. "Nobler, if not safer"—what would that be?

A. The equality of the sexes.

Q. How could that be achieved?

A. By improving the position of the male, so that the woman should no longer be the superior of the man.



THE SKETCHING-CLUB SEASON.

MR. WENLEY DABBIES RESOLVES TO WRITE TO THE PAPERS REGARDING AN ABNORMAL GROWTH OF FUNGI WHICH HAS SPRUNG UP ON THE DOWNS WITHIN WALKING DISTANCE OF HIS HOME IN WOLD-BOROUGH, SUSSEX.

ALLER ET RETOUR.

FROM the Kent coast to Ostend. Better is it by far to descend on foreign coasts, making flying visits, *aller et retour*, than to take a long tour abroad. To Boulogne at one time, next, to Flushing, and round about, and on a third occasion, to Ostend and Bruges. You start with a bag, artfully packed, that will serve you for three days at least, portable, so that you can carry it in your hand, and thus, if necessary, be independent of porters and commissionaires. No matter what season of the year it may be, go on board early, and with admirable forethought, secure the shadiest and best protected spot on deck for your seat. Next, descend at once, see the chief steward, secure your table, and order your lunch. Should any one of your genial party feel in the least undecided as to his, or her, sea-faring qualifications, take care that the festive board be prepared a good quarter of an hour before the start, at 12.20, or thereabouts, and on the return passage (from Ostend to Dover at 11 A.M.), let your hour of *déjeuner* be 11.45 at latest. Fortified by a good meal, and with the tide and wind in your favour, the average traveller ought to enjoy the trip immensely. Cuisine and service excellent on these Belgian boats; good Niersteiner, coffee excellent, and price generally average. These details may be of considerable use to the considerable minority able to enjoy a sea voyage.

In and out of season we have "done" Ostend, and in the season, Ostend would be delighted to "do" us, were we not wary old birds of passage, not to be lured by the hotel-keeper's and shop-keeper's bait, charm they never so wisely. Ostend, in full swing of its season, is a mixture of Brighton, Eastbourne, and Dieppe, but as freshening and as hot, too, as Mar-

gate. Along the *digue*, most of the hotels are magnificent, and the private houses (taken for the season) are so built as to suggest that the ground-floor, several steps above the street level, with alcove and draperies, is a sort of little stage with the scene set, showing an "interior luxuriously furnished, with opening at back leading into another interior," as theatrical directions would express it. In some houses this arrangement suggests the idea of a gorgeous Punch and Judy show, especially as only the upper half of the people appearing on the balcony, leaning over and talking to friends in the street, is visible; *Punch*, with squeak and cudgel, is wanted, and, to complete the resemblance, there should be the other puppets, who could be knocked on the head one after the other on to the ledge in front.

For our part, we put up at a comfortable and reasonable hotel (such hostelrys are to be found), not ten minutes from the *digue*, presided over by a most polite manager, got-up somewhat after the style of a ring-master in FRANCONI'S circus. The style in which, during the *table d'hôte* dinner, he clapped his hands as a signal to a small regiment of waiters, every one of these with a dish in his hand, and all rushing into the room, in a line, at the rate of ten miles an hour, was a thing to be seen and never to be forgotten. What rehearsals he must have given them! He was a regular Grand Vizier of the Arabian Nights, who "clapped his hands, and a thousand ebon slaves responded to the summons."

Advice to the Town Council.—Have the carillon tuned, and put in a few fresh airs. The *Grande Duchesse* is played out. As there is a steam-tram through the streets, which takes you to Blankenberghe, and other trams as well, bell-ringing, trumpets, and shrill whistles, are not absolutely unknown to Ostend. The *digue*, however, is free from trams, which, in their place, and at their places, are most convenient.

From Ostend, in twenty-five minutes you are in Bruges, and, being there, you will find that a single visit only whets the appetite for seeing all that Bruges has to show. Spend most of your day here, and, in the evening, return to Ostend for the concert and the amusements, including the somewhat monotonous game of barraque, played in the public rooms. The highly respectable visitor can vary the entertainments by getting a friend on the premises to vouch for his immaculate position in Society, and then and there to write his name down; thus the *entrée* to the *Cercle* is obtained, where, at *trente et quarante* and baccarat, the visitor in quest of excitement can pass the happy hours away.

Then the bicycles and the costumes! The Belgian bicyclist is a beautiful sight, and the bicycliste is dazzling! No "scorchers" here, but flashes of lightning, radiations from the rainbow sitting well, and working as if there were nothing half so sweet in life as its wheel. A compatriot bicyclist, who had done himself many good turns in various lands, informed me that the Belgian Government had framed regulations for bicyclists, which at first sight appeared irksome to a foreigner, but on closer acquaintance, it would be found that these rules were anti-scorcher regulations, and any Englishman who would take the precaution of becoming a member of the Cyclist Touring Club, would find the formalities at Belgian *douanes* considerably simplified and shortened. He was enthusiastic about the roads and the civility of the country people. As, however, I subsequently heard him holding an animated conversation with a Belgian official in Flemish, and then arguing a point about WAGNER with a German at the Kursaal, breaking off to order, in French, mysterious beverages of a waiter, I came to the conclusion that my bicycling friend possessed such linguistic advantages as, coupled with extreme affability, would smooth the way for him in many rough places through which the less gifted would only pass with considerable friction. Ah! but "gie me Peebles for pleasure," and the quiet of Bruges,—some people call it dulness, we don't,—is a genuine relief after the hurly-burly of Ostend.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Fiona M'Iver (HUTCHINSON) is well described as "a Romance of the Western Isles." ARTHUR JENKINSON, joint author with EMILY J. JENKINSON, is minister of the parish of Innellan, Argyllshire. The twain are evidently accustomed to go down to the sea in small boats, which they know how to steer and sail. Throughout their story sounds the undertone of the sea. Frequent glimpses are caught of Iona wrapt in a grey haze, Staffa rising dreamlike and shadowy, while far away the white shoulders of the Treshnish glisten above a pearly veil. That is for fine weather. But there are stormy nights on the Atlantic, and to description of these, the Jenkinson family are fully equal. The chapter which tells how *Black Nial* abducted *Fiona*, and carried her off in his boat to one of the Western Isles, is the most powerfully-written my Baronite has come across in recent research. A well-told story with a witching setting.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



A REMEDY FOR RUFFIANS.

Hooligan. "WHAT ARE YOU UP TO, GUY'NOR?"

Policeman. "I'M GOING TO INTRODUCE YOU TO THE 'HARMLESS, NECESSARY CAT'."

THE GUARDS OF RIGHT.

THE skies are dark, the mist is dense,
We cannot see our way,
A pressure that is chill, intense,
Has hidden all our day!
We know the foe is somewhere near
Beneath this blinding blight
Of doubt, uncertainty, not fear—
Stand fast, O Guards of Right!

Dimly the sun has kissed the East,
Dimly has kissed the West!
We're bidden to the fateful feast,
Where War shall mate with Rest.
A cry comes forth from out yon gloom
That should be dove-like, white;
"Sheathe swords! suppress the cannon
boom!"
Stand fast, O Guards of Right!

The promises of broken faith
On Sands of Time are strown,
We bought those promises with Death.
What sowed them? Blood! our own!
Across the seas, on every strand
The bones of men bleach white,
The Sign-posts of our Mother-land!
Stand fast, O Guards of Right!

Stand fast! nor heed the whining cry
Of curs, who fear the foe,
Of women, who would fain deny
That God had made them so!
Stand fast! for all that Britain's worth!
Stand fast! amid this night!
You hold the Peace of all the Earth!
Stand fast, O Guards of Right!

CULTURE V. AGRICULTURE.

(A Vision of the Near Future.)

"No foreign trips," said JONES, resolutely. "None of your miserable seaside places for me this year. I shall spend my time at Puddleworth, in the depths of the country, staying in those delightful farmhouse lodgings where I was made so comfortable before. Mr. GILES, the farmer, will be delighted to see me. his wife is an admirable cook, and life there is thoroughly primitive, simple and charming."

A few days later he arrived at Puddleworth, and very refreshing the country air seemed after the stifling heat of London. Farmer GILES greeted him warmly, and after a few remarks about the weather—a topic, JONES noticed, which seemed to interest his host less keenly than was once the case—the visitor enquired what kind of a season it had been for hay.

"Well, Sir," said the worthy GILES, "the hay was all right, but we couldn't carry it."

"But why?" enquired JONES. "Surely the weather—"

"It weren't the weather," said the farmer; "twere along o' that Shakspeare class. We couldn't get no hands nohow."

"Shakspeare class?" echoed JONES, with much surprise.

"Yes, Sir. P'raps you mayn't have heard how we be moving on in the country. Them there County Councils have started lectures on every sort of subject, offering prizes, and scholarships, and foolishness. All the place be clean overrun with them dratted lectures—asking your pardon, Sir. Mondays and Thursdays 'tis "SHAKSPEARE," Tuesdays and Fridays 'tis "Advanced Sanitation," and Wednesdays we has a course on "Applied Dynamics." Wunnerful useful, Sir, they tell me they



Millionaire. "YES; I'M AWFUL PARTIAL TO PICTERS. WHY, BLESS YER, I'VE GOT CELLARS FULL OF 'EM!"

be. All those lectures be in the afternoon, so we can't get a man to do a day's work. Then of an evening—"

"But, good gracious!" cried JONES, "you don't mean to tell me that the labourers attend those lectures?"

"That they does," said Mr. GILES. "They be that daft on 'culture,' and 'edification,' and suchlike nowadays. Or, even if they baint fools themselves, for one thing there's the County Council bribing them handsome (out of the rates) to come, and then there's their women-folk egging of them on. You've brought a cook, Sir, I hopes?" he broke off.

"A cook?" said JONES, with dismay. "No; why, I thought that Mrs. GILES—"

"Lor' bless you, she don't cook nowadays. She spends her time a-reading BROWNING, and the gals are learning painting and the violin. As for the food—Well, in the old days, as you knows, Sir, we got what we could eat. Now we eat what we can get—and be thankful, or otherwise, according to our digestions."

"And is your old father alive? And if so, what does he think of this system?"

"Father," said Mr. GILES, smiling for the first time, "is a sight for to see—let alone to hear. There's a new course of lectures on WORDSWORTH, for "Infants and Senile Adults," and parson's wife, she came along and dragged off father to the school for it. And the language the old gennelman used about 'lectures'! Well, you should have heard it, Sir."

"But what becomes of the farm, GILES?"

"Farming baint of no account nowadays," said Mr. GILES, decisively. "Missus finds that American flour very good, and our butter comes from Norway. We does a little ourselves, of course, so long as it don't interfere with lectures. And—scuse me, Mr. JONES, but I'm due at one now—'tis on "RUSKIN and Ideal Art"—and my missus, well, she just makes me go. Make yourself at home, Sir. There's some bread and cheese, and we'll be back about nine!"

But on his return, he found that JONES had taken the 8.50 express for London.



FRENCH AS SHE IS SPOKE.

"YOU LIKE OSTENDE, MONSIEUR SIMPKIN?"

"OH, YES, ORFLY! IT'S SO 'RICHURCH,' DON'TCHERKNOW. JUST COME UP TO THE 'CURSE HALL,' WILL YOU?"

A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.

I.

Monday.—Those awful boys again! Why should my sister and her husband go tearing off to Norway? And why should I be called upon to "look after"—that's my sister's expression—the boys? Why am I selected as bearleader to these dreadful children? I ask why, and my sister's unfeeling, and utterly inconsequential answer is, because I have "none of my own." Shall wire and decline.

"So sorry; off to Shrimpton to-morrow. Fear boys would not like hotel life."

There, that's done. Must have my new trunks rubbed over with brown boot-polish, cannot bear sight of new leather, sets my teeth on edge. Wire for rooms at Royal, Shrimpton-on-Sea. "Answer paid" arrives. Day after to-morrow rooms at disposal. Must wait in town. Just like my luck!

Tuesday.—"Special post. Urgent." Ill-omen. It's from one of those two imps. O, RICHARD THE THIRD of blessed memory, you knew what it was to be an uncle! Break open envelope and—

"DEAR UNCLE CHARLES,—its very kind of you to give me and TOMMY a invitashun (I like that! I invite them, indeed!) "to stay with you. Ma told me to begin like that, so I've put it, and now I'll go on my own way. We don't mind staying at a Hotel a bit, insted of at your own house" (very condescending of them, I'm sure!), "in fack, we preffer it, becos you can kick up sutch a joly shine at a hotel, and have rows with the manidger and all that, and then it doesn't matter if you break the furnisher becos its not your own you know. Oh thers all sorts of fun in a hotel. TOMMY wants to dig on the sands, fancy the littel ass at his age with a spail and pade when he ought to be like a grown-up. I am, and hees neerly as old ass me. I had a tooth out yestiddy, the feller that did it hurt, and I hollered out and hit him in the weskot, and he garpsed and sed you littel retch! Well, I told him if we came to Shimpton, of course we couldn't dig on the sands (I mean TOMMY, not the feller who puled my tooth out) or anny rot like that—just like kids, you know—but weed roe in a boat and sail and swim and—oh! just rot about, just as you do your-

self, you know, wen your at the seaside. So weel meet you tomorrow at Burberidge Junkshon ware they change for Scrimpton by the too thirty train. Then we shall all get there—to Skimton, I meen—together, witch will be better, becos then you can look after our luggidge ass well ass your own. Its so beesely looking after luggidge, so I never do, but just let it rip, and then you should hear the Gurner sware wen we loose one of the portman-toes. Well, thats orl and hopping to see you at B. Junk. tomorrow,

Your affeshunt MAX.

P.S.—I spose you woodent let me arsk Boors!

No, most emphatically no, I say. I will not let you ask Boors! D—I mean, bother Boors!

Upon my word, it is too bad that I should be let in like this. No help for it, I suppose, now, though. Wire for extra room at Royal.

Wednesday.—My man secures me First smoker to myself. Quiet cigar to prepare nerves for coming ordeal. As train arrives Burberidge Junction, am saluted by hideous cheering from the boys standing on platform. MAX is holding fox-terrier, tied by corner of dirty pocket-handkerchief. Row of heads thrust out of carriage windows. Enquiries as to whether accident has happened. Descend gingerly and shake hands stiffly, trying to quell my nephews. Quite useless. MAX rushes up, dog yapping with excitement all the time, horrid child hits me violently on back, and cries, "Good old Uncle! won't we have some real fun!" Shudder at thought. Battle, murder and sudden death flit across my mind in connection with their ideas of "fun." TOMMY yells out, "Oh! the dog's loose!" and away goes terrier up the platform at forty miles an hour, MAX in hot pursuit. Porter wheeling four most disreputable trunks, burst out in several places, asks if "this 'ere lot's yours, Sir?" Point loftily to my own neat luggage standing by, and try to wither him with a look. TOMMY claims disreputable trunks. "Put 'em with that gentleman's, cockie; it's all right, Uncle CHARLEY, they're ours." Dislike expression "cockie," especially as applied to porter, in my presence. TOMMY surprised, almost grieved. Enter local train for Shrimpton, after buying boys bag of plums to keep them quiet. MAX wishes to have Nipper, the terrier, in our compartment. Sternly refuse, and insist upon his going with guard. Porter comes to window and receives his tip. Perhaps tip not quite enough, as he only regards it rather sulkily. As he turns to walk away, MAX draws ripe plum from bag, and with the diabolical certainty of aim which always pertains to mischievous boys, shies it at porter. It smashes on nape of his neck, and he rushes up to carriage window, red-faced and violent, to blare at me—evidently the tip was not all that he had expected—for allowing the "young gents, as ain't no gents at all, to shy—" Just as I am about to soothe him with another sixpence, the train mercifully steams out of station, and we are off. Propitiate TOMMY with sixpence intended for porter. MAX makes a dash at it. It is not five minutes since we left Burberidge station, and they have come to fisticuffs. Pleasant prospect!

VERY LIKE A WHALE.—The one which is causing the trouble at Birchington.

THE COMPLETE STORY WRITER.

II.

HAVING instructed the young author in the art of constructing a tale of adventure, we may next proceed to the short sensation story. Nothing is more readily taken by the editors of the popular magazines, and the plan for making it is simplicity itself. Begin in the most matter-of-fact manner, a favourite scene being a club smoking-room. Then introduce your supernatural element in the shape of an enchanted box or dagger or ring, to which a dreadful curse is attached. Thereafter you simply pile up horrors for as many thousand words as your editor will stand. A short example is appended.

THE RING FROM THE TOMB.

It was nearly midnight, and only two men remained in the smoking-room of the Megarkerian Club, reposing in comfortable arm-chairs before the fire, and drinking the customary whiskey-and-soda.

"It is good to be in England once more," remarked the elder of the two, famous among Egyptologists as Professor HIEROGLYPH. "And now tell me your own news, DICK; you've heard all my yarns."

DICK JOHNSON blushed becomingly. "Well, I'm going to be married next month," he said.

"Indeed! I congratulate you! And the lady's name?"

"AMARYLLIS JONES," answered DICK. "Have you ever met her?"

The Professor grew deathly pale. Beads of perspiration stood upon his brow, and his face twitched convulsively. (*The young author should not use this last sentence much more frequently than six times in each sensation story.*) Little did DICK JOHNSON guess that, not two years before, the Professor himself had wooed, quite unsuccessfully, his own AMARYLLIS. (*The reader never wearies of this simple expedient.*)

"Yes," said the Professor at last, speaking slowly and with evident effort. "I—know—her—well." He placed his fingers in his waistcoat pocket, and drew out a small morocco case. "And here is a small trifle—a ring I picked up in the sarcophagus of RANDANASES THE SECOND—which perhaps you will give Miss JONES as a humble offering from an old friend."

DICK looked at the ring curiously; it had mysterious letters engraved deep upon its face. "Thank you, Professor," he said. "AMARYLLIS shall have it to-morrow. And I'll wear it myself in the meantime," and so saying, he slipped it upon the little finger of his right hand, and walked out of the room.

A terrible smile came over the Professor's face as the other left. "So you think that AMARYLLIS shall be yours, my friend?" he muttered. "Not if the spell of RANDANASES THE SECOND has aught of its ancient power!"

He chuckled with unholy delight, while beads of perspiration stood upon his brow, and his face twitched convulsively.

(*Note to the young author.—Now then, for the horrors!*)

As DICK JOHNSON walked home through the night, a strange feeling began to grow upon him, a quickening of pulse, a wild desire to kill every passer-by. At last it grew irresistible, and with a short howl he flung himself upon an elderly policeman



'WOT AM I MOIKIN? BICYCLE, OF COURSE, STOOPID.'

standing by the curb, and in an instant had wrung his neck. Trampling the corpse underfoot he passed on, a strange light shone in his eyes, beads of perspiration (&c.). Well indeed was the ancient Egyptian curse, buried for so many centuries in the tomb of RANDANASES, doing its dreadful work! In the course of the next mile, DICK murdered—

(i.) A cabman.

(ii.) A journalist.

(iii.) Six members of a fire-brigade.

(*Of course, you will describe the deaths of all these with full detail.*)

He burst into the drawing-room, where the beautiful AMARYLLIS still sat, late as the hour was, writing letters to her dear DICK. But her lover roughly repelled her caress, when with a cry of joy she jumped from her seat and flung her arms about his neck.

"Look here, AMARYLLIS," he said, bluntly, "this is a sensation story, and I'm bewitched, and I'm going to kill you."

"Oh! no," remonstrated the girl, "do let's make it into a volume, and then you can let me go on for several chapters yet."

"Nonsense," said DICK. "You have got to die now. Here is the usual convenient dagger in my pocket, and this story is long enough. There'll be a beautiful account of this last scene in the *Cheapside Maga-*

zine, illustrated profusely. Now then, down on your knees, please. Give the artist a chance. Thank you!"

(*You finish with a few terse sentences, each shorter than the last.*)

Beads of perspiration stood upon his brow, and his face twitched convulsively.

Nearer and nearer he came to the crouching girl.

He raised the glittering dagger high.

It came swiftly down.

It struck—thrice.

Crash!

On the Way to the Manse.

Deacon MacTavish (to Deacon MacBrose, after visiting several hospitable houses on their way). Hoot, mon DONALD, yonder's the Meenister! Noo, I'll joost tek a few paces afore ye, in that ye may say gin my puir tired legs don't tremble.

Deacon MacBrose. Gae fortard, SANDY, gae fortard!

Deacon MacTavish (after stumbling ahead for several yards). Weel, DONALD, hoo gae they?

Deacon MacBrose. Richt bonnily, SANDY, richt bonnily. But wha's the mon that's walking beside ye?

LOW TASTES.—Those who prefer their grouse not too high.



Ira's Old Gentleman. "HERE, I SAY, YOUR BEAST OF A DOG HAS BITTEN A PIECE OUT OF MY LEG!"

Dog's Owner. "OH, BOTHER! AND I WANTED TO BRING HIM UP A VEGETARIAN!"

NICOTINE.

I HAVE sung in many places
Of My Lady's charms and graces,
I have frequently described her as my
Queen;

But now in poetic phrases
I intend to chaunt the praises
Of another love, the nymph called Nicotine.

Tho' I trust my dearest lady
Will not think my conduct shady,
And with envy and with jealousy turn
green;

For the notion is distressing,
Yet I cannot help confessing
An attachment to the nymph called Nico-
tine.

I am not the only lover
Of the nymph, for round her hover

Worshippers too numerous to count, I
ween,

Young and old adoring gaily,
Whilst they offer incense daily
At the altar of the nymph called Nicotine.

Tho' her charms are great and many,
Of the fair sex scarcely any
In the ranks of her admirers will be seen,
But the simple and the gentle
Have a more than sentimental
Adoration of the nymph called Nicotine.

Then her worship is a pleasure,
For she speeds the hours of leisure,
And she makes our appetite for work more
keen;

If you are not too rapacious
She is never aught but gracious,
Sweetly soothing is the nymph called Nico-
tine.

WILHELMINA,

QUEEN OF THE NETHERLANDS.

SEPTEMBER 6, 1898.

MAIDEN, on whose gentle brow,
With the weight of woman's years,
Lies another burden now,
Rest a nation's hopes and fears,—
See, we send across the foam,
Yours and ours that laughs between,
Greetings in your Lowland home,
Maiden-Queen!

Over half the world to-day
Deep in every loyal heart
Prayer is made that you may play
Like a queen your queenly part;
And of all that love your throne,
Truer none than we who trace
From your princely line our own
Royal race.

Yet we claim to be your kin
Bound by other bonds than these;
By the courage wise to win
Fame and fortune from the seas;
By the strength that taught the world
What a fearless faith should be;
By the banner never furled
Of the Free.

Many a wave rolls o'er the dead
Since the conqueror of Spain,
With a broom at his mast-head,
Swore to sweep us from the main;
And, as now our seamen go
Rival comrades down the deep,
Memories of that gallant foe
Still we keep.

Such the splendid warrior-breed.
Lady, from whose blood you spring;
Such their sons that shall at need
All you ask of service bring:
So you stand as once she stood,
England's Queen, a simple maid,
In her dawn of womanhood
Unafraid.

And this hour, when hearts are sent
Up to God in prayer for you,
Doubt not where her thoughts are bent
As remembrance lives anew:
How she smiles through happy tears,
Thinking what her life has been
Since her land at eighteen years
Crowned her Queen.

And she prays that yours may be
Such a heritage as hers,
Peace that only loyalty
Yielded by the heart confers;
With that other love, apart:
Ah! for what could well atone,
If you missed to have one heart
All your own?

At the Archidiaconal Bazaar.

Mrs. Quips (to her little daughter, who has presented a Purse to the Distinguished Visitor). Why, CHRIS, didn't you say "your grace" instead of "my lady" to the Duchess?

Miss Chris. Well, mother, I didn't see anything to eat, so I couldn't.

AN AFRICAN PROBLEM EASY OF SOLUTION.—Omdurman = Kartoum: Oom-durman = Pretoria.

GOING TO THE DEUCE.—Getting thirty to forty at lawn tennis.



A FRIENDLY PROPOSAL.

THE CZAR. "MY DEAR ALLY, PUT DOWN YOUR SWORD, AND JOIN MY LEAGUE OF PEACE."

FRANCE. "WHEN GERMANY RESTORES ALSACE AND LORRAINE, THEN—I WILL THINK ABOUT IT!"

[The *Lancet* advocates taking holidays in Midwinter instead of Midsummer.]

VIEW OF THE SANDS OF ANYWHERE-ON-SEA IF THE SUGGESTION IS ADOPTED. TIME—DECEMBER OR JANUARY.

DARBY JONES ON DONCASTER.

AFTER having my humble remarks on Turf Indiscretion quoted in Big Type by such an Illustrious Newspaper as the *Daily Telegraph*, I feel, honoured Sir, like the Czar of All the Russias must have felt when his Patent-Peace-at-any-Price Bill was seen, read and approved of by his Illustrious Neighbour and Relative the Emperor of All the Germanies. There is nothing like Quotation after all to establish a Man's Reputation. Most of our Deceased Statesmen have lived and do live upon their Quotations and not on their Sculptured Tombs in Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, and other convenient sepulchres. I would much prefer in my own case that some now unborn Briton should exclaim in the *Paulo-post-futurum*, "DARBY JONES told this story in 1898," than that my Memory should be associated with a Diseased Drinking Fountain, from which the Unnecessary Cup had been purloined by some Unscrupulous Teetotaler. Not that I am vain enough to suppose that any Member of Posterity will ever be aware of the existence of "DARBY JONES," save as he exists in the Printed Catacombs of *Mr. Punch*.

But away to the Delights of Doncaster, leaving Cenotaphs, Epitaphs, and Monographs to the Historians of the Great War, which, if I be anything of a Tipster, will break out immediately after the close of the Paris Exhibition of A.D. 1900. I am not a Politician, honoured Sir, the only "Swing of the Pendulum" that I appreciate is when a Big Backer gets the Knock to his Tick in the Ring, the only "Open door" that I understand is the Free Portal to Tattersall's Enclosure, and the sole Balance of the parties with which I am acquainted is Settling up on Mondays. But nevertheless I am a Briton, and take it from me, Sir, that if any Ready Money is wanted to back the Empire of the QUEEN in the Great International Stakes, it will be largely found among the Promoters of Sport, who throng HER MAJESTY'S vast territory longitudinally and latitudinally the wide world over. I am driven to these Patriotic Reflections by the fact that at Doncaster I have learnt that several large parcels of that delicate sweetmeat known as Butter-scotch have been despatched to

our Gallant Warriors in the Soudan, and that these packages have been sent by Turfites who know that TOMMY ATKINS may have a sharp bayonet and a keen sword, but that he also possesses a sweet tooth. How small does the Globe seem when we reflect that at the very moment when the "Sellinger" is being decided, some noble member of the Sirdar's army may be chewing Doncaster toffee on the banks of the Antique River of RAMESSES.

I like Doncaster for one thing, and that is its Independence. There is no truckling to visitors, as happens in the Sordid South. A Doncastrian landlord or landlady gives you of the Best according to Doncastrian ideas. If you don't like it, you can pack up your grip-sack and depart elsewhere. The Southron host or hostess would deceive a British Ambassador with fair promises, but the Northerner is as uncompromising as Sir WILFRID LAWSON or Lady HENRY SOMERSET. If you don't appreciate the Whiskey of Doncaster return to less Cultured Regions and get your Quencher there. At Doncaster, too, there are many Rough Elements, but the Roughs of Goodwood, Epsom and Alexandra Park are unknown, for the very excellent reason that if they were to attempt any of their Romps and Rigs they would be quietly suppressed, possibly killed, by the Pitmen and other Patrons of the Corporation Course. This is Brutal Justice, but it answers as well as Lynching in the Far West of the Great Republic.

We are anticipating a very enjoyable meeting, for Captain KRITERION, owing to a stroke of Good Fortune which he received by backing Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS's quadruped *Herbal* at Derby, has secured apartments not unworthy of the Manager of the Gaiety Theatre. The Hon. FLIFLATT and others of Similar Kidney have promised to join the Company, which I need not say would be enhanced to the magnitude of an Imperial Directorate by the presence of Your Honoured Self and that of your Versatile and Witty friend Sir FRAISER PUNNETT, whose address you withhold in a manner suggestive of Doubts with regard to my Probity. Allow me, Sir, to state that my Mug may not be great, but I never interfere with any one else's. Captain KRITERION is very honourable on these points of Professional Etiquette, and so, I trust, am

I. I will presently send on my notes, which may interest you with regard to the Race named after the gallant Colonel who was as fragile a Saint as his name portends, and meanwhile will endeavour to supply you and my other Patrons with that versified prophecy, for which I take no credit beyond that of endeavouring to satisfy curiosity at the shortest notice possible. Let the Minstrel warble:—

The Cricketer's Weapon I'll put on one side,
And The Tyre may not go the pace,
But the chance of the Duckhunter do not deride,
And the Tipton may run to a place.
The Pilgrimage Port should be first in the field,
Nine We go uncommonly smart,
But I fancy to Beaconfield yet he may yield,
And to Godsend if given a start.

So runs my augury. It is at least as good as that of a Talented Racing Necromancer of my Acquaintance, who writes out all the names of the Probable Starters on slips of paper, puts them into a hat, and receives five shillings a time for his "specials" from a Confiding Public. Such conduct would be averse from the well-known Morality of your devoted, but for some time past *unchequed*, adherent,
DARBY JONES.

"SAUCE HOLLANDAISE."

SIR,—Should the Devoted Dutchmen be in want of a national melody wherein to voice their loyal attachment to their youthful and most charming Queen, they might do worse than adopt and adapt the music and words of *Robin's* song in what was once, *chez vous*, a most popular operetta, *c'est-à-dire*, *The Waterman*, of which the refrain is—

"So, WILHELMINA, I love but thee!"

This is a suggestion made to me by *mon ami le Prince Paul*, who is still a contributor to "*La Gazette de Hollande, oui!*" and whereunto I set my seal and hand as, if you will allow me the Anglo-French *carambole*, "*LA GRANDE DUTCHESSE*."

Note.—By the way, to the modern majority who "did never hear of the jolly young waterman," *Mr. Punch*, with thanks to *LA GRANDE DUTCHESSE*, recommends the revival of this old-fashioned operetta. *Mr. SIMS REEVES* is still with us to instruct any aspiring tenor as to how "*Tom Tug*" should be played and sung.



A SORE POINT.

She. "DOCTOR, I'VE BEEN GUESSING THESE CONUNDRUMS. DO YOU EVER—"

He. "MADAM, I HAVE BEEN GUESSING CONUNDRUMS FOR THIRTY YEARS—PROFESSIONALLY!"

FLODDEN FIELD.

(Extract from the Travel Diary of Tobu, M.P.)

Ford Castle, Northumberland, Monday.—Suppose that after lapse of nearly five centuries all battlefields wear a placid air. Something especially pacific about the Field of Flodden looked down upon this sunlit September day. Hard to realise that upon another September day, in the year 1513, something like one hundred thousand men (including MARMION) faced each other on this hill.

Their marshalled lines stretch east and west,
And fronted north and south.

Walking hither from Ford Castle, the only sign of carnage we met with were seven dead hawks nailed to a tree. The Member for SARK, whose experience is rather urban than rural, thought they were grouse; willing to assume that this is one of the habits of hospitable country. Kind-hearted sportsman fills his bag; finds it overflowing; bethinks him of the weary pilgrim less blessed with opportunity. Nails his surplusage within hand-reach on the branch of a tree, so that he who walks may take.

SARK sorely tempted to pouch a brace. Thought the Chairman of his Election Committee would be pleased by receipt, per parcel-post, of such reminder of the thoughtfulness of the sitting Member. When I reflect on pleasing picture of the Chairman of Election Committee sitting down to the Member's "grouse," lifting the cover from a brace of roast hawks,

almost regret I dissuaded SARK from carrying out his intention. Perhaps it was better. Honesty is, after all, the best policy. Besides, we can't spare SARK from Westminster, and the Chairman of his Committee is, I believe, supremely influential in the constituency.

King JAMES coming over the border with intent to ravage the country of his good cousin, HENRY of England (at the time, burning and pillaging the territory of his good cousin, the King of FRANCE), put up at Ford Castle. When he pushed on to the fight at Flodden, he repaid hospitality by burning the fortress. That a hard job with walls of the thickness of this old Castle. Still standing four square, fronting Flodden, is the tower roofing the room in which King JAMES slept on the night before the battle.

Over the stone fireplace, on which are carved the royal arms of Scotland, runs this inscription: "King JAMES YE 4TH of Scotland did lye here at Ford Castle, A.D. 1513." Only last night, as it were, he undressed and went to bed here, dreaming of victory in the morning, and of being crowned at Westminster—only a last night dead these three hundred and eighty-five years.

Probably there is nothing now, save the bare walls, that witnessed that last vigil. Certainly the mirror on the table, ancient as it is, does not belong to the early years of the sixteenth century. Nor does the tapestry on the walls, faded though it be; nor the heavy black oak tables and chests. The bed is, nevertheless, called King JAMES's bed. A prim-

looking four-poster, with long, lean arms reaching to the ceiling, an embroidered crimson coverlet, with some last touches given to the pattern by centuries of moths. Beside the fireplace is a staircase leading to the room below. This is called the Secret Staircase, and nineteenth century scandal, echoing earlier tradition, trips up and down the stone steps, lightly telling how the room below was Lady HERON's bed-chamber, and how the King might have won the fight at Flodden and changed the history of Great Britain if he had not dallied at Ford Castle long enough for SURREY to pull his men together. In truth, there is nothing secret about the staircase, which in King JAMES's time was probably the only means of access to the topmost chamber where the King did "lye."

There is a Gothic window in the King's room, facing due West. Castles of King JAMES's day did not have windows as big as this. Through a narrow slit of the same wall, or from the roof, the King, on the early morning of the battle day could clearly see on the rounded hill a mile and a half away the earthworks that marked the Scottish camp. But he could not see on the other side of Branxton Ridge, the English army, with SURREY in the saddle, and CONSTABLE, HOWARD, STANLEY, and DACRE, marshalling their men.

He saw enough of them before night fell, and when again morn broke,

The carcass of the King himself
Bare naked left as it was born.
The Earl could not know it so well,
Searching the same upon the morn.
Un'til Lord DACRE at the last
By certain signs did him bewray.
The corps then in a cart being cast,
They to Newcastle did convey.

So sings a nameless minstrel, whose rugged verse the white-robed Chatelaine of the Castle came upon in the library, and brings to me. It tells in three "fyts" all about Flodden. A note by a later, but long ago shrivelled hand, extols the shrewdness of the singer in thus dividing his story. A groat a "fyt" was the price current in days preceding our own ALFRED. Having excited interest in his story by recital of his first "fyt," the ALFRED AUSTIN of the sixteenth century wouldn't tune up again under a second groat, claiming a third payment for the final "fyt."

As SARK says, "Looking out on Flodden from the King's room, under whose beamed ceiling the doomed STUART passed his last night, we seem for the moment to be within hand-reach of quite wrinkled History."

LIZA'S LAMENT.

["An old woman known as 'Weeping ELIZA,' was sentenced to 'one day' in default of paying two shillings for hawking Bobby's Canary and other story-books during prohibited hours."]

(Daily Graphic.)

THEM coppers declare that I'm wary,
Cantankerous and quite contrary,
Whenever I dares to offer my wares,
And tries to sell Bobby's Canary.

A fillin' me with indignation
By sayin' I makes lamentation,
Whenever I'm took for 'awkin' my book
A contrary to regulation.

They say as it isn't the right time
A sellin' of books in the night-time,
And puts me away, two bob or a day,—
ELIZA, she do 'ave a bright time.



Irascible Lieutenant (down engine room tube). "Is there a BLITHERING IDIOT AT THE END OF THIS TUBE?"
Voice from Engine-room. "NOT AT THIS END, SIR!"

TO THE PIPE-R.

(See Lines in "Punch," September 3.)

I do not think that it was wise
 To puff your pipe as you have done,
 Your statements I shall criticise
 For one.

A cigarette of any brand
 Unto a pipe cannot compare,
 At least so you, I understand,
 Declare.

We will agree upon that head.
 A cigarette's insipid, tame,
 Besides, in other lines I've said
 The same.

But "Consolation's type," no, no,
 I feel I really must protest,
 As type a pipe is not, you know,
 The best.

A pipe is liable to choke,
 And does so if not often cleaned;
 Then you choke also, and invoke
 The fiend.

Again, a pipe, I beg to state,
 If valuable is apt to break;
 And altogether it's a great
 Mistake.

You spoke, I think, before you should
 Have done, for surely better far
 Than any pipe is a real good
 Cigar.



"READING BETWEEN THE LINES,"

a very common occurrence, but most dangerous
 practice when a Train is coming.

ON AN AVERAGE.

[An article in the *St. James's Gazette* asserts that East London, even at present, gets an average supply of twenty-six gallons of water per head daily; which, it says, is more than the average daily supply of Birmingham, Liverpool or Sheffield.]

DEAR A., and B., and C., and D.,
 Who grumble that you get no water,
 Your argument's a fallacy,
 Since, even in your East End quarter,
 Abundant waters freely flow—
 Upon an average, you know.

What though in tea-cups you must lave,
 And drains and sewers are foul and reeking,
 And you in gallipots must save
 Your daily store?—correctly speaking
 (Upon an average) you possess
 Two dozen gallons, more or less.

For W., X., and Y., and Z.,
 Have water and to spare, and waste it;
 Then with such vast supplies (per head)
 Although you neither feel nor taste it,
 You would be happy, I'll engage,
 Did you but strike the average.

At Scarborough during the Cricket Week.

Bliffkins (reading placard). What's the
 meaning of this: "Gentlemen v. Players"?
Smiffkins. The same old game, I sup-
 pose, the haristocracy and the clown
 cricketers matched against one another.



THE SENSE OF FITNESS.

Cecilia. "IT WAS NAUGHTY OF YOU, HAROLD, TO TELL MOTHER SUCH A FIB."

Harold. "WELL, YOU TELL FIBS ENOUGH YOURSELF, CISSY."

Cecilia. "OH, HAROLD, NEVER!—IN THE DRAWING-ROOM!"

EEN BRIEFJE.

London, Woensdag, 31 Augustus, 1898.

MIJNHEER REDACTEUR!—(I've started in Dutch, as it is a Dutch week coming, but I'm afraid I can't keep it up. I might try to Dutchify my remarks for the occasion by imitating the giddij, kwaije waije the Hollanders have of writing the letter y. but I fancy such a wrij stijl of orthographij might give Ijou a stij in the eije, so I forbear.)

I am on the point of flitting over to Amsterdam to witness the blijde inkomst (or joyeuse entrée) and inauguration of Queen WILHELMINA. As in the case of the Russian Coronation, the Press authorities have given each duly accredited journalist a neat little red morocco pocket-book or *pas-partout*, containing his own photograph, and they have gone one better than the Muscovites, as we are accorded a free passage from England, and a pass over all the Dutch railways. Unfortunately, it will take them all their time, through no fault of the Dutch reproduction, to trace any resemblance between yours truly and his portrait, at least, so say impartial friends.

On our own private account we are to have a busy and exciting time, according to the "programme of reception," what with *raouts* and excursions to Marken and Edam and Purmerend, with afternoon tea at Mesdag's studio, and a few Press banquets thrown in, so much so, that we shall all come home talking double-Dutch in praise and admiration of "Ons Willemintje," and live on Dutch cheeses and "square-face" for ever after. "My old Dutch" will have an added force as a term of endearment, and "as I'm a Dutchman" will be the only correct form of asseveration. We shall all be assisting at "Dutch concerts," if we can get an audience with enough Dutch courage to join in, and we will finish up the evening with a grand "Dutch auction" of what remains of the furniture. Every dam will have its day. Some dams have had theirs already (as said the dramatist), and that on the Amstel and the IJ is now going to have its turn as well. So here's any number of cheers (before start-

ing) for the success of *de Feestelijke Ontvangst van Hare Majesteit de Koningin te Amsterdam bij gelegenheid van H. Ms. Inhuldiging binnen Amsterdam in 1898*, to quote the front page of the *Officiële Feestgids*! Ijours trulij, Z. IJ. X.

CONVERSATIONS FOR CASH.

["In Paris the diner-out can converse without trouble. From an ingenious gentleman, who does a large business in this line, he can purchase a printed slip, on which current topics are conveniently summarised, together with appropriate anecdotes."—*Daily Paper*.]

MESSRS. BONMOT AND RACONTEUR, the well-known conversation-mongers, beg to intimate that they have recently opened a London branch of their business, and that they are prepared to supply talk of all kinds at the lowest possible cash prices. They venture respectfully to call your attention to the subjoined extracts from their catalogue, referring to conversations of the kind for which there is a special demand at this time of year.

1. The Agricultural Blend.—This is a most useful variety, and is strongly recommended to London gentlemen, Americans, and others renting country residences, as with the assistance of a supply of this blend, they will be able to talk intelligently about cows, pigs, manures, the price of hay, &c. It need hardly be pointed out how severely handicapped are many who wish to figure as country gentlemen by their ignorance of these matters. The following testimonial, from Mr. JEREMIAH DIBBS, of Mincing Lane, speaks for itself: "Having taken Diddlecum Castle," he writes, "for two months, I was much vexed to find how unsociable the county Society appeared to be. For some weeks they simply ignored our presence in their midst. But, meeting by chance the Lord-Lieutenant of the county, I quickly let off three pages of your Agricultural Blend, with the result that his wife called on us next day."

2. The Sporting.—This is a brand of conversation for which there is a great demand just now. Messrs. BONMOT AND RACONTEUR would warn purchasers to avoid most carefully all spurious imitations, the use of which has often proved most disastrous. They guarantee that their own Sporting conversations may be used in any quantities, and with absolute confidence, as they are carefully distilled from the latest and most trustworthy text-books only. For the convenience of customers, they are sold in two qualities. (A) Includes partridge-shooting, golfing, bicycling, and trout-fishing, and is a good, useful conversation at a low price. (B) In addition to these, also deals with deer-stalking, salmon-fishing, polo, and yachting, and though expensive, is more than worth the money charged for it, being a magnificent brand of a really aristocratic conversation.

3. The Country-House.—This light and sparkling variety is especially suitable for ladies' use, and is most popular. No lady going a round of visits should be without some, as it will save her an immense deal of trouble. It includes idiotic nick-names for her fellow-guests, anecdotes (guaranteed new) about people in the smartest set, and appropriate conversational openings with bishops, sportsmen, soldiers, barristers, and authors. For those who wish it, flirtation dialogue (*Château d'Anthony Hope*) can also be supplied at a moderate figure. Miss ANGLER writes: "I attribute my engagement to Mr. CÆSUS entirely to the use of your conversation." Lady CADGER says: "I have used your talk this summer with excellent results; in each house I have been asked to extend my stay. Professor STONYROCK is expected here to-morrow; please send six geological anecdotes by return."

4. The end of the London season having been reached, we can offer a stock of oddments and remnants—consisting of criticisms on plays, pictures and books, &c., at the most ridiculously low prices. The attention of suburban residents is specially invited to these.

5. Messrs. BONMOT AND RACONTEUR suggest that no more acceptable present could be found than a nicely-assorted stock of conversation. The following order, for instance, has just been executed as a birthday gift from a lady to her husband, who is about to start for a country visit:—

One dozen jokes, repartees, etc., suitable for cabmen, guards, and porters; twelve pages general conversation; two pages political conversation; six pages sporting conversation; one dozen anecdotes, best selected dinner-table; one dozen anecdotes, for smoking-room consumption, very rich and fruity; one dozen assorted epigrams.

On application, a list of commissions, similar to the above, may be obtained. A casual inspection will prove that the firm are capable of carrying out any suggestion of an intellectual character.

In conclusion, Messrs. BONMOT AND RACONTEUR trust that they may receive your esteemed patronage, assuring you that your orders will have their prompt and most careful attention.



IS THIS YOUR FAVORITE VIEW, POPPA DARLING?"

"WHY, CERTAINLY. BUT—AH—I PREFER IT UNFRAMED!"

THE BELGIAN SHAKSPEARE.

THE WEIRD SISTERS.

(Commonly called "Macbeth.")

SUGGESTED CAST.

First Sister . . . Mr. MARTIN HARVEY.
Second Sister . . . MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.
Third Sister . . . Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON.

SCENE—A wild and desolate Heath. In the middle of the Stage a Cauldron is boiling. The Three Sisters sit round it. It is midnight.

First Sister. When shall we three meet again?

Second Sister. We cannot tell when we shall meet again.

Third Sister (severely). You should not ask foolish questions.

Second Sister. Has MACBETH been here to-night?

Third Sister. He has not been here to-night. He will not come any more. DUNCAN is in his grave. He will not come any more.

[They stir the cauldron.

First Sister. Why is DUNCAN in his grave?

Second Sister. MACBETH murdered DUNCAN. He murdered DUNCAN because DUNCAN was king. MACBETH wished to be king.

First Sister. And is MACBETH king?

Third Sister (acidly). MACBETH is certainly king. MACBETH murdered DUNCAN. He also murdered BANQUO. Your questions are foolish.

First Sister. But why did MACBETH wish to be king?

Third Sister. His wife persuaded him. She wished to be a queen and wear a crown.

First Sister. It was certainly his wife who persuaded him.

Second Sister. It was in this way. DUNCAN was staying at MACBETH's castle. It was a dark night. Not a star was shining.

First Sister. I begin to be afraid.

Second Sister. Two men were guarding DUNCAN's chamber. When they were made drunk, MACBETH took their knives. He killed DUNCAN with their knives. He killed DUNCAN while he was asleep. The men were asleep, too. They were quite drunk and asleep. The night was very dark.

First Sister. Ah-h-h-h!

[Shudders.

Second Sister. MACBETH put the knives back in their hands. The knives were stained with blood. There was a great deal of blood on the knives.

First Sister. And were the knives found in their hands?

Third Sister (crossly). Of course the knives were found in their hands. Your questions are exceedingly foolish.

[They stir the cauldron.

Second Sister. When the knives were found in their hands they were astonished. They were quite astonished. They said nothing.

Third Sister (grimly). There was no time to say anything.

First Sister. The night was so dark.

Second Sister. MACBETH killed them before they could say anything. And now MACBETH is king. He will not be king long. MALCOLM will kill him. MALCOLM is BANQUO's son. MACBETH killed BANQUO.

First Sister. When will MACBETH be killed?

Third Sister. When Birnam Wood comes to Dunsinane.

First Sister (timidly). But will Birnam Wood come to Dunsinane?

Third Sister. Of course Birnam Wood will come to Dunsinane. Your questions are absurdly foolish.

[They stir the cauldron.

First Sister. But when will Birnam Wood come?

Third Sister (rising and yawning). The brinded cat has mew'd three times, and the hedge-pig once. It must be near morning. By the pricking of my thumbs it must be near morning.

Second Sister. My thumbs also prick.

Curtain.

NEW DANCE MUSIC.—"The Ask Mammahdi Galop." Played with the greatest success by the band of the 21st Lancers at the recent grand reception given by the SIRDAR of Egypt, Sir HERBERT KITCHENER, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., to the KHALIFA and his forces in the Soudan.

TROPICAL MEM.—Heat relaxes morals. Now is the time to sit with a shady individual.



"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."

Belle Britannia. 'DEAR ME! NOT LONG AGO I WAS A WALL-FLOWER! NOW EVERYBODY WANTS DANCES!'

A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.

II.

Wednesday (continued).—Fight in carriage over. A drawn battle, in consequence of my presenting MAX with a sixpence for himself, and so putting him on an equal financial footing with his brother. Alight at Shrimpton Station. Met by hotel 'bus. Get luggage and boys and terrier on to and into it. Only other inside occupants crusty-looking old gentleman and pretty daughter. Daughter seems to take rather an interest in me; glances shyly up at me now and then. May be mistaken, but really think she—well, likes the look of me, and—
 "Yow, yow, yow, yow!" yelps that horrid dog. MAX has accidentally trodden on his tail. So upsetting! TOMMY, with both hands in trouser-pockets, swings his legs about till he catches crusty old gentleman nasty kick on knee. Old gentleman rubs knee and looks ten thousand devils at me. Why me? Apologize. Old gentleman still rubs knee ruefully, and mutters "horrid boy," whereupon TOMMY guffaws loudly and dog lets go a howl which causes daughter to stop her ears in anguish. Apologize again. Arrive hotel. Manager looks askance at dog. "Sorry, Sir, we don't allow dogs in the hotel, Sir." Instruct MAX to remove brute to stables. "Oh! but mayn't he just sleep on my bed?" Am firm, and dog sent to stable forthwith. Conducted to our rooms. Dress for table d'hôte 7.30. Too early, this. Can never eat satisfactorily until 8 P.M. Boys evidently can. Appalling appetites. MAX drinks four bottles ginger beer, and then observes in perfectly audible tones, that he feels as if he couldn't bear anything on but his boots. Divinity, who is seated next me, blushes and looks hard at table-cloth. Frown at MAX, who only says, "What's the matter with you, Uncle CHARLEY? Got a pain in your—" But I dash in hastily with "Look at that ship, MAX. What a beauty, isn't it?" "Oh! not a bad old barge," he replies, indifferently, but thank goodness, the situation is saved. Asked by waiter if he will take second helping of roast beef, MAX appeals to me, in loud tones, to know if I shall "have to pay anything extra" if he says "yes," because Ma told him he was not to cause any needless expense, and as he felt pretty full now, he supposed— But I cut him short (feeling hot all over), and bid him not talk so much, but have another helping at once. Begins again, "But you know, I don't really—" Frown severely. MAX again sympathetic but perverse: "Uncle, I'm sure you've got a pain in—" Cough loudly, and say I think there's going to be a shower of rain. This time, Divinity laughs outright, and I feel as though I could welcome an earthquake. Dinner over at length. Dessert arrives. TOMMY eats as much as he can, and then pockets all the mixed biscuits, bunch of grapes and two pears. Dare not frown again, too perilous. Cigar on balcony of sitting-room. MAX starts to fetch Nipper from stables. I insist that he shall be brought in on string. Coming up stairs, dog and boy meet old lady, who trips over string, and sits down with fearful violence on landing. Rush out in terror, and assist her to her feet. Strong hysterics, smelling-salts, brandy. Apologize profusely. Getting quite used to apologies now, seem to come naturally. Old lady vituperative. Says I (again, why I?) should be ashamed



"DRAT THE BOY! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THAT STRING TIED ON THAT FOWL'S LEG FOR?" "TAIN'T OUR FOWL, MUVVER!"

of myself, and that I ought not to let a string, with a dog at one end and a fool at the other, go rushing about hotel stairs. Am strongly inclined to weep, feel so depressed. Conduct her to her own room, dump her into chair, and escape. These dear boys will be the death of me. Why did they bring the wretched dog at all? Insist upon its being removed to stables at once.

TO THE KAISER.

[On receiving the news of the victory of Omdurman, the German Emperor called upon his soldiers to give three cheers for the QUEEN.]

For years we had no reason, Sire, to doubt The Friendship that we held sincere and dear;

You gave a blow, and we received the clout, All unexpected in our Southern sphere,

Where you and yours had no assault to make.

We felt the blow. Did you feel your mistake?

But now with generous feeling that we prize,

You haste to show that British worth you can appraise,

From Omdurman make Waterloo arise, And gild the leaves of Britain's newborn bays.

Thanks, grandson of our well-beloved QUEEN, the end

Of petty strife is passed—you are again our Friend!

THOUGHT OF A STOCK EXCHANGE MAN, "NINETY-THREE DEG. IN THE SHADE."

"Quite impossible now to make 'a cool thousand.'" (Thursday, Sept. 8.)



THE BATHING QUESTION.

MASTER TOMMY IS EMPHATICALLY OF THE OPINION THAT THE SEXES OUGHT NOT TO BATHE TOGETHER.

LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'AFFICHE.

V.—MARRIAGE À LA MODE.

BEFORE the glorious Ascent of Man, When wild as hares the noble savage ran, Though Marriage even at that early date Was held to be an excellent estate, They mostly did without religious unction And waived the more important social function.

A person took the object of his heart And in the jungle had his joys apart, And if their absence caused a certain doubt Their families explained that they were out, Engaged to lunch upon a local black, And would in course of time be coming back.

Men deemed the statement contrary to fact

But still received it with primeval tact; Made no allusion to the "happy pair," But went to business with a pensive air, Either afield in search of bestial food Or scalping niggers in the neighbourhood. And thus without parade or even rice Folk wedded in that Earthly Paradise; Thus in a decent silence passed the Event Before the age of bold advertisement.

But we, thank Heaven, are civilised to-day, And manage matters in a worthier way. Betimes the keynote of the coming Boom (Struck tentatively at the Drawing-Room)

While yet the victim looks extremely young Sounds bravely from the stout maternal lung.

Betimes in brazen tones her name is hurled Forth by the frank Bellettrist of the *W-rld*:—

"At Mrs. 'Dick's'—the smartest dance in town—

The most divinely fascinating gown, A dream of muslin, girdled with a zone, Virgin in aspect, *eau de Nil* in tone, Was worn by Miss LE SMITHERS, just presented;

(Sir RALPH, her cousin twice removed, has rented

Lord TOBERMORY's charming Staffa-shooting,

Birds being rather poor this year at Tooting);

Her mother—younger every year—who brought her

Is constantly mistaken for her daughter; The latter—this is private information—Is sure to prove the season's chief sensation;

And to her other charms *un dernier mot*.—*On dit* that she should have a pretty dot."

Anon, the fowler having set her gin, The pigeon being drawn adroitly in, The solemn day of sacrifice is fixed On which the couple's fortunes must be mixed;

And, lest the public should be unaware What noble enterprise is in the air,—Also, by way of handing round the hat To those whose purse is good for something fat,

Up to the Social Press the news is sent, And charged as *extra sec* advertisement, Being more costly than the common kind, Because the simple reader takes it blind.

Then fall the wedding cards like winter snow,

Free passes—in appearance—to the Show; But really meaning:—Come or stay away; You take your choice: in any case you pay. For though you should (according to your lights)

Object on principle to Marriage-rites, You're bound to give, if only under stress Of menaced revelations in the Press.

For when we read, beneath the blazing sun, The list of noble deeds that men have done, When every goodly gift is bruited wide—The diamonds showered upon the blushing bride,

The husband's share—a brace of sporting rifles,

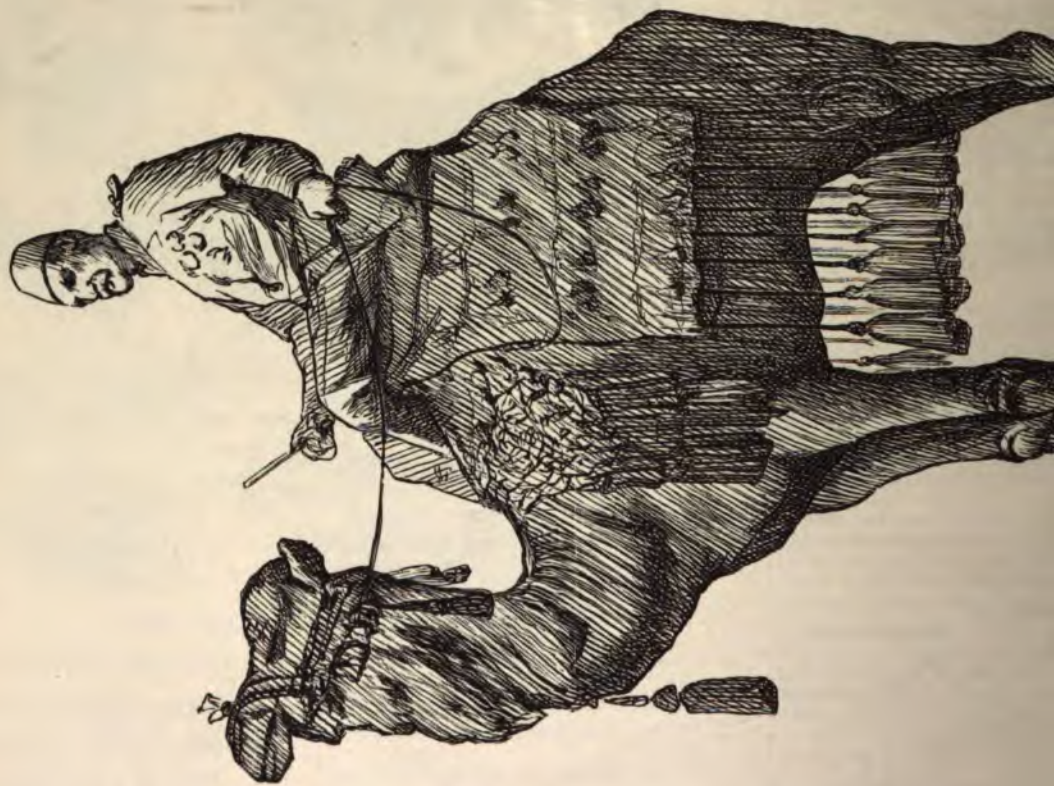
A jewelled razor-strop, with other trifles Common, as grammars say, to either sex, From grand pianos down to open cheques—Then too is read, beneath the blazing sun, By implication, what is left undone.

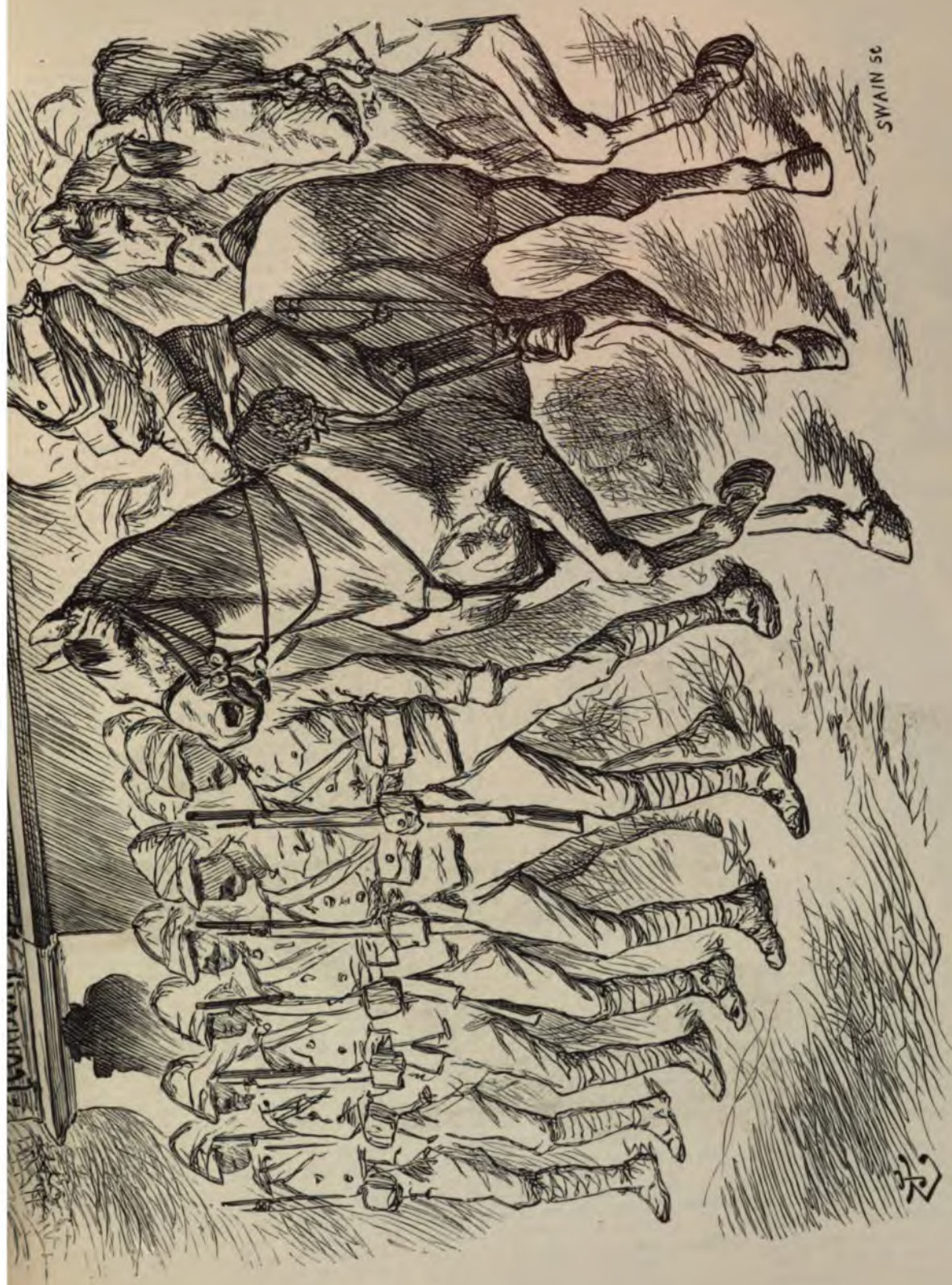
Fitted by facial knowledge of the Great, Happy the woman-journalist whom fate Gives with her paper's pittance and her fare A seat at Holy Hymen's, Eaton Square; There to assist, a goodish way behind, At this the triumph of her sex and kind; Straining her eyes to catch—a thing that's vital—

The semblance of a Person with a title; Sketching my lady's corsage,—taking notes Of plumes and bodices and petticoats, In language of professional technique All gaily redolent of Gallic *chic*!

But happier that reporter who achieves, There where the Mother, later on, receives, To find the wedding-spoils within her reach, And touch the giver's label tied to each! To tell us in what travelling array The lady ultimately "went away"; And whether Dover was the destination, Or Someone's Castle lent for this occasion.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—SEPTEMBER 17, 1898.





KHARTOUM !

MONDAY, JANUARY 26, 1885. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1898.

why rehearse in full the blatant code guides and governs "Marriage à la mode"?
 gh is hinted here to show that we regard it as a Mystery;
 when a gentleman proceeds to wed irily private matter, you'd have said), ring to keep the same continuous wife good, or even better, all his life, int of fact, it's not a private Show, ust a public function, like the Row; ring job like rural selling-plates, ie of Aston Villa's little gates; mart as when your coster has his fling, g his "Dutch" a gorgeous burying! h the foundation, exquisitely chaste, hich our stern morality is based; edlock, veil-less to the vulgar view, its like a common wench *qui fait la rue*.

ET NIEUWS VAN DEN DAG.

Amsterdam, Donderdaa, Sept. 8.

INHEER DE REDACTEUR!—*We leven als n droom deze dagen*, though there's uch chance to dream at nights. The town has gone mad with excess of y, which reaches a stentorian climax 2 A.M. Quite old ladies execute es and fandangoes round barrel-organs e cobble-stone pavements; and as for ounge generation, they have had a s uninterrupted marching up and the Kalverstraat and the Leidsche- to the strains *più-che-fortissimo* of *Wilhelmus*" and "*Bummle', bummle', le' ist so schön.*" Yet I have seen no rism nor 'Arryism, no pea-shooting very little back-scratching. Miscella- amenities are being chiefly interred by means of hundreds of thou- of long peacocks' feathers, with *mijnheer* tickles *meijuffrouw* under ose, or *vice versa*. Needless to say, e is the only wear, and very effective too. I have even gone so far as to an orange tie myself, but shall pro- get taken up for sporting such flam- it attire at home.
 ll, there is some reason for all the isiasm. What else could be expected you have a radiant young Queen of een, sympathetic, proud of her people ey are of her, the great-great-great- great-great-great-great-grand-niece national Hero, WILLIAM THE SILENT? : to *linotyper*.—Please get these s right; I have taken a lot of le over the Royal pedigree.) I have her I don't know how many times last few days, looking each time charming than before, if that were ble.

oughout, the white-costumed "Little n," WILHELMINA, played her part royally. It was an astonishing per- nance for a girl of eighteen.
 sterday night, fireworks, or rather rworks, on the Y, the best part of the being the reflections in the water. set-piece was a comic elephant with icable tail, which must have greatly ed the Indian princes. All sorts of talities have been showered on your sentative by the City and the Press nittee during these festivities.
 morrow, collection of souvenirs, Coro- n medals, ideas, and luggage for the to Fleecing'um (as somebody mis- it this morning), Queenboro', and a e meal at home again. *Hoogachtend* get in one more word of Dutch),
 Z. IJ. X.



HONEYMOONING IN PARIS.

Mrs. Jones. "AM I NOT AN EXPENSIVE LITTLE WIFIE!"

Jones (who has spent the morning and a small fortune at the *Magasin du Louvre*). "WELL, YOU ARE A LITTLE DEAR!"

VERSES FOR A PSALTER.

[“A German Professor strongly advocates a moderate use of table salt.”—*Daily Chronicle*.]

Oh! wonderful enlightened age,
 That climbs each day another stage
 In science and its laws,
 Whose erudite professors wrest
 Fresh secrets out of Nature's breast,
 And trace effect and cause.

New rays of light, new gases sought,
 By many a learned argonaut
 Their eager brains expand;
 No mysteries their minds perplex,
 The very "incidence of sex"
 Their science can command.

And, now the century grows old,
 One than the rest more keen, more bold,
 With skill that knows no fault,

That problem patiently has solved
 Long while in mystery involved,
 The use of table salt.

Hail, Herr Professor! not in vain
 The cup of knowledge thus you drain
 Down to its very dregs!
 On, then! to further triumphs reach,
 Until your grandmother you teach
 The art of sucking eggs.

IS MR. CHAMBERLAIN A BISHOP?—Why ask? Because the *P. M. G.*, last Friday, announced, "Interview with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN" . . . "He confirms the *Pall Mall Gazette*." The journal was christened directly it came into existence, but what a time it has waited for the rite of confirmation! And to be confirmed by Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.



"THE COSTER GUARDS" (QUEEN'S OWN EAST END REGIMENT). WHY NOT?

[* Inquirer of my recruiting sergeant, and he will tell you a young Cockney makes the best material for a soldier. . . . Take the Coster class, generally born in London, and it will be difficult to match such men elsewhere for work and lung power."—*Volunteer* *Sturgeon*, "Daily Mail," September 7.]



ETYMOLOGY V. ZOOLOGY.

Fair Owner. "I HAVE JUST PUT A "MONKEY" ON HIM FOR THIS RACE."
Country Cousin. "POOR LITTLE CHAP! HE LOOKS AS IF THEY FED HIM ON NUTS."

DARBY JONES ON THE LEGER.

HONOURED SIR.—If you or any other of my Patrons failed to save over the Greer-Darling Combination on four legs known as *Wildfowler*, you could not have read with attention the Ample Augury supplied by your very Obedient and Humble Domestic. I warned every one of Great Danger in that Astute Quarter, though I confess that I did not expect to see the Irishman revenge the Battle of the Boyne by simply strolling home from the Winner of the Derby. I believe, Sir, that the Right Honourable Cardinal RICHELIEU deceased, but still kept alive by the Entertaining Efforts of Mr. STANLEY WEYMAN, once enjoyed what was known in Gallic History as the "Day of Dupes." Similarly may many Frequenters of the Turf look back upon the Anniversary of the Seller Stakes as the "Day of Mugs"—the mugs having been shattered and broken like the contents of the proverbial China Shop when invaded by a bull.

After *Wildfowler's* victory, no doubt tons of Condolences and other things were poured upon Mr. LARNACH, Mr. MARSH, and, above all, on the Noble Owner of *Dieudonné*, the Favourite's Stable Companion. In my humble opinion, the Duke's animal would have appropriated the stakes had he been accommodated with a Start, but of course Mr. MARSH knows better than a Swivel-eyed Observer at the Street Corner. It is given to most mortals to be as wise as King SOLOMON after the shekels have been lost and won. To one curious fact I will draw your attention, and that is,

that for Seventeen Years at least one of the three placed horses has been owned by a Proprietor of Titled Degree. You will have to go back to 1881 to find three Un-handled Owners taking front rank at Doncaster, and that was in the "Yankee Year," when Mr. LORILLARD's *Iroquois*, with poor



"'Collapse of Essex.' Dear, dear! I wonder if my Property at Ilford is safe?"
 [Buys paper to see.]

FRED ARCHER up, finished before Mr. GRETTON's *Geologist* and Mr. CHARLES PERKINS's *Lucy Glitters*. Since then one at least of the crocks which have caught the Judge's eye has been the property of a gentleman whom we do not address as Esquire. True it is that the possessor of *Wildfowler* is a Captain, but so is my friend KRITERION; Mr. LARNACH is mated with the Aristocracy, and Mr. BELMONT ought no doubt to be Duke of New York, were Peerages conferred by the President of the United States, but the Fact as I have stated it remains.

The aspect of the Doncaster Great and Grand Stands on the Leger Day was that of Henley Regatta.

It is early to prophesy about the Cesarewitch, but, as the Acceptances for the Autumn Handicaps are now Common Property, I chortle—

The *Sea on the Waltz* may be goodly to see,
 But the *Blanch Ice* is one for my own £ s. d.
 This is only a forecast for two.

DARBY JONES.

ON SEEING THE SPLENDID RAILWAY STATION AT FLUSHING.—"Magnifique! mais c'est la Gare!"

THE BEST HOT RANGE NOW GOING.—The KITCHENER which cooked the KHALIFA's goose.

CHANGE OF TITLE.—"Lord CARNARVON" to be "Lord MOTOR-CARNARVON."

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S POLICY to be taken "cum grano Salis-bury."



A POINT OF CONSCIENCE.

Mamma. "BABY DEAR, YOU MUST SAY THAT YOU ARE VERY SORRY FOR SAYING 'SHA'N'T' TO NURSIE." (Pause.) "NOW, SAY YOU ARE VERY SORRY, DEAR."

Baby (after a longer and more painful pause). "BUT, MAMMA DEAR, ISN'T IT MORE NAUGHTY TO TELL WICKED STORY THAN TO SAY 'SHA'N'T' TO NURSIE!"

AUGUSTE AND LUDWIG.

AT THE SEASIDE.

Auguste. Tiens! C'est Monsieur MULLER. How go you, dear Mister?

Ludwig. Ach so! Dear Mister Colleague. Are you also in Eastbourne atome?

Aug. But yes! By a such heat one is best at the border of the sea. That he makes hot even here, by blue! One has well choosed the name of this town, East-burn. When the wind is at the East one is burned in effect. It is as a veritable sirocco in Italy.

Lud. Yes well! The heat and the blue heaven are quite as in Italian. A friend of me, cne Italianer, has to me thereof speaked. Can you Italianish?

Aug. If I speak Italian? Ah that, some words.

Lud. Mine friend cannot English, as you and as I. He say, so much I remember me, "Il cielo inglese è sempre coperto, non è vero? Ebbene, adesso lo vedo per la prima volta. Ecco, è sempre azzurro! E che calore! Diavolo! So come mine friend, and the English heaven is ever blue.

Aug. You have learned the Italian very well. And the Spanish?

Lud. Ah no!

Aug. Because, when you speak of the heaven, I recall me the Spanish proverb, "Nueve meses de invierno, tres de inferno." See there the Londonian climate this year here.

Lud. Kolossal!

Aug. C'est vrai. Londres est énorme.

Lud. But the Englanders are ever energish, even when it so frightful hot is.

Aug. Infatigables!

Lud. In London carry man one black coat and one cylinder.

Aug. And they play at the cricket. Figure you, dear Mister,

these insulars, these enraged ones, playing at the cricket by a such heat!

Lud. Kolossal!

Aug. Parfaitement! Elle est accablante. But still! They play at the "football." That commences already there is some days. Figure you that! The football by a temperature of fifty degrees at the sun. That has even the air of to be more by the English thermometer, perhaps hundred twenty or hundred thirty degrees. Sapristi! But I comprehend not the English measures. Is it that you them comprehend?

Lud. Ach nein, du lieber Himmel! They are not as in the Fatherland. Even one glass beer is much littler, and one Krug that have they at all not.

Aug. The English themselves they comprehend not their measures to them. En Angleterre les poids et les petits pois sont également affreux.

Lud. Kolossal!

Aug. But it are of brave people, these English. To amuse himself as that at the sun that is ridiculous, but when he him must, see there the English, calm and inbeatable, in a climate much more hot. Even a French can to admire and to praise the brave English at Omdurman. What victory!

Lud. Yes well! And what for organizeering! All arranged, all ready, as in Germany. Kolossal!

Aug. Et quel élan! Superbe!

Lud. Bitte!

Aug. Ah, the good idea! Un bock. A glass of "bitter," of English beer.

Lud. One glass beer? That drink I very willing. One pair glass beer. One half-dozen glass beer. The weather is so frightful warm.

Aug. Go we then to the café—ah no, there is not of him in England!

Lud. And also no biergarten. Come you to mine hotel, and drink we there one glass beer.

Aug. Very voluntarily. And this evening will you to come to dine with me? Our friend Mr. ROBINSON shall be of the dinner.

Lud. With the greatest pleasure. You are very goody, very loveworthy.

Aug. Enchanted! We go to drink a bottle of champagne to the health of our friend Mr. Punch and of his brave compatriots. As say the English, we shall have them on a toast.

Lud. Here is mine hotel.

Aug. If we were drinking the little bock in the garden of the hotel in full air?

Lud. Ach so! Prachtvoll! Wunderschön! Waiter, seven glass beer!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

In the *Shadow of the Three* (HUTCHINSON), is a story whose every page is flushed with the rich lights and glowing tints of Venice. BLANCHE LOFTUS TOTTENHAM knows her Venice well, and has made a close study of the period at which she fixes her tale. It is in the closing years of last century, when NAPOLEON, in the full strength of his mighty youth, was startling the world with his triumphant march at the head of a ragged army through Italy. Venice was still under the rule of the Doge, happily the last of the historic race. Tottering to its fall, tyranny, made frantic, clutched at the throats of the people. Every other man, and most other women, were spies, either in the pay of the Council of Ten or of the Austrians. By the patriotic party, NAPOLEON was hailed as a deliverer. How *Leio Zorano* worked for a free Italy, and how he was helped (and hindered) by the beautiful *Viola* is, my Baronite says, well worth searching out beneath *The Shadow of the Three*. THE BARON DE B.-W.

An Ice Name!

THE Rev. Mr. BAILEY writes to the *Daily Mail* from a "Waterless District," called "Cold Norton, near Maldon." But what a delightful name for any place, just now, when the thermometer in the shade has been ninety-two and ninety-three, is "Cold Norton." Yet "Cold Norton" without any cold water is not so pleasant to contemplate. To be "obliged to send three miles" in order to "obtain even a small supply of water fit for domestic use" is indeed an uncommonly hard case. Those who ought to supply the needful cold water will get into hot water! and then—Oh, something iced, please.

"IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?" was at one time a much quoted question, to which the most popular answer was, that "it depended on the liver." Nowadays, a poorly-paid and hard-worked clergyman replies that "it depends on 'the living.'"



THE BAKERS SHOP OF THE NEAR FUTURE.

["It is the Chemist who must come to the rescue of the threatened communities. It is through the laboratory that starvation may ultimately be turned into plenty."—Speech at the British Association's Meeting.]

THE NEXT TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

(By our own Prophet.)

THE year 1950 witnessed the triumph, in England, of Teetotalism, Local Option, and Bands of Hope. Sir WILFRID LAWSON and Lady HENRY SOMERSET had done their work. The liquor traffic was extinct. Everybody drank tea and mineral waters.

The public-houses which had sprung up all over the length and breadth of England had to put up their shutters, and, except in the large towns, such a thing as an inn was unknown. With the disappearance of beer-drinking, it no longer payed any one to be a "Licensed Victualler." This was somewhat inconvenient for travellers, who sometimes had to travel twenty miles before they could obtain refreshment. The difficulty, however, was gradually met by the growth of tea-shops, which before long began to be found in every village. Meantime, of course, all the breweries were ruined, though, curiously enough, the brewers seemed none the worse. The explanation of this was that, foreseeing the turn of events, those gentlemen had, one and all, turned their concerns into limited liability companies, and now lived luxurious lives on the proceeds. The investing public—as usual—lost their money, and there was acute distress in many a humble home.

One of the first persons to feel the inconveniences of the disappearance of the taste for alcohol was the Chancellor of the Exchequer. That functionary found himself face to face with a vanishing revenue, while expenditure showed no tendency to decrease. At last a brilliant Under-Secretary suggested, as a last resort, an excise on the sale of tea for consumption on the premises. Under his scheme, all tea-shops were to be licensed, and the beverage itself, together with coffee, cocoa, and all mineral waters, &c., should contribute handsomely to the exchequer. "For," said this brilliant young man, who afterwards rose to be Prime Minister, "People must drink something." With some opposition on the part of the Old Temperance Party, the Budget was carried, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer breathed again.

A generation passed, and A. B. C. shops, duly licensed to sell tea and soda-water, covered the land. Licenses were freely granted, and the revenue expanded. Meantime, a progressive deterioration in the physical condition of the working classes began to be apparent. They grew enfeebled and anæmic, and doctors used to shake their heads and talk about "Neurasthenia." Murmurs began to be heard about the unhealthy habit of tea-drinking, and the scandal of tea-drunkenness. Institutions were started for the treatment of tea-ism, and a gold cure was spoken of. Societies even were founded by philanthropic ladies and gentlemen, which carried on an active propaganda for the suppression of the sale of tea and mineral waters. It was shown conclusively by the medical profession that a diet of tea and bread and butter was even less wholesome than the old-fashioned bread and cheese and beer for the working man, while the habit of taking "nips" of soda-water at all hours of the day, and drinking it to excess on Saturday nights, was proved to be highly deleterious. More than one case of suicide was traced to this cause, and the prevalence of depression and melancholia was attributed to the "lowering" character of lemon squash.

Then began a new temperance movement, which its detractors styled beer-totalism. This crusade was instituted to combat the growing habit of intemperance in the use of non-alcoholic beverages, and to urge the moderate use of what had once, in happier times, been the national drink—beer. The movement was of course assailed with ridicule, but it grew, nevertheless. Meetings were held in all the towns of England, Bands of Hope were started, and in time the more extreme party aspired to suppress the sale of non-alcoholic liquids altogether. Total abstinence from tea was preached, and thousands signed the pledge.

"The trade"—the tea-trade—grew alarmed. Their interests were threatened. They decided to resist the reformers by every means in their power. Parliament was petitioned, and after a Royal commission had sat, and the ill effects of tea-ism had been proved, it was decided to encourage the sale of beer by every means, and to remove the excessive duties which had hitherto strangled it.

This was the state of things when our prophet last looked into the future.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *A Crowned Queen* (BLACKWOOD), Mr. SYDNEY GRIER suffers from inevitable comparison. His book should have come out before *Rupert of Hentzau* flashed upon the scene. The idea and general treatment of the two books are singularly similar. The resemblance is carried to the extent that, like *Rupert of Hentzau*, *A Crowned Queen* is a sequel to an earlier writ story. In both romances an errant Englishman comes to the throne of a Continental Kingdom. In both, at the end of the first book, he retires from his high estate, returning to his English home. Mr. ANTHONY HOPE, in his sequel, brings his hero in person back to the scene of his earlier triumphs. Mr. GRIER uses up a younger brother, who apparently (for my Baronite has not read *An Uncrowned King*) filled a subordinate part in the First Act. Mr. GRIER's novel is cleverly constructed, and he moves with assurance in the company of emperors, kings, queens, and great diplomatists. A misfortune about the story is that he has chosen for his hero a heartless, selfish cad. More fatal still is his tiresome style of narration. *Count Mortimer*, the cad aforesaid, is conducting the strategic flight of the Crowned Queen. The carriage breaks down, and this follows:

"I suppose it is out of the question to hope to find a wheelwright anywhere about?" said CYRIL, "but we ought to be able to get hold of a blacksmith or carpenter who could patch this up sufficiently for us to reach the town. Ask the driver whether there is any village about here, CARLO."

Paschicks interrogated the driver and returned to Cyril.

"He says that there is no village nearer than the town, Sir. But there is a large farmhouse about half-a-mile away across the fields. We could reach it by a cart track which turns off from the road about a dozen yards farther on, and they would be able to give us accommodation for the night, besides helping to mend the carriage."

This recalls the style of conversation in *OLLENDORF*. "Have you the umbrella that my brother has?" "No, but I have the black ribbon (*ruban noir*) that your mother used to have."

THE BARON DE B.-W.



OUR SMOKY RIVER!

Shade of Samuel Pops (with a sigh of sad reminiscence). "I WAS ALWAYS GOING DOWN TO MY OFFICE BY RIVER IN MY DAY. 'JUST LOOK UPON THIS PICTURE' OF THE THAMES IN 1061!"
Mr. Punch (indignantly). "AND ON THIS!" IN 1898!"

Lily Vaughan. 1898.

A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.

III.

Wednesday (contd.).—"Well, Uncle, if you hadn't told me to bring him in on a string, he wouldn't have upset the old gal," says MAX. Object to expression "old gal." Mention this to MAX, who puts his hands in his trouser-pockets, and murmurs something about "blooming rot." So rude! Induce boys to sit on balcony whilst I finish cigar. They eat pocketed grapes, and throw skins at passers-by, despite my remonstrances. Try to look as if I did not see what they were doing. Sit in momentary expectation of visit from outraged foot-passenger. At last summon up courage to absolutely forbid this sport. "Well, then, what are we to do?" says TOMMY, despairingly. Feel remorseful now, and as if I had done them some injury, so suggest cards. "Rot!" from MAX, and "No fear!" from TOMMY. What do people do to amuse boys, I wonder?

In sheer desperation, suggest taking them to Music Hall, only place of entertainment here. Howls of ecstatic joy at the idea. So glad to have hit on something at last. Secure three front seats, though as MAX and TOMMY sit upon one between them, might have saved money by taking only two. Gentleman in impossible check suit and yachting cap—why yachting cap?—calling himself "Jolly JOE," on stage. Sings song, and imitates person in state of inebriation. Very elevating, this! Is succeeded by lady of uncertain age, dressed as school-girl, and carrying skipping-rope. She lyrically informs us, in raucous tones, that she is "a little lidy, a pretty little lidy!" and then proceeds to other parts of decidedly *risqué* song. Getting uneasy, and wish we had not come. Next "turn" high trapeze. Boys enchanted; rather nervous myself. TOMMY says, with bated breath, "Oh! Uncle CHARLEY, do you think he'll come a buster?" Reply, "Oh! no, my boy, I hope not. No doubt the man is a very practised acrobat." TOMMY sighs and looks rather disappointed, whilst MAX, with ingenuous brutality of boyhood, observes that he is "blowed" if he wouldn't like to see him come down a "jolly good wallop" into the netting. Dislike expression "jolly good wallop," but seems no use saying anything. Performing dogs. Intelligent pig. Then, at re-appearance of "Jolly JOE" (in shiny dress suit and a lot of shirt-front), fled, dragging boys with me.

On return to hotel, both say they are "peckish." Am worried into eating some lobster-salad with them, and finally retire to bed with certainty of dyspeptic attack on the morrow.

Thursday.—See nothing of the two boys until breakfast in *table d'hôte* room. Glad of this: feeling somewhat upset. Fancy that mixture of boys and overnight lobster-salad bad for nerves. Begin breakfast 8.30 precisely. About 9 o'clock, nephews burst into room like whirlwind. MAX's hair full of sand. TOMMY's trouser-legs dripping with sea-water. Head waiter looks (despairingly) first at them, then (reproachfully) at me. Why at me? "We've had a ripping time, Uncle CHARLEY; caught some crabs, and TOMMY fell in, and I got a sand-eel, and oh! it was jolly. And I got a lot of sea-weed; it's awfully fine, but a bit smelly." Silence then at this point, as every one stops eating to glare in our direction.



SORRY SHE SPOKE.

Young Robinson (who has a very good opinion of himself, and has just been introduced). "I THINK I'VE MET YOUR UNCLE, MR. ERNEST BROWN, AT DOG SHOWS!"

Miss Brown. "OH YES, UNCLE WILL GO TO THOSE DOG SHOWS, AND MEETS THE MOST APPALLING PEOPLE!"

Boys sit down and eat enormous breakfast. Then MAX throws himself back in his chair, and says loudly to TOMMY, "Look here, STINKER" (this being MAX's elegant nickname for his brother), "you've had three eggs already, so drop that one, and shut up." So embarrassing. Then turning to me, he says, "I say, uncle, don't they give you a jolly fine blow-out here! Awfully glad there ain't any extra charge for anything, ain't you?" Dislike expression "blow-out," especially when spoken loudly, and in presence of feminine Divinity sitting four seats lower down table.

Hurry them out. They rush away to sands, I promising to join them after quiet smoke and study of to-day's *Times*. Have hardly settled down in sitting-room when chambermaid, flushed and in semi-hysterical condition, enters and begs me to come at once to boys' room. I go, and find

Nipper tied by pocket-handkerchief to leg of bed, engaged in mortal combat with three green crabs. Large sand-eel swimming round and round bath, which is tastefully festooned with rank-smelling sea-weed. Chambermaid positively refuses to "do" room at all. "Would sooner leave situation immediately, and have been here since hotel first opened, so there!" This last expression seems conclusive, though, to my mind, a trifle vague. She bursts into tears. Half-a-crown brings some consolation to her wounded pride. She consents to scoop sand-eel out of bath, and rearrange the room as a bedroom and not as an aquarium.

Take refuge in my room, and lie down for an hour to recover.

SUITABLE SONG FOR BOATING MEN.—The last rows of Summer.



NOT AN EXCEPTION TO THE RULE.

Mr. A. "SO THAT'S THE GIRL HE'S ENGAGED TO! I THOUGHT THESE BLONDE MEN ALWAYS CHOSE BRUNETTES!"
Miss B. "AH, SHE WAS ORIGINALLY A BRUNETTE!"

TO MIDDELKERKE.

THE smooth paving on the promenade along the *digue* at Ostend is excellent. It could not be better. When the temperature in the sun last month was two hundred degrees, or more, this paving was not affected, unlike the horrid asphalt, used in similar English towns, which is half melted on a mild day in December. And bicyclists are allowed to ride on the *digue*, westward to Middelkerke. So we ride there.

Somehow, I am rather disappointed with Middelkerke. One cannot judge of the effect of it as a whole. The greater part of it is being built, and a good deal of the remainder seems to have been pulled down. The roads will no doubt be excellent in time, but at present they do not exist at all. There used to be one along the sea-front, but this was washed away by a storm. The Middelkerkers thereupon resolved to build a new sea-wall, about three-quarters of a mile in length. Although five or six men work at this for several hours a day, it does not advance very rapidly. Meanwhile, the promenade consists of mounds, trenches, heaps, holes, and excavations. The other thoroughfares, if they existed, would be in much the same condition in consequence of the building operations. Bexhill, in Sussex, or any other new little town, would look much the same after an earthquake.

The best amusement at Ostend is bathing. Most of the bathers are English or Germans; the men in charge of the machines are Flemings, who speak more or less French. Polyglot disputes are frequent. One very hot morning, when there is a larger crowd than ever, VANDERBLANK and I waded into the water, as usual, in search of a machine. At last, after wading about for some time in vain, we perceive a double *cabine*, on the steps of which there are no towels to indicate that it is engaged, after the present occupants have left it. So VANDERBLANK hastens up, and seats himself on the steps in indisputable possession. To him arrive three English girls, well-dressed, but noisy and vulgar, like many of the English visitors. "Hi!" says one, angrily, "that's

our machine." Evidently they speak no French. I leave them to settle the difficulty with VANDERBLANK, who speaks no English.

"*Je ne comprends pas, Mademoiselle*," he answers, politely. "You come off!" they all cry, more angrily. "*Je n'en sais rien*," says he. "*Notre machine, comprenny?*" they explain. "*Comment*," says he, "*cette cabine est à vous? Mais il n'y avait rien sur le marchepied.*" "Dunno what you're jawing about," they say, "it's our machine. *Notre, comprenny?*" "*Pas du tout*," says he. "We've been waitin' here an hour," they cry. Which is, to say the least, improbable. VANDERBLANK sits unmoved and silent. "The people inside say it's ours," they scream. Which is, to say the least, an invention. VANDERBLANK answers not a word. Then the young women lose their tempers altogether, and scream in turn, "Yah! You take advantage of us 'cos we can't speak French. You call yourself a gentleman? You're a low cad." And so on. While VANDERBLANK merely says, calmly, at intervals, "*Vous pouvez dire tout ce que vous voulez, je n'en comprends pas un mot.*" At last, finding that abuse moves him no more than it would move the lighthouse, the young women walk away through the water and leave him in peace.

ROBINSON THE ROVER.

A Little Stepmother.

Uncle. Hullo! Dor, got a new doll?

Little Miss Dot. Hush, Uncle, don't speak too loud. She is not one of my own, but belonged to MILLIE SIMPSON, who was cruel to her and 'bandoned her, so I have 'dopted her, but I don't want her to know because I mean to make no difference between her and my own dollies.

Sufficient Excuse.

Jones (to BROWN). I say, old fellow, I saw you last night, after that dinner. Your legs were uncommonly unsteady.

Brown. No, dear boy; legs were right enough. It was my trousers that were so "tight."

DARBY JONES ON YARMOUTH AND BLOATERS.

HONOURED SIR,—Groaning beneath a Sun, which I should say would easily ripen Bananas, Prickly Pears, Lum Quats, Pine-apples, Mangoes, or other Exotic Fruits, in the space of a couple of hours, I sit down to address you from a chair upholstered perhaps with the Mane and Tail of a swarthy Derby Winner, but a seat which I imagine must have been used as an Instrument of Torture in those Ages, when Dentists could not gain a Livelihood by reason of the Bold Barons who scoured the country extracting the Molars of those Financiers who declined to contribute to their Financial Wants. I mentioned this Historic Fact to Captain KRITERION, with whom I share the Cottage Ormay by the Sad and Sultry Waves of the Ocean, and he bitterly regretted that these Happy Times were now No More.

"Imagine, DARBY" (I permit the Familiarity not usually granted to others of his Kidney), "you and I mounted on a couple of Thoroughbreds, going out into the Fair Land of Norfolk, discovering where the Choicest Usurer resided, and holding our forechips to his mouth, exclaiming, 'Your money or your Teeth!' A splendid idea, thoroughly appreciated by the late lamented Sir WALTER SCOTT, Baronet!"

"A truce, KRITTY," I cried, "to your Pursyflage (spelling dubious). Now that we are in this town, so celebrated for the Piscine Riches of the Sea, I vote we put on our hats and collect some of the Far-famed Bloaters of Commerce, and despatch them to our Patrons and Friends. They will not be ungrateful!"

The Motion was no sooner put before the House than it was, like the grant which will be made to that Gallant Warrior Sir HERBERT KITCHENER, Sirdar, &c., &c., carried *nem. con.*, or "without considering consequences." Personally, honoured Sir, I have no great affection for the BLOATER. I prefer the Low-lying Sole, the Obstreperous Salmon, and the Rubicund Mullet, not to mention the Green-Eyed Lobster and the Captious Crab. But there are those of my Acquaintance, who revel in the flavour of Yarmouth Sea-game, and having a few Silver Pieces of the Realm—the outcome of toil in your service—in my pocket, I resolved to supply them with a Fish Breakfast, Dinner, or Supper at "Nix" to themselves and a Moderate Cost to me. We chanced across an exceedingly Fair-spoken Monger in this Department of Ocean Industry, who assured us that his Fish-relishes had been patronised by all the Crowned Heads of Europe, Asia and Africa, as also the Presidents of the United States, France, and the Republic of Andorre, a country of which I honestly confess I was till then Geographically ignorant. He expressed his Sincere Regard for the Turf, and was glad to know that we were Patrons of the Same, and he promised on payment (not taking anybody on the "nod") to send *per* passenger train our parcels of the Delicacies of the Deep to the named addresses. I am bound to say that he fulfilled his contract, judging by the letters and telegrams of which I have since been the Unhappy Recipient. One is from a Lady (who shall be *incognita*):—

"Have you lost all your senses as well as your money at Yarmouth? My house is being fumigated."



RESPICE FINEM.

SCENE—A little Race Meeting, under Local Rules and Management.

Starter. "ERE'S A PRETTY MESS! TWO RUNNERS—THE FAVOURITE WON'T START—AND IF I LET THE OTHER WIN, THE CROWD 'LL JUST ABOUT MURDER ME!"

A second, from a Sporting Friend, runs: "We have plenty of foxes in our country, thank you."

A third (on a Post-Card) was cruelly worded:—

"Your beastly bloaters have killed my wife's favourite cat. Norfolk is famous for partridges. Send us a couple of brace to destroy the odour of your filthy joke."

In a fourth (a telegram) I read:—

"Railway Company only delivered parcel under protest. Why try and poison our innocent children?"

And so on, and so on.

Such, honoured Sir, is the unhappy result of trying to introduce one's Friends to Usually Prized Specialities. Of course I immediately confronted the Dealer in these Deleterious Delectations. All unabashed by my Righteous Anger, he impudently declared that the BLOATER Season had not commenced. Whether he was speaking the Ever-precious Truth I know not, but he resolutely declined to make good the loss of Money and Position which I had sustained by his Callous Grasping at an Illicit Trade. There should be a time

when Bloaters, like Oysters, are legally out of Season. I write thus fully, because, all unwittingly, I made You and your honoured Comrade Sir FRAISER PUNNETT, victims of this gross deception. I trust that you will both charitably forgive the Unsavoury End of a Well-meant Souvenir.* I confess that I felt so Radically upset after getting the above Abusive and Undeserved Correspondence, that I was rash enough to place more Ready Money than I could well afford on *Chon Kina* for the Great Yarmouth Welter Handicap. I can only be rescued from Durance Vile and the Equine Chair aforesaid mentioned, by the prompt attention of your ever docile Chancellor of the Exchequer to the pressing need of your disconsolate but devoted Servitor,

DARBY JONES.

* We are still very ill, and Sir F. P.'s cook has given notice. DARBY JONES was not sent to Yarmouth as a fish purveyor, and we should like to know why a bill for the bloaters has been forwarded to our private address?—ED.

APPROPRIATE CHAIRS FOR BOOKMAKERS.—"Settles."



"IN SUNNY NORMANDY."

First Tourist. "I SAY, OLD CHAP, IT SMELLS PRETTY BAD ABOUT HERE; IT'S THE RIVER, I SUPPOSE!"
 Second Tourist. "YES—SEINE INFÉRIEURE."

QUITE THE CHEESE; OR, SNAPSHOTS AT EDAM.

In the North Sea, Sept. 10, 1898.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—May I develop in printer's ink a few instantaneous and fleeting impressions cinematographed this morning on a very delightful excursion to cheese-land provided us by the Foreign Press Reception Committee? As far as I can sort them, they are, roughly, as follows:

No. 1. Kwadijk Station, North Holland. Train deposits a hundred and forty *confrères* and *conscieurs*, decorated with the silver star and black-and-red ribbon (Amsterdam colours), and duly free-passed. Outside station, sixty "tent-waggons"—a wonderful sort of shandry-dan with black leather hood, something like a four-wheeled Cape-cart, waiting for us. We mount by twos and threes, and procession starts along brick-paved road for Edam, three miles off. Vanguard of the string of vehicles so far ahead that they look like a line of performing fleas, filing past geometrical dikes and avenues.

No. 2. Draw up at famous cheese-works belonging partly to Dutch Minister in England, Baron van GOLDSTEIN OLDENALLER. We contribute our mite, and inspect dairy. Should like to be one of the eighty cows here, and have nice stall fitted up with Delft ware, looking-glass, oil-cloth, and carpet of sea-shells, and be tended by dames with diamond head-dresses, and young ladies in gilt helmets. Stalls quite remind one of row of studios. When good cows die, they must surely come to Edam, with its coat-of-arms of three stars and a cow.

No. 3. Procession starts again, joined now by three carved native gigs (this does not imply cannibalism, only the florid and antique design sometimes seen in merry-go-rounds). Soon we cast out our shoe over Edam, and state entry begins. Much talk in Holland about "States General," but what are they compared with the Fourth Estate? We have been "inaugurated" in Amsterdam and "entered" into the Hague, but our really triumphal arrival

is at Edam. Our JAN points out the oldest, the longest, the squarest, and the richest inhabitants respectively. We—persons ably representing various leading periodicals—find out the prettiest for ourselves (and the ugliest for each other).

No. 4. The market square, gay with Coronation bunting. Hundreds of shining cheeses piled like cannon-balls. Cheese-fanciers busy bargaining. Two resounding smacks on the hand signifies "Done." One slap, I think, means "Cheese it!" After much tapping and boring, the yellow heaps are carried off by pirates in white canvas suits, weighed and bought by the 150 kilo. Too much for one lunch, so we pass on to Cattle Show. Fine beasts, Beemster breed, four legs each, rosettes on tail, give 25 litres of milk per day or per annum (I forget which—not good at live stock).

No. 5. Lunch at Town Hall. Grand reception by hospitable Mayor, Mr. CALKOEN, in Court dress. Parade of naval cadets playing "*Wilhelmus*" in square. Sit opposite Mayor, and try to persuade him he is really Scotch—COLLOQUOYN. He won't have it. Everybody clamours for his autograph, which he obligingly gives, to the great detriment of his lunch. Speeches by persons ably representing various leading periodicals, and M. JULES CLARETIE. Finish with slices of cheese eaten like cake.

No. 6. Rest of party off in *trek-schuiten* (primitive canal-boats) to Volendam and Marken. Am left lamenting on towing-path, with train to catch. Very sorry to leave Cheese-dom. Motto in future shall be *Edam ut vivam*. Yours Dutchly, Z. IJ. X.

NEW READING OF SHAKESPEARE.—"There be Land Rates and Water Rates." (*Merchant of Venice*, Act I., Sc. 3.)

CRICKETIANA.—When the eye of an HAWKE never fails: In deciding the County Championship.



THE SLAVE OF DUTY!

ADMIRAL JOHN BULL. "NOW THEN, OUT YOU'LL HAVE TO GO!"

THE UNSPEAKABLE. "WHAT! LEAVE MY BEAUTIFUL CRETE IN A STATE OF DISORDER? NEVER!"



A CASE FOR THE VET.

"HALLO, OLD CHAP, WHAT'S HAPPENED!"

"OH, THE BEASTLY THING FELL WITH ME COMING DOWN A HILL, AND SINCE THEN IT'S BEEN GOING SO CONFOUNDEDLY LAME IN FRONT, I'VE HAD TO LEAD IT!"

"LETTERS MAY BE ADDRESSED HERE."

TO NANCY.

My ears were deaf, my eyes were blind,
My heart was lead, my luck was down,
I felt that Heaven was far from kind—
For NANCY had gone out of town.
I passed the shops unheeded by,
Yet, as I sauntered sadly West,
One window-notice caught my eye—
That "letters might be there addressed!"

Letters! The irony of Fate!
Though I might write without ado
To half a dozen girls I hate,
I may not send a line to you.
My days would change from dark to light,
From sighs to laughter, gloom to jest,

If but to you a "letter might
Be there"—or anywhere—"addressed"!

I'd tell you, might I only write—
It does not seem too much to say—
That London's empty of delight
Since every one has gone away!
I'd tell you how I oft recall
My pleasant friends, both old and new,
I'd tell you how I miss them all,
If I might only write to you.

I'd tell you how reverse of gay,
How dull and dreary London seems,
And how I curse each lagging day,
And bless night only for its dreams.
I'd tell you how your voice still rings
Within my memory, clear and true,

I'd tell you—oh! a heap of things,
If I might only write to you.

If I might only write to you,
I'd tell you that I don't forget—
By Jove, I know what I will do!
(By Jove, I'll write to NANCY yet!)
My letter to the Friend of Man,
The Great Consoler, I'll address;
Perhaps he'll give it you—he can—
Perhaps—I wonder, will you guess?

Supposing that you chance to spy
This yarn of mine, and read it through,
I wonder if you'll guess 'twas I
Who wrote and meant it all for you.
You love forget-me-nots, I know,
I'd send you, if I dared, a bunch—
At that I'll let my letter go
To "NANCY, care of Mr. Punch"!

ADVERTISED APARTMENTS.

Read between the Lines.

PAYING GUESTS received. Electric light, an extra; excellent table, of its kind; poor food; smoke-rooms (all the chimneys smoke); bath (h. and c.), meaning hired and cracked. Terms mod., compared to first-class hotel. Close to underground and 'buses. Trains shake the whole house, and receive the boarder's abuses.—Address X. Y. Z.

A FEW (as many as possible) gentlemen and ladies received in a lady's (ex-cook and butler's) private house at Kennington. Not a boarding house. Immoderate (inclusive of all kinds of unheard-of extras) terms. Piano (five-finger exercise all day). Cycle accommodation (in front yard). (Small and) early dinner.—Address, Madame G., Cheddar Road.

WEATHERWISE.

[A representative of the *Daily Telegraph* inquired of Mr. BRIDGES, at the Meteorological Office, how long the heat-spell was likely to last. "It is impossible to say," was the reply.—*Vide interview, September 10.*]

Weather prophet, tell me, pray,
Please do not decline,
Is it going to rain to-day,
Or will it be fine?
Said the weather prophet, "Nay,
'Tis impossible to say."

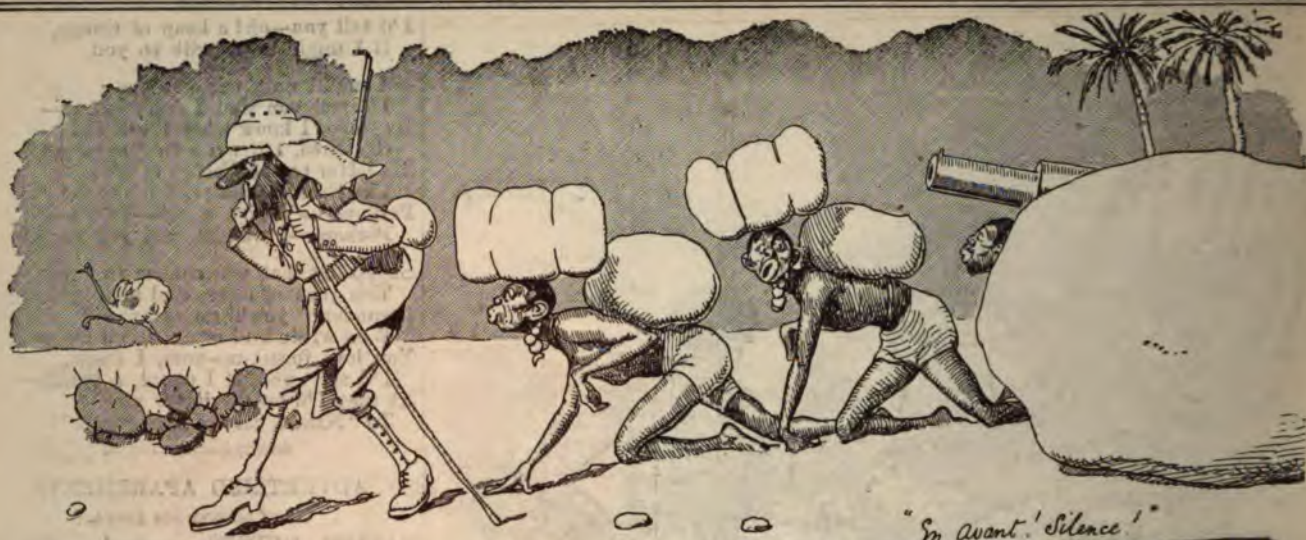
How long will this heat-spell last?
Shall we have a breeze?
Is the greatest heat now past?
Will it ever freeze?
Said the weather prophet, "Nay,
'Tis impossible to say."

Shall we have much fog this year,
River mist, or haze?
Will the atmosphere be clear
In these Autumn days?
Said the weather prophet, "Nay,
'Tis impossible to say."

Will the equinoxes blow
In the coming season?
Do you think we shall have snow?
If so, give your reason.
Said the weather prophet, "Nay,
'Tis impossible to say."

'Overheard near the G. E. R.

He. Is that a dog that I hear?
She. No, dear, it's the train coming in.
He. Then it must be a Barking train.



HOW SOME PEOPLE INVADE THE SOUDAN.

ON THE WHOLE MR. PUNCH PREFERS THE LESS PERFIPOUS METHODS OF GENERAL KITCHENER.

WITH MARGARET AT MARGATE.

"Oh, she's a Daisy! a perfect Daisy!" exclaimed an enthusiastic passenger on returning from his third voyage on board the good ship *La Marguerite*, to Boulogne and back, having been favoured with exceptionally beautiful weather, calm sea, cloudless sky, and the gentlest of Æolian-harpish winds that not infrequently play sweetly in the Channel. "Elle est une *Marguerite*! Une *Marguerite* parfaite!" the accomplished linguist explained, buoyantly adding, so as to make his meaning perfectly clear to the meanest capacity, "As there is no night travelling on board, *La Marguerite*, she being 'built that way,' is intended only for a Day-sea!" Fortunately the cour-

teous captain overheard this conversation, and politely, but firmly, bade the over-excited passenger farewell at Margate, the good ship forthwith proceeding to her moorings in the Thames. The best news has since been received of the health of this nautical *Faust*, whom it was not necessary to put under restraint, but whose end might have been tragic (seeing that *La Marguerite*, having finished her voyages, will not be heard of again for another year), but for the timely care and attention of Mr. J. L. TOOLE, who thoroughly understands the treatment of persons subject to fits of jocosity, and who, as every one will be delighted to learn, is enjoying the sea-breezes on the salubrious Kentish Coast. Up to now, *tout va bien*.—(From our own Special Correspondent, "Mephisto Minor.")



OUR CHILDREN. No. 3.

Grandpapa. "AND WHY DO YOU BELIEVE THAT LITTLE GEORGE WASHINGTON NEVER TOLD A STORY?"
 Madge. "'Cos I D BE SMACKED IF I DIDN'T."

THE HUMORIST AND THE HOHENZOLLERN.

["GUILLAUME II. recherche surtout comme convives des 'rieurs'
 comme il a coutume de dire."—MAURICE LEUDET.]

WILLIAM, though You would like to live unknown
 In that peculiar sphere where fate has set You,
 The Röntgen rays "which beat upon a throne"
 Won't let You.

Shrink as You may from every sort of show,
 The shameless scribe, well knowing how to push, 'll
 Refuse to have You hide Your light below
 A bushel.

And once a stalwart Teuton even braved
 The risk of durance in a dungeon's dry vat,
 And told us candidly how You behaved
 In private!

How many miles of uniforms You kept,
 How lark-like from Your bed You loved to sally,
 With facts that no one ought to know except
 Your valet.

Importunate! whom no rebuke could snub,
 Yearning to fathom secrets yet unsounded,
 Into the chamber where You take Your tub
 He bounded!

And here's another book about You now,
 A Gaulish work—an enemy hath done it!
 He paints Your regal kitchen, shows us how
 You run it.

Plucking aside the kingly veil divine
 Things sacred (or profane) the man exposes;
 Your meals he numbers; yea, Your food and wine
 He noses.

And what a picture here to haunt the brain!
 Those little luncheon-parties at the palace;
 The quips and mots that circle as You drain
 The chalice.

It seems Your subtle senses revel in
 Allusive language spiced with Attic flavour:
 We never dreamed that humorists could win
 Your favour!

Speaking as one apprenticed to the trade,
 I own to feeling some respectful wonder;
 We must, we other mountebanks, have made
 A blunder!

We thought you did not care for funny men;
 That special gaols were built to overawe them;
 That jokes were not congenial even when
 You saw them.

That was our fixed opinion ever since
 We heard of You; but now we know our error;
 You are the jester's Patron, not his Prince
 Of Terror.

You stroke us royally upon the back;
 "My good buffoons," You very kindly term us;
 You are not after all so very pach-
 -ydermous.

For me, who in some foolish doggrel fitte
 On Your supposed opaqueness once reflected—
 Hot coals of fire possess my head; I sit
 Corrected!

Verbatim I recant my old offence,
 Who wrongly wrote—"There never was a rumour
 Of asking Hohenzollerns for a sense
 Of humour."

So may all misconceptions melt away,
 Till, like to lambs in jolly bleating weather,
 German and Briton smile aloud and play
 Together!

The Oldest and the Shortest Drama in the World.

He. Will you?

She.

Oh! I do not know!

[Which "know" meant that she said "yes,"

CONTRIBUTION BY OUR OWN SCHOLAR TO PROPOSED NEW FRENCH
 DICTIONARY.—"Souligner"—"to be a 'penny-a-liner.'" Deriv.
 "Sou"—a penny; "ligne"—a line.

EAST LONDON WATER SUPPLY, POPLAR.—Unpop'lar!



IN DISTRESS.

"MUMMY! MUMMY! COME BACK! I'M FRIGHTENED. HERE'S A HORRID DOG STARING AT ME WITH HIS TEETH!"

THE COMPLETE STORY WRITER.

III.

WE may now proceed to instruct the young author in the art of composing another variety of magazine story, which can be turned out with even less trouble than the previous examples. It may be defined as the Vague and Impressionist Sketch, and it is much fancied by editors just now. The only rules which the young author must observe in making it are, to avoid any point in the title, to begin in the middle of the story, and to end at the beginning. Careful study of the example appended will make these instructions clear.

IDYLL.

She drew her chair a little closer to the table, and stretched out her hand towards the sugar-tongs.

"And that is your only reason, HENRY?" she asked.

He sighed deeply. "My only reason, MARGARET? No, I dare not say that. Supposing, for instance—"

He broke off abruptly, and there was a

pause. Six lumps of sugar dropped into the cup with a sullen splash.

"But surely," she said, with infinite meaning in her voice, "if it happened otherwise, it would be different, HENRY? And then there are consolations. Yes," she repeated, dreamily, "there are always consolations. Will you have some cake?"

HENRY started to his feet, stung to the quick by her words. "Pah!" he cried, contemptuously, "what a vacuous soul is yours! Do you ever feel the stress of life, MARGARET? The keen bitter-sweet search after the nebulous ideal? The swift, grim ironic sense of struggle with an overpowering and unintelligible destiny, that tortures all humanity on one complex rack, and obliges me to talk like this for pages together?" And, seizing a large slice of cake in each hand, he devoured them greedily in alternate mouthfuls.

MARGARET rose, and moved to the window, gazing wearily at the watercart passing underneath.

"Misery is the only happiness," she murmured, "and only white things are black."

"Two epigrams," HENRY mumbled, his

mouth full of cake. "Two brilliant epigrams, and I haven't made any yet. MARGARET, the habitual liar is the only truthful man!"

The girl nodded. "What insight!" she said. "What keen perception of the universal muddle! Yes, HENRY, it is even as you say. But if you knew the ardent glow of love that surges in my unquiet heart—but, ah! it must not be," and turning towards the fire-place, she lifted the poker and stroked it tenderly.

"Certainly not," cried HENRY. "If I proposed to you, you'd have to accept me or refuse me, and, in either case, something would happen. In our stories, MARGARET, nothing ever happens."

"You are right," said the other, simply. "You are quite right. Nothing ever happens—only sweet, soulful conversation like this. But what," she added, with a sudden sense of fear, "what will you do now, HENRY? Oh, the grey dreariness of life! What will you do now?"

HENRY pushed his cup towards her resolutely, almost defiantly. "I will drink," he said, "another cup of tea."

VIXI PUELLIS NUPER IDONEUS.

I have lived and I have loved,
As I live, I'll love no more.
With a fancy, that has roved,
And a heart but little moved,
Love's attractions have I proved
By the score.

I am sick of billets-doux,
Which have nothing new to say.
And of tender verses too;
Woman, if you want to woo,
To refresh a blasé, do
Find a way.

But I am embarrassed now,
And my brain in horror whirls.
There will surely be a row—
I have made the self-same vow
To I can't remember how

Many girls.
If the gods but save my pate,
Perilled in this awful mess,
Though the fair may lie in wait,
I will leave them to their fate,
Being sworn to celibate
Happiness.

A BOLD ADVENTURE.

A REPUTEDLY accurate weekly paper announces that a Band for the Benefit of Bachelors has just been started with the object of mending and darning the underclothes of unmarried men. Of course, it will be known as the Cuff and Collar Band. But "*Distinguons, mon ami, distinguons!*" as the Anglo-Indian magistrate says in *Round the World in Eighty Days*. There are bachelors and bachelors. There is the cut-and-dried celibate, who will look upon the readjustment of his linen or the filling in of the chasms in his socks in much the same light, as he would the soling of his boots or the renovation of his chimney-pot. But on the other hand, there are numerous unmated fledgelings, shy birds, and even hopeless Benedicts, who will regard the delicate adjustment of a button or the refined sewing of a tape as a service not to be recompensed by ordinary dress. The movement is so insidiously planned, that it is only right and proper to exclaim—Bachelors, beware!



UNSOCIABLE.

Madame Theosophia. "TELL ME, HAVE YOU NEVER SEEN A VISION?
NEVER WELCOMED SOME STRANGE SPIRIT FROM THE UNSEEN WORLD?"
Mrs. Sinclair. "NEVER. BUT THEN I ENTERTAIN SO LITTLE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

It is hard even for the practised novelist to live up to the first chapter of *Roden's Corner* (SMITH, ELDER). For dramatic situation, intensity, and simplicity of narrative, it is marvellous. Mr. SETON MERRIMAN does very well, more especially when he comes across the sole witness of the death-bed scene, the *Professor von Holzen*. The Professor is about as deeply dyed a villain as is made in Germany, and my Baronite has no invidious meaning when he says that Mr. MERRIMAN is thoroughly at home with him. The plot is ingenious and new, unless, indeed, suggestion of it be found buried in Blue Books reporting results of enquiries by Board of Trade inspectors into the death-breeding trades of the potteries. The blackness of *Von Holzen's* doings is pleasantly relieved by the sprightly ways of *Miss Marguerite Wade*, and the delightfully stolid *Major White*, who, when wrong is done, feels an irresistible inclination to "thump somebody." The least successful character in the story is Mr. Roden, who gives the book his name. But his *Corner* is excellent.

M. PAUL BOURGET must have become suddenly very much impressed by a recent study of *David Copperfield*, under its French title of *Le Neveu de ma Tante*, to have selected for, as it were, the part of "Chorus" in his *La Duchesse Bleue*, such a noodle as is M. Vincent la Croix, the weak-kneed amateurish artist, who so evidently stands in the relationship of the verdant *David* towards his idol *James Steerforth*, who, with evil character, and gifted, moreover, with literary and dramatic talent, appears in this novel under the style and title of "*Jacques Molan, le célèbre romancier et auteur dramatique*." Moreover, when *Molan* has selected *Vincent* as his confidant and amiable co-conspirator against the happiness of the unfortunate *ingénue Camille*, the theatrical *Little Em'ly* of this story, the author, as if suddenly struck by a qualm of literary conscience, makes the unblushing *Molan* suddenly say to his friend *Vincent*, "*J'ai envie de t'appler Daisy, ma pâquerette, comme le jeune homme naïf du Neveu de ma Tante*." So *Steerforth*, meeting his worshipper *David*, in the

Golden Cross Hotel in town, exclaims, "My dear young DAVY, you are a very Daisy!" and subsequently he asks, "Will you mind my calling you DAISY?" "Not at all," says *David Copperfield*. And DAISY he was henceforth. It must be of very great assistance to any author to start his work in this way. The Baron only notes the above fact by way of suggestion to those who, blessed, or otherwise, by Providence, with a talent for romance-writing, do not quite see how to set about their work, and not as a recommendation, or in commendation, of *La Duchesse Bleue*.

Welcome, most welcome is a volume of *Pages and Pictures from Forgotten Children's Books*, by ANDREW W. TIER, F.S.A. (Leadenhall Press, Ltd.). "Forgotten!" No! "Though lost to sight to memory dear," and a few of them are certainly within the recollection of not quite the oldest inhabitant. But how refreshingly simple and delightful are they one and all! *John Gilpin* again, going as strong as ever! *Sandford and Merton*, and *Jack the Giant Killer*, cum multis aliis. Old friends with old faces; but most of them quite new to the Baron and his *aquales*. It would require a CHARLES LAMB, with ample time at his command, to write an essay on this most rare collection, to which "all success," says THE BARON DE B.-W.

GOOD BUSINESS!

[A well-known island up river will not at present pass into the hands of advertisement-contractors. It was purchased thirty years ago for £70, and was offered last week at a sale for the reserve price of £4000, which, needless to say, was not reached.]

GLOVER's Island is safe for the moment,
The Philistine's hand has been stayed;
Father Thames yet preserves the eyots and the curves
By lovers of Richmond surveyed.
The price was four thousand as upset
By the auctioneer-mayor last week;
But the owner's upset, for he scarcely could get
For his island a bidder to speak!
One humourist bid him a tanner,
Another a tenner or two,
But not one was content to pay thousands per cent.—
So we still keep the famous old view!

VOX STELLARUM.

THE customary Prophetic Almanacks are now out for 1899, with their discreetly vague predictions of battle, murder and sudden death, their customary cartoons of performing skeletons and dead horses, their Russophobe warnings to JOHN BULL, and their amiable platitudes about "strange and unexpected events in March," and "a feeling of great uneasiness at the end of the year." The Prophets, however, are provokingly silent about many important points in the future which we would fain have elucidated. For instance, Mr. Punch, and the public generally, would like to know what answer the stars are giving to the following questions:

When justice is going to be done in the miserable DREYFUS case, and how many more resignations and suicides are going to be caused by a twopenny-halfpenny *bordereau*, or a forged *petit bleu*.

How many wars will result from the Tsar's Peace manifesto.

When Great Britain is going to pre-empt Delagoa Bay and bring the Boers to their senses.

When LI HUNG CHANG is going to be finally deprived of his peacock feather.

What "graceful concession" the Government will make to MARCHAND to induce him to evacuate Fashoda.

When the KHALIFA will return the SIRDAR's call at Omdurman, and enjoy Her MAJESTY's hospitality.

When the muzzling order will be relaxed.

When the present Summer will end.

When the German Emperor will cease referring in his public speeches to his grandfather, who surely does not want any further advertisement.

When London will even distantly resemble Paris in having its streets properly and uniformly built and illuminated.

When the British cabman will be satisfied with his exact fare.

When we shall cease to be reminded on every hoarding of the triumphs of the pill-trade.

When the HOOLEYS and the HOOLIGANS will retire into private life.

When—but the catalogue of questions is endless. If only the Prophets would favour us with information on these points, we should be really obliged to them. These gentlemen have yet time to revise the future, as 1898 has still three more months to run.



Samuel Vincent, del.

"BROUGHT TO BOOK."

Shade of Dr. Samuel Johnson, LL.D. (turning to Bismarck). "SIR, IT IS ALWAYS ENTERTAINING TO SEE GREAT MINDS REFLECTED THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF 'A MINUTE INTELLIGENCE'."
Shade of Bismarck. "HERK DOCTOR, I AGREE WITH YOU. I FIND THIS WORK EXTREMELY AMUSING."

DREAM MUSIC.

OFTEN, in slumber as I lie,
A solemn and mysterious strain
Of weird and wondrous melody
Thrills through my ear, and haunts my
brain.

Its glorious notes, with throb and swell,
Across my drowsing senses sweep;
With rapturous joy I own its spell,
And with its anguish I must weep.

I strive (yet, ah! it may not be)
As from the chains of sleep I break,
To bring that melody with me,
Alas! I lose it when I wake.

At last I burst from slumber's grips
While yet its words impetuous ran
Out of my half-awakened lips:
"Our Lodger's such a Nice Young Man."

THE COMPLETE STORY WRITER.

IV.

No manual intended to assist the young author could be considered complete, unless it provided instruction in the art of writing the sporting story. It is possible that one or two trifling errors may be detected in the following example, but nevertheless it is the sort of thing which a magazine-editor jumps at.

LOLLIPOP'S LEGER.

Vast excitement reigned in the paddock at Sandown, where crowds of betting men were eagerly laying odds of thirty to forty against the field. The moment for the decision of the great race was fast approaching, and, until an hour before, *Lollipop* had been strong favourite—*Lollipop*, CLARENCE PLANTAGENET's pet horse, who so often carried his master in the Row, and who had won the Derby at Ascot in such gallant style, jumping every hurdle with consummate ease. But quite suddenly a wild rumour spread among the crowd that *Lollipop* had broken down. Many refused to believe it, especially those who on the previous afternoon had seen CLARENCE PLANTAGENET exercising the St. Leger favourite round Belgrave Square. Still the report gained strength, and it was positively asserted by well-informed persons that *Lollipop* had been unable to touch his breakfast—consisting, as usual, of carrots and sugar.

From the summit of the Grand Stand CLARENCE PLANTAGENET watched the seething crowd with an air of calm disdain. By his side stood the lovely DOROTHEA VAVASOUR, regarding him with anxiety.

"Oh, CLARENCE!" she exclaimed, "is *Lollipop* really all right? I heard some one say he wasn't fully wound up."

CLARENCE looked down at her with an inscrutable smile on his pale face. "Fear not, darling," he replied, tenderly. "I can answer for it that *Lollipop* is fully wound up. My victory is certain, and the prize is—yourself!"

"But you risk so much! Would it not be well to—to ditch?"

"To hedge," amended her lover. "No, DOROTHEA, that were cowardice. Let me see"—he drew a dainty betting-book from his pocket—"when *Lollipop* wins, I shall receive £85,769 14s. 7½d. And then your mercenary parents can object no longer, and I can claim you as my bride."

Unseen by the speakers, a man with most unprepossessing features was listening to their conversation. "Fools!" he muttered. "Contemptible fools! As sure as my name



SUNDAY MORNING.

Cyclist (to rural policeman). "NICE CROWD OUT THIS MORNING!"

Rural Policeman (who has received a tip). "YES, AN' YER CAN'T DO WITH 'EM! IF YER 'OLLERS AT 'EM, THEY HONLY TURNS ROUND AND SAYS, 'PIP, PIP!'"

is THOMAS TURFITE, *Lollipop* will not win to-day. Disguised as a stable-boy, did I not myself administer a poisoned apple to him last night?" And stepping down among the crowd, he proceeded to stake thousands of pounds against the favourite.

At last came the time for the race. A murmur of astonishment was heard when the familiar figure of *Lollipop* appeared with the rest in the preliminary trot. True, his action seemed a little stiff, but he looked the picture of health. Beside him at the starting-post stood his owner, who placed his hand caressingly on his horse's neck.

The gun fired, and the horses started—in every sense. One need not describe the race; the St. Leger course, as every one

knows, is fifteen times round Sandown. From the first *Lollipop* led, and finally, amid terrific cheers, won by about a mile.

CLARENCE PLANTAGENET lowered his glasses, and clasped DOROTHEA in his arms. "Did I not tell you so?" he said. "THOMAS TURFITE is foiled again! Last night, my DOROTHEA, the scoundrel gave poor *Lollipop* a poisoned apple."

"Good Heavens!" cried DOROTHEA. "But then, how did the poor horse—?"

"He died at 9 p.m.," said CLARENCE, solemnly. "But, determined not to be beaten, I had him stuffed immediately, and a clockwork motor arranged in his interior. So he was fully wound up, and we will be married immediately."

This is the history of *Lollipop's* Leger.



CUB HUNTING.

"HALLOA! WHAT'S THAT OLD HAIR TRUNK THE MASTER'S ON THIS MORNING?"

"ANOTHER BARGAIN. PICKED HIM UP SOMEWHERE DOWN SOUTH. SAYS HE'S WONDERFUL AT WATER."

"H'M—SHOULDN'T WONDER. DREW A BATHING MACHINE, I EXPECT!"

EUROPEAN DISARMAMENT.

(By Mr. Punch's own Prophet.)

THE year 1950 is destined to go down to history as the year of a great proposition. In that year the Tsar of All the Russias put forward a suggestion for a general European disarmament. The suggestion was received with respect by the press and the public, with enthusiasm by the various "Peace" Societies, and with scepticism by those in authority. Elderly men hinted that the same proposition had been made before and from the same quarter; statesmen shrugged their shoulders, and the *Times* sat—adroitly enough—upon a fence in a leading article.

And yet the condition of Europe at this date made the Tsar's proposals not untempting. For more than fifty years Germany, France, Italy, and the rest had been groaning under the blessings of peace. Military expenditure throughout Europe had grown enormously, and the burden of compulsory service had proportionately increased. It had been the beneficent province of science to invent weapons of destruction, so exquisite in their ingenuity, and so costly in manufacture that every nerve had to be strained by the Great Powers to pay the bill. Rifle succeeded rifle with bewildering rapidity, each more perfect and more expensive than the last, and each, of course, necessitating the withdrawal of the former one. The fashion in quick-firing guns altered even more quickly than those guns fired, and the new patterns were seldom in use a couple of years before—such was the "progress" of science—they were superseded. Every improvement in the guns required a new ammunition, and every improvement in the ammunition required a new type of gun. "Peace" seemed likely to produce universal national bankruptcy.

Taxation had increased by leaps and bounds in all the countries of Europe, and the National Debt of France reached the "record" figure of two thousand millions amid general rejoicings among all good Republicans. It really did seem as if, with all this expenditure upon the army of what was still called "the Republic," the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine was only a ques-

tion of time. It is true the taxpayer was heard at times to complain that his burdens were getting beyond the limit of his capacity to bear them, but the shooting of a few small shopkeepers soon silenced these cavils, and every one agreed that the hated Bourgeoisie could not be permitted to dictate the policy of the country.

In Germany the pressure of militarism upon the population had not grown lighter with years. As weapons grew more scientific in their construction, and more delicate in their manipulation, the term of compulsory service for every citizen had steadily lengthened, until by now it had reached the truly magnificent term of five years, a term, curiously enough, identical with that of our English penal servitude. The five years of military training exacted from every citizen before he could begin the task of earning his own living, heavily handicapped the youth of the country in the struggle for existence, and caused a considerable reduction of the tax-paying population through emigration. Thus, with a rising expenditure and a sinking exchequer, the German Emperor found himself face to face with insolvency.

Such was the state of things then when the Tsar of that day promulgated his famous letter advocating total or partial disarmament, to the astonishment of the chancelleries of Europe. No one could understand how so eminently sane and civilised a proposal could have emanated from St. Petersburg, and thinking men noted it as remarkable that Western Europe had had to wait for the suggestion of the ruler of a half barbarous empire, before the idea of putting an end to a preposterous and intolerable system occurred to its mind. The statesmen of Europe, however, took a different view. They hinted at interested motives on the part of Russia (which was known to be in the last stages of indigence), pointed out the chimerical nature of the proposition, and the practical difficulties it involved, acknowledged the inconveniences of the present state of affairs, but deplored the impossibility of altering it.

And that was the state of things when our Prophet awoke out of the trance in which this vision of 1950 had plunged him.

AUGUSTE AND LUDWIG.

A LITTLE DINNER.

Ludwig. Ah, how go it, dear Mister Colleague? I regret myself very that I something belated am.

Auguste. In delay, dear Mister? Not of the all! Mr. Robinson is not yet arrived. But see there our friend. Ah, mon cher Robinson, ça va bien?

Robinson. Très-bien, merci. Ach, Herr Müller, wie geht's? Parlez-vous français, alors?

Lud. Ach nein! We speak ever English together.

Aug. For sure. And not so bad, is it not, Mr. Müller? We are very strong as philologues all the two. Eh well, if we were putting us to table? Wish you to sit you by there? It is that. Perfectly! The window is all great open. It is damage that in England one dines never in full air. In France—

Lud. And in Germany—

Aug. Perfectly. But recall you that our friend is English.

Rob. Don't mind me. Besides, you're both right.

Aug. Ah, you are one cannot more amiable. But in effect, by a such hotness, when one would will to couch him at the fine star, one suffocates at the house, above all at London. At Paris, at the Wood, one can to dine in full air.

Lud. As in Berlin in the Beastgarden.

Aug. And however you have at London a park of the most superb, who is absolutely desert the evening. What idea! And one can to drink there but some tea.

Lud. Or one "lemons-squashed." The Park is wonderbeautif-ful. *Groszartig!*

Aug. Delicious. But these insulars love not the habitudes of the stranger lands, of "the continent," as they say. Is it that they believe that the divers peoples of "the continent" are but one sole nation; the habitants of the Norway and of the Turkey, of the Spain and of the Russia? They speak also continually of the "Continental Sunday." *Sapristi!* That amuses me. Is it that it is the Sunday of Christiania, of Madrid, or of Petersburg? Or the Sunday of Constantinople, and that is not the Sunday of the all, but the Friday? Eh, my dear Robinson? But you are not insular as that yourself.

Rob. Not I!

Lud. The English cooking is not as the German—

Rob. Thank goodness!

Lud. Was ist das?

Rob. Ziemlich gut.

Lud. Ah so, that was I in the intention to say. The English cooking is seemly good. Over all can man ever enough eat, while the portions so great are. *Prachtvoll!*

Aug. Again some "chimppinn." That is well that, the pronunciation? All to fact as in English, is it not? Drink we then to the health of this good Robinson.

Lud. Prosit!

Aug. Comment?

Lud. Bitte?

Aug. You desire some bitter beer, some beer of Prosit? You drink not some "chimppinn"?

Lud. Yes well!

Aug. But you desire some beer with?

Lud. Ach himmel! No!

Aug. A la bonne heure! To the health of Mr. Punch and of his compatriots. *Quant à Fashoda, ah bah! Ça, c'est la diplomatie.* Live the England!

Lud. Hoch! Hoch! Hoch!

Aug. Mon Dieu! Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça? You are ill, dear Mister? You have bad at the throat?

Rob. C'est tout simplement "hurrah" en allemand.

Aug. Quelle langue! Robinson, you take some tea?

Rob. Jamais de la vie!

Aug. Ah, you are not insular! Then some coffee and some liquors. A fine "chimppinn," perhaps? Will you a cigar?

Lud. Thank beautiful. *Mahlzeit!*

Aug. I have not of those cigars there.

Lud. Ah no! I say *Mahlzeit*. That is "mealtime."

Aug. Comment donc! Il a bon appetit, ce monsieur. *Encore un repas? Ah ça, que faire? C'est donc le souper allemand?*

Rob. Pas du tout! C'est la politesse allemande.

Lud. What say you?

Rob. I was telling him that *Mahlzeit* is not a sort of cigar.

Aug. Mr. Müller desires not to eat of new?

Rob. Not yet, anyhow. He only meant he had enjoyed his dinner. *C'est une façon de faire un compliment, voilà tout.*

Aug. Tiens! Quelle langue! Enchanted, dear Mr. Müller! In attending the coffee, take then a cigar, and one other glass of "chimppinn."



"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS."

Tommy. "FATHER, WHAT MEANS IT 'TO HAVE INDIGESTION'?"

A VERY DIFFICULT PROFESSION.

IF Mr. Justice DARLING's recent example of sentencing a French prisoner in his own language becomes the rule, then a German culprit will have to be sentenced in German, an Italian in Italian, a Spaniard in Spanish, and so on. But why the sentence only? Why not the entire trial, which is of even greater importance, in the prisoner's own language? All candidates for the Bar will have to pass a thoroughly practical *vivâ voce* examination by examiners of various nationalities, and the legal text-books will require translating into every known language. And how about the jurymen? Will they have to "cram" for certain trials in French, German, Italian, Spanish, or modern Greek, as the case may be? If so, they will require time for the process, and the prisoner will have to wait until judge, barristers and jury are quite *au fait* at the language, whatever it may be. Then the Bar will indeed be a "Learned Profession"! Or the proceedings might be simplified by establishing various Courts as in an Exhibition, *e.g.*, the French Court, the German Court, and so forth. But perhaps after all, our own DARLING was only just "airing his French" for practice. He may have either just returned from Boulogne-sur-Mer, or, intending to spend a few days at this favourite French bathing-place, his lordship may have recently completed his first course in "Ollendorf," and felt that a trial of his own linguistic capabilities, in public, would be of the greatest service to him. Over the door of Mr. Justice DARLING's Court should be written the announcement, "*Ici on parle Français.*"

"A new suffering bishop," said the dear old lady to her companion, who was reading aloud of the appointment of the Hon. and Rev. ARTHUR LYTTELTON to be Bishop Suffragan of Southampton. "And what's the poor dear man suffering from?"

NEW ADAPTATION OF AN OLD PROVERB (apparently acted upon by some company directors).—"Corruptio Pressimi optima."



Temperance O ator. "HO, PAUSE, MY DEAR FRIENDS, PAUSE!"
A Voice. "YE'RE RIGHT, OLE MAN, THEY ARE!"

ALFRED ON CÆDMON.

["The Poet Laureate unveiled the memorial. . . He (CÆDMON) was the half-inarticulate father of English poets yet to be, and it was not only to the lisping ancestor, but to all his full-voiced descendants that this cross was erected. . . To be wise rather than eurdite (*sic*, *Daily Chronicle*) being the supreme mark and mission of the poet, very little learning equipped the greatest of English poets for universal apprehension."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

ANGLES and Saxons! We are here
 To rectify an old omission,
 And do our primal chanticleer
 A tardy act of recognition;
 Whether his *C* is soft, like *cit*,
 Or hard as nails like that in *capers*,
 I neither know nor care a bit;
 You'd better write and ask the papers.

Twelve teeming centuries have gone
 Since that acknowledged master filled a
 Vulgar but useful office on
 The promontory of St. Hilda;
 Immersed in feeding local swine
 He got a sudden inspiration,
 And launching on another line
 Gave off an epic on *Creation*.

The hour has come, long waited for,
 Here where his herd was wont to wallow,
 To boom our lisping ancestor
 And likewise all the bards that follow;
 He failed, of course, where we succeed;
 His art was young; don't let us scorn it;
 He whistled down a shaking reed,
 We blow, full-mouthed, a mighty cornet!

And I, who broadly represent
 In poetry the last achievement—

My voice, as Laureate, is lent
 To mourn the nation's rude bereavement;
 But CANON RAWNSLEY too shall get
 Full credit for his work upon it;
 (I never knew a subject yet
 On which he didn't do a sonnet).

As one who has the vested right,
 I want to weigh our Whitby hero;
 I own he wasn't erudite,
 His knowledge as a fact was zero;
 What then? He chose the better part;
 He did not need, like us, to cumber
 His open mind with rules of art
 And other literary lumber.

Here from this headland so sublime
 He watched the gulls, etc., go it;
 He heard the waves that seldom rhyme
 And yet distinctly touch a poet;
 Speaking with Nature face to face
 In pious terms, like Mr. KEBLE,
 He melts us with his artless grace,
 Despite the spelling, which is feeble.

Here still we have the moorland view
 Where furrowing becks debouch in
 ocean;
 The sea-mews wail, the sea-whales mew,
 The billows still retain their motion;
 Yonder the same old eagles screech,
 Nothing disturbs the ancient feeling,
 Save where you sniff from Whitby beach
 The fume of bloaters faintly stealing.

You'll note the cross which I propose
 To offer our lamented brother;
 One side presents an English rose,
 An apple-tree relieves the other;
 This, emblematically done,
 Means Eden lost through lack of morals;
 That stands for Paradise regained
 By him and us who wear his laurels.

These facts, which you are free to share,
 I owe to curious skill in botany,
 Claiming a great advantage there
 Over deceased, who hadn't got any;
 More points like this might be rehearsed
 In proof of my contention that your
 Last poet overlooks the first,
 However slight the modern's stature.

Conclusion. Let me then unveil
 Our rather pleasing crucial beacon
 For educated tars to hail
 And thoughtful kine to rub their cheek
 on;

KEDMON! (or SÆDMON?) please to take
 This stone—I now remove its jacket;
 And oh! for ALFRED's honour's sake
 I trust the tripper may not hack it!

At the Sea-side.

Paterfamilias (*inspecting bill, to land-lady*). I thought you said, Mrs. BUGGINS, when I took these apartments, that there were no extras, but here I find boots, lights, cruets, fire, table-linen, sheets, blankets and kitchen fire charged.

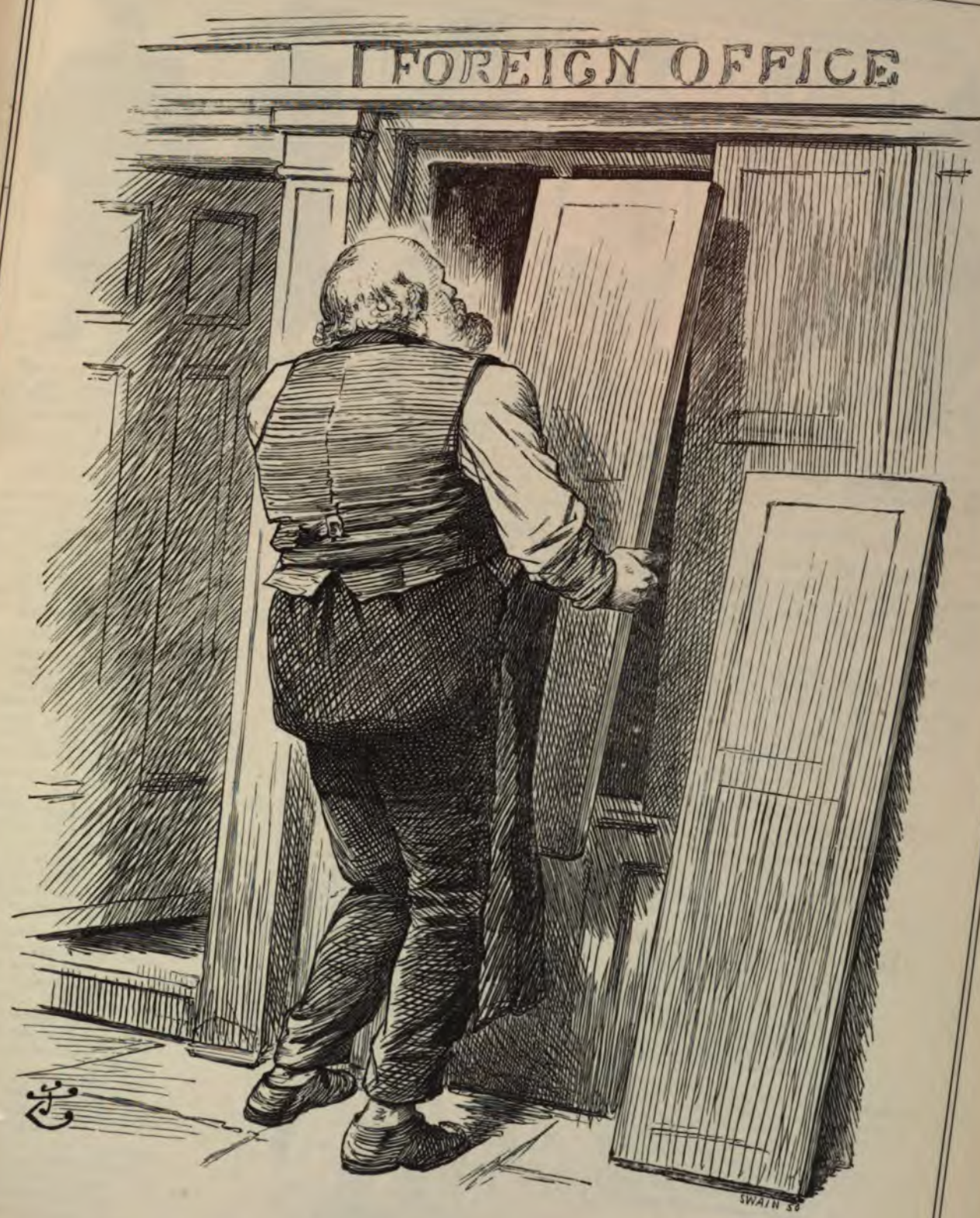
Mrs. Buggins. Lor' bless you, Sir, they're not extras, but necessities.

Paterfamilias. What then do you consider extras?

Mrs. Buggins. Well, Sir, that's a difficult question to answer, but I should suggest salad oil, fly-papers, and turtle soup.

[*Paterfamilias* drops the subject and pays his account.]

A DEAL WHICH JOHN BULL AND UNCLE SAM COULD READILY SETTLE, NOTWITHSTANDING COUSIN FRITZ.—Behring furs in exchange for Philip-pines.



BUSINESS RESUMED.

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.....



.....

WHERE IS HE?

["The whereabouts of Major ESTERHAZY seems likely to become as great a puzzle as that of M. ZOLA recently was."—*Echo*.]



Was it the Major who was seen yesterday in Piccadilly wearing a high hat and Inverness cape?

Or was he the individual who was wearing a long coat and sombrero in Leicester Square?

Or has he gone to Scotland disguised as above?

Or to China, with this "make-up"?

Or to Turkey—disguised as a Grand Vizier?

Or has he taken a cheap excursion, say, to Klondike or the North Pole?

OXFORD IN THE VAC.

SWEET are the haunts I haunted once,
And sweet to wander back
With my old self, a careless dunce,
To Oxford in the Vac.

Sweet is the peace on every hand
As down the Broad I laze,
When Proctors cease from proggng, and
The Bull-dogs light their clays.

There's the Sheldonian, where I
Had taken my degree
Had I been comprehended by
The fool that *viva'd* me.
And there's the Martyrs' Monument—
We used to think at John's
The martyrs were the freshmen, sent
To listen to the dons.

And here's old JOHNNIE's! Here's the gate

To which, when I had dined,
My rambles, by a ruthless fate,
So often were confined.
There is the window where I read
My *Pickwick*, and, ye gods!
That's where I used to see the Head,
When ploughed again in mods.

And over there, across the street,
Cool in the sunblind's shade,
Still stands the shop where I would eat
Ices that FANNY made.
Sweet FANNY! 'Twas not worthy you,
Though common sense, no doubt,
To jilt poor me, without a sou,
For my more favoured scout.

Yet I forgive you, and am glad
The world has used you well,
Nor do I grudge your eldest lad
His new-fledged B.C.L.
But though I envy not your bays,
How sweetly all comes back,
In golden visions, as I laze
Round Oxford in the Vac.

A GENERAL AND MOST COMMENDABLE
LEGAL ASPIRATION.—To get a lift at the
Law Courts.

MUSICAL MEM.—It is stated that Madame ALBANI used a specially built State carriage during the Gloucester Musical Festival. Of course, the vehicle was hung upon "top O" springs.



DOWN IN HIS LUCK.

THE LAW OF CHANCE.

["In a paper at the British Association Professor WELDON declared that even pitch-and-toss could not be regarded as a game of chance, the results being really due to undoubted law."—*Glasgow Evening Citizen*.]

THERE's law in games o' chance, I've heard,
But gin the truth be spoken,
For aince it's kept, I'll gie ma word,
A score o' times it's broken.
There is but ane haulds guid, ye see—
Whatever game ye're choosin',
But play it fairly an' ye'll be
Invariably loosin'.

I've studied ilka game o' chance,
I've reckoned combinations
Until my very brain would dance
Wi' weary calculations.
An' what's the net result of a' p?—
It drives me fair dementit
Tae think what punds I've flung awa'
On systems I've inventit.

An' noo, Sir, after years o' thoct
An' muckle fond delusion,
Experience at last has brocht
Me roun' tae this conclusion—
However guid your system be,
It's bound tae be exploded
Unless ye tak' guid care tae see
Your wee bit dice are loaded.

But that's against the rules? No fair?
Weel, mark ye this, guid brither,
This is the law by which I'll swear
Until ye find anither.
Meanwhile I'll say, howe'er adept
The gentleman that's spoken,
I doot the law will no be kept
Unless the law be broken.

QUERY BY DABBY JONES.—Why was not the Ayr Race Meeting held in the Isle of Skye?

THE MOST WONDERFUL FLORAL ACROBAT
(invented by our own Irrepressible One).—
The gymnasturtium.

READY-MADE COATS-(OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS.



HORATIO HERBERT, 1ST VISCOUNT KITCHENER OF OMDURMAN.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, a series of cataraets neatly and punctually surmounted while you wait; 2nd, a gallic cock marchant in chicane and emergent theatrical in advance collared in trespass and (we trust) given the chueque proper; 3rd, a british lion radiant in his glory sheathing an avenging sword rusted with age but trenchant to the full; 4th, several stars of journalism rampant and purple with fury incontinently ordered to Cairo. *Crest:* On a mount urgent with the hump a caliph proper of the soudan imbrued gory to the last, dropping in his flight on a ground sable sundry spouses reluctant puffy without mules. *Supporters:* Dexter, an egyptian soldier drilled armed and furnished with a backbone made in England, crowned with laurels and bearing in his right hand the black banner of the Khalifa; sinister, a british trooper in triumph similarly charged and wreathed with laurels in augmentation, holding in his left hand a lance and in the right a return ticket proper to Khartoum available for a month. *Second motto:* "Dwell as if about to depart"—ahem! proper.

* "Stops if necessary at Fashoda to take up foreign passengers."

DARBY JONES ON NEWMARKET.

HONOURED SIR,—Once more we are back at the Metropolis of Racing, where the Jockey Club rules the Roost with all the Cock-suredness possessed by the Herald of the Morn. There is a very select air about Newmarket, which baffles the pen of the most consistent Descriptive Writer, as the unfortunate Reporter is called to his face by the Energetic Managing Editors of the Leading Daily Papers. In so far as I have been able to discover, all the Apprentices in the several Racing Stables are treated in a way which would cause Mirth and Gladness in the High Class Seminaries known as Eton, Harrow, Winchester, and Rugby. These embryo ARCHERS, CUSTANCES and CANNONS have their Morals so well looked after that no one could possibly suspect them of Betting, Card-playing, or Pitch-and-Toss proclivities. They sing in choirs, and doubtless shudder when they hear of a Jockey being deprived of his Riding Certificate for exercising the Long and Strong Pull of the Nefarious Horseman. It appears to me that the life of a Neophyte at Newmarket is one continuous exemplification of the Racing Pilgrim's Progress. Evil creatures, known as Touts,

are constantly endeavouring to discover important Stable Secrets; worse tempters, in the shape of Unprincipled Trainers, in other parts of the Kingdom, beset their paths, and yet these lads go to bed with the Chickens and arise with the Lark, who is so silly as to inhabit a "watery nest." The amiable Wives of the Newmarket Trainers, to say nothing of their beauteous Daughters and Nieces, are never weary of providing for the Comfort and Refinement of the Apprentices.

It may seem strange to you, honoured Sir, that I should have cast my optics on these Youngsters, but just as the Momentous Battle of Waterloo was won in the Playing-Fields of Eton College, so are nearly all the Derbys, St. Legers, and Autumn Handicaps predestined in this Town of comfortable cobs and succulent East Country Meat; for be it known that Newmarket is not only renowned in certain circles for horseflesh, but also for the carcasses of the more nourishing Bullock and Sheep. My attention was specially drawn to the Newmarket Apprentice by Captain KRITERION, who pointed out to me how greatly the Turf was benefited by the Attention and Care bestowed on these youngsters, who, by dint of steady appli-

cation to Business, might, by the time we had changed Centuries, become the Idols of the Public, possessing Varlets to hasten to their beck and call, displaying Jewelled Pins in their costly scarves, and generally have developed into Personages deserving of having their Portraits limned in the Illustrated Papers.

Nowadays the Aristocratic Parent is at a loss to know how he can provide for his (often too numerous) Progeny. He has so far relaxed his Obsolete Prejudices as to permit his son, or even daughter, to loll about the Stage in a Comedy of Society, at a Salary which would not be sneezed at by an Under-Secretary of State; but he has not, in so far as I am aware, ever turned his attention to the wonderful Opportunities for Fame and Fortune opened up by the Jockeyian Profession. Had I a son, honoured Sir, I would nourish him on Gin, like a Yorkshire Terrier meant for Show purposes, and place him in a Racing Stable when he attained to Years of Indiscretion. In the Gloaming of my Existence his Valet would probably be varnishing my Patent Leather Boots, while his Master would be Hob and Nob with the Highest and Wealthiest in the Land.

A Wretched Clerk in the Uncivil Service of the QUEEN may by the Sweat of his brow, when his Head is a Skating-Rink for Flies and his whiskers blanched as Almonds, command a paltry income of £500 a year from the Taxpayers of Great Britain, but the Jockey of Nerve and Resolution, at an age when he would scarcely be returned to Parliament by a Responsible Constituency, is intrusted by the Best of the Best, Millionaires and Senators with the Safeguarding of Thousands of Sovereigns. If he be not Al in the saddle, he can always gain about twice as much as he is worth in France, Belgium, or Germany. So when any one asks me, "What shall I do with my boy?" I invariably reply, "Apprentice him to a Training Stable or a Ready Money Bookmaker. Of the two choose the Trainer, for the Bookie may go broke, the other never."

The Jockey Club Stakes ought to be one of the most popular contests of the Season, and so it probably would be were it run at any other Racing Rendezvous than Newmarket. But the Jockey Club doesn't encourage the British Public, and the B. P. doesn't encourage the Jockey Club. I honestly believe that the B. P. prefers the City and Suburban, or the Chester Cup, to this Big Back-end Fixture, and, indeed, if the "Seizerwitch" and Cambridgeshire were disputed at Kempton Park, they would attract more Patronage than they ever do alongside the Ditch. Those who bet on these events, for the most part breakfast at home on Training Reports, and lunch at their Clubs on S. P. betting over the Tape. However, having borrowed a Pony (I mean a quadruped, not a five-legged bank-note) from my friend the Honourable FLIFLATT of Oxford College, I must send my Muse to the Post, and, as a Preliminary canter, give the following to those who enjoy going straight (like ladies) for the gloves:—

Let her go has a chance, I admit.

Will her stable companion go?

We Nine I don't fancy a bit;

But the *Chronicles* may make a show.

But, of all who face COVENTRY's flag,

Sell any should be mid the three

Whom I take to be pick of the bag—

The Godgift and Painter for me!

Yours devotedly,

DARBY JONES.



AN UNFORTUNATE REMARK.

Novice (to Host, after walking for two hours under a brilliant sun without seeing a single Bird). "GRAND DAY, ISN'T IT!"

[N.B.—He only meant to lighten the general depression, but he wasn't invited again.]

A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.

IV.

AFTER an hour's rest, stroll out to sands. Sea-air good for shaken nerves. Feel better. Small crowd round donkey-stand. Stroll up to see cause of excitement. Paralysed at finding MAX and donkey-boy fighting, whilst TOMMY shouts "Go it, MAX! Lam him well! Cop him in the eye!" Push through people, who are enthusiastically cheering on combatants, and peremptorily order MAX to desist at once. MAX very disappointed. "Rather rough, just when a fellow's enjoying himself, that some one must always interfere," he grumbles, dragging on his coat. Then he brightens up a little as he says, "Uncle, you should have seen! I caught him such a 'one-er' on his boko." Dislike expression "boko," but feel too shattered to do anything except hurry my dreadful nephews away from this disgraceful scene. "Why did you fight?" I ask, severely. "Why, because that little beast cheeked me, of course! He said 'Yah!' as I passed, and—well, I wasn't going to stand *that*, you know; not likely." I cannot throw cold water on British pluck; and, on consideration, donkey-boy equally plucky.

Sigh, and cast about for some less exhilarating form of entertainment than fighting donkey-drivers. Bathing? Capital! Obtain at ticket-office three diminutive packets of so-called towels about size of pocket-handkerchiefs, and also bathing-garments. TOMMY holds his up, and says, "Oh! these be blowed! I ain't going to wear—" Silence him and insist. Boys

clamber into one machine and I into next. They must have literally fallen out of their clothes, so quickly are they ready. Take observations from my window, and see TOMMY cautiously emerge. Tries temperature of water with one toe; shivers, tries again; this time descends two steps; wave breaks in and he retreats shrieking. Good gracious! is wearing towel instead of bathing-drawers! Open my door and step outside (clad only in shirt, eye-glass and straw hat) to reprove him, when, to my horror, Divinity rows her old father slowly past! Dash into machine again, trembling. *Has she seen me in this most unbecoming and draughty attire? Quite unnerved.* Ready at last, and into sea, gingerly; hate getting too wet all at once. It is cold. Insist upon nephews ducking their heads. Feel as if I had done my duty, and retreat hastily to machine. Enjoy bathing—when it's over. Dress. Call the boys to come in. "Oh! let's stay a bit longer, Uncle." Wait ten minutes. Call again. Same reply. Go and stand on shore. Call again, getting desperate and shivering with cold, "Come in at once!" A marine loafer, in loose trousers, spits meditatively on sand, and then observes, "Looks jest like a old 'en a corlin' of a pair o' ducklins, don't 'e?" Pretend not to hear. TOMMY, however, enjoys joke at my expense hugely, and guffaws. So rude! Get boys back to hotel at last.

After luncheon, take them for drive to old ruins. Both so interested that they fall asleep. Thank goodness! Somnolence continues and (again thank goodness!) continues till bedtime.

AT THE BAR.

["After a case recently tried in Johannesburg, which resulted in the acquittal of the defendant, he entertained the jury to a repast in honour of the event."—Daily Paper.]

In the days of POPE and GAY
(Golden age of honest Ketches),
That the judge might dine, they say,
Promptly he would hang poor wretches.

Nowadays (a course at least
To our kinder age more fitted),
So that jurymen may feast
The defendant goes acquitted.

Aeronautical Drama at the Lane.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—In view of the animated discussion with regard to balloons on the stage, may I point out that some eighteen or nineteen years ago a little extravaganza entitled *Balloonacy* held the stage of the Royalty Theatre for some 150 nights? The chief incident was the escape of the beset proprietor of a tea-garden, with his wife and the Strong Man, in a balloon, in which they were transported, escaping from bailiffs, to "regions unknown." I only record this fact in order to show that Great Dramatists often follow even to the skies little burlesquewrights.

Your obedient servant,
PETER THE PITITE.

TURFIANA.—At Kempton Park recently a mare called *Miss Tailor* won the Autumn Handicap. As she won easily, she must also have been *Miss Fit*.



"BY JOVE, I'M AWFULLY GLAD TO SEE YOU HERE, MISS BROWN! WHEN I FIRST CAME IN, I FELT QUITE NERVOUS—EVERYBODY LOOKED SO AWFULLY CLEVER!"

"LETTERS MAY BE ADDRESSED HERE."

To DICK.

My eyes were not entirely blind!—
To get the London papers down
Is quite the day's event, I find,
When I am staying out of town.
I put the *Times* unheeded by,
That Mr. *Punch* I might digest;
A funny notice caught my eye—
That "letters might be there addressed!"

"To NANCY"! Well, upon my word!
Forget-me-nots suggest a clue—
That day at Henley! How absurd!
Of course the writer *can't* be—you.
I should of course, you may believe,
Be very angry and distressed,
If I should happen to receive—
From you—a letter so addressed!

"You'd tell me, might you only write,
That London now is no more gay,
But dull and empty of delight,
Since—every one has gone away.
You'd tell me how you oft recall
Your pleasant friends, both old and new—"

Oh, Dick! Of course, I see it all!
Of course the writer *must* be you!

If I might send you a reply,
I'd tell you such a lot of news,

I'd tell you of my triumphs—I
Have had two curates to refuse!
I'd tell you all I've done and seen,
And all I hope to see and do,
I'd tell you where—with whom—I've been,
If I could write a line to you.

I'd tell you how next week I go
Up North, according to my wont;
I'd tell you that I'm glad to know
You don't forget—or say you don't!
I'd tell you, that they may not cloy,
To make your pretty speeches few!
I'd tell you—you're a foolish boy,
If I could write a line to you.

If I could write a line to you,
I'd tell you something rather sweet,
I'd tell you, Dick—I won't! Adieu!
Perhaps I'll tell you when we meet.

P.S.—You might have dared to send
Those flowers—just a tiny bunch!—

The Effect of Habit.

The MacTavish (reading the account of the dearth of water in the East End). A penny for a glass of *aqua pura*! 'Deed, mon, but they'd do well to add anither bawbee and defy these scoundrelly water companies wi' a goblet o' *aqua fortis*!

[Illustrates his advice.]

LE SPORT.

["The French sportswoman is not ardent just now *Le Sport* is the thing."—*Daily Post*]

Ze leetle bairds zat fly ze air
I vish zem not ze 'arms—
Zat is not vy ze gun I bear
So bravement in mine arms;
'Tis not zat I would kill—Ah! n
It is zat I adore
Ze noble institution
Ve call in France *Le Sport*.
And zen ze costume! Ah! ze 'a
Ze gaitares! Vot more sweet
For ze young female-chaser zat
Do 'ave ze leetle feet?
Ze gun?—I fear 'im much, and c
'E makes my shouldare sore,
But yet I do 'im bear to show
'Ow much I love *Le Sport*.
Ze leetle partridge 'e may lay
'Is pretty leetle eggs,
Ze leetle peasant 'op away
Upon 'is leetle legs,
Ze leetle 'are zat run *si vite*
I do not vish 'is gore—
But vile mine ankles zey are nee
I'll cry, "Ah! *Vive le Sport!*"

Hay ho! he's gone!

[Colonel HAY, late U.S. Ambassador to Britain, sailed on the *Teutonic* (to take position as Secretary of State at Washington) Wednesday, September 14, 1898.]

ADIEU, Colonel HAY!

We speed you "Good-day,"
And in office the pleasantest lines,
With the motto reversed
That may you be the first
To show sunlight is where the
shines!



IN THE "DEAD SEASON."

(Disappointment of an Old Favourite)

The Great Sea-Serpent (with biting sav
"So many canards flying about this year, th
the never-failing friend of the Dead Seas
forgotten!"



TENDER CARE (?)

Mrs. Slumley Smirk. "So, FOR THE FUTURE, MRS. JINKS, I SHALL BE YOUR DISTRICT VISITOR IN THIS YARD. NOW, I TRUST THAT—ER—IF ANY OF YOU HAVE ANY ILLNESS ABOUT, YOU WILL AT ONCE LET ME KNOW, AS, IN THAT CASE, I—ER—SHOULD NOT WISH TO COME NEAR!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE first and abiding impression my Baronite gains from reading *John Splendid* (BLACKWOOD), is, that Scotland enjoys exceedingly bad weather. Never did poor gentlemen go to wars, little or large, in worse weather than Mr. NEIL MUNRO's fancy devises for *John Splendid* and his comrades. It blew, it rained, it hailed, it thundered, and whiles it snowed. Incidentally there are "town gibbets on which two corpses swung in the wind, like net bows on a drying pole, going from side to side making the woeful sough and clink of chains." This is not promising of cheerfulness. But so long as these Scottish gentry could get at each other's throats, with occasional bouts with the Irishry, they seem to have been cheerfully indifferent to the weather. Through the bristling, bustling picture of war and rapine runs the silken thread of the old, old story, love. *Elrigmore*, the young soldier of fortune, home from foreign fields to find his fill of fighting at home, is speedily enchained by the provost's daughter. Those about to marry will find a study of the history of the two interesting, inasmuch as it includes an episode of the first kiss between lovers, cunningly devised and daintily told. The book abounds in graphic touches descriptive of storm, whether of the elements or of man's devising.

A veritable *édition de luxe* is *Fashion in Paris*, showing "the various phases of feminine taste"—likewise masculine, to certain extent—and æsthetics, by OCTAVE UZANNE, translated from the French by Lady MARY LOYD, with one hundred hand-coloured plates, and two hundred and fifty text illustrations, by François Courboin," and published in London by WILLIAM HEINEMANN, of whom it may be said, in the language of CHARLES DICKENS, when expressing his opinion of the capabilities of the Todgers' establishment, "Oh! Todgers's could do it when it chose! Mind that,"—and so can W. HEINEMANN. As a book of reference for the illustrator, for the author and dramatist, for stage-manager and theatrical costumier, this work is a most valuable authority on feminine costumes in France during a century of restlessness, when every change in

political opinions seems to have also necessitated a rapid act of change in dress. A few "Dandies" are shown, and most uncomfortable they look whether in or out of uniform. There was no attempt at "ease"; but the struggle was to be "elegant," and very unsuccessful the struggle appears to have been. The "little patriots," boys about twelve or fourteen years of age, seem to have had the best of it as far as comfort goes. But the poor Dandies, in blue or brown high-shouldered, high-collared coats, frock or swallow-tailed, with baggy trousers, striped white and red, and tucked into high-low boots, reminding the Baron of some old pictures of LISTON as *Paul Pry*, with any amount of linen cravat twisted round their throats, must have had a very bad time of it, if they were only a quarter as uncomfortable as their dress makes them appear. The colouring of these pictures is excellent. In 1836 the men were just a trifle more sensible, except in the matter of straps, pantaloons, and the tightest possible boots. The fashion for a lady *endimanchée* at the Tuileries in 1831 has, in a modified form, reappeared at the present day, so also has that of 1819 in the Gardens of the Tuileries, with the exception of the bonnet as worn at that period. The fashion of 1852 at the Opera is not so very far off that of 1898; and in 1868 the "gent a-blowin' of his bacca" in a bright blue frock coat, white waistcoat, black cravat, brownish-red check trousers, blue stockings, pumps, and a tall hat, while enjoying himself at the "Café de la Rotonde," is a thing of beauty not to be matched by any Londoner or Parisian of the present sober-coloured century. Only in the miserable period of the Commune do the ladies' dresses look as sad and as sombre as their faces. The book finishes with *Les Bicyclistes*; but of these the artist has not given us outrageous specimens. That the fashions of to-day show a great improvement on those of a hundred years ago, and a still greater on those of forty or fifty years since, is the decided opinion of

THE BARON DE B.-W.

WHY must an auctioneer necessarily be sour-faced? Because he always looks for-bid-ling.



THE ARTFUL DOWAGER.

Empress Dowager of China (to the Son of Heaven). "Reform, indeed! I'll reform you! Go and stand in the corner till I tell you to come out!"

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

COMPETITION 934.

"How should we bear our Trials?"

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Courage and a studied cheerfulness of demeanour provide the best cure for the troubles of daily life. A true lady will never give way to bad temper, but will be courteous to her inferiors, obedient and respectful to her superiors, and amiable to her equals. Our trials will be greatly mitigated if we cherish such qualities as tidiness, cleanliness, and punctuality, concerning which last-named virtue it has been aptly said that "procrastination is the thief of time." A remembrance of these golden truths will add to the pleasure and the usefulness of our lives.

Yours faithfully,

DOROTHEA MARY HIGGINS (aged 9).

P.S.—Miss Wiggins my guvernes tells me to ad that I rote orl this quite bi miself which is a li becos she made me copi it from a peace of paper Miss Wiggins is my trile and I cant bear her she is orfle.—D. M. H.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Mother says that I am to tell you how I should bear my trials, but please I would rather tell you about my canary. It is a yellow canary and it lives in a cage and it sings. It can't sing real songs with words but only tunes. It is such a nice canary and mother says that if I am good I may bring it to see you some day, and I will let you give it a lump of sugar, and then you will know what a nice canary it is. My brother BOBBIE has a kitten, and the kitten loves my canary; it will sit for hours watching it in the most affectionate way. The kitten is black and white, and has a curly tail, and I have written all this myself except the spelling and the stops, so please send me the prize.

Your affectionate friend,

CLARA DICKINSON (aged 10).

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—You ask how we should bear our trials. I, alas, have many troubles to bear, and the worst of all is my father. I try to be a help to him, and give him good advice but I am afraid he has a hard heart. Only yesterday I told him how sad it was to see him smoking so much. I am certain, as I said, that it is injurious to his health; and how much better it would be if he would put the money he wastes on tobacco into my collecting-box! But, although I talked to him in the kindest way, and all for his own good, I am sorry to say that he was very rude indeed, and called me a little prig—an expression which no gentleman should use to a lady. Last Sunday we had gingerbread for tea. My younger sister EDITH has, I regret to say, a greedy nature. She is particularly fond of gingerbread, and has frequently made herself ill by eating too much of it. Simply to remove this danger from her, I ate all the gingerbread myself. Instead of thanking me for my noble unselfishness, my father actually called me a little pig! When he reads this account of his behaviour in print, I hope he will feel ashamed of himself. Patience, Mr. Editor, unlimited patience alone enables me to bear such trials as these. Yours truly,

LUCY PRIGLET (aged 15).

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I had a large-sized trial to-day—the lesson to write out in Latin and English—so this afternoon I've been trying to find out how best to bear it.



Phil May '98

Pat (who has been acting as Guide, and has been pointing out the Devil's This and the Devil's That for the last two hours). "AN' THAT'S THE DEVIL'S PUNCH-BOWL, YER ANNER."

Tourist. "THE DEVIL SEEMS TO OWN A GOOD DEAL OF PROPERTY ABOUT HERE, PAT!"

Pat. "YE'RE ROIGHT, YER ANNER. BUT, LOIKE MOST AV THE OTHER LANDLORDS, HE SPINDS MOST AV HIS TOIME IN LONDON!"

Butterscotch is consoling, and nougat helps, but I think Turkish delight or chocolate creams strengthens one most. I haven't made up my mind yet between these two. Send me half-a-crown's worth of each, and I'll try again.

Yours ever,

JONES Minor.

Bowdlerised Abuse.

Miss Larkspur. I think that Mr. FLIBBER is the biggest kangaroo in the world!

Miss Honeyput. Biggest kangaroo! My dear LAURA, what do you mean?

Miss Larkspur. I should have said "bounder," only I know you hate slang.

Some People are Never Satisfied.

Squire Popjoy (to Farmer SCROGGS). Well, Mr. SCROGGS, you can't complain of the harvest weather this year.

Farmer SCROGGS. No, Squire, the harvest were all right, but, dang it all! the zun has dried oop my pond, and the dooks be all a-perishin' for want o' water.

FROM OUR SUPERSTITIOUS CORRESPONDENT.—The appointment of M. CAMBON to the Court of St. James's is a distinct angury to the effect that Cambridge will win the Boat-Race next year.



Q. E. D.

À PROPOS OF THE TRIALS OF MAN-HUNTING BY BLOODHOUNDS TAKING PLACE IN YORKSHIRE, AND THEIR USE IN TRACING CRIME, SUPPOSING BLOODHOUNDS CAN RUN DOWN CRIMINALS, WHERE WILL THE POLICEMEN BE?

VIVE LA VÉRITÉ!

"I'm a bit of a story-teller myself."—Ancient Lyre.

Hotel Ben Trovato, Rue Rupert, Londres.

CHER M. ROBINSON DE CRUSEMONT,—As another of the Great Misunderstood, I greet you with impressment. I have read your excellent *bordereau* in the *Fine and Large World Magazine*; and also many letters throwing painful doubt on your veracity, and demanding a *révision*. How it is true that fact has often a *souçon* of I-know-not-what more strange than fiction. Is it not the motto, this, of Sir NEUNES, himself, limited?

Oh yes! I have perused your adventures written in a style the most flowing, and I have—how do you call it?—chortled at the versatility of him who, elevated to speak the language of my adopted France, has, in those thirty years of savage life, but perfected and polished his acquaintance with the tongue English. Yes, I have read of your shipwrecks, of your prolonged residence in the comparative seclusion of an insulated sand-bank, of your one-oared contention with sharks, of your pearls and rum; and, in fine, of the so delightful *soirées* which you name the *corrobores*. Ah! *mon ami*, to confirm your tale—forgive the little *jeu d'esprit*—what would you not now give for one of these same *corrobores*? Is it not that such a bird in the hand is worth two, or more, in the Bush?

And then I recall me how the spirit-voice came to you under the wamwam tree when you were very dry; and it said "*Coupe l'arbre*"; and how, like holy Moïse, your unveiled lady made the good bucketful to issue from its trunk. O yes! there was Truth at the bottom of that well. It leapt to the eyes. And to me also, who speak to you, came just such a voice saying "Cut it! And I cut. Hence am I here, not less than you, in the great city of refuge where they publish only the *vraisemblable*, and the wild-duck never says himself.

Exhausted with the recollection of those scientific researches recorded only on the carnal tablets of your interior, the claims of the Britannic Association have, it may be, left you no leisure for the study of the "Affair Threefoot," in which, without boastful-

ness, it is permitted to say that I have played a not unworthy part. You, my friend, who know the misery to have your most sacred allegations called in question, you at least will believe me when I say, on my honour as a soldier, a gentleman and a foreign Count, that I am a forger. It is a distinguished officer, the Colonel du Pâté d'Huitres, who would give me his moral support in saying that the end justifies the means.

You have lived in domiciles inaccessibly removed from the refinements of civilisation and diplomacy, and will admit that even the aborigine, black as he is, has embraced this elementary law. He desires, let us say, to lunch. Good. The end is natural and even pressing. He possesses a mother-in-law, let us say, who has the air of being succulent. He offers her a razor, secured—who knows?—from the toilette-table of a deceased missionary (for there is honour even among untutored thieves); but she remains blind to his humane suggestion. Impelled therefore to an unavoidable violence which jars against his better feelings, himself he renders her inanimate. Briefly she becomes chops. Now, judged by the moralist, his conduct is open to censure. Yet, to the statesman, to the diplomat, the imperious demand of his purpose, namely to lunch if possible on grilled woman, justifies the apparent crudity of the means adopted to attain that end. And how much more so, if she were an Israelite! *Conspuez les Hébreux!*

O yes! the end justifies the means; and, in turn, it is often the means that justify the end. Nay the two are sometimes indistinguishable, as with us, by example, you and me, *mon ami*, who have found each a confiding publisher to give us the means, that is to say, the vulgar wherewith; which, always apart from the love of Truth for Truth's sake, may be considered to be our end. But you, you have otherwise achieved *une belle réclame* not surpassed by the great travellers and scientists who have, some of them for the first time, made themselves remarked by contradicting you, over their signatures, in the Press. I have seen your stuffed figure in the Gallery of Heroes, Rue Mariela-bonne, though I like better the *chevelure* of M. McBERT at the Lycée, which is of a redness and originality more than imaginable.

And you are also in train to give the popular demonstration, not *entrée libre* as with the heathen *corroboree*, but where even the unbeliever shall pay heavily for his seat. Me, I have not the intention to shew myself upon the public rostrum; for, should the heat-billow return, then, as one says, it might be too warm for me. But, either in spirit, or *incognito*, I shall assist at your narration at the Hall of St. James (or is it of St. George?). Meanwhile, *agréz, &c.*, BUSTERHAZY.

P.S.—*Five la vérité absolument nue!*

AN INTERESTING PAPYRUS.

(Being a supposed lost Chapter of the Greek historian, Herodotus, to be discovered in an Egyptian tomb A.D. 10,000, with annotations and emendations by various learned Scholars of that date. It is characteristic of the period that the notes are considerably longer than the text.)

"Moreover the Priests told me that after the Tourkoi⁽¹⁾ the Britannoï⁽²⁾ held rule in Egypt. These men made the iron road⁽³⁾ which crosses the Nubian desert going southward. They said that in the four thousand and ninth Olympiad⁽⁴⁾ there arose a great General whom they called δ Σίρσας. This man, having been chief cook⁽⁵⁾ to the Queen of that day, who was called Νίκη⁽⁶⁾ led an expedition against the tribes of the desert, and defeated them with great slaughter, capturing their capital, which was called Omdurmania⁽⁷⁾. For this victory this General was promoted to great honour, and was given the title of Κόπιος or Lord. These things then were told me concerning the Britannoï."

(1) A tribe ruling in South-Eastern Europe, of whom little beyond the name is known. Tradition says that at one time they gave employment to what was called "The Concert of Europe," but the investigation of scholars has not revealed hitherto what this "concert" was.

(2) Nothing else is known of these Britannoï, and indeed the reading may be corrupt. Professor BONNE would read Berlinoï, and so connect them with a Germanic race in Western Europe, of which some traces are found in early records. Others suggest Belgikoi (for these are known to have ruled for a while near the river Congo), or Betersbourgoï (from the city of that name which once stood in Northern Europe).

(3) What this "iron road" was is much disputed. Some have held that it is merely the well-known "metalled" road of antiquity invented by MCADAM. Others are of opinion that it was really of iron, and was intended to reduce friction in mechanical traction.

(4) The date is almost certainly inexact. HERODOTUS can seldom be trusted for his figures, and moreover the copyists were notoriously careless in this respect.

(5) It is suggested by the learned BONNE that δ Σίρσας is really a title, and that "the chief cook" conceals the General's true name. It is certainly remarkable that any mere culinary artist should have been given the command of an army. BONNE suggests that the name may have been COOK, KITCHEN, or the like. This is ingenious, but by no means certain. The name "COOK" occurs frequently in the Egyptian records of this period.

(6) Νίκη, the Greek form of the Latin VICTORIA. This Queen is mentioned more than once in Egyptian inscriptions.

(7) The modern Kartûm, now a vast city, then a mere village.

AUGUSTE AND LUDWIG.

COFFEE AND CIGARS.

Auguste. Ah, see there the coffee! I admire so many of things in England, but I admire not the coffee.

Robinson. Nor I, by Jove!

Ludwig. The beer is too strong and the coffee is too feeble. But at the littlest are you free in England. The civil is not with the sword of the lieutenant throughsticked. And here, while I not in the Fatherland am, dare I free to speak. Glückliches England! You have no majestyinsultingpunishment.

Aug. Oh la, la! Enfin c'est fini, ce mot-là? And in England, above all, you have not of Affair. Ah, mon Dieu! But speak we not of the Affair.

Rob. But we shall all have the small-pox soon. That's worse than Majestätsbeleidigung—

Lud. Ja wohl, gewiss!

Rob. Or even l'Affaire DREYFUS.

Aug. Pour sûr!

Rob. In your two countries there are no "graceful concessions," and you never heard of a "conscientious objector."

Lud. Ah no! What for a thing is that?

Aug. What is this that this is that that?

Rob. A conceited ass who prefers his own narrow-minded ignorance to the scientific opinions of a century. There's freedom for you!

Aug. Ah, la libre Angleterre!

Lud. So wish you all the small-pox to have? The sword of the lieutenant is perhaps better. At the littlest is it not so painful. You die immediately.



WHAT INDEED?

Mistress (waylaying Maid-of-all-work, who will be so dressy). "MARTHA, I'M SURPRISED AT YOU! NOW, WHAT WOULD PEOPLE SAY IF I WENT OUT ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN A PINK BLOUSE AND WHITE FEATHERS?"

Aug. The Affair herself should make you not as much of bad. The razor of HENRY is more expeditive.

Lud. Freedom and small-pox. Thank very! The Fatherland is better. We have military law, but vaccination therewith.

Aug. Liberté, Egalité, et faire périr son frère de la petite vérole. Merci bien! I prefer the France.

Lud. Remain you still longer in England, dear Mister Colleague, when it so dangerously is?

Aug. Not yet so dangerous. But perhaps more late all the world shall avoid the England. We shall go to see. But, my dear ROBINSON, why have you changed the law, you other English?

Rob. Don't ask me. Ask the strongest Government of modern times.

Lud. The strongest? Wirklich? Ah, you joke!

Aug. It is a pleasantery of this good ROBINSON. But say we "Yes." That should be a "gracious concession," in the mode of his country. They are so amiable, of a so good natural, these brave English.

Lud. So very loveworthy.

Rob. Shut up!

Lud. Ach so! That is true. It become late. We must forthgo.

Aug. Already? Desolated! "When shall we meet all the three again?" as say the sorcerers of the King Lear.

Lud. Forgive you me. It are the three witches of Hamlet.

Aug. Perhaps. You go at foot? He makes beautiful? Ah yes, a magnificent time.

Rob. Good night. We've had a capital evening, un dîner des plus agréables.

Lud. Good evening. We have very good eated. Thank bests, dear Mr. Colleague. Auf wiedersehen.

Aug. Au revoir.

NOMENCLATURE.—"Messrs. STEEL AND PEACH," of Rotherham, is a remarkable combination of names. It could only be equalled by some firm entitled "Messrs. KISS AND TELL." This may exist—in Switzerland.



Old Gentleman (who has received a present of Butter from one of his Tenants). "AND HOW DOES YOUR MOTHER MAKE ALL THESE BEAUTIFUL PATTERNS ON THE PATS, MY DEAR?"
Messenger. "WIV OUR COMB, SIR!"

DISTINGUISHED WOMEN'S HUSBANDS.

(By one of them.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You have doubtless read an article on the above subject in a contemporary organ of our enemy, Woman. Sir, that article gives so inadequate a picture of the miseries of our lot that I am moved to speak out of the bitterness of my own experience. Alas! I am a Distinguished Woman's Husband. Ask me not how it happened, how she lured me with specious promises from home, and dragged me, paralysed, hypnotised—what not?—to the altar. Between courtship and wedlock, what a gulf! When she was wooing me, I was to have all my little comforts—club, golf, cycling, theatre—she would deny me nothing. But when mar-

ried—! First, she cut off the club: who was to look after the house when she was busy, dining out, lecturing, preaching Woman's Cause? Then, babies began to come, and for me a whole new world of duties. I did not even know how to rock a cradle, and as for feeding the things—*horresco referens*. Golf went the way of the club. My cycle—she changed it for a perambulator; and as for theatres, when a man is up all night with a bilious baby, he has little inclination for the play. Hitherto, when very wretched, I had sometimes sought consolation in a cigarette; but my wife now took it into her head that tobacco upset the baby, and henceforth no one was allowed to smoke in the house but herself.

When our first was being expected, it

fell to my lot to prepare certain small garments, and my wife (who at this time could not find a tailor to her liking) seeing that I had a neat hand at "cutting out," suggested (i.e., ordered) that I should make her a pair of bloomers. These unfortunately proved successful, and since then I have had to make all her clothes as well as my own and the children's. When in an amiable mood, she will sometimes come into the nursery, pipe in hand, and watching me as I sew a gusset, remark approvingly, "I like to see you busy, love. It is so much better for a man than smoking."

I have said enough, Sir,

Yours miserably,
AN UNDISTINGUISHED MAN.

TO CHARWOMEN.

A MOVEMENT having been started, according to the *Westminster Gazette*, to provide Technical Training for charwomen, it has been suggested that the new London University (when it comes into existence) should hold an examination in this subject and confer a degree of *Char. Bac.* The papers would run on the following lines:—

(1.) Show how to test for alcohol in a barrel of beer.

(2.) What is a "perk"? Mention any article that is not a perk.

(3.) An eminent authority has laid down the axiom, "Three drops of brandy on a lump of sugar is a certain cure for the spasms." Express the value of "three drops" in imperial pints and quarts.

(4.) (a) A is a charwoman, B a black bottle, and x an unknown quantity. At 10 a.m. the formula $A + (B + x)$ represents a vertical line. At 1 p.m. the formula $A + (B - x)$ represents a horizontal line. Deduce the value of x , and show that, in certain cases, $x = \infty$.

(b) Assume that $x = \infty = x^2$. Now, 1 is the only value of x that satisfies this equation: therefore, $x = 1$. Again, 1 is the specific gravity of water: therefore, $x = \text{water}$. Examine the validity of this argument.

(5.) What do you know of the properties of the liquid known as "cold tea"? What is the difference, if any, between its effects and alcoholic poisoning?

(6.) A lady, whom you are obliging at great personal inconvenience, asks you to wash up the dishes before you go home. How do you proceed under the circumstances?

(7.) Explain the process by which you convert beef-steak into gutta serena. Mention any reason for adopting this course.

(8.) A charwoman, with a capacity of x gallons, starts scrubbing a floor of n square feet. When she has scrubbed $\frac{n}{2}$ sq. ft.

she drinks a pint of beer; when she has scrubbed $\frac{n}{2} + \frac{n}{4}$ sq. ft. she drinks 2 pints

of beer; when she has scrubbed $\frac{n}{2} + \frac{n}{4} + \frac{n}{8}$ sq. ft. she drinks 4 pints of beer.

and so on in Geometrical Progression. Deduce from this (a) the capacity of the charwoman, (b) the number of days she will take to complete the job, and (c) her condition at the end of it.



MARCHEZ! MARCHAND!

GENERAL JOHN BULL (*to* MAJOR MARCHAND). "COME, PROFESSOR, YOU'VE HAD A NICE LITTLE SCIENTIFIC TRIP! I'VE SMASHED THE DERVISHES—LUCKILY FOR *YOU*—AND NOW I RECOMMEND YOU TO PACK UP YOUR FLAGS, AND GO HOME!!"



ON THE FREE LIST.

SCENE—Entrance to private Park, where (by permission) the Northshire Volun'ers are encamped.

Gatekeeper. "Hi! STOP! YOU HAVE TO PAY SIXPENCE EACH TO OCME IN HERE!"

Driver of Cart. "NONSENSE, MAN. I DON'T PAY."

Gatekeeper. "WHY? DO YOU BELONG TO THE ESTATE?"

Driver of Cart. "NO. BUT THE ESTATE BELONGS TO ME!"

THE CHINESE TROUBLE.

Colney Hatch, September 30.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—In accordance with your instructions, I have set myself to elucidate the mysterious doings of those in authority at Pekin, and to indite a clear summary of the situation. After seventeen hours of mental wrestling with the facts, my friends removed me to the above address for change of air. That change has worked wonders in me, and now I see everything quite clearly. The situation, putting it briefly, is this:—

For a long time past, WUN-LUNG, a Reformer and Progressive member of the S. Pekin and Tor-Kin County Council, has been plotting to upset the Manchu dynasty. This he seems to have accomplished, and set up a Womanchu dynasty instead. KANG-WANG has made himself so unpopular that KIK-KIM has finally ousted him from office. Should FO-MENT raise a rebellion, SLI-WUN would fail in his plot to set FAT-UN THE SECOND on the throne, and thereby defeat the Empress Dowager. In that event, it is quite clear that Russian influence, or Russian influenza—forget for the moment which way you spell it: head aches, rather—as represented by General BOUNCIMORF, would triumph, and the Cantonese would—oh! I don't know—do something else, I suppose, and— But why these straws in my luxuriant locks? Why these attendants closing me in on every side? Will return and finish this article presently, but must really go

out and smash some windows first. I'm all right, but head feels like a balloon. Ha, ha! Ta-ta!

A Delicate Distinction.

Cross-examining Counsel (to Fair Witness). And is your name really AURELIA JESSAMINE JONES?

Fair Witness (after a pause). No, Sir; but it ought to have been, only that my god-parents were so ill-chosen.



HOME MARKETS ILLUSTRATED.

"Fair inquiry for maize."

ANGELINA TO EDWIN.

["In Mrs. SARAH GRAND's opinion, young men's wives should be chosen for them by the young women who think that they would like to marry them."—*Daily Graphic*.]

O MY EDWIN! wilt thou love me?
By the faithful fires that shine
In the firmament above me,
I will be forever thine!
I will joyfully thy bread win,
I will toil and slave for thee—
Only whisper, gentle EDWIN,
That thou lovest, lovest me.

Sweet, no longer in the City
Thou shalt droop thy little head;
Thou shalt tend thy flowers, my Pretty,
In thy garden here instead;
Thou shalt warble like a starling
'Mid the roses on the wall—
Thou thyself, my coy, wee darling,
Fairest bloom among them all.

I will keep thee in cigars, love—
Nay, my EDWIN, wherefore groan?
By these ever constant stars, love,
Thou shalt always choose thine own.
Then, my darling, do not tremble,
Do not shrink from my caress!
Ah! thou lov'st me! Don't dissemble!
O my EDWIN! answer "Yes"!

NOTE BY OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE ONE (apparently in difficulties).—The most horrible form of modern torture: a respectable householder nailed with Income Tacks.

READY-MADE COATS(-OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS.



LOUIS, 1ST BARON ISLAND DE ROUGEMONT.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, a thorough-bred riding-turtle naant and ridden on the curb, thereon a swiss gentleman rouge-monté proper in nudity diligeant with the big toe; 2nd, a flight of wombats volant, soaring in desuetude on the wing across a setting sun; 3rd, under a chief nunes, adept and ubiquitous in réclame, several gulls of science landed and exploited proper ad nauseam; 4th, looking up a genealogical tree shady or insufficiently endorsed, an enquiring editor spectacled or (massingham) chronically regardant in scepticism a series of travellers' tails artistically garnished and flaunted in the press. *Crest:* Emergent from a southern hemisphere, a lion of adventure jaded and fretty, charged in the mane with a hatchet of romance slung proper. *Supporters:* Dexter, a private of the Royal Marines, traditionally facile in credulity, gently closing the alternate eye proper; sinister, an australasian blackamoor rampant in cannibalism bearing a long bow drawn and flexed to the full.

GEMS AT DRURY LANE.

MANY Happy "Returns" to Messrs. RALEIGH and HAMILTON, authors of *The Great Ruby*, and to Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS, managing director of Drury Lane, where this "new and original drama of modern life" is now running its successful course. The authors are excellent cooks, who know the public taste. Mr. COLLINS worthily upholds the great Druriolanian tradition of the Augustan-Harrisian Age, and admirably is he aided by Mr. GLOVER, who, when flourishing his *bâton*, as he sits in the orchestral conductor's seat, is the evident "living picture" of "The Arms and the Man,"—legs being invisible,—and by the three clever scenic artists, Messrs. PERKINS, CANEY, and BRUCE SMITH. Last, but not by any means least among the "talented assistants," comes the stage manager, Mr. FRANK DAMER, for whom there will be precious little rest, day or night, during the run of this piece and the preparations for the pantomime.

The scenic effects successfully rival anything hitherto attempted on the old Drury stage, "A Village Street" and "Lord's Cricket Ground" being respectively triumphs of stage illusion. How we trembled for the passengers crowded on to the coach

and four, "tooled" on to the stage from "Right Fourth" entrance down almost to the "flote," on prompt side! How we didn't envy any one of them! And really, when one comes to think of it, this is the most sensational moment in the entire drama! Will that coach-load come safely across? Who is driving? However, neither the indefatigable Mrs. JOHN WOOD, the real heroine of the piece, nor Mr. ROBERT PATEMAN, as the thorough-paced villain, is among the passengers on the Drury Lane-stage coach: they are too old stagers for that. Truth to tell, Mrs. JOHN WOOD is the piece; and next to her comes Mr. ROBERT PATEMAN, with such a curiously fascinating "Johnnie-Tooley" look about him, that the strongest melodramatic situations in which he appears are robbed of more than half their significance by the ever-recurring thought, "Now, what would TOOLEY have done in this situation?"

Mr. J. B. GORDON, as *Sir John Garnett*, and Mrs. WOOD as his gad-about, flighty, good-hearted, sleep-walking wife, have a capital little domestic drama all to themselves, and quite apart from the piece, in the second scene of the third act, which would be perfect in every detail if Mrs. WOOD would be content to simply play

"Home, Sweet Home" on the piano, and not attempt to sing it. The old familiar melody, brought to an abrupt conclusion by the player's emotion, would touch the audience electrically; but the singing is very dangerous.

Mrs. JOHN WOOD walks in her sleep, like *Lady Macbeth*; she plays the part of an elderly *Lady Teazle* to a very commonplace *Sir Peter*; she has moments of pathos and of broad farce; she is so intimately and essentially mixed up with the melodramatically tragic interests of the piece, that it is a wonder how the authors, having dared so much, did not go just one step further, or higher, and send her up in the balloon with Johnnie-Tooley-like PATEMAN hanging on by his eye-lids to the car, from inside of which Mrs. WOOD could safely have exclaimed, "Only room for one inside! Where would you like me to drop you?" And then, as she loosened his hold on the car and chucked him over, she could have exclaimed in her grandest manner, "Down, down to Hampstead Heath, and say I sent you thither!" Tableau! Up goes Mrs. WOOD in the balloon. Up goes the curtain several times, and Drury Lane vibrates for minutes with enthusiasm.

The balloon business is not precisely a novelty, either on the stage or in fiction, but never can the situation have been more effectively represented than in this Raleighistic-Hamilton drama.

The seventy persons engaged in this play, of which number twenty-six have sneaking parts, do their lively level best. Mrs. RALEIGH is capitally suited with a character sneaking broken English; and Miss BELLA PATEMAN makes the most of an elegant, hard-up "Society mother."

As a kind of "Ranji-Sinji" cricketing Indian Prince, with a lot of "local colour" on his face, and much uninteresting stuff to utter, but with plenty to do, Mr. LORAIN is very good; and Mr. LOWNE contributes his best to the comedy portion of the entertainment. The political opinions and social allusions in the dialogue appear to go for nothing, and, indeed, are quite out of place in a drama where all serious "talker-talkee," "with a purpose," on extraneous matters, is rightly resented by the audience. By the way, the arrangement of the programme is irritating: the "characters in the drama" are in small type on the right hand side, where the names of the impersonators ought to be, and the names of the actors and actresses in large type on the left. Perhaps Druriolanus Imperator began it, and the present management may be nervous about departing even so much as by one hair's-breadth from the Druriolanian tradition.

Anyway, as a "good wine needs no bush," so "a good melodrama needs no push." Old Port-wine drinkers used to say, "Pass the ruby." Good: *The Great Ruby* is passed, stamped, and unanimously approved! But where would the ruby have been had not Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS secured that pearl of great price, that gem of a comedienne, and set their Garnett in WOOD?

It to the benefit conferred (at last) upon the public by the electric lighting of Hyde Park there should be added a constable or two, then "Londoners over the border" (Bayswater or South Kensington border) might, in comparative safety, use the Park as a short cut. It is well to remember that there is "safety in numbers."

A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.

Friday.—Appalling prospect! A wet day! What am I to do with the boys? They solve difficulty for themselves by bringing cricket ball and bat into sitting-room directly after breakfast. MAX goes to the wickets (consisting of my two umbrellas and walking-sticks), whilst TOMMY bowls (last words reminiscent, somehow, of well-known Tory M.P.). MAX insists on my standing "point." Off very first ball receive severe blow on waistcoat. Whilst gasping for breath, TOMMY says in disappointed tone, "Oh! I say, Uncle CHARLEY, fancy missing a catch like that!" Wish I had missed it.

Retire to bedroom to read morning paper in peace. Hardly through money article, when crash of glass in sitting-room warns me to prepare for the worst. Rush in and find window sundered from brilliant hit to "square leg." Think difficulty will be to "square" landlord, myself. Forbid further cricket, and mournfully examine large pane of broken glass.

Waiter enters. "Beg par'n, Sir, the old gent on floor below, Sir, very touchy, Sir. His compliments, and would you be kind enough to leave off cauckin' the furniture about and smashin' the winders?" Feel very depressed, and tell waiter to put broken window into the bill. "Yessir."

As waiter goes out, large-sized constable puts helmeted head into room. "S'cuse me, Sir, are you the gent as is in charge of the loonaticks 'ere, Sir? 'cos one of 'em's bin a shyin' of cricket balls through the winder an' 'it a passin' fishmonger on the 'ead. 'E's down in the 'otel 'all, Sir, and wants me to take your name and address, or" (dropping voice to mysterious whisper) "p'raps, Sir, you'd like to make it all right with 'im, 'stead of being summonsed." Give constable half-crown, and brace up nerves to encounter irate fishmonger below. Find him uttering awful threats to manager, with at least a dozen of the people staying at hotel looking on amused. Am not feeling amused myself; rather faint. Feel like criminal as I descend stairs. Illusion the more realistic from constable following close behind. Overhear subdued murmur of "He's got him!" Manager advances to explain. Wave him away feebly. Fish merchant bellicose and loud. Why loud? Threatens to "have the law" of me. Why me? Express sorrow at unfortunate occurrence. "Unfortnit occurrants be busted!" So rude! "I shall 'ave to go to the 'orspital to 'ave my bloomin' 'ead bandaged, and sha'n't be able to do my bloomin' 'raound, and all the bloomin' fish'll be spiled!" Brilliant idea; will buy up all his fish. I begin, "My good man, it strikes me—" when bloated wretch—bloated wretch. I should say—interrupts, "Garn! it strikes me, you mean. 'Oo's a-goin' to pay for—" Deprecate further show of wrath with wave of hand. "I will buy your stock. How much?" Seems mollified. "Hoh! well, guvner, if you're on the straight racket—" Intimate that I am on straight racket, whatever that may mean. "Well, say a couple o' quid—and a drink." Produce two sovereigns, which I give to waiter to hand to purveyor of fish. Dislike close contact with fishy people. Purveyor so pleased, insists on shaking hands—ugh!—twice over, and says it makes him feel "quite friendly like" to



Village Dame. "THEY TELLS ME AS THEY DO DANCE ON THEIR TOES, NOWADAYS. WHEN I WAS YOUNG, WE DID DANCE ON OUR WHOLE FOOT."

deal with real gent. Shall smell of haddock all day after this terrible experience. Drop another shilling in his hand for the stipulated drink, and make hurriedly for stairs. "No, no, guvner! You must jine me in this 'ere drink, or it ain't a proper bargain." Protest I never drink before luncheon. No use, and am carried off to bar, where fish person orders "a rum shrub 'ot," and I toy with bottle lemonade. "Yer 'ealth, guvner!" and at that fearful moment, Divinity, dressed so daintily, white skirt, picture-hat, and carrying smart red parasol, passes through hall on way out. Shall never forget the raising of those daintily pencilled eyebrows as she sees me being pledged by beery fish disseminator. Agony too great to be borne.

Rush upstairs and into sitting-room, slamming door behind me. The last few days have brought me nothing but sorrow and humiliation, and all through these dreadful children. Address them in severe tones. "Boys, you have disgraced me for ever! We must leave here at once, if not before then. You have thrown plums at porters—" ("Only one," murmurs MAX, stolidly); "you have humiliated me in the sight of the manager, the waiters, and the guests of this hotel; you have damaged an old lady with your unutterably nasty dog; you have thrown things at the passers-by; you have turned your bedroom into a cross

between an aquarium and a menagerie; you have fought with donkey-drivers"— ("Only one," again from MAX, with exasperating accuracy); "you have played cricket in this room; smashed the window; struck me in the stom—waistcoat; and hit an exceptionally unpleasant-smelling fishmonger on the head with a cricket ball, and I have had to pay the damages. We must leave here this very hour!" Swept majestically out of room, tripping over confounded door-mat as I went. Rose from floor again, just as MAX muttered to TOMMY, "Well, I don't much care; and we can make things hum for 'em at Uncle CHARLEY'S own place now. But I don't see why he should have made such a beastly fuss about it all. He was playing cricket with us himself; and as to the old fish Johnny" (and this was the unkindest cut of all), "why, they got quite pals together. They must have, 'cos after the row, I saw 'em with my own eyes boozing together at the bar!"

Never again with you, my boys. Never!

New Refrain for the "Marseillaise."

(*A l'usage des Anglophobes.*)

MARCHAND! MARCHAND!

Cœur noble et pur!

A bas perfide Albion!



"DON'T YOU THINK, JAMES, THAT THESE LONELY DINNERS AT THE CLUB DRIVE A NUMBER OF MEN TO MATRIMONY?"

"MAY BE, SIR; BUT NOT SO MANY AS MATRIMONY DRIVES TO THE CLUB!"

DARBY JONES ON TURF TOPICS.

I CAN claim, I think, Honoured Sir, Considerable Kudos (I don't know who Kudos was, but believe him to be an Ancient Realisation of the good genius of Lord KITCHENER) for having picked two out of the three Leading Champions in the Jockey Club Stakes. With many others I had a weakness for the claims of *Dieudonné*, but I did not forget either *Cyllene* or *Velasquez*. It is somewhat strange that Mr. C. D. ROSE, who, if I am not misinformed, in business turns his face to the West, should in matters of Yachting and Horse-racing exhibit his countenance (I speak from the New World point of view) to the (to him) more Encouraging East. And yet that terrible Man from over the Herring Pond, TOD SLOAN, is with us again, making Bookmakers and Backers alike tremble at his Science. Watching his Lightning-like Progress, the Casual Spectator is never certain whether he be picking a Stone out of his "Gee-gee's" Hind Leg or whispering Words of Encourage-

ment into his Ear. In my opinion, this Transatlantic Equestrian is not only a Centaur, but a Pounder (you will twig my indifferent International Jest, gentle Sir), for when beaten on Lord DUNRAVEN'S *Kirschwasser* by SAM LOATES on *Mandoria*, he nevertheless managed to upset the verdict by an Objection. His magnanimity in riding for the Noble Owner of the ill-fated yacht *Valkyrie* was only equalled by the fact that his Objection was held to be perfectly just by the Stewards. SLOAN does not take any mean advantage, in fact, he is SLOAN Square.

Whenever I hear the cry of "Sweep!" I take off my Head-covering, sometimes in the form of the Gibus of uncertain method, sometimes in that of the Mountain Rambler, such as you, Sir, when wandering through the Netherlands with an Alpenstock, affect with such becoming grace, but I must record the Circumstance that I raised my Glengarry high when I learnt that the Jockey Club had carried two "sweeping" Resolutions, which, according to those learned in Turf Lore, should

cleanse a few Augean Chimneys of Unnecessary Soot. The only thing is that it takes a Year or so of Sundays to comprehend perfectly the Exact Meaning of the following Precept:—

"At every meeting one-half of the total amount of added money advertised to be given shall be apportioned to races of a mile or over for three years or upwards only; and of this half, not less than a moiety shall be for races of a mile and a half or upwards."

I opine, as one feeling in the dark, that I know what this means, but does the British Public? The *Pronunciamento* of the Turf Parliament seems on all fours with the Edict of St. Stephen's Assembly on the subject of Vaccination. The B. P. is very foolish. It will ask, "Why is the Advertised Money to be appropriated for three years or upwards only?" (I am quoting my revered D. T.). Why not for a Century, or even until the Millennium?

Let me now turn from the Parliamentary Ditch to the more open Mead of Kempton Course. I venture to breathe the following Monody on the Duke of York Contest:

I've no taste for the Harbour or Creek,
The Bomb-and-Corn doesn't please me;
While the Mixture will surely be weak
If the Troubadour's going be free.
The Spouse of the fair Jersey flower
Has a chance that is first in the field;
Beware of the Godgift, his power
To the foreign ruled Empire may yield!

"I wish to Prosper; I wish Every one to Prosper; only let Me Prosperous be first." Not my sentiment, but Captain KRITRION'S. I am, as ever, honoured Sir, your stricken but Sphinx-like helper,

DARBY JONES.



MONS. ROBINSON DE CRUSOE
SECUNDUS (LIMITED).

HIS MOST THRILLING ADVENTURE.

After his escape from appalling dangers, Mons. Crusoe (*Secundus*) is attacked by some queer fish of the "Critic" species; who, finding him bound (in magazine form), squirt ink at him and try to destroy his tale.



HE DIDN'T MEAN TO LOSE THAT.

"MIFFIN, THE BOOK-KEEPER TELLS ME THAT YOU HAVE LOST THE KEY OF THE SAFE, AND HE CANNOT GET AT THE BOOKS."

"YES, SIR, ONE OF THEM. YOU GAVE ME TWO, YOU REMEMBER."

"YES; I HAD DUPLICATES MADE IN CASE OF ACCIDENT. AND THE OTHER!"

"OH, SIR, I TOOK CARE OF THAT. I WAS AFRAID I MIGHT LOSE ONE OF THEM, YOU KNOW."

"AND IS THE OTHER ALL RIGHT?"

"YES, SIR. I PUT IT WHERE THERE WAS NO DANGER OF IT BEING LOST. IT IS IN THE SAFE, SIR!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE current month's volume of the Biographical Edition of THACKERAY'S works (SMITH, ELDER), being the sixth, is compact of the novelist's contributions to *Punch*. "Much of my father's best work," Mrs. RITCHIE writes, in the always interesting introduction, "will be associated with the name of the friendly and supernatural being, Mr. *Punch*." THACKERAY'S first contribution, "Mrs. Tickletoby's Lectures on English History," was avowedly not a success, a conclusion that does not surprise, in consideration of its somewhat elaborate and heavy fun. It did not prevent his being invited to join the staff of *Punch*, a step accomplished at Christmas time, 1843. Mrs. RITCHIE writes, he "took his seat at the *Punch* table as a successor to ALBERT SMITH." That is a mistake. ALBERT SMITH never advanced beyond the position of an outside contributor, and never dined at the table. In the next year THACKERAY made a distinct hit with "The Fat Contributor's Notes of Travel." Then came the immortal *Jeames* writing from "Buckley Square." The Book of Snobs, and a series of imitations of novels by eminent hands followed in due course. By a letter written half a century ago to Mrs. PROCTER, my Baroness observes that in these early days Mr. *Punch* and his Young Men used to dine on a Monday "at five o'clock sharp." THACKERAY not only wrote but drew for *Punch*, his sketches being estimated to reach close upon four hundred. Through ten years he sat weekly at the Old Mahogany Tree, where his initials, engraved in firm hand, are to this day seen among the signatures of others who have gone, and some who have come.

Life is but short.

When we are gone,

Let them sing on

Round the old Tree.

Meanwhile, it is pleasant and entertaining to have in the compendious form of this volume contributions of one eminent among the old boys.

If you want to go to Cuba, you had better "take your DAVEY," which is not a brief form of legal oath, but is meant as a piece of sound advice to those who are interested, as so many of us

* "I doubt it," said the Carpenter." By the way, although THACKERAY ceased his regular weekly contributions to *Punch*, he retained his seat as one of the Staff at "the Table," and occasionally took part in the discussion on topics of the day.—ED.

are just now, in *The Story of Cuba* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), as it is told by the descriptive writer whose surname is given above, and whose Christian name is RICHARD. What delightful travelling! Jungles and virgin forests, through which you must cut a passage with a hatchet (does the artful explorer merely imply that you must "axe your way?" or set fire to the impenetrable tangle and issue forth in a blaze of triumph. Then when our daring "Mas'r Davey Bo" ("for which overhaul David Copperfield, and when found, make a note of"), hot and weary, was longing for a bath in cool, pellucid lakes, he was informed by his guide that to take such a plunge would be fatal, as the bed (of the river, not the traveller's) was alive with snakes big enough to take down Mr. DAVEY, as a succulent morsel, at one gulp. So, as the sun declined, Mr. DAVEY followed this brilliant luminary's example, and also declined—to bathe. His account of the secret societies that brought about the rebellion is most interesting. Astonishing, too, is the impotence of President CLEVELAND to stop the filibusters who were doing such serious injury not only to Spanish interests, but to all chance of peaceable government. To all we recommend Mr. RICHARD DAVEY'S recently-published work.

FRANK LOCKWOOD was happy in his life. After his death, he has been fortunate in that Mr. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL undertook to write a record of his too brief career. A *Biographical Sketch* Mr. BIRRELL modestly, and in the main accurately, calls the work which SMITH, ELDER publish. It is slightly built, but perfectly proportioned, based on intimate personal knowledge of the subject, with keen appreciation of his ever bubbling, sometimes boyish, humour. Those who did not know FRANK LOCKWOOD in the flesh will here get bright glimpses of his character, and will, at least in part, understand what a delight was his companionship, how precious his friendship. Lord ROSEBURY contributes to the book a simple yet glowing tribute to the memory of a lost friend. Not the least charming, because the most characteristic, touches in the book are the brief letters written by LOCKWOOD to his young daughters, with sketches illustrating passages in the quaintly-fabled lives of the wicked Moses and the guileless Aunt Maria.

Mrs. BRODRICK'S *Ananias* (METHUEN & Co.) is in no way related to the "stock of BARABBAS," in which Miss MARIE CORELLI some time ago invested. Which of the two liars in this story the authoress intends for *Ananias*, the Baron is at a loss to determine. The essential plot of the tale is neither particularly pleasant nor startlingly new, "yet 'twill serve" any novel-devourer whose taste is as yet unjaded. The loveless man and plain woman agreeing to marry only for mutual pecuniary advantage under a will, and the man subsequently falling in love with a talented and pretty girl, are not materials so entirely fresh as they might have been. The finish is probable, but too commonplace for any reader in search of a sensation. The style of the writer pleasantly imposes on the reader "old lamps for new," and it is not until he has gone too far not to advance to the end that the experienced peruser, being aggrieved, says to himself, "I rather think I've heard something like this before."

To find an amusing story, a story that, by its whimsicality, really makes you laugh, is so rare, nowadays, that the Baron is delighted at having the chance of recommending such an one to his friends in *The Duke and the Damsel*, written by RICHARD MARSH, and published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON, Ltd. Any one reading this book on the Baron's recommendation, will agree with him in wishing that the wicked, vulgar old mother had been ultimately shown to be in no way related to the two charming girls, of whom one is the heroine of the story. It may be, on the whole, a trifle too exaggerated, and the conversations unduly spun out: but here comes in the fine art of the practised novel-reader who knows how to skip, and the judicious skipper will be rewarded.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

THE PALL MALL PUZZLE.

STRAIGHT may be right: WRIGHT may be straight:

Conversely, crooked ways are wrong.

Truth will prevail, for truth is great,

Let's hope "we sha'n't be long."

WRIGHT seems in straits if STRAIGHT is right:

The straighter writer, who shall say?

If STRAIGHT'S astray, 'tis WRIGHT who might

Be righted straightaway.

Un Mot, S.V.P.!

CHER M. PONCHE,—Permettez! Comment voulez-vous qu'un MARCHAND, tout seul, s'oppose à une "Nation de Marchands!" Allez!

Tout à vous,

PIED DE NEZ.



COOK'S CRUSADER.

Imperial Knight-Templar (the German Emperor—to SALADIN). "WHAT!! THE CHRISTIAN POWERS PUTTING PRESSURE UPON ME MY DEAR FRIEND!! HORRIBLE! I CAN'T THINK HOW PEOPLE CAN DO SUCH THINGS!"

PHILOSEMEIOTISCOMISTOGRAPHISTS.

["A French stamp-collector is dissatisfied at being called a philatelist. Stamp-collectors, he considers, have a right to be called philosemeiotiscomistographists."—*The Globe*.]

DESCEND, ye Nine! Descend and sing!
Without your best assistance
I can't so much as name this thing
That's come into existence.
Descend, Urania! Descend,
Melpomene and Clio!
Pronounce this word-without-an-end,
Pronounce Philosemeio—

In vain! Not all your arts, ye Nine,
Can work through half the letters,
And I must even seek the shrine
Of them that are your betters.
Ye Gods! to you my prayer I raise!
Put forth your best devices,
And help me when I try to praise
Philosemeiotis—

What! Have not even ye availed?
Then is our case distressful,
For when the very Gods have failed
Who else may be successful?
Ah! there is yet one hope—yes, thee,
I call on thee, Mephisto,
Come! help me sing of Philose-
meiotiscomisto—

Ah! cruel, cruel! Foiled again,
When I'd all but succeeded!
Can any mortal lungs contain
One half the breath that's needed?
If Muses, Gods, and D— too,
Can get it no correcter,
I think 'twould be as well, don't you,
To stick to "Stamp-collector."

DARBY JONES ON RACING CONTRASTS
AND THE CESAREWITCH.

HONOURED SIR, From Leicester to Kempton is quite a Shock to the Racing System. I should imagine that no greater Contrast could exist than that between the Battlefields of Leicester and Kempton, unless it be that separating Waterloo from Omdurman. In the Midlands it is all Business without much Pleasure; in the South it is Pleasure with Business tacked on like an Extra Lace Flounce to a Duchess's Court Gown. Kempton is the most enjoyable of meetings, because, as my patron the Hon. FLIELATT (about to leave Oxford College) observed on Friday, after securing a handsome Souvenir, thanks to the prescience of a Fortune-teller, who shall be as *Incognito* as the Heir Apparent when he travels abroad, "At Kempton," he said, "there's no beastly crushing. It's like racing in your own back garden." And so it is. Note the Programme: "Going—Cab to Waterloo; Train to Kempton; Under Cover to Stand. Returning—Under Cover from Stand; Train to Waterloo; Cab Home." What could be more perfect?

Far different is the state of things at Newmarket. Monsieur LOUIS DE ROUGEMONT might pitch his tent in a secluded corner of the "blasted Heath" for several weeks without being disturbed; but when the rush did come, he would probably be ridden over and pulverized by the tread of Cobs, Ponies, and other small Equine Deer; for whereas at Kempton Locomotion by Rail is the Great Incentive to Racing, at Newmarket it is perambulation on Four-legs which makes Everybody move. But the Jockey Club Metropolis is over-



Lady of the House (to *Bore*, who generally calls just as she is about to go shopping). "WON'T YOU LET ME RING FOR A LITTLE REFRESHMENT FOR YOU?"

Bore. "I THINK I'LL TAKE A LITTLE SOMETHING JUST BEFORE I GO."

Lady of the House. "OH, THEN, DO HAVE IT NOW!"

built. Bricks and Mortar do not create Inhabitants, and one of these days that Sprightly Sportsman, Sir EDWARD LAWSON, may, like Monsieur LOUIS DE ROUGEMONT, or *Robinson Crusoe*, or Sir EDWARD SEAWARD, find himself Monarch of all he surveys.

Meantime, let me turn on the Pierian tap, which is cheaper to you, honoured Sir, than Water in the East-End, and far more refreshing, I humbly trust, to your readers. Plunging my spurs into Pegasus, I finish for the Anglo-Muscovite Contest with these lines, which have no reference to difficulties in the Far East. Remembering the great struggle last year between *Merman* and *Rush*, I chortle with all confidence:

Let her go and the Party who's hot
With the *Aster Girl* may show the way.
And the *Beaver* be nigh on the spot
When the *Ermine* the course cannot stay.
Duke's Order I'll take for a shop,
And also the *Man of the Sea*;
While I cannot see what is to stop
Rook Monarch as first out of three!

Trusting that some Winter Provender may be supplied for my numerous Patrons, I remain, honoured Sir, with a particularly s'ender purse, your pheasantless (despite the season) but faithful follower,

DARBY JONES.

"BUST UP!"—Mr. DAN LENO's, at "RULE's," Maiden Lane, unveiled by Mr. HERBERT CAMPBELL, Wednesday, October 5. A great day for England! Just the place for it, RULE's well-known Oyster-shop, where a living presentment of the side-splitting and original comedian will "astonish the natives."

UGH!—It was generally reported in the daily papers that the KHEDIVÉ of Egypt, on arriving at Constantinople, was received at the station, on behalf of H.M. the SULTAN, by "BEHEDDIN BEY." *Absit omen!* Of course, "What's in a name?"—but, for all that, not exactly pleasant for the KHEDIVÉ.



Excited Scotchman (who has just hooked a fish). "I'M DASHED FEARED I'LL LOOSE MY HALF-CROWN FLEE!"

GULLIVER THE SECOND.

PERSONALLY, I have never doubted the fact of my existence. Many persons are sceptical because I cannot quote exact time and place of my birth, but I would remind these that it is not unusual to forget the precise circumstances of one's arrival in the world. Passionately fond of adventure, I was a mere boy when I sailed in the schooner — of — (no good filling in the blanks, because people only turn up registers and pretend that such ships don't exist), in search of Treasure Island. Having found this (I am no scientist, and cannot fix lat. and long.), I took on board a cargo of Bank of England notes, rejecting the gold on

account of its weight and bulk, and set out homeward bound. Had we been content with less, we should have secured more, for we had so laden the schooner with notes, that at the very first breeze we met she shipped a sea and sank like a stone. All hands perished except myself. I luckily caught hold of a frightened dolphin, and although a little upset at the loss of our treasure, determined to continue my course for London, where I knew I should have no difficulty in starting a syndicate to recover it.

At first my progress was slow, and slightly jerky, but having caught a passing shark, I dismissed the dolphin, and harnessed my new acquisition to a spar—*Dum spiro sparo!*—guiding it by means of a bit

which providentially I happened to have in my pocket. This greatly increased my speed, and I now made, as I reckoned, twenty-five to thirty knots an hour. I sighted a white line which I took to be the cliffs of Dover. I soon discovered my mistake, for on going up to what I fancied was the Customs House, in place of the customary savage official, I was greeted by a courtly cannibal, who expressed in the most gentlemanly manner his desire to kill and eat me. But no one need come to harm if he knows how to make a certain sign which is understood by savages the wide world over. Placing my right thumb to the point of my nose, I extended the fingers straight out towards the cannibal. The effect was instantaneous.

As soon as he had mastered his feelings, he hurried me off to be introduced to his relatives, who, on learning that I had made the sign of their tribe, the Guttarbhoys, greeted me with effusive affection. They asked a thousand questions in their guttural tongue, for which I had ready answers. The Guttarbhoys listened with wonder and awed delight. (Savages are so much more reasonable than civilised men; they do not expect you to prove the truth of every word you utter, nor do they set able Editors upon you to try and catch you tripping.) I was their hero, and they could not do enough for me. The Elders of the tribe brought such of their wives as they most honoured, and insisted on my accepting the female crowd as a present. Now the wives they most honour are those who will never see fifty again. There were more than a hundred of them. If I did not accept, it would have been considered an insult, and I should have been roasted whole. So I accepted, escaped roasting, and in the dark night, I fled, swimming in the direction of Greenwich. * * * Safe!!

[The distinguished traveller who has written the above most interesting article, wishes it to be distinctly understood that, as far as his memory serves him, he has never once during his wanderings had the good luck to meet M. DE ROUGE MONT. No doubt it is a pleasure to come. "Why, one of these days," adds our esteemed correspondent, "he and I might be in the very same jungle without knowing it!"



"Lay thy sweet hand in mine, and trust."

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE same (more or less) trusted correspondent who wrote in our columns last week upon the Chinese situation—dating his communication from Colney Hatch—has sent us the following. We endeavoured to read it in the ordinary manner, first; then sideways, and finally, upside down. All, however, in vain, and we submit it (with great misgivings) to the public, in the fervent hope that what appears dark to us, may—or may not—seem sense to them. He writes thus:—

"From diligent enquiries made on the spot, it seems that in regard to the present great mysteries of Paris (no connection with EUGENE SUE), M. DRUMONT, after calling for a *petit bleu* and a small soda, commenced his attack on DREYFUS in the *Libre Parole*. The attack was hazy—almost ESTERHAZY—but still, clear enough to denote that the Jews were the objects aimed at. Being re-jews—beg pardon, reduced to this expedient, the Minister of War consulted with the Bordereau (don't quite know what a Bordereau is, but should fancy it is a sort of law officer of the Republic), and came to the conclusion that a revision was inevitable. Public opinion, in the name of France, demanded it—"ask for it and see you get it," as the posters say—Colonel Pâté de Foies-Gras will now be tried by the Court of Cassation for complicity in— Oh, very well, then, I'll come quietly, if it's exercise time in the back-yard. Sorry, dear Editor, to break off so abruptly, but these big, rough attendants worry one so, and they will not be denied. Only yesterday I heard one of them saying to another that "He" (meaning me) "is not likely to be violent, but is certainly a bit balmy about the crumpet." Now, Sir, I ask you, what did those mystic words mean?

Tout à vous sous la Lune,

P.S.—Most curious thing. Have forgotten my own name. Must ask my keeper what it is before I can sign this.

WAITING.

WAITER, who serenely waitest
With a napkin in thy hand,
While my 'bus (and 'tis the latest)
Rumbles nearer down the Strand;
Tell me, waiter, does it never
Strike thy transcendental brow,
'Buses will not wait forever
Quite as patiently as thou?

Dost thou think thine Art the greatest
That thou'dst teach it to a few?
I wait, waiter, whilst thou waitest,
And my chop is waiting, too.
All things wait except my "Putney"—
There! it's past—I saw it then!
And as yet I've naught but Chutney,
And a little red Cayenne.

I've a picture, wrought in copper,
Of "VICTORIA D. G.,"
And, when thou shouldst bring my topper,
I had destined it for thee.
But—my wrath grows great and greater,
Thinking of the walk from town—
Now thou'lt wait till Doomsday, waiter,
Ere thou get my dusty brown.

"BUT ME NO BUTTS."—Wednesday, October 5. Leeds. Sir ARTHUR lifts his *bâton*. Strike up! *Elijah* is about to begin. The first violinist looks up beseechingly. Sir ARTHUR pauses, *bâton* raised. "But," whispers to him the violinist in a tremolo voice. Sir ARTHUR cuts him short. "There is no BUTT," says he, sternly, and whack goes the stick. Then, subsequently, Miss CLARA BUTT wrote to the *Daily Telegraph*, and explained how it was that, though always perfectly in tune, on this occasion only she, quite unconsciously, did not keep time.

THE CITY OF ROME.—In the *Times* report of the doings of the Court of Common Council, we read:—"Replying to Mr. ROME, who asked what steps were to be taken to abate the smok nuisance in the City, Mr. Deputy WHITE said," &c. Well, doesn't matter what Deputy WHITE said; that's not the point. But how comes it that there can be any discussion after ROME has spoken? "*Roma locuta: causa finita*": Mr. ROME has spoken, and there's an end. In future, let us hope that ROME will simply deliver himself oracularly, and so act up to his ancient and glorious name.



NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND (?)

"WHICH DEPARTMENT, PLEASE, MADAM?" "CORSETS."

"OH! WOULD I WERE A BIRD!"—Old Song.

SOME most interesting information by Mr. WALTER ROTH-SCHILD, well known as a skilled naturalist and collector of rarest specimens, written in a delightfully natural style, is given in the *Nineteenth Century* for this month. He entitles it, "Rough Notes on the Birds of the Bass Rock and Neighbouring Shores." The notes, however, are not at all rough on the birds, for he handles his feathered friends as IZAAK WALTON recommends his pupils to handle the gentles, "as tho' he loved them"; and he does. The name of "Bass Rock" sounds most refreshing. From its position, it would of course be a Draughty Bass Rock, not Bottled. What a chance for the sea birds! Here the Solan Goose plays his Bass solo; and a wise or Solon Goose he is, making the Bass Rock his Philosopher's Stone. Here the Gannets lay a solitary egg: sporting birds they are, evidently, laying one to two on The Rock. But, *à propos* of "The Rock," perhaps at some future time Mr. WALTER ROTH-SCHILD will tell us something about that Gigantic Rock that flew away with *Sinbad the Sailor* and kindly dropped him *en route*. A delightful place of resort is this Bass Rock! Here there are pretty little Ducks—bless 'em—and, of course, plenty of geese. In the evening, without any dancing or spirit license, they enjoy the music of the Sand-piper and the dainty entertainment provided (very occasionally) by the Humming-bird, while the red-throated Diver, coming up as fresh as a Lark, sings, "How happy could I be with eider!" Verily 'tis a Birds' Paradise.

ADVICE.—M. UNLIMITED LOU-IS DE ROUGE-MONT, after reading his *Daily Chronicle* of Friday, October 7, will apply to himself the somewhat cold comfort suggested by his own name, i.e., "Grin and bear it." He could bring out his lectures under the title of "Grin's Goblins, and other Fairy Tales."

"A HAND TO MOUTH EXISTENCE."—The dentist's. Only it's his own hand and somebody else's mouth.



Mother. "BOBBY, IT'S VERY NAUGHTY OF YOU TO GO OFF BIRDS'-NESTING WITHOUT TELLING ME. I'M QUITE SURPRISED AT YOU!"

Bobby (ingenuously). "YES, MOTHER, I'M REALLY QUITE SURPRISED AT MYSELF!"

THE SON OF HEAVEN DISCUSSES HIS AUNT.

["The Emperor of CHINA'S proposed reforms included the introduction of Christianity and the abolition of pig-tails."] "Peking is in a state of riot."

LATER.

"Sixty foreign devils, consisting of thirty British Marines and thirty Russian Cossacks, have arrived at Peking."

"Absolute peace reigns in the capital."

"The Emperor's death would not in any way affect the political situation."—*Daily Press*.]

Who took me from my little throne,
Trotting me off to gaol alone
With language very rude in tone?

My Aunt!

Who ran to smack me when I fell,
And wished the Son of Heaven in H-ll,
Till I was really quite unwell?

My Aunt!

Who was it, when I urged reform,
Came at me like a thunderstorm,
And made the place extremely warm?

My Aunt!

Who, when I ventured to embrace
The principles of Christian grace,
Just flung CONFUCIUS in my face?

My Aunt!

And when I feebly dared to state
That piggy-tails were out of date,
Who nearly scalped her nephew's pate?

My Aunt!

And who revives the ancient gang
Headed by hoary LI HUNG CHANG,
While my reformers go and hang?

My Aunt!

Who talks of stepping in to use
My rather dainty pair of shoes,
And never once consults my views?

My Aunt!

Who tells the journals every day
That I shall shortly pass away,
Having the seeds of sure decay?

My Aunt!

Who says that if I die or not
It won't affect the case a jot,
Since anyhow *she's* on the spot?

My Aunt!

Who sends to summon *ventre à terre*
Each native doctor from his lair,
A class of men I cannot bear?

My Aunt!

Who hints that in my shocking pride
I will not let them touch my hide,
But mean to do a suicide?

My Aunt!

Whom is it needless to remind
That I am not that way inclined,
And shall do nothing of the kind?

My Aunt!

Ah! gallant Colonel PICQUART, you
Are in a tightish corner too!
But mine is worse: *you never knew*

My Aunt!

"There is much Virchow in 'if.'"

DEAR PROFESSOR PUNCH,—Do you happen to know whether your *confrère* Professor VIRCHOW is a pessimist? Why do I ask? Because I am informed that in his recent Huxleian lecture he told his audience that "Life is a sell." Sad, very!

Yours, NILLIE D'ESPERANDUM.

P.S.—No matter. Virchow is his own reward.

TO A SCION OF THE "SWISS FAMILY R"-OUEMONT.

FROM month to month the tale unfurled
Of marvels in the wide, wide world

Your mysteries unravels;
Of cruises in the Southern Seas,
Grim feasts in the Antipodes,
Strange sojournings and travels.

We trace the boomerang's slant flight
(At least you guide your boom aright)

After the quarry hurtle;
We see your dusky southern bride,
We watch you as you sit astride
The fiery untamed turtle.

Across the setting sun in herds
The wombats flit—unlikely birds!—
Before the "Second Crusoe";
Yet who will venture to deny
That haply humble wombats fly,
When pigs, you know, might do so?

With wondrous tales already known
The sceptic then compares your own,
As out he seeks to bowl them;
He sneers at each discrepancy,
While if the incidents agree
He holds that proves you stole them.

Careless if aimed with truth or guile,
At shift and shaft alike we smile—
(Sure never long-bow shot so)—
While we at least this moral glean,
Though possibly your name is "Green,"
Yet you yourself are not so.



SOLD!

Oom Paul (*disgusted*). "WHY, I CAN'T GET TO THE SEA AT ALL!"



J. ALLAN. 98

Cycle Millionaire (acquiring accomplishments). "Hi! STOP HIM! STOP HIM! I'VE LOST THAT CONFOUNDED LEFT PEDAL AGAIN!"

PUT TO THE TEST.

In consequence of the many cycle accidents that have occurred of late in London, it has been suggested that the authorities should adopt the German system of permitting those cyclists only to ride who can pass a satisfactory examination. Although the decision has not yet been made public, it has been already settled that such an examination shall be instituted. Part of it will be practical, and every rider, to gain his certificate of proficiency, will have to give an exhibition of his skill in Battersea Park. In addition to this, he will have to satisfy the examiners by written answers to a paper of questions. Mr. Punch has managed to secure an advance-copy of the first examination-paper, with which every cyclist will shortly be confronted. It reads as follows:—

1. Conjugate the verb "to sideslip." If a rider A, on a bicycle B, meets two parallel tram-lines CD on a muddy day, prove that the meeting of AB and CD will probably result in the equation: $AB = A - \frac{B}{2}$

2. "Force is indestructible" (Joule's law). Does this hold good in the case of the Police Force? If a cycle A coincide with a policeman PC at any given point, calculate the amount of heat generated by the violent impact of A on PC. According to your experience, does $PC + LSD = PC^2$?

3. Solve the following problem. In a narrow street, a large waggon is travelling at the rate of 1 mile an hour. Behind the waggon, a cyclist is travelling at the rate of 5 miles an hour. Behind the cyclist, a butcher's cart is travelling at the rate of 12 miles an hour. All are moving in the same direction, and there is not room for the cyclist to pass the waggon. What should the cyclist do? Show that if he is killed his death is entirely due to his "furious riding."

4. Translate into English, where possible, and give suitable answers to the following remarks:—

- (a) "Take yer bloomin' pram. out of my 'osses' way, can't yer?"
- (b) "Why donjer ring yer bell?"
- (c) "Stop that blessed alarum!"
- (d) "Igher up there, stoopid!"

(e) "Who're yer talkin' to young man if I likes to stand in the middle of the road what business is it of yourn which if I did my dooty I'd summons yer that I would dratted impurence!"

When all the above sentences are being addressed simultaneously to a cyclist, what should he reply?

5. Give the derivation of the verb "to scorch." What pace per hour, in your opinion, constitutes "scorching"? Prove by example that the mean velocity of any given cyclist varies directly with the imagination of the nearest policeman.

6. Comment on this recently-discovered fragment from the works of SOCRATES:—

"Wherefore of all accusations, oh judges, this is surely the most unreasonable. For my progress indeed was not due to any strength of horses, but to severe labour with my feet, the pedals also revolving by the same means. Therefore I, journeying by means of my feet, am wholly guiltless of wrongdoing in that I rode along the footpath, the name itself showing that it was designed for this very end. Yet, by Zeus, these my accusers would exact from me forty drachmai and costs, alleging some byelaw as their plea. But they who disobey byelaws, it seems, contribute to the public revenue, than which no act more clearly marks the good citizen. Hence it is evident that he who breaks most byelaws is the best citizen, and yet is he dragged before you, ye judges, as a wrongdoer, rather than, as is fitting, accorded public honour. Next, as touching the watercart"

NOT EXACTLY A THEATRICAL MANAGER'S GUIDING MOTTO.—"Piece at any price."

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.—"The Guards at Waterloo" (Station).



NOTHING LIKE LEATHER.

If the Battle of Waterloo was won at Eton, the Battle of Omdurman was won at the bootmakers'!

["Many of the Grenadiers spoke in the heartiest terms of the way in which their boots had worn. If one asked them what was the distinguishing feature of the campaign, the answer was 'Boots.'"]
—*Pall Mall Gazette*, Oct. 6.]



PREHISTORIC FASHODA.

It was an eccentric "tribe" in those days who had a most ludicrous little way of creeping in and squatting on other people's property; the more untenable the ground the more they gloated over it, and sagacity in getting there. They relied on the charity of the invaded tribe for food and clothing, and the means of communicating with their friends. It was a traitorous joy, but afforded



First Bluejacket. "WELL, MATKY, WOT 'APPENED?"

Second Bluejacket. "LEUTENANT, 'E REPORTS AS 'OW I WERE DIRTY, AN' MY 'AMMICK WEREN'T CLEAN, AN' CAPTIN, 'E SES, 'WASH 'IS BLOOMIN' NECK, SCRUB 'IS BLOOMIN' FACE, AN' CUT 'IS BLOOMIN' 'AIR, EVERY TEN MINNITS!"

BLOSSOMS AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

WHY aren't Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL "always with us" when they have such a piece as *The Elder Miss Blossom*, by Messrs. HENDRIE and WOOD, to fill the St. James's, nightly, and to make their audiences smile, laugh heartily, struggle hysterically with tears, and, in a general way, thoroughly enjoy themselves? Granting the play's rather improbable premises, the plot is cleverly managed, and the embroglio is that of genuine comedy. The only fault in the writing is that the "asides" are too pronounced in the stagey old-fashioned way, and are inartistically introduced. They might have been entirely avoided, and the piece would have been dramatically improved. Occasionally the diction in Mr. KENDAL's part is too high falutin' and not at all the sort of thing that Mr. Andrew Quick, F.S.A., the rough-and-ready traveller, modest and eccentric, would have said. Such defects as these above-mentioned are but slight, and do not in the least affect the acting, which is admirable throughout.

It is a real treat to see Mrs. KENDAL as *Dorothy Blossom*, and not only a treat, but a study to all who love the histrionic art at its very best in comedy. It is thoroughly natural, never in any one instance overdone. Her reading of the somewhat questionable paragraph in the newspaper is a triumph, as also is her breaking down utterly as the curtain falls on the sorrow of poor Miss *Dorothy* at the end of the second act.

Mr. KENDAL is the character to the life: wide-awake to the humour of the situations, and thoroughly in earnest. Mr. CHARLES GROVES, too, is admirable; with him, *ars est celare artem*, and for the moment you cannot conceive of him as being at any time anybody else than "*Christopher Blossom*, a country gentleman," in whose individuality, that of Mr. CHARLES GROVES, the comedian, is completely merged. Mr. PERCY AMES, as the stuttering valet, has a most difficult part, and acquits himself to perfection. In a melodrama, any one would have suspected him of murder, and so no wonder the servants are all afraid of him, and that the cook imprisons him in an outhouse. Miss NELLIE CAMPBELL enters thoroughly into the pathos and humour of *Sophia Blossom*; and Mr. RUDGE HARDING is a typical young golf-playing rector or curate, with no very strong views as to the celibacy of the clergy. Altogether a success well-merited alike by authors and actors.

MR. PUNCH'S DREYFUS DICTIONARY.

DREFUSE, to (verb active), i.e., the verb to refuse, with the intensive prefix D—, equivalent to refusing strenuously, more particularly of refusing justice to any one or refusing to reopen a case. Sometimes spelt dreyfuse.

DU-PATY-DE-CLAMBER, to (verb neuter), an intensive form of the verb to clamber, usually, in a contemptuous sense, equivalent to clambering into any office or position by objectionable practices. Hence a du-paty-de-climber is equivalent to one who climbs in this manner. The verb du-paty-de-climb is also found.

ESTERHAZY (adjective), a superlative of hazy, i.e., dark, dubious, and disreputable. The degrees of comparison are hazy, more hazy, esterhazy. This superlative prefix will be found very useful when joined to other adjectives. Thus an "esterhorsey" man is equivalent to a man very much devoted to horses or, in a bad sense, a shady frequenter of race-courses, a welsher. It is sometimes prefixed to substantives. Thus an estersleeper is a very sound sleeper, a sluggard.

JUGER (from the French), to juggle. Hence *chose jugée*, equivalent to an affair in which some juggling has taken place.

PICQUART (adjective), a stronger form of the older word piquant. Thus, when an incident, for example, in a court of justice, is more than usually startling or sensational it is said to be picquart.

PICQUART, to (verb active), to imprison without form of trial. To pique a man is to cause him annoyance. To picquart him is to continue to annoy him long after he has been proved to be in the right.

SCHWARTZKOPPEN, an irregular past participle passive in -en (cf. broken, taken), from the obsolete verb schwartzkop. To cop (or kop) is to catch, and a copper (or kopper) vulgarly means a policeman. Hence, to schwartzkop is to detect or expose, and when a story is shown to be false and ridiculous, it is said to be schwartzkoppen. The word is of German origin.

WHAT game is the Duc d'ORLEANS playing? Is he going Nap?



IT IS PODGSON'S OPINION THAT, IF YOU WANT TO BE FIT BY NOVEMBER, THERE'S NOTHING LIKE DOING A BIT OF OCTOBER CUB-HUNTING ON FOOT. YOU CAN TAKE THE YOUNGSTERS WITH YOU TOO.

TRIALS OF A BLOODHOUND.

WAKENED unconscionably early and dragged out of warm bed into raw, foggy morning. Kennel-Boy unusually energetic; brushes me till the sparks fly. Growl remonstrance, whereupon he cracks me on the nose. Painful, very. Wonder how he'd like it.

Off to station. Kennel-Boy goes into refreshment-room. Don't offer me anything though. Lots of sporting gents at bar, and general odour of whisky. Notice Nervous Old Gentleman drinking rum and milk. "Nothing like it for keeping the cold out." He takes a purely scientific interest in the development of the olfactory powers of the— Suddenly catches sight of me, turns pale and drops tumbler. Am hurried off by K.-B. and shoved into dog-box—dark, dirty hole, not fit to put K.-B. in, let alone a dog.

Yorkshire moor. Great crowd of sportsmen, and smell of whisky stronger than ever. Evidently something up. Wonder what? Other dogs about; decent chaps, seemingly, but opportunities of smelling very limited. Just getting into conversation with a fellow when I am led out before crowd. Crowd stare and look at me through field-glasses. Embarrassing, very. Don't know what to do, so wag tail amiably and try not to look foolish. K.-B. holds out something. Hope it's eatable, but no, disappointed; only an old rag. Smell it. Crowd watch intently. Seems the right thing to do, so smell it again. Don't smell very nice, but try to look as if I appreciate it. Among other odours, seem to detect faint smell of rum. Crowd growing impatient. Tired of watching me smell rag; must think of something else to amuse them. Sniff about for rummy smells, but among so much whisky can't find it. Get on trail, at last. Crowd cheer—evidently pleased. Bark, to encourage them; crowd cheer again and back me freely. Scent grows stronger. Rush on, barking and smelling. Exhausting, very—have you ever tried it?—but clearly correct thing to do. Suddenly hear shouts of laughter from crowd. Look up and find Nervous Old Gentleman just ahead of me, running for all he is worth.

Delighted to see him; looks nice, harmless old chap, so run

up to him, wagging tail hard. N. O. G. terrified. Try to reassure him; jump up and put paws on his shoulders. N. O. G. collapses. Must be ill, or is it the rum? Lick his face. He shrieks "Help! Murder!" and continues kicking till K.-B. comes up and hauls me off.

Tremendous applause. Am led back in triumph, veritably, the "cynosure of every eye." Judges award me first prize for something or other. Wonder why?

TO BRIGHTON IN AN HOUR.

SIR,—It is prodigious! In my time, *Mr. Punch*, four hours even for the fastest chaise would have been monstrous quick. My barouche never did it in less. And now these railways of yours carry down the Londoners in a quarter of the time. Gad, Sir, it would have taken my breath away!

I go up to Brighton sometimes from here (I date from the Elysian Fields), and float about for a time over the Steine and the King's Road. There are some monstrous fine women there still, take my word for it, but none of them like FITZHERBERT. You never saw her, more's the pity. What d'ye think they've done with her house and the next one? They've turned one into a "Young Men's Christian Association," and the other into a School Board Office. Gad, Sir, what d'ye think of that? And they've made my Pavilion a place for concerts, and there's never a prize-fight in the town. But the whole country's going to the dogs. I used to think a man who drank claret was a poor, effeminate creature, but he was a downright, good, three-bottle man compared to your teetotalers, your three-teapot men, or whatever you call 'em.

But Brighton is not what it was. It has grown monstrous large. In my time the sky was always clear, and now there's a devilish quantity of smoke. But the people seem to like that, for the worst smoke of all—with the most devilish fumes and smells—comes day and night from some chimneys belonging to the Town Council. One of them is where they make that new-fangled electric light. Light, by George! Why, the smoke makes the town as murky and gloomy as Hades. Fact, Sir!

However, you all like coal-smoke now, even in London, for you do nothing to diminish it. When you go travelling you have a puffing, smoking machine in front of you, and you seem to prefer it to four good horses in a barouche, which was vastly agreeable, I assure you.

This brings me back to what I started with. I went to Brighton by the first railway train which travelled there in an hour. Gad, Sir, we went like the deuce! I paid nothing, for of course no one saw me. Even your Psychical Society would not have noticed me, but then they are the last people in the world to see any of us, when we come back again. So I tried those coaches called Pullman, which come from the old American Colonies. Gad, Sir, it's a pity my father was so injudicious with the colonists! He absolutely would not make those what d'ye call 'em concessions—those "graceful concessions"—even to our own people. Damme, Sir, now you do nothing but make "graceful concessions" to foreigners, and to anti-vaccination fools and other fools at home! You'll all be sorry for it some day. Gad, Sir, it will cost you more than I did, and my debts were certainly large, devilish large!

But you don't make other things graceful now. With all your cleverness you have made no new street as good as my Regent Street. As for Brighton, they have put up some statues near my Pavilion, which, if you should see them, would make you hurry to the railway station and come home in an hour, or faster if it were possible. Damme, Sir, with their statues and their smoke, they will be the ruin of Brighton! GEORGE, R.

P.S.—I still use my old signature, though it is now inaccurate.

A MUSICAL NOTE.—We regret to hear that Mr. EDWARD LLOYD, the distinguished tenor, is about to retire. Why? "LLOYD's weakly" cannot be the reason, as he is a *tenore robustissimo*, and going strong on his farewell *tour de force*. Perhaps he will take another tour, and "turn again," like WHITTISTON, in order to give that tone to musical society which will be lost when he no longer adorns it. We may yet hope to hear that when our excellent tenor talked about permanently retiring he was not sticking to the exact truth, but that "he LLOYD to us." EDWARD LLOYD has always been a retiring tenor, never over-puffed and over-advertised. So why not remain with us and be, as heretofore, invariably "retiring"?

MORAL TEACHING OF THE DINNER GIVEN TO PROFESSOR VIRCHOW.—"Be Virchowous and you'll be happy."



WE HAVE NO DOUBT THE UNDERPAID CLERK, AUTHOR, ARTIST, AND BARRISTER WILL RESPOND TO THE INVITATION, AND A CLASS FOR TEACHING BRICKLAYING IN A FORTNIGHT, UNDER DISTINGUISHED PROFESSORS, OUGHT TO BE A GREAT SUCCESS.

["The invitation to learn bricklaying might be extended to any able-bodied man who is underpaid. Any ordinary man could learn bricklaying in a fortnight."—*Surveyor's letter in Daily Telegraph.*]

MISÉRICORDE!

(À Monsieur Punch.)

MONSIEUR,—J'étouffe! C'est trop fort! On nous mande du Caire que mes illustres compatriotes à Fashoda, ces hommes si dignes, si nobles—ah, je pleure encore! Mais soyons calmes! On nous mande, je répète, qu'ils sont nourris—juste ciel!



NUISANCES IN LONDON.

["No person shall in any street, or on any land adjoining or near thereto, use or play, or cause to be played, any steam organ."—*New L. C. C. Rule.*]

Mr. Bilks (Proprietor of Bilks' Roundabout). "Wot, no Steam Orgins! Well, they always said England wasn't a musical nation, and now I believe it!"

par les Anglais. Une nourriture anglaise! Sacré nom de nom de DU PATY DE CLAM! Mieux vaut les fusiller, que de les faire mourir lentement à la suite des congestions, des dyspepsies—enfin des plats de votre pays! Soyez généreux! N'imitiez pas les supplices du moyen âge! Mon Dieu! Mais soyons calmes! Figurez-vous le martyre d'un Français nourri de cette façon!

Carte du Jour.

Bifteau.	Porridge.	
Bœuf Places.	Perriwinckles.	Cockles.
Rosbif, avec Yorkpouding.	Bifsteck.	
Porkchops.		
Little Peas, at the english.		
Cabbage, at the water.		
Lettice.	Waterscres.	
Plompouding.		
Ricepouding.	Domplingspoudings.	
Minced Pies.		
Mufins.	Teacacks.	Bunns.
Kew Cumber.		
Chester Chese.		
Tosted Chese, avec Crumpetts.		
Apples.		
Gin.	Rhum.	Thée.

Figurez-vous—! Mais les larmes me serrent la gorge! Je ne peux plus! Veuillez agréer, &c.,

ISIDORE DE MILLETONNERRES.

A Question for Diplomacy.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—It seems to be forgotten that the Emperor of AUSTRIA is titular King of Jerusalem. Does not the fact of the invasion of his dominions in Palestine by the GERMAN EMPEROR with an escort of armed retainers constitute a case of Preferential War? I pause for a reply, even if the Northern KAISER will not, and remain

Yours obediently, PAUL PROTOCOL.

A Disputed Domicile.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The *St. James's Budget* discusses and gives an illustration of DICK TURPIN's house in Wych Street, now being restored. I appeal to the shade of HARRISON AINSWORTH to determine whether the North Road Cavalier, or myself, or the late lamented Mr. Wood,

carpenter, has better claim to the edifice in question? I cannot possibly escape from where I am, and so must protest by the new Styx-Thames telephone.

Yours indignantly, JACK SHEPPARD.

At the Book-stall.

Blasé Traveller. Have you a paper which doesn't mention DREYFUS, the East End Water Supply, Fashoda, or Crete? If so, I shall be glad to give any price for it.

Book-stall Clerk. No, Sir, I'm afraid not, but I can sell you a pack of playing-cards or a railway rug.

B. T. No, thanks. Give me a pencil and a note-book, and I'll write a letter to the *Times* on Vaccination.



PROMENADE CONCERTS AT QUEEN'S HALL.

Portraits of the Conductor and Principal Vocalist. N.B.—Smoking is permitted.

**HARD TERMS!**

Uncle Sam (to Spain). "SEE HERE! IF YOU 'LL ONLY TAKE BACK CUBA, I 'LL AGREE TO ANYTHING!"



THE JOYS OF HOUSE-HUNTING.

"CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT MADE THE FELLOW SEND ME TO LOOK AT IT! VERY CHARMING PLACE, CERTAINLY; BUT, HANG IT ALL, THERE WAS A PUBLIC-HOUSE CLOSE BY ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE WAY!"

"WELL, YOU CAN'T ALWAYS HAVE IT YOUR SIDE!"

DARBY JONES ON RACING CONTRASTS.

HONOURED SIR,—At the Back-end of the Season it seems, to paraphrase a well-known Gallic Aphorism, *toujours* Newmarket. There is no getting away from the Headquarters of the Jockey Club. We may make excursions to Nottingham, Leicester, or Kempton Park, but back we come again to the Ditch, like the Epicurean House-fly to the Domestic Sugar-basin. The changes from the above-mentioned Annexes of Sport to the Centre of the Racing World are those which only the Beau Brummells of the Turf can appreciate. At Nottingham, for example, the first Autumn Meeting coincides with the Annual Goose-fair, and the Bipedes who saved Rome are equal favourites with the modern representatives of Bucephalus.

If it be any Augury of the Advent of the Millennium, I may remark that the Nottingham Lambs lie down with the Geese of the Neighbourhood in most amicable style. Indeed, the whole town reeks with the fragrance of Sage and Onions. From the Lace-making Locality we probably derive the famous but ill-rhymed Ballad commencing,

"Goosey, Goosey Gander, whither do you wander?
Upstairs and downstairs, and in my lady's chamber!"

The poet who put "wander" and "chamber" in apposition may rank high as a Bard, but his remarks about the Gander are certainly applicable to Nottingham during the Fair. The Gander wanders everywhere. In fact, I marvel that he has

not entered for some of the Turf Contests, for he would have many Friends among the Backers.

As to Leicester, I have never been able to determine whether its celebrity rests on Hosiery, Stilton Cheeses, Melton Mowbray Pies, or the death of Cardinal Wolsey. Personally I am in favour of the Cheese.

A Ripe and Properly Trained Stilton can give weight for age to the Luscious Camembert, the Suspicious Gorgonzola, the Bomb-like Dutch, the Difficult Roquefort, and the Oleaginous Gruyère.

But alas! honoured Sir, I am in no mood for Frivolity after the Disasters of the Cesarewitch. I only trust that you and my other Patrons saved themselves, as recommended, by a Place Investment on *Merman*. You will not see me at Sandown. I must lie "doggo" till the Cambridgeshire, the more so as a Fair Correspondent signing herself NEURASTHENIA (I don't know what this means), who by her Large Fist evidently takes "Eights" in gloves, advises my Incarceration in Colney Hatch. Possibly she can recommend the Refuge from Personal Experience. If so, a word from her to the Chief Warder would be highly appreciated by your devoted, despondent dependent, DARBY JONES.

P.S.—My Muse will chortle, so here she goes in brief:—

At Sandown *We Nine* don't forget,
Sell Any by him being upset.
No matter who the Gee-gee guides,
Back all the nags the Yankee rides.

Fare Well.—D. J.

RESOLUTIONS.

THE Long—alas! the Long is done,
So are my shillings—every one!
But not my books—ah me! no, none,

Nor any other duty.
Smalls loom ahead gigantic—but
Old Euclid keeps his pages shut,
Plato is still unread, uncut,
And so's *De Senectute*.

When last I left my father's halls,
He vowed, if I were ploughed in Smalls,
That there would follow what he calls

In his coarse way, a "beano":
Since, therefore, I am back at John's,
I'll seek to satisfy the dons
About the *asinorum pons*,
Apology and *Meno*.

Dons are so dense—yet I'll essay
To prove my props. in such a way
That, spite their dulness, even they
Will have to understand 'em;
I'll draw the pictures too, I'll spare
No pains, and I will take good care
To pepper letters everywhere—
Whole alphabets at random.

All sports, all pleasures I'll forego;
I'll be teetotal till I know
The parts of *deu*, I will go,

And—CHARLIE! you, old chappie?
Yes, I was feeling bluish—what?
Engaged to-night? Well, no, I'm not.
Come out and dine? Yes, like a shot,
And once again be happy.

SUITABLE PLACE OF RESIDENCE FOR A
POPULAR JOCKEY.—Sloan Square.



TURF REFORMS. A SUGGESTION.

"HOW DANGEROUS! REALLY, I THINK HORSES SHOULD NOT BE ALLOWED IN THE PADDOCK!"

THE INDIAN RISING IN THE U. S. A.

OUR roving contributor, freshly released from Colney Hatch, who, according to his own account, has been everywhere, and done everything (and apparently everybody), sends us, *à propos* of the present Pawnee Indian rising, the following highly-coloured sketch of his own experiences with the same tribe. Mr. Punch ventures to think that his correspondent, to say the least of it, handles the truth somewhat carelessly. However, in these days of tales by a DE ROUGE-BINSON CRUSON, what does it matter? Here is the account.

"Some time ago—I cannot pledge myself* to the exact date—my wild, adventurous spirit induced me to turn my back upon civilization and all its hollow falseness—I hate any thing hollow or false: even my hollow or false teeth I am never on good terms with—and go forth (I could not go third, as all the trains of prairie travellers were first-class ones) with a caravan of settlers. And they were 'settlers,' too, these fellows! I soon tired of them. May be, too, they tired of me, for, one morning, I saw several of them eyeing first me and then a tall tree, around an overhanging branch of which they had slung a rope noose. Of course it would not have been noose—news, I mean—to me to find that I was 'up a tree'; but, nevertheless, I left—and in a hurry. To do this I had to borrow a pony (the four-legged variety, not £25), and I borrowed it when the owner was not looking. Then I rode—ah, how I rode! For four days and nights I never drew rein as I galloped across the rolling prairie. I supported myself upon ham sandwiches (cut thin, with plenty of mustard), as I sped along. At the end of this time the pony began to get hungry, so I rested him for ten minutes; then on again until, without any warning, I suddenly dashed onto the war-path of a band of Pawnee Indians. Wishing to impress them at first sight, I allowed my pony to knock over a *tepee* and two old squaws; then I jerked the bit out of his mouth and fell over his tail on to the ground behind. The chief advanced to meet me. I put out my hand; he placed his to his nose and extended his fingers—it was the cabalistic sign! we were to be brothers. I addressed them in their own figurative language thus:—

"Listen to the li— words of the paleface, and though his face is pale, his heart is red (ditto his nose). Since two moons

I have sought the wigwams of the Pawnees. They are the bravest of all warriors—"Waugh! it is well said!"—and I would dwell amongst them for ever. (*Murmurs of mild disapproval.*) Speak, Big Bear! speak, Spotted Sapolio! speak, Cold-in-the-Head! Is it peace or war between us? If the latter, I will leave without any unnecessary delay."

"My simple eloquence touched them. For a year I dwelt in their *tepees* and rode in their 'happy hunting grounds.' I shot their bison, their buffalo, and finally, their chief, for a trifling loan. This last transaction, unfortunately, caused a coolness between Potted-Meat and myself. I determined to escape—but he and I had a split wigwam between us, and it was difficult. Waiting until the chief had indulged largely in the fire-water of the paleface ('V.S.O.' warranted to kill at forty paces), I leaped upon a tame bison, shook my rifle defiantly at the redskins, dodged a brick, and went straight out into the wide world again."

[We take this opportunity of saying that we have *not* made inquiries and satisfied ourselves of the truth of this exciting narrative. On the contrary, we should describe it, from end to end, as a stately lie.—ED.]

A GRIEVANCE TAKING RANK.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—I see that complaint has been made that Major MARCHAND, of the French Army, has been referred to in official dispatches as "Monsieur," and consequently deprived of his military title. I regret to see that Lord SALISBURY, an officer himself (for he is entitled to wear a sword, and a naval uniform, as Warden of the Cinque Ports), is responsible for this breach of politeness.

Mr. Punch, Sir. When I say breach of politeness—hang me—I put it very mildly. But what is done over here? I am an old Militiaman of some twenty or thirty years' standing, and yet my most intimate friends and the public generally ignore my rank! It is disgraceful in both cases! Yours indignantly,

ONE OF THE OLD CONSTITUTIONAL FORCE.

P.S.—My only consolation is that I am still called "Major," in addition to my ticket number at the Stores.

LATEST EDITION.—"Who's Who" ROUGE-MONT.

* No; or we might be quite sure you would have done so at the nearest pawnbroker's, long since.—ED.

THE UMBRELLA-MAKER AND THE BAROMETER.

A FABLE.

THERE was once an umbrella-maker, who kept and ill-treated a harmless barometer. On one occasion, when not a drop of rain had fallen for many weeks, and the English people, beneath a cloudless sky, had almost forgotten how to use his wares, ruin stared him in the face and prompted him to still greater violence. Every morning he looked out upon the parched earth and the rainless heavens, and then, and at intervals during the day, he cursed, and struck, and shook the innocent instrument, as though its indications were the cause of the depression in his trade. But the gentle barometer bore it all without complaint, and steadfastly pointed to the truth.

"Miserable thing!" shouted the frenzied manufacturer, "you are worse even than the barometer of the Swiss hotels, which likewise always points to *Set-Fair*, for nobody ever troubles to look at it, as every one knows that it never points to anything else. You, however, with your priggish virtue, force even the instant English climate to support your ridiculous assertions."

The wretched man became indifferent to everything; he cared not for the latest news from Africa; he only remarked that even in the Soudan it rained sometimes. His friends, in a vain effort to cheer him, had taken him to see pictures of grey skies and wet days in various exhibitions, but he had become only more depressed when he saw nothing but walking-sticks left in the entrance-halls. He mentioned mournfully that it had been cloudless at Henley, and that the Botanic Gardens had been watered on the occasion of a *fête*.

At last, however, the sunshine recorder at Westminster rested after the long period of overwork, the soft south wind sighed once more, and the umbrella-maker left off sighing altogether.

"Ha, ha!" he cried to the barometer, which moved slowly to *Fair*, to *Change*, "deceptive instrument, made to mislead mankind, confess that I have conquered! Your lies are at an end, your shameful pride will have a fall, you are going down. I told you so." And he swore yet again.

"Yes," answered the barometer—at least, so says the umbrella-maker, "I am going down. A barometer, like a camera or like GEORGE WASHINGTON, cannot tell a lie. What a fool you were not to turn your attention to parasols!"

In *Æsop's* time, when men, of more heroic mould, displayed a calm indifference to phenomenal remarks from dumb beasts and even from inanimate objects, these words would have caused no surprise. But at the end of the nineteenth century, such observations are obsolete and absurd. The plain wits of the umbrella-maker, already enfeebled by anxiety, gave way beneath the shock, and, when at last the gentle rain came down and umbrellas went up, he was trying to persuade the other inmates of the lunatic asylum that barometers can speak.

Moral.—Never swear, even at the weather or at scientific instruments, and never pursue any avocation that depends upon the English climate, whether it be cricket or the manufacture of umbrellas, unless you can hedge by combining the two.

CRIMINAL JURISPRUDENCE À LA MODE.

[Social Scientists of the advanced school teach us that Society and not the criminal is responsible for crime. In justice, therefore, it is Society and not the criminal who should suffer the punishment.]

SCENE—The Westminster Police-Court. TIME—Any time in the distant future.

Magistrate. Well, my good woman, what have you to complain of?

Good Woman (who is adorned with a black eye). Please, your Worship, my husband came home late last night intoxicated, and because I called him a drunken swine he gave me this.

[Points to damaged eye.]
Mag. Disgraceful, perfectly disgraceful. Where do you live?

G. W. George Street, your Worship.

Mag. (to Police Superintendent). Who was the constable on that beat last night?

Superintendent. A 121. He is in Court, your Worship.

Mag. Put him in the dock. (Police-constable A 121 is put in the dock.) What have you to say in answer to this?

A 121 (in a frightened voice). Nothing, your Worship. I know nothing about it.

Mag. (with virtuous indignation). But you ought to know about it. Society is responsible for the misdeeds of the criminal classes. Society is bound to reform those classes, or it is not doing its duty. You represent Society on his beat; you are responsible for this woman's black eye. You must be punished for it.



THE CASE FOR THE DEFENCE.

Mother. "OH, DICKY, WHAT TERRIBLE THINGS YOU DO KEEP IN YOUR POCKETS! FANCY, A DEAD CRAB!"

Dicky. "WELL, MOTHER, IT WASN'T DEAD WHEN I PUT IT THERE!"

A 121. I hope you will deal leniently with me, your Worship. I have a wife and children to support. (Tearfully.)

Mag. (severely). You will be bound over to keep the peace for six months. Call the next case.

NEXT CASE.

Respectable Old Lady. I have to complain of the constant bad language which I hear in my street. I live in Great College Street.

Mag. (indignantly). Where's the Police-Court Missionary?

Superintendent. Here, your Worship.

[The Police-Court Missionary enters the dock, trembling.]

Mag. Do you hear this lady's complaint?

P.-C. M. Yes, your Worship.

Mag. Society is responsible for the blasphemous language which is used in this district. You represent Society on the religious and moral side: you are, therefore, responsible for this language. You have committed an indictable offence. You will be fined twenty shillings or a month. Next case.

The next Case is a Slightly Battered Gentleman of forty.

S. B. G. I was crossing Smith's Square, yesterday morning, when a band of young roughs set upon me, your Worship. They knocked me down, stole my watch and chain, kicked me in the ribs, and knocked out four of my teeth.

Mag. An aggravated assault. Robbery with violence. This must be put a stop to. I shall not deal with this case here. I shall send it for trial to the Central Criminal Court.

SCENE—The Central Criminal Court. Two months later. The Chief of Police in the Dock.

The Judge (summing up). This is a most painful case. A serious assault, accompanied by murderous violence in broad daylight, takes place in Westminster. What is Society about? Such a state of things is dangerous and intolerable. If Society did its duty, there would be no criminal class to commit these crimes. The Chief of Police represents Society in serious offences of this kind. (The Chief of Police quails beneath the glance of the learned judge as he glares at the occupant of the dock.) I am not sure whether, in so disgraceful a case, it is not my duty to order a flogging. (The Chief of Police trembles.) Nothing else seems effectual to put a stop to these homicidal assaults. I will, however, give you one more chance. You will go to prison for twelve months.

[The Chief of Police is removed to the cells weeping.]

A BEDFORDSHIRE BULL.—"Temporarily insane all his life." Such was the verdict of a coroner's jury, not an Irish one this time. "I know those men, they come from Bedfordshire."



MADAME CHRYSANTHÈME.

(With Apologies to "Pierre Loti.")

THE MARCHAND REPORT.

(La Détonation de M. Marchand.)

[Since the following verses were written, "certain evidence has come to light which causes us to publicly state that we do not vouch for the truth of this story, although portions of it are admittedly based upon real experiences." Still, as it has been written for the Organ of Truth, and paid for, we may as well let the public have it.—Sir GEORGE NEWNES' little printed ship (adapted).]

DEAR FOREIGN MINISTER,—I am
Enchanted by your telegram;
A fellah, on a noble prancer,
Is kindly waiting for the answer.

You will, no doubt, have roughly heard
That things have recently occurred;
To put it tersely into rhyme,
I've had a doosid awkward time.

First, in my efforts to arrive,
I only just remained alive;
The walking here is very warm,
Especially in uniform.

By day the Dervish on our rear
Would prod us with his beastly spear:
By night I lay awake in bed
With lizards humming round my head.

Enormous gnats, by way of chaff
Kept browsing on my turgid calf;
And alligators used to bite
Great chunks of our theodolite.

Twice I remarked a panther's cub
Wading across my morning tub;
And once a lion combed his mane
Just underneath my counterpane.

When these disputed my advance,
I floored them with the flag of France;

Or captured here and there a few
To figure in my tropic Zoo.

After miraculous escapes
From death in most unlikely shapes,
I entered, feeling very dry,
This putrid caravanserai.

Forth from my damaged dressing-bag
I fetched the lately-mentioned flag,
Unfurled it with a silent wink,
And called for something cool to drink.

Hélas! the Dervishes had come
And lifted all the local rum,
And would be soon returning, drunk,
To mutilate my headless trunk!

A trifle parched about the throat,
I now observed a foreign boat;
And though I hit it in the side
Unfortunately no-one died.

Just then the SIRDAR's little plan
Came nicely off at Omdurman;
And if the SIRDAR hadn't won
I don't know what I should have done.

The barge in which I made a dent
Told him of my predicament,
And, fearing I should come a mucker,
He flew to my immediate succour.

He burst upon my horrid gloom
With "Major MARCHAND, I presume!"
"Sir KITCHENER!" I cried, and leapt
Into his arms and fairly wept!

Briefly, he asked me in to mess,
And you will very rightly guess
That, being hollow as a bell,
This suited me extremely well.

He talked, without the least defiance,
About the pioneers of Science,
And asked if I had ever seen
A party known as Truthful GREEN.

Egypt of old had known a lot,
And there on that Egyptian spot
He welcomed in the KHEDIVÉ's name
A man of scientific aim.

If ever—this was by the way—
I cared to take a holiday,
Either in France or anywhere,
He'd very gladly see me there.

Our conversation, for the rest,
Revolved around my medicine-chest;
And hoping I should find it handy
He sent me round a case of brandy.

And now Sir KITCHENER has gone!
I wish he could have lingered on;
He smiled in such a charming manner
On noticing my little banner!

We have, of course, the brandy neat,
But then there's nothing here to eat:
And though, just now, we're going
strong,

The brandy cannot last for long.

Finding, in fact, my present site
Somewhat objectionably tight,
With your permission—*c'est à dire*,
French leave—I think I'd better clear.

So, by the time this reaches you,
I and my doughty little crew
Propose to scuttle, if we may,
With British guides to show the way.

Picture us therefore in the act
Of bounding down a cataract,
Or all aboard the Cairo mail
Careering on the homeward trail.

EGYPTIAN DRINK FOR TOMMY ATKINS
RETURNED FROM THE SOUDAN.—"Sirdar-
and-B."



QUIT!—PRO QUO?

J. B. "GO AWAY! GO AWAY!!"

FRENCH ORGAN GRINDER. "EH? WHAT YOU GIVE ME IF I GO?"

J. B. "I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING IF YOU DON'T!!"



ENGLISH DICTIONARY ILLUSTRATED. 2.

"DISSATISFY." TO RENDER DISCONTENTED, TO DISPLEASE BY FRUSTRATING WISHES OR EXPECTATIONS.

THE COMPLETE STORY WRITER.

V.

WITH the help of the valuable advice we have given him, the young author should now find no difficulty in writing stories which will be joyfully accepted by the leading magazines. Only one matter remains to be dealt with, namely, how to give these stories satisfactory conclusions. This is most important, because the effect of a tale depends so much upon its ending; indeed, the young author may be advised to write the last sentence first, and then to work backwards from it. The following examples are good, trustworthy conclusions of the most popular kind, which may be safely recommended for imitation.

1. *The Placid Ending.*—This is suitable for an old-fashioned love-story, and is much liked. It is usually preceded by a row of asterisks, and is written in the historic present:—

Two years have passed since that memorable day. They have left MARIAN unchanged, save for a grey hair shewing here and there amid her golden tresses.

But to JASPER her beauty seems to increase as each month goes by, nor does his own handsome face bear any traces of that terrible night when, after three hundred pages of weary waiting, he met and finally overthrew the wicked villain. The past is dead, the present smiles upon them, and they await the future bravely, for they face it hand-in-hand.

2. *The Melodramatic Ending.*—Quite a contrast to the first example, but decidedly effective, and, if the story is to be illustrated, it gives the artist a better chance:—

"Your decision is fixed?" asked MARGARET, quietly.

"Absolutely," said the other, a cruel smile playing about his lips. "Sir RICHARD is a base and unprincipled profligate. Therefore, as your wicked stepfather, tradition compels me to resolve that you shall marry him. Nothing that you can say will move me now."

"I have still one argument left," said the girl.

"You had better produce it quickly, then. We're on the last page, and there's

only room for a few words more. What is your argument?"

"This!" cried MARGARET, and snatching a richly-jewelled dagger from the table, she plunged it into her heart!

3. *The Historical Ending.*—This is the only way of finishing off a "romance." Its special merit, it will be perceived, is that it leaves an opening for a sequel, if your editor and the public will stand it:—

Thus, on the 13th day of May, in the year 1751, did I, JOHN GUDGEON, bring my wanderings to a close. Of what befell REUBEN and his wife beyond the seas, I must not here speak, having a shrewd eye for business, and the contract number of thousand words being fulfilled. But this much have I set down plainly, being a simple yeoman, with but little skill in penmanship. So, then, I kindle my pipe, with a flask of right Rhenish at my elbow for promoting greater thankfulness, and bid my reader farewell.

4. *The Indefinite Ending.*—Very popular at present, and perhaps the easiest of all to construct. Moreover, it will serve just as well for the beginning of a story as for its close. To the Philistine reader it may seem a trifle unsatisfactory, but he must console himself by remembering that it is truly "artistic":—

"You think he will consent?" the girl asked.

He sighed wearily. "I cannot tell. How strange it seems that we should sit here so calmly, when within a few minutes the words will be spoken that will decide the fate of our lives!"

"It is indeed strange!" she said, simply.

The moments passed in silence. The girl looked out of window, watching without interest the stream of traffic in the street below. The man nervously smoothed his hat. Then the clock on the mantelpiece struck twelve, and he started to his feet.

"The hour has come," he murmured, and walking across the passage, tapped gently at the study-door.

"Come in!" said a voice.

THE END.

THE CANNIBAL CHIEF TO HIS LOVE.

Come and meet me in the gloaming
On the Strand, my darling—Nay,
Not where Editors are roaming
On their hungry search for prey;
Not where *Chronicles* are calling
For my blood, my darling—No,
But where silver waves are falling
On the shores of *Weissnichtwo*.

Come and meet me, O my dusky,
When the wombats homeward fly,
And the kangaroo grows husky
As he carols in the sky;
When the playful ostrich mocks us
In the twilight, and the or-
nithorhyncoparadoxus
Lightly flits along the shore.

There, beneath the palm-tree's curtain,
On our island-home—I own
That the latitude's uncertain
And the longitude unknown—
Shall our love disport at random
As we swim, sweet, I and you,
Through the wavelets, riding tandem
On a turtle built for two.

SUGGESTED WOOD FOR SUPPLYING BITING CRITICS WITH CONGENIAL HOLDERS.—The asp-pen.

SOME MARVELS OF AUSTRALIAN NATURAL HISTORY



"I don't believe a word of that Octopus story!"
"And I can't swallow that Turtle business."

'THE GRIN'
OR LAUGHING
JACKASS.



THE DE ROUCEMENT
OR AUSTRALIAN
LYRE BIRD

(SO CALLED ON ACCOUNT
OF ITS WONDERFUL
TALE.)



A TURTLE RACE



A BUSH HANSOM



FLIGHT OF BOXING KANGAROOS (COMMON SIGHT IN THE BUSH)



AN EXPERT.

'Arry (having accomplished (?) the trot). "TALK ABOUT RIDIN' ON 'ORSEBACK TAKIN' A LOT O' LEARNIN'—RIDICULUS. WHY, I DID IT IN LESS NOR A WEEK WHEN I WERE 'AVIN' MY 'OLYDAY AT SCARBOROUGH!"

THE RETURN.

(Arranged for the Stage by a Distinguished Foreign Dramatist.)

SCENE—A house in disorder. The family sadly enter and sit upon their boxes in the hall.

Father. We expected to be welcomed on our arrival. Did not the telegram reach?

Scully Maid. No, it did not come.

Mother. Where are the servants?

S. M. They are away for the day. They are enjoying themselves. Yes, the servants are away.

F. They often enjoy themselves. It is very inconvenient. Still, they do so.

M. Is there nothing in the house?

S. M. Yes; the cat is in the house.

Daughter. Is our room ready?

S. M. It is not quite ready. It will be readier when the bed is made, and the carpet is "spread."

D. But the curtains are in their places?

S. M. No; and the chairs are on the wash-hand stand and the toilette-table.

M. And the great front bedroom, is that ready?

S. M. No; it is not quite ready. You ordered that it should be whitewashed.

F. Yes; I ordered it should be whitewashed, and that workmen should come here a month ago. Did they not come here a month ago?

S. M. No; they did not. The workmen came yesterday.

F. This is very inconvenient.

S. M. Yes; I said it was inconvenient. They came yesterday. To-day they have not come. They will come to-morrow. They have promised to come to-morrow.

M. But what is there in the larder?

S. M. There is nothing in the larder. There is really nothing in the larder.

M. Not even cold mutton.

S. M. No, nothing. Not even cold mutton. No, nothing at all.

D. This is very sad. We are hungry. We are very hungry. It is very sad.

S. M. Yes; it is very sad if you are so hungry. I am not hungry because I had some meat yesterday. We all had some meat yesterday. But then we are satisfied. It is on account of our board wages. We save our board wages.

F. Something had better be sent for. Here is money.

S. M. This is very sad. I can buy nothing with this money. It is foreign money. This is very sad.

F. I am sorry for you all. I am very sorry for you all. I think I shall go to the club. Yes, I am sure I shall go to the club.

[Curtain.]

THE LAST SHIFT.

[“An American doctor has raised a cry of warning against the common idea that it is only by internal application that the malevolent microbe propagates disease. Merely to touch it with the hand . . . is, it seems, to risk the direst consequences.”—*World*.]

MICROBE whom I long

Study to avoid,

By your power for wrong

Constantly annoyed;

Everywhere about

Your dread form I trace,

But to find you breaking out

In another place.

Food and drink you make

One and all taboo,

Dainties for your sake

Sighing I eschew;

Long I starved and pined,

Growing gaunt and pale,

Only now, alas! to find

All of no avail.

For by simple touch

If I chance to meet you,

You can hurt as much

As if one should eat you;

When we pull a bell,

When we knock a door,

Microbe, you are there as well,

Thirsting for our gore.

Ah! then, microbe, since

All you permeate,

Why repine or wince

At unerring fate?

Since 'tis useless pain

For mercy to implore you,

Only one device remains,

Microbe, I ignore you.

SPORTIANA.—A young sportswoman in the Highlands is reported to have shot "six fine stags through the heart." Must have been "young bucks." Of course, she used Cupid's bullets on her murderous career amid the harts.

THE LAND OF NOD.—An auction-room, which must be a rather savage kind of place, as so many persons present "have noddings" on.

LI HUNG CHANG'S AVERSION.—JOHN BULL in the China shop.



Noble Sportsman. "PEPPERED YOU IN THE HEAD, DID I? THEN, WHY THE BLAZES DIDN'T YOU TOWER, SIR?"

THE 37TH FIELD BATTERY R. A. AT OMDURMAN.

(By a Friendly.)

ALL honour to the Lancers, I mean the Twenty-oneth,
Who slipped into the Dervishes and kiboshed them last month!
All honour to the Infantry who held the foe at bay!
But don't forget the Thirty-Seventh Battery R. A.!

The Gunners ain't the sort of coves to bluster or to brag
Of doing of their duty beneath the Red Cross rag,
But when they are a-doing it they stick to work and stay,
So don't forget the Thirty-Seventh Battery R. A.!

I saw the Woolwich Infants serve out their fearful hail
When the great white sea of horsemen swept like waves before
a gale;
And the Infants didn't quiver—why, they might have been at
play

At Omdurman, the Thirty-Seventh Battery R. A.!

It's perhaps the fancy titles such as "Death or Glory Boys,"
Or "Diehards," or "Come, cut, cut agains" that make the
biggest noise,

But a simple-numbered Battery may win a stubborn fray,
And that's what they did, the Thirty-Seventh Battery R. A.!

A CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR.

Magistrate (to Casual). I understand that you distinctly re-
fused to do the work given you by the Master of the Workhouse.
Casual. Quite true, yer Worship.

Magistrate. What was your reason?

Casual. Well, yer Worship, it was for conscience sake. In
the first place, I've got a conscientious objection to work; in
the second, I've got a conscientious objection to the Master,
and in the third, I've got a conscientious objection to you.
And if my conscientious objections ain't better than those of
a bloomin' hanti-waccinator, why, s'welp me! never ask me to
take my dyin' hoath agin. [The magistrate did not.]

CURIOUS CONTRADICTION.—A loafer is generally in want of bread.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"CAN'T do it," said the Buck. "Do try!" said the
"I've done it," said Mugger. "By 'mugging' over it,"
Buck said, viciously. "KIPLING mocks his readers with
riddles." "Nay, but they are in his old form," said the
laughing. The Yahoo Sahib, in a cheque-bank-of-the-
suit, and an Earl's Court Exhibition turban, waved a be-
him, and cried, "They are dam bore these Indian K-
stories" Then the Baron awoke. He had dropp-
to sleep during a gallantly-sustained effort at reading Ru-
KIPLING's *The Day's Work* (MACMILLAN & Co.), and most
rally, after getting through as much of *The Day's W-*
possible, the Baron had yielded himself a captive to Sleep,
Sleep! Quoth the Baron to himself, "I've tried five
out of thirteen. The remainder will perhaps be the bett-
keeping until I have much leisure and am in a Kiplingish hu-
Till then—to your place on my book-shelf, O KIPLING, blith-
merry! *Et bon soir la compagnie!* THE BARON DE B.

TO THE SEA-SERPENT.

["The Great Sea-Serpent has been seen off the Scottish Coast."
Daily Telegraph.]

At last, my dear old friend, at last,
The silly season's nearly past,
When correspondents air their views
In columns which were meant for news,
We heard about a whale or two,
But not a single word of you.

The gooseberry of monstrous size,
Which somehow fails to win a prize,
Because it chooses to appear
At the wrong season of the year,
Came not this Autumn, we could do
Without it, but we longed for you.

Each day the papers we would scan
In vain, until a Fisherman,
Awakened from his nightly nap,
Was having just "a *puir wee drap*,"
When lo! a monster came in view,
Which, needless to remark, was you.

The joyful news then quickly spread,
And in the papers soon we read
Descriptions of your shape and length,
With suppositions on your strength—
The boat you might have bitten thro',
But did not—that was so like you.

REASONS À LA MODE DE FRANCE.

BECAUSE the army is the pride of the nation, and revision
word unknown to soldiers.

Because innocence is impossible when guilt has not been proved.
Because forgery is a proof of patriotism, and the centre of
civilisation must not be disturbed.

Because he is there, and those who rest must, according to
the national programme, ever remain.

Because it is pardonable for Justice to make mistakes, and
mistakes are not crimes, but merely oversights.

Because there can be one cry which must overwhelm all other
shouts, "Long live France!"

Because, for the sake of the national defence, black may be
justly assumed to be white, and white for the same cause black.

Because all colours and all reasons are the same when the
tricolour is unfurled, and the luminous city is flooded with light.

More Correct.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The members of the Municipality of Paris
have unanimously resolved to bestow the name of Fashoda on
street. Surely, in all common sense, the title should have been
given to an *impasse*! Suggesting that Major MARCHAND was
be an enormous attraction at the Exhibition of 1900,

Yours faithfully, CORNELIUS P. LIGGINTON
Hôtel Belle Alliance, Paris.

At the New Thames Yacht Club.

Anthony. Wonderful thing that cruise of NOAH'S.
Jack. Can't make out how the provisions lasted.
Anthony. Why, of course, there was always a]



A SUCCESSION FOR THE SAFETY TRANSIT OF JEWELS BETWEEN THE CONTINENT AND ENGLAND.

[A LITTLE EXPENSIVE, PERHAPS—BUT CHEAPER IN THE LONG RUN.]

HOW TO "RUN" EGYPT.

PROPOSAL for a syndicate to purchase the whole country and transfer it to

A PUBLIC COMPANY.

An adventurous commercial correspondent sends us the following ideas on how to "run" the land of the Pharaohs on paying terms. Even the Desert is to be exploited. He says there is lots of grit in it—and we agree with him in this. Lack of enterprise can certainly not be attributed to this gentleman. In fact, with luck, we confidently look forward to his taking a front place (in the dock), and ultimately obtaining a Government appointment for at least seven years. Sooner or later we feel sure he will accomplish this feat. These are the leading features in his scheme:—

1. That a company be forthwith formed of which Mr. Punch shall be Chairman.*
2. That a large and commodious hotel, music-hall, a railway station, and an open Stock Exchange be at once established at Omdurman.
3. That a co-operative store be started on the banks of the Nile and close to Omdurman.
4. A small piece of the MAHDI's tomb will be given away with every pound of the company's one-and-tenpenny tea. A large prophet—profit, I mean—will probably be realised from this source.
5. Permission to fish for crocodiles will be granted on strictly moderate terms, and Dervish live-bait provided free of charge.
6. Wednesday in each week will be fixed as the Early Closing Day. On these occasions cheap trips up the Nile will be run, all boats calling at Fashoda.
7. Special advantages will be offered to shareholders on these occasions, such as permission to lunch in the KHALIFA's library, and to use the late potentate's brush and comb.
8. The Alligator-riding department will be under the experienced personal direction of Monsieur LOUIS DE WIDOWORLD, who will be prepared to give lessons in the noble art at three-and-sixpence an hour, including use of quiet alligator.
9. Subscribers for shares to the amount of £10 and upwards will be allowed the

* Mr. Punch promptly declines, and warns the writer that he is now treading on Hooley ground.

privilege of poking the tame Dervishes up with a stick, between the hours of 10 and 4 each day (Saturdays 10 till 2).

10. A French café has already been established at Fashoda: this the English company will take over without delay. The present manager, Monsieur MARCHAND, is leaving.

11. The KHALIFA may join the Board after allotment. It is impossible to speak with any certainty of this, however, as he is at present on a flying expedition, and left Omdurman in too great a hurry to do anything but kindle the fire in a Kitchener.

A GOOD MANY YEARS AFTERWARDS.

(An End-of-the-Century Sequel to the "Three Musketeers," by the shade of ALEXANDRE DUMAS, Pere.)

"BUT there are eight of us," said one of the D'ARTAGNANS, putting his hand to his brow and looking perplexed. "Four too many."

"And yet I am also BUCKINGHAM," replied his double.

"You say 'BUCKINGHAM'?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"When I am playing at Her Majesty's."

HOME MARKETS ILLUSTRATED.



"Cane sugar and beet firm."

Then the two PORTHOS (in the plural), and the two ARAMIS (in the plural), and the two ATHOS (in the plural) regarded one another.

"We thrive at the Haymarket."

"And we at the Globe."

And then they embraced.

"My friends, my dear friends," said the first D'ARTAGNAN, "this is not right. You should not fraternise. I must get an injunction."

"Why an injunction?"

"Because it is necessary."

"Yes."

"No."

Then "MILADI" interposed, and said that she was not bound to either band. She would do what she pleased in the future.

"But are we not musketeers? Are we not three musketeers doubled?"

They all cried "Yes" together.

"Well, then, to remain brothers we must separate. There is not room for all of us in London. It is a sad thing for London."

"Yes," they cried again, altogether; "a very sad thing."

"But it must be done to preserve the peace."

"You mean the piece."

"Yes, the piece."

Then they embraced once more, and, leaving the Metropolis behind them, they sought adventure (in different directions) in the Provinces.

SWIMMING CHAMPIONS AT WESTMINSTER.

—The Diva of the Divers seems, judging by a picture in the *Daily Graphic*, to have been "Miss FINNEY"—clearly a most appropriate name for a swimming and diving mermaid.

Mrs. Tripper (examining official notice on the walls of Boulogne). What's that mean, TRIPPER, "Pas de Calais"?

Tripper (who is proud of his superior acquaintance with a foreign language). It means—"Nothing to do with Calais," my dear. These rival ports are dreadfully jealous of one another!

EPITAPH ON A CHAMPION BILLIARD PLAYER.—"Taken his long rest."

MR. PUNCH THE PROPHET.

** This Cartoon and the Lines following appeared in the Number dated April 13, 1895.



HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF; OR, THE MODERN ORACLE OF AMMON.

"The people (the Libyans) deeming themselves not Egyptians, and being discontented with the institutions, sent to the Oracle of Ammon, saying that they had no relation to the Egyptians. The god, however, said, 'that all the country which the Nile irrigated was Egypt.'"

"I stated that, in consequence of these claims of ours and the claims of Egypt in the Nile Valley, the British sphere of influence covered the whole of the Nile waterway."—Sir E. Grey in House of Commons, A.D. 1895.

John Bull. "YOU SEE, NILUS, THE FATHER OF HISTORY AND I ARE OF THE SAME WAY OF THINKING. SO YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, MY BOY, WHILE I'M HERE!"

Nilus. But these Exploring Expeditions?
Mr. Bull. Bogey!
Young GREY should reassure you, my old fogley.

His words don't speak scuttle or shilly-shally,
"My 'sphere of influence' covers the Nile Valley."

Isn't that plain enough? God Ammon's nod

Was hardly more decisive. It is odd
How very like the Oracle's straight tip
Was to Sir EDWARD'S. A stiff upper lip
Saves lots of talk. "Explorers" will prove skittish,
But the whole Nile's Egyptian (and thus British).

Just as HERODOTUS tells us Ammon said.
Sir EDWARD, my dear Nile, has an old head

Upon young shoulders; courteous as a GRANVILLE,

He comes down like a hammer on an anvil—
Or Ammon on the Libyans—when 'tis needful.

Of rumoured expeditions he is heedful
But not afraid. Effective occupation?
Why, that's a ticklish point—for many a nation.

But why define it? EDWARD has a shorter way;

He claims for me the whole of your long waterway,
And plainly says intrusion would be viewed
As—well, "unfriendly." Should the Frank intrude—

Nilus. Ah! by the way, friend JOHN,
whose head is yonder
Protruding through the reeds?

Mr. Bull (loudly). Humph! let him ponder

What he, perchance, has overheard. No mystery!

I simply nod with the great Sire of History.
The Times and old HERODOTUS quite agree.
And both speak for the Oracle—J. B.,
Or Jupiter Ammon. The Débats may differ
(At the French Press, at best, I am no sniffer),

But don't you be alarmed by spleenful sputter,

Or what mere bouncing boulevardiers utter.
From all intruders you'll be safe, if you
But trust to the Old Oracle—and the new!
Far cry, old boy, from PHARAOH to the GUELPH.

Funny how history does repeat itself!

READING FOR THE RED.

Mr. PUNCH, Sir,—No doubt you have noticed a complaint made in the columns of one of your contemporaries that MR. RUDYARD KIPLING puts into the mouth of the British soldier language to which he is entirely unaccustomed. The writer of the letter declares that all our red-coats are men of taste and culture. And, Sir, he is right. We are. If SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN's clever opera *H.M.S. Pinafore* (I purposely ignore the name of the librettist) were revived, I believe it would attract but few members of the United Service. We warriors could not bear to hear the slightest reference to the "big, big D," even when the "D" is spoken of in terms of distinct disapproval.

However, as there is certainly a good deal of talent in some of MR. RUDYARD KIPLING's compositions, I venture upon a suggestion which I feel sure he will be quite ready to adopt. Let there be an edition intended for our defenders only. In this volume, "When the band begins to play" might be rendered as "At the moment of the orchestra commencing the overture," and any colloquial reference to Our Gracious Sovereign might be altered to "Her Majesty the QUEEN-EMPERESS resident in her Berkshire Castle." If this were done, I am sure there would be no more complaints.

Believe me, yours very faithfully,

THOMAS D'ATKINS

(Private in Mufti).

Swagger Square, Leave-on-Furlough.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

["It is as great spite to be praised in the wrong place, and by a wrong person, as can be done."—Ben Jonson's "Discoveries."]

DAPHNE, when, ah! many a time

With my Muse I fondly cope,
Welding into painful rhyme
Metaphor and flowery trope,
Though the critic scowl and slate me,
You at least appreciate me.

Slight when some my numbers dub
(Others vote them harsh and crabbed),
I can bear with sneer and snub.
Feeble praise and censure rabid,
Honey from the bramble gleaming,
You find everywhere a meaning.

Yes, though when your artless skill
Fathoms thus my verse I wonder,
Read it, DAPHNE, as you will,
Fain I'll leave you to your blunder,
Since the truth you might resent—
'Twas for CHLOE it was meant.

THE BARRED OF AVON.—Those without permission to fish in the most charming of Hampshire streams.



AFTER THE FIRE.

Rustic (to burnt-out Farmer). "WE R-R-RESCUED THE B-B-BEER, ZUR!"

DARBY JONES' RESENTS AN ASPERSION ON NEWMARKET AND SPEAKS OF THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

HONOURED SIR,—Yesterday I visited the Princely Mansion of one whom I may call an Aristocrat of the Ring, a Turf Titan, who, by an Astute System of Wagering such as might excite the envy of Mr. TERAH HOOLEY and other speculators in India-rubber Fixings and Medical Nick-nacks, has acquired a Fortune which would make many a Teutonic Potentate an Affluent Ruler in the Fatherland. In his recently-erected Suburban Palace my Esteemed Friend has naturally established that First Requisite of an English Gentleman, to wit, a well-stocked Library, rendering any visit to the neighbouring Free Establishment wholly superfluous. Among other many hundreds of Richly-bound Thesauri, there are of course to be found those Magnificent and Weighty Tomes known as the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, without which no Domestic Circle can be educationally happy, and which, thanks to the lordly enterprise of Printing House Square, is now placed within reach of both Patrician and Plebeian. My Friend, who has but little leisure for studying Prose or Poetry, his spare moments being generally devoted to the refreshing relaxation of Pool, Skittles, Poker and Solo Whist, and being moreover not what is called a Man of Letters, requested me to consult the *Magnum opus* in question with regard to its opinion of Newmarket. I

could scarce believe my eyes, nor he his ears, when I read:—

"Newmarket has a somewhat peculiar reputation, and is called the metropolis of the Turf. The race-course is four miles in length of elastic turf; some hundred horses may be seen exercising on the Downs. There are seven race-meetings in the year. This and the neighbouring town of Royston, on the borders of Hertfordshire, have often been frequented by royalty. Many houses are inhabited by patrons of the Turf. Our literature abounds with references to Newmarket, which, truth to say, are of an unflattering description."

The italics are mine own. "A somewhat peculiar reputation"! "References of an unflattering description"! What does this Britannic Encyclopædiast mean? According to his own showing. Royalty and Patrons of the Turf visit and reside in this Strictly-correct Town, which I have never seen alluded to by *Literati* save in the terms of the Highest Eulogy, the charges made by the Jockey Club always excepted. Why, then, this thushness? as the Comedian says in the Play. Captain KRITERION suggests that the B. E. had had a difference with the Stewards of the Turf Parliament, but you will notice, honoured Sir, that the Mysterious and Damnatory Lines aforesaid are not in any way directly connected with Equine Contests. The Riddle seemed as Dark as the Prehistoric Ages, when happily I came into contact, at Sandown Park, where I went after all, with your Amiable and Talented Friend Sir FRAISER PUNNETT, and to him I explained the Dilemma of my Understanding. He laughed heartily, and then said:

"These Great Books of Reference are compiled by Scholars of the most profound Learning, who live in a World all their own. No doubt the Writer of the Article in question turned up 'Newmarket' at the British Museum. What did he find? Something of this kind: 'Newmarket Heath notorious for the exploits of Highwaymen, especially of CLAUDE DUVAL,' and so on. That would be quite enough for him. Hence the 'peculiar reputation,' and the 'unflattering description.' He still believes that CLAUDE DUVAL & Co. ride about saying, 'Stand and deliver.' Perhaps they do, but we don't call them Highwaymen nowadays, eh, Mr. Jones?"

And with this he disappeared into the Members' Enclosure. Greatly relieved, I venture to string together some appreciations of the Cambridgeshire:—

Bold Ardent I will not advise,
Nor Scotia's Chevalier claim,
But the Pretty Recluse I shall prize
When finishing Benedict's game.
Shell-not-wet the Look out shoo! I'd not fear,
But beware of the Man of the Sea;
When Please to Remember is a car,
Look out for the Fowl going free.
But my choices are first the Sky Saint,
With The Place in which beasts are confined,
While Artisan's a fresh as new point,
Then Unrivalled is not far behind.

With all diffidence, I am, honoured Sir, your devoted Henchman and Heeler,
DARBY JONES.

PRICKLY FRUIT FOR AMERICAN CONSUMPTION.—The Philip-pines.



First "Growler." "ULLOAH, WILLIAM, WHERE ARE YER TAKIN' THAT LITTLE LOT!"
 Second "Growler." "HARARAT! DON'T YER SEE I'M NAVIGATIN' THE HARK!"

THE EMPEROR'S JOURNAL.

["One curious episode in connection with the Emperor's reforms was his attempt to establish in Shanghai a journal which should explain and support his policy."—*The Times*.]

Shanghai, Monday.—Reform is the order of the day. Candidates for the Premiership are no longer examined in penmanship. Yes, I have done much, but much remains to do. We must be thoroughly western, and up-to-date. We must—What next? Happy thought! I'll govern by journalism. I'll buy a newspaper and "inspire" the articles.

Tuesday.—Have bought *The Shanghai Chopsticks*. Proprietor at first refused to sell, but when I ordered the boiling oil he became more reasonable. Editor reports that circulation is not what it ought to be. Must see to this. Happy thought! Will publish proclamation, "Any person found not in possession of *The Shanghai Chopsticks* (current number) will be suicided."

Wednesday.—Editor reports extraordinary increase in circulation. Office was besieged for several hours this morning, demand being greatly in excess of supply. Now for business. Don't half like the way Russia is going on at Port Arthur. Must take her down a peg or two. Shall make speech to-night and have it reported.

Thursday.—Russian Ambassador round in a fury. Wants to know what I mean by speech. Endeavour to pacify him, but he storms madly, and threatens to make me "a sphere of influence." Begin to exclaim that this is exactly what I am trying to make myself, but Russians have no sense of humour, and my remark, intended to be facetious, only riles him. Set to work to conciliate him. After he has blown off steam a little, he talks more sensibly, and explains that Britain has become so cock-a-hoop over my speech, there is no standing it. I sympathise: I say I know what Britain can be. "Then," says he, "I insist upon your snubbing her." I reflect. I don't quite see how—Happy thought! Yes, of course, I was mis-reported. "All right!" I exclaim. "I'll snub Britain. I'll kill reporter."

Friday.—This morning *The Shanghai Chopsticks* contained the following paragraph: "The Emperor regrets that the report of

his speech contained in our issue of yesterday's date is entirely erroneous. The reporter has been beheaded." There! I thought, that will set everything right. But I was mistaken. Just as I was lunching (capital puppy-pie), who should appear but the British Ambassador. If Russia was angry yesterday, what was Britain to-day? What did I mean by killing the reporter? Did I take the British Lion for a Tame Tom Cat, that would meekly put this insult in its pipe and smoke it? I assured the British Ambassador that I was under no such delusion; that so far from wishing to offend Great Britain—For a long time he refused to listen, but when his wrath had somewhat subsided, he explained that Russia had become intolerably conceited after the snub I had given to Britain. I sympathised: I said I knew what Russia could be; in fact we quite warmed to each other discussing the foibles of our common foe. "Of course," he said, as he rose to go, "you will give a countervailing snub to Russia." "Of course," I answered, "I'll kill another reporter." "Reporter be—," he exclaimed; "you must make it an editor." I hesitated. "What! You wont?" he cried. "I'll bring the British fleet to Shanghai, and Lord CHARLES—, he's at Pekin already." I hesitated no longer. "Very well," I cried. "I'll crush Russia. I'll kill the editor."

Saturday.—Have walls ears? How else was my project known? That editor, who owed me everything—why, his circulation had gone up by leaps and bounds beyond all precedent—what did he do? Oh! base ingratitude! Instead of cheerfully leaping into the boiling oil, he sent a wire to Auntie, and Auntie came in a towering rage, and declared she had had enough of my reforms and newspapers and western nonsense: and she pulled me off the throne, shut me up in a dark cupboard, and threatens me with suicide. Alas for the fate of those that are born before their time! China is not yet ripe for that great institution, government by journalism. I fear she is fitter for Auntie.

QUERY FOR POSTAL AUTHORITIES.—Are dead letters at the Dead Letter Office subject to a Post-mortem examination? If this rule ever existed, has it itself become a Dead Letter?

DIARY OF A WOULD-BE MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

[*A propos* of the withdrawal of Mr. GWLLYM EVANS, formerly Liberal candidate for the Carmarthen and Llanelly Boroughs, a daily paper remarks that in a large number of constituencies the essential qualities of a good Party candidate are neither eloquence nor knowledge, but an imperturbable good temper, a thick skin, and a long purse.]

October 1.—Have decided to contest the borough of Little Pedlington. I am the reverse of eloquent, and have no knowledge whatever, but my temper is good, my skin thick, and my purse long. The present Member, on the contrary, though a sound politician, is poor, and lacks imperturbability. Agent says I have a good chance of election, and wants to know in whose interest I am going to stand. "My own," I reply. He is suitably impressed by my candour.

October 5.—Have been round constituency, kissed all the babies, and shaken hands with all the chimney-sweepers. Unpleasant, but must keep up my character for good temper.

October 10.—Opposition paper says I'm a carpet bagger, a cur, and a fool. Remember my thick skin and smile genially. Subscribe to Football Club, Hockey Club, Working Men's Provident Club, Dispensary, Hospital, Soup-kitchen, Blanket and Beef-tea Fund. My wife opens four bazaars, and buys largely at each. I lay a foundation stone, and answer (favourably) twenty begging letters. *Mem.*—Lay in a stock of cheque-books.

October 30.—Made my first speech in constituency. No orator and nothing to say, but remembered that that is of no importance. Several eggs thrown at me. About to protest, but agent's eye upon me. Assumed imperturbability; thanked my audience for this token of their friendship, and hoped the next eggs would be fresher. This suggestion received with cheers. Agent says I made a favourable impression. Subscribed to local Children's Holiday Fund, local Orphan Asylum, local brass band. Answered forty begging letters. Favourably, of course.

December 15.—Made my second speech. Much disturbance at back of Hall. Several of my constituents hurled uncomplimentary epithets at me, and two invited me to fight. Smiled blandly remembering the necessity of a thick skin. Thick skull also essential, apparently, for brick-bat caught me on the head as I emerged from the building. No matter. Agent says things are going splendidly. Opened another bazaar, and laid another foundation stone: became president of three football clubs, one hockey club, and the Blanket and Beef-tea Fund, with enhanced subscriptions in each case. Liberal donations to "waits," carol singers, bell-ringers, children's Christmas tree, old men's Christmas dinner, old women's Christmas Goose Club. *Mem.*—Replenish purse. Winter always an expensive time, my agent tells me. Shall be grateful for Spring. Received sixty begging letters.

March 25.—Again visit Little Pedlington. Opposition paper has been crying into my family affairs. Says my father was in receipt of out-door relief, and hints that my wife is no better than she should be. Inclined to resent this, but agent says that would be thin-skinned. Write a humorous letter to the paper instead denouncing these aspersions. Accented the presidency of three cricket clubs, a tennis club, a golf club, a skittle club, a boating club, a croquet club, and a club for playing bowls. Subscribed suitably to each. Summer no better than Winter, after all, as far as subscriptions are concerned. Shook hands with all the chimney-sweepers again, and re-kissed the babies after my long absence. Agent assures me my popularity is something wonderful. Have promised my support to Women's Suffrage, Old Age Pensions, One Man One Vote, Anti-Vaccination, Early-Closing, Local Option, Home Rule for Wales, Scotland, Ireland, the Isle of Wight, and the Isle of Dogs. Received, and answered one hundred begging letters, enclosing something in reply to each. Purse getting very lean indeed.

July 10.—At Little Pedlington to open Flower Show (to which I am a handsome subscriber). Next week. Fruit and Garden Show, to be followed by Cat Show, Dog Show, Cattle Show (and Doge Show, for ought I know). Shall open each in turn, and meantime subscribe to all of them. Almost afraid to go to bank, where my account is seriously overdrawn. If this sort of thing continues, I shall have to retire from the contest. Opposition newspaper more and more venomous. Agent says it's a tribute to my success. If my election prospects were not so good, it would not be worth their while to attack me. Newspaper talks about my bribing the electors. Absurd. Agent assures me I have done nothing forbidden by the Corrupt Practices Act. Am glad to hear it. Don't want to spend five thousand a year on "nursing" a constituency only to be unseated on petition.

September 15.—General election. Intense excitement. Insults of the opposition redoubled. I remain imperturbable. Am getting used to it now. I allow any one to kick me so long as he



THE FORCE OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

Emma. "Now, Miss MARGERY, LEAVE OFF CRYING, AND BE GOOD."

Margery. "HOW CA-CAN I BE G-GOOD WITHOUT A POCKET-HAND-KERCHIEF?"

has a vote. My agent says I am quite right, and, after all, my skin, though physically somewhat tender, is, metaphorically, as thick as ever, thicker even.

September 16.—Am elected by triumphant majority. Agent congratulates me. My wife delighted. Shall go abroad to economise till Parliament meets.

ALL WRITE!

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Did you see this notice among the "Situations Vacant," in the *Times*?

"SALARY to young UNIVERSITY MAN.—Well-read man, literary taste, not afraid of hard work, to assist in preparing advertisements. £2 weekly, rapid increase if able to write."

"If able to write," indeed! Educational reformers demand too much of the Universities, but surely, I thought, surely they go in thoroughly for the three R's, at any rate. Judge of my astonishment when I turned a page and read in the same issue, in a scholarship announcement:

"Candidates should communicate their wish to stand to the Master of Pembroke on or before November 26. Those who have been unable to communicate by letter should call on the Master."

The italics, Sir, are mine. What a shocking state of affairs! What is the use of our discussing schemes for teaching our future housemaids to play the piano, our future ploughmen the elements of electro-biology, if our University candidates cannot write? I expect daily to see other advertisements, such as this:

"University graduate wanted. One who can write a little preferred," or "M.A. required for City office. Only those who can add up figures need apply."

Yours truly,

D. UNDERHEAD.



He. "NELLIE, JUST LOOK AT THAT MAN STANDING BEHIND ME. I DON'T THINK I EVER SAW ANY ONE SO PLAIN!"

She "HUSH, DEAR; YOU FORGET YOURSELF!"

THE HERO'S PROGRESS;

OR, OUT OF THE FIRE INTO THE FRYING-PAN.

["On Thursday, October 27, the Sirdar is to arrive at Dover, where he will be entertained by the Mayor. On November 4 he will be presented with the Freedom of the City and a banquet at the Mansion House. It is calculated that the gallant officer will be invited to complimentary dinners every night till at least the end of the year."—*Daily Paper.*]

WELCOME from war's alarums,
From sultry regions where
The howls of scattered harems
Infest the fetid air!
Welcome, our honour's Warden!
Who surely shall not fail
To cross your final Jordan
To-morrow, with the mail.

The heat was more than pleasant
Where you have lately stayed;
With us it's not at present
Excessive in the shade;
So please to fasten flannel
Next to your skin, and O!
If wind disturbs the Channel
Be wise and keep below!

May she (the boat), O KITCHENER,
That bears you homeward bound
Have less of roll and pitch in her
Than commonly is found!
Fair breezes waft you over
In Fortune's steady clutch,
And may the Mayor of Dover
Not bore you very much!

Their gift of local ransom
Our City Fathers bring;

The casket's rather handsome—
You know the kind of thing;
Brace up your nerves—you'll need 'em
Far more than down the Nile
To swallow, with your Freedom,
The Aldermanic smile!

Then at the banquet, later,
Both Peers and common men
Will say the sword is greater
Than any writing-pen;
Your chiefs will own you've shaken
The Soudan into shape
As well as if you'd taken
Their tips—on office tape.

For months you'll sit inflated
Above the festal board,
Intolerably sated,
Consumedly adored;
Thus will be supplemented
That promise of the East
Which says a mind contented
Is one continuous feast.

Not for the modest bearing
That marks your youthful years,—
Not for the fearless daring
That faced the Dervish spears,—
For these no apprehension
Compels my heart to shake,
But for your waistcoat's tension,
But for your inside's sake!

O by the somewhat gory
Fights for the KHEDIVÉ's flag,—
O by the hallowed story
Of MARCHAND's travelling rag,—
O, after bravely meeting
The brunt of Egypt's clime,
Don't go, through over-eating,
And perish in your prime!

SAFE CARDS.

QUEEN WILHELMINA and the Queen-Mother went to Amsterdam the other day from "the Castle of Loo." What a delightful name! Are there also in the neighbourhood the Palace of Poker, the Villa of Whist, Baccarat Barracks, Cribbage Cottage, and so forth? Is "the Castle of Loo" a great hunting lodge where several packs are kept? At present, whoever may be the Court Cards visiting the Castle of Loo, its chief royal occupants are the "Queen-(Mother) of Diamonds," and WILHELMINA, "Queen of Hearts," always welcomed with a flourish of trumps.

The Perils of a Conversazione.

Miss Fillip (to gentleman whose name she did not catch when introduced). Have you read *A Modern Heliogabalus*?

He. Yes, I have.

Miss F. All through?

He. Yes, from beginning to end.

Miss F. Dear me! I wonder you're alive! How did you manage to get through it?

He (diffidently). Unfortunately, I wrote it. [Miss F. catches a distant friend's eye.

Over the Stubble.

Mr. Winchester Poppit (at the luncheon by the coppice). I must say that I like to see partridges driven.

Captain Treadfoot Trotter (who believes in shooting over dogs). No doubt, Mr. Poppit; you'd like to see the poor birds driven in a coach, or a tandem, or a curricule; or, if I may judge by the way you sent my pointer round the last field, you'd wish to put 'em in a circus!



ON THE BRINK.



Swell. "MIND MY HORSE, BOY, AND I'LL GIVE YOU TWOFENCE."

Boy. "I WILL, IF YOU 'LL MIND THE BABY!"

THE TAX-COLLECTOR.

["The tax-collector has been bewailing his lot in the *Daily Chronicle*. It seems that he is the hardest wrought of mortals. Eight hours day! Wouldn't he like to see it! 9 A.M. till midnight is nearer the mark, and brain-work all the time."—*Daily Paper*.]

Oh! ye who fear and tremble, ye
Who curse in fury when ye see,
Standing upon your threshold, me,
Unwelcome spectre,
Yes, at the moment when ye fly
My presence, I would fain draw nigh
And claim your pity, even I,
The tax-collector.

Ah! do not fancy, when I call
And linger long about the hall,
That I am one whose life is all
Honey and nectar.
Oh! pity him whom all do ban.
Both those that can't pay and that can,
As the great enemy of man,
The tax-collector.

Natural foes, for once at one,
Agree to hate me—father, son;
Creditor, debtor; dunned and dun;
Curate and rector:
Critic and author: High Church, Low;
Grub Street and Paternoster Row.
Find common ground in common foe,
The tax-collector.

Yet underneath my baleful form
Have I a heart would fain beat warm,
And if at times I rave and storm,
Bully and hector.
Have I not cause? When midnight's nigh,
Snug in your blankets you may lie,
And sweetly dream: but not so I,
The tax-collector.

Then must I toil, with eyes grown dim,
And swirling brain and aching limb,
To make my books all taut and trim
For the inspector.
Friend, as you turn in cosy cot,
Oh! spare a thought for my hard lot,
And thank your stars that you are not
The tax-collector.

WHERE THE CHURCH AND THE BAR ARE
UNITED.—St. Paul's Churchyard.

AS NOW WORN; OR, THE GENT'S ARBITER OF FASHION.—I.

DEAR BASIL,—As you are still ruralising in the Far West of England, you will doubtless like me to keep you informed of the latest sartorial news from Tooley Street and other head-quarters of masculine fashion.

In the first place, I see in this morning's paper that the new dress-coat, which is ready to be launched for the forthcoming winter, will have the lappel decorated with raised floral designs instead of the usual plain silk facings. This is not quite correct. I have private information from a very high authority that the really dressy *fracs* will have lappels of art-canvas picked out in zigzag tapestry pattern with lemon-yellow and pea-green eighteenth-century cross-stitch. The body of the coat, it is whispered, will show a welcome change in colour from the customary black to the charming tint known as *vieux vert de bouteille*, and should be quite shiny. Let me give you a hint, if you want to obtain the *dernier cri* in this style. You cannot do better than go to Messrs. Moyse & Co., the celebrated outfitters of Petticoat Lane, and get them to supply you with a well-matured *habit d'occasion*. Your nearest female relative should then hem on to the lappels two carefully-shaped gores, cut from one of her grandmother's samplers, if she is so fortunate to possess such a treasure. (If not, it may, no doubt, be picked up in Wardour Street.) Another useful wrinkle is to have one of the new combination "dickey"-and-waistcoats, brought out by an inventive peer of my acquaintance. They have no back, and hang on one button at the neck. On account of the sootiness of the London climate, they are made to turn. A great saving in your washing bill can thus be effected. Lord X.'s invention is really one of

the most ripping ideas I have heard of for a long time. With a few touches to the *pantalon*, the costume is equally suitable for a fancy-dress ball or one of those delightful *Cinq-Novembre* parties now being made up in town and country. Any how, thus arrayed, you will no longer be mistaken for a waiter. As to your neck-wear, see my next.

ZEDWHYTES.

READY FOR THE EXHIBITION OF 1900.

UNINTELLIGIBLE telegram restored from a tearing in pieces, and used by an official subsequently charged with double dealing.

Report of confidential proceedings compiled for the use of nobody in particular by an anonymous writer.

Rough draft of a manifesto relative to a plot that existed only in the imagination.

Small flag for plantation anywhere when no one was looking. Portable, and intended for the tropics.

A scheme for a Russian loan to strengthen the beautiful alliance.

A hundred ministerial resignations extending over a period of five years.

Collar of honour presented by the Army to the State.

Tail of the charger of BOULANGER.

Eagle of NAPOLEON THE THIRD in a glass case.

Buttons cut off the uniform of ex-Captain DREYFUS.

Knife of the guillotine, representing the only lasting government of France.

"WHO" WILFULLY "BREAKS" WINDOWS, "PAYS."—This is a clear illustration of the law of "panes and penalties."



THE ANTI-ANARCHIST BOMB-PROOF CLOCK-WORK SUBSTITUTE RULER.

(Patented in America.)

[“There is nothing surprising in the device adopted by the Chicago police of sending out a dummy President to bow to the populace and clear the air, as it were, by receiving any bombs or bullets that might be going.”—*The Globe*, October 20.]

THE DISPUTE.

(Arranged for the stage by a distinguished foreign dramatist.)

SCENE—The exterior of a residence. A hansom cab stops before the door, and a fare descends with some difficulty. He slowly gives the driver some silver.

The Driver. What is this? What do you call this?

The Fare. It is one shilling and sixpence. It is certainly one-and-six.

The Driver. You had better retain it for your quarter's washing. Yes, it would be better were you to retain it for your quarter's washing.

The Fare. No, I will not retain it for my quarter's washing. I will give it to you for your fare. I give it to you as your fare. I give it to you because it is your fare.

The Driver. It is not my fare. It is certainly not my fare.

A Bystander. Why do you not pay the man his money? It would be better were you to pay the man his money. Yes, it would be better.

The Driver. I suppose you call yourself a gentleman? I am sure you think yourself a gentleman.

The Fare. I would like to have your number. I certainly require your number.

The Driver. My number is on my badge. My badge is covered by a cloth. You will find my number on my badge. You will see my number on my badge.

The Fare. I do not see the number on your badge. I do not see your badge. I see the cloth but not your badge. I do not see it at all.

The Driver. You have not eyes. You certainly have not eyes. I cannot lend you eyes. I cannot give you eyes.

A Bystander. Why do you not pay the man his money? It would be better were you to pay the man his money. Yes, it would be better.

The Fare. You came to Warwick Square from the Stores of the

Army and the Navy. It is less than three miles. It is certainly less than three miles. I am quite sure it is less than three miles.

The Driver. It is more than three miles. It is very much more than three miles. You had better pay your quarter's washing. Why do you not pay your quarter's washing?

Crowd. It is certainly more than three miles.

A Bystander. Why do you not pay the man his money? It would be better were you to pay the man his money.

Crowd. Yes, it would be better. Why do you not pay the man his money?

The Driver. I cannot waste my time. I wasted time while he posted a letter. I wasted a great deal of time while he posted a letter. I wasted quite an hour. I cannot waste hours while he posts letters. I cannot waste time at all.

The Fare. I posted my letter before I hailed you. I posted it in the pillar-box before you drove up. I certainly posted it before you drove up.

Crowd. Why do you not pay the man his money?

The Driver. It is wrong to rob a poor man of his money. It is very wrong to rob a poor man. It is not like a gentleman. It is not at all like a gentleman.

Crowd. Yes, it is very wrong. We are sorry for the driver. We are very sorry for the driver. Why do you not pay the poor man his money?

The Fare. I have paid him his money. I certainly have paid him one-and-six. I am quite sure I have paid him his money.

A Bystander. I think a constable is coming. I am certain a constable is coming. I can see him coming. I see him coming close to us. I see him coming quite close to us.

Constable. You had better move on. All of you had better move on. Indeed, you had better move on.

The Driver (heard in the distance). Why did he not pay his quarter's washing? I think the one-and-six would have paid his quarter's washing. I am sure the one-and-six would have paid his quarter's washing. Why did he not pay his washing?

(Curtain.)



LITERATURE—THE OLD AND THE NEW.

Uncle Ben (who entertains a profound admiration for everything in connection with his niece). "ONE OF THE ENGLISH CLASSICS, I'LL BE BOUND. A CAPITAL PRACTICE, MY DEAR, FOR AN HOUR OR TWO IN THE MORNING. WHAT IS IT? SHAKSPEARE, MACAULAY, POPE?"
Niece (with some reluctance). "OH, WELL, IT'S 'HOW TO TREAT A HUSBAND ON THE HONEYMOON'!"

THE DOCTOR'S VISIT.

(From Our Extra Special Correspondent at Peking.)

By private wire. Copyright.

I HAVE had the unusual good fortune to obtain an exclusively private and confidential report of the recent medical inspection from a Deputy-Assistant Grand High Tea-kettle Holder in the Imperial Palace, who put his finger through a paper window, and then put his eye where his finger had been. It is in this manner that information is usually obtained here. The unfortunate gentleman has since been beheaded. However, before this unpleasant incident in the affair, I had heard from him that the conversation was as follows:

Doctor. *Bonjour, Madame. Ah, voilà le cher malade! Eh bien, comment allons-nous?*

Kwang Hsu. Me no speakee Flench, me speakee—

His Aunt. Shutee up! We no speakee Flench, we speakee Inglis.

Doctor. *Parbleu! Que faire? Eh bien, essayons! I spik somm vords of English, oh yass! 'Ow go ve?*

Kwang Hsu. Me no speakee Flench, me—

His Aunt. Shutee up! He all light. Topside galore.

Doctor. *Qu'est-ce qu'elle dit? 'E mak vairy beootifool vazzair to-day, oh yass! But ze dear ill, zat go vell?*

Kwang Hsu. Me no speakee Flench—

His Aunt. Shutee up! You foleign barbarian, you speakee velly bad Inglis.

Doctor. *Sapristi! Je comprends à peine. Ze English are a vairy bad, veekeed peuple, oh yass! Zey would vill to tak Fashoda, oh yass! But 'ow go ve?*

Kwang Hsu. Me no speakee—

His Aunt. Shutee up! You foleign devil, say he is all light, chop chop.

Doctor. *Ah ça, non! Mille fois non! 'E must not to eat ze*

shop of mouton. A leetel côtelette, pairraps. But absolument not of English plates. Zey are vairy onailzy, oh yass! You 'ave good appetit?

Kwang Hsu. Me no—

His Aunt. Shutee up! You topside, number one, foleign foolee, you hully up, and you go.

Doctor. *Ah, c'est ça? Il faut partir? Eh vell, zis dear ill. I go to say 'e is not souffrant, 'e is but a leetel faible, a leetel annimick, oh yass! You are a leetel faible?*

Kwang Hsu. Me—

His Aunt. Shutee up! All light. You go back to Palis, chop chop. Plenty, gleat, big, topside, number one lot of goodee Chinees doctors come here givve him plenty, muchee physic. I givve him plenty, muchee physic. Then he all light. Dontee wantee you. Chin chin.

Doctor. *Diable! Je n'en comprends pas un mot. Eh bien, ce n'est pas la peine! Zen I go to write a leetel ordonnance for ze dear ill. I shall 'er send more late. Pairmeet zat I 'ave ze honneur you to say goodevening.*

SKOLASTIKOS.—Master LOWER FOURTH writes to say that, "taking, as he is compelled to do, a great interest in the manners and customs of the ancients, he wishes to ascertain whether a work called *Bacchylides*, published by MACMILLAN, is all about ladies, or, as 'ARRY calls them, 'Lidies,' smoking cigarettes, and hence the title 'Baccy-Lidies?'" Perhaps his Headmaster will reply.

BEFORE THE RISE.—"Zounds, Sir!" said the irate millionaire. "How could I have seen the younger KEAN? Why, in his day, I was a boy in an office." "Quite so," returned his friend, in a conciliatory tone, "and while you were there they tell me the floor was swept most beautifully."



A DIPLOMATIC NECESSITY.

Phonograph (to the Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary). "LOOK HERE! THE NEXT TIME YOU TALK TO A FOREIGNER, YOU JUST CALL ME IN!"

[Lord SALISBURY and Baron DE COURCEL gave diametrically opposite accounts of their interview.]



Cockney Butler. "OW DO YOU LIKE THE CHAMPAGNE, DOUGAL?"
 Dougal. "NO VERRA MUCH, MAN. THERE'S NO DURATION ABOUT HER."

A WARNING WORD.

(From Mr. Punch's "Vagrant.")

DEAR PUNCH,—I am not one to bellow,
 Nor am I much on bloodshed bent;
 I'm not a tearing Jingo fellow,
 All fuss, and froth, and discontent.
 If, *duce* COOK, the KAISER travels,
 And cracks his jokes o'er ABDUL's wine,
 I waste no time in empty cavils—
 It's his look-out, it isn't mine.

Though some perhaps misunderstand 'em,
 These vaunted tours, I simply won't.
De gustibus non disputandum—
 He likes his ABDUL, others don't.
 And though from far Armenian mountains
 A whisper come of grief and fear,
 The KAISER keeps designing fountains
 Absorbed in work, and will not hear.

Or, "Pooh, Sir, pooh!" retorts the KAISER,
 "Armenia's poor and very far:
 A dose of killing makes men wiser:
Hoc dixi: WILHELM, I. et R."
 And, therefore, if to spend her leisure
 His wife walks out on ABDUL's arm,
 Why, let the EMPRESS take her pleasure;
 It's not for me to think it harm.

Not against these I preach my sermon;
 A different nation gives me pause:
 Who cares for Ottoman or German,
 For ABDUL's faults or WILHELM's flaws?
 Let others or denounce or flatter
 The KAISER's tour, the SULTAN's guile,
 We have another, sterner matter—
 The Frenchman posted on the Nile.



DESIGN FOR HANDLE OF UMBRELLA INTENDED TO REPLACE THAT LEFT BY MISTAKE BY AN IMPULSIVE IRISH GENTLEMAN AT 85, FLEET STREET.

Not his to reason? True! I like him,
 His skill to act, his pluck to dare.
 I'd sooner cheer him, far, than strike him—
 But why did others send him there?
 In truth, they did not mean to please us;
 They must have realised with joy
 That MARCHAND on the Nile must tease us,
 And sent him merely to annoy.

So be it then: we know what's what now,
 And what the Frenchmen would be at.
 Though Major MARCHAND's on the spot
 now,

He's got to pack and go—that's flat.
 We're tired of gracefully conceding,
 Tired, too, of jibe and jeer and flout;
 Our answer may show lack of breeding,
 But there it is—a plain "Get out."

If one should, thinking I am weak, Sir,
 Smite me on one cheek black and blue,
 I'm told to turn the other cheek, Sir,
 But not *both* cheeks and forehead too.
 Year in, year out, they've tried to spite us,
 We've borne it with a sorry grin;
 And now—well, if they want to fight us,
 Coats off, and let the fun begin!

University Memories.

Commercial Traveller (to Mr. COMMONS, landlord of the "Grapes and Grasshopper").
 So you know Oxford well?

Mr. Commons. Well, I ought to, Sir, seeing as 'ow me and the Markis of BURLINGSGATE was sent down from the 'ouse together.

[C. T. greatly impressed. Mr. C. was Lord B.'s scout at Christchurch.]

AUGUSTE AND LUDWIG.

NO POLITICS.

Ludwig. Ah, Mr. ROBINSON, how go it?

Robinson. Glad to see you. So you're in town again. One meets everybody in Piccadilly some time or other.

Lud. Ach so! It is the Londonish Linden, not so good as our Linden, but seemly good.

Rob. By Jove, here comes our French friend! Deuced awkward to know what to say to a Frenchman now, so as not to hurt his feelings. Mustn't mention Egypt, Fashoda, DREYFUS, BRISSON, CHANOINE, Paris, war, peace, the army, the navy, the law, forgery, ESTERHAZY, false imprisonment, PICQUART, West Africa, strikes, exhibitions, newspapers, or anything.

Lud. That is true. Also not the KAISER, the Catholic Church in Palästina, Russland, the message of the ZAR, Elsass-Lothringen, Konstantinopel, the Jews, the Turks—

Rob. The infidels or the heretics; Europe, Asia, Africa or America. Doesn't leave much, does it? Only the weather.

Lud. And perhaps the arts and the knowledge.

Rob. Here he is. Ah, mon cher ami, ça va bien?

Auguste. Tiens, ce cher ROBINSON! And you also, Mister. Enchanted! I come of to buy a journal—

Rob. Wonderfully warm weather, isn't it?

Aug. Ah, my dear, one should believe himself at Constantinople—

Lud. Ach so! Go we together the Piccadilly along, until towards the Hyde Park, how mean you?

Aug. Very volenteerly. I desire to march a little. I come of to buy a journal—

Rob. Nice mild weather for a gentle stroll.

Aug. Delicious. On the Boulevards at Paris—

Lud. To whom is this palace with the great court and the still greater garden?

Aug. Ah, you admire him? I come of to buy—

Rob. That's the Duke of DEVONSHIRE'S.

Aug. Ah truly? The other day he has pronounced a discourse—

Rob. What do you think of his iron gates?

Lud. Wunderschön! But the palace—

Aug. Tiens! The Empire—

Rob. Oh, the house is not beautiful.

Aug. With these walls so high one should say a barrack. These brave militaries—

Lud. Natürlich. But the kingly castle, the Buckingham Palace, is much greater and beautifuller.

Aug. However, the Court there is never. At proposal of courts, le Cour de Cassation—

Lud. Ach Himmel! To whom is this house, who also one court has?

Rob. That's a club, the Naval and Military.

Aug. Le Cercle Militaire? Ce Général CHANOINE est-il—

Lud. What for omnibuses are it in London!

Aug. Astonishing! I have bought a journal—

Rob. That's the Savile Club, for literary chaps.

Aug. Ah ça! The writers, the journalists. By blue, these journalists! I have bought—

Lud. I was never therein. But I was one time in the Arts Club. The members are sehr gemütlich, sehr gütig, very hearty, very goody.

Rob. Very good-natured, you mean.

Aug. Ah, the brave boys, the artists-painters, the sculptors, the architects! Your Emperor has drawn a fountain for Constantinople, him also desires to be sculptor and architect. Mais voyons donc! At the Empire—

Lud. The trees in the Londonish gardens are very fine, not true?

Aug. Admirable. It is the climate so humid. In Africa, by example in Egypt—

Rob. Great Scott! I thought that girl would be off her bicycle. Awfully near shave. Very dangerous, isn't it?

Aug. They have never fear, your English misses. Jamais un frisson! Ah, frisson et BRISSON! What think you—

Rob. Have you been in one of those electric cabs?

Aug. One time. I feared some misfortune, imprisoned—

Rob. Oh, it's as safe as the Bank.

Aug. Ah, my dear, I go to ask you something. I have received at the Crédit Lyonnais a paper, un bordereau—

Lud. Du lieber Himmel! This house, the last, is it also one club?

Rob. No. It's the Duke of WELLINGTON'S.

Aug. Tiens! We other French—

Lud. What for one beautiful picture-column? Ach! You say statue. She see like one German artwork out. Who is that?



INSULT ADDED TO INJURY.

Obtuse Conductor (to Correct Person, suffering from proximity of festive Old Lady). "Two, SIR!"

Rob. That's the Duke—the— Excuse me. I must be off. Got to catch a train at Water—, at Vauxhall.

Lud. I also. Good day, dear Mister Colleague.

Aug. Au revoir. To soon. I go to say you that I had bought a journal for to see if there is a new ballet at the Empire.

TO MY CIGARETTE.

'Tis a dainty fascinating
Little pet,
Quite deserving this ornating
Epithet;
Always welcome when you're waiting,
It is seldom satiating,
And it never, hardly ever,
Brings regret.

'Tis a joy and consolation
When you fret,
Carking care and irritation
You forget.
'Tis with calm deliberation
I express my approbation,
Praise bestowing on my glowing
Cigarette.

An Inquiry.

October 26.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see this morning in the *Daily Chronicle*, to which I owe much of my culture, that the crowds in Paris have been shouting "*Consquez Brisson*" in one street, and "*Conspufz les juifs*" in another. Always anxious to live and learn, I write to ask you which of these two spellings you recommend for general use in political life. I am, &c.,

BIS EDIT QUI CITIUS EDIT.

Overheard at the Zoo. A Fact.

Small Child (pointing to the hippopotamus). Oh, mother, look at that big frog going to have a bath!

Better-informed Parent. That isn't a frog, yer silly. It's a crocodile!

BOOMWELL'S MENAGERIE.

ADMISSION
ONE SHILLING

THE WAGGLER

VERY RARE
SPECIMEN

JUST ARRIVED

THE ONE
TRY IT IN YOUR
BATH.

PHIL MANN
98

ALLEN CUTTON
SALE AUCTION

THE T
EVEN

THE RESULT OF CARELESS BILL-POSTING.

"THE HURT THAT HONOUR FEELS."

[“When a friendly nation by a secret manœuvre usurps the rights claimed and won before the eyes of the civilised world by another nation, it is little less than criminal for the press of the country so injured to say a single word calculated to embitter the relations of amity existing between the two Governments, or to hurt the sensitive honour of the nation who has committed the unfriendly act.”
Daily Paper.]

THAT man is surely in the wrong
And lets his angry passions blind him
Who, when a person comes along
Behind him,

And hits him hard upon the cheek
(One whom he took to be his brother),
Declines to turn and let him tweak
The other.

It should be his immediate care
By delicate and tactful dealings

To ease the striker's pain and spare
His feelings;

Nor should he, for his private ends,
Make any personal allusion
Tending to aggravate his friend's
Confusion.

For there are people built this way:—
They may have scratched your face or
bent it,
Yet, if you reason with them, they
Resent it!

Their honour, quickly rendered sore,
Demands that you should suffer mutely,
Lest they should feel it even more
Acutely.

I knew a man of perfect tact,
He caught a burglar once, that man did,
He took him in the very act
Red-handed:

What kind of language then occurred?
How did he comment on the jemmy?
Did he employ some brutal word
Like “demme”?

Or kick the stranger then and there,
Or challenge him to formal battle?
Or spring upon the midnight air
His rattle?

Certainly not! He knew too much;
He knew that as a bud is blighted
Your burglar's honour, at a touch,
Feels slighted.

He saw, as men of taste would see,
That others' pride should be respected;
Some people cannot bear to be
Detected.

Therefore his rising wrath he curbed,
Gave him a smile as warm as may be,
Thanked him because he'd not disturbed
The baby;

Apologised for fear his guest
Might deem him casual or surly
For having rudely gone to bed
So early;

The night was still not very old
And, short as was the invitation,
Would he not stay and share a cold
Collation?

So was his tact not found at fault,
So was he spared by tasteful flattery
What might have ended in assault
Or battery.

Soft language is the best—how true!
This doctrine, which I here rehearse, I
Apply to nations: it is u-
-niversal!

Yet some will traverse my remark
And say the rule was really written
To suit the book of such as bark
At Britain!

She, only, must not take offence
When, from behind, they jump upon her;
She must not hurt their lively sense
Of honour.

For plain opinions, put in speech,
Might lead to blows, which might be
bloody,
A lesson which the Press should teach
And study!

THINGS NEVER SEEN IN FRANCE.

MEN sprawling on chairs while ladies
stand waiting for a seat.

Cads, arm-in-arm, hustling women and
children off the pavements.

Legislators punching one another's heads
on the floor of the House.

Ministers inviting their colleagues to the
duello, and comporting themselves after
the fashion of “BRAVO HICKS!”

A Parliament exulting in its own ex-
cesses when the nation is on the brink of
war.

A People letting off fireworks and or-
ganising an illumination with the enemy
at the outer gate.

Caricatures of English ladies with long
noses and hideous teeth.

Articles in newspapers full of offence to
foreigners.

And last, and not least, pictorial insults
of Britannia and her sons, a thousand times
worse than the portrait of a monkey wear-
ing the French uniform.



WELCOME!

BRITANNIA. "SIRDAR! I THANK YOU! I AM PROUD OF YOU!"

"It was not merely a great victory for Egypt and Great Britain, but it was a great victory for civilisation."

(Lord Rosebery at Perth, October 24. "Times" report.)



BETTER NOT.

Mr. Trimble (leading his horse down). "AIN'T YOU VERY MUCH AFRAID OF YOUR PONY FALLING WITH YOU, LAMBERTSON, AMONGST ALL THESE RABBIT-HOLES AND THINGS?"
 Lambertson. "FALL, SIR! LOR' BLESS Y'! WHAT HE DAREN'T. I SHOULD SMOTHER HIM!"

A NEW PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY.

["The professions are overcrowded. From schoolmasters, barristers, doctors and men of letters comes the same complaint."—*Daily Paper*.]

IN view of this unfortunate overcrowding which is prevalent in the liberal professions, our readers will be glad to hear that a Society for the Rescue of Unsuccessful Professional Men is in process of formation under the highest patronage. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Authors views the project with a benevolent eye, and several members of Parliament are in favour of the scheme. We have been favoured with an advance copy of the President's inaugural address, which runs as follows:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—

The objects of the society whose inauguration you witness this evening—the Society for the Rescue of Unsuccessful Professional Men—are sufficiently indicated by its title. The S.R.U.P.M. aims at the relief of a deserving and necessitous class, whose need of charitable assistance is too glaring to require demonstration. There are, according to the report of our Committee of Inquiry, at least five hundred medical men in the West End of London who are unable to earn their bread. We have already on the books of the Society the names of six hundred schoolmasters, three hundred barristers, five hundred painters, one thousand writers of fiction, and eighty minor poets, in the last stages of indigence. We hope, with the aid of the funds at our disposal, to rescue at least

a thousand of such persons every year from destitution, and put them in the way of earning an honest living. Half of this number, after having been taught a trade, we shall ship to one of HER MAJESTY'S colonies, where they will be able to make a fresh start in their new callings, unhampered by disastrous memories of their former professions. The other half will be distributed among our great cities or among the country districts as labourers, artisans, and the like, where it is believed that a career of humble usefulness can be secured for them. (*Hear, hear.*)

Now, ladies and gentlemen, you will like to know what occupations we have found most suitable to these unfortunate victims of competition in the learned professions. This is a question to which we have given much earnest thought, and the conclusions your committee have arrived at are as follows: Every man's new calling should as far as possible be such that he will be able to make some use of the knowledge which he was compelled to acquire in order to qualify for his former profession. This will diminish the amount of special training required in each case, and so lighten the labours of the society. Thus the unsuccessful medical man, having some knowledge of anatomy, will become a butcher; or if he has made sanitation his special study, we shall suggest his setting up as a plumber. The necessitous barrister will be given an opportunity of qualifying as a commercial traveller, a calling for which his previous intellectual training will especially fit him; or, if he has a good

address and an insinuating manner, he would probably be fitted for any branch of retail trade. The schoolmaster who cannot obtain a post as a teacher of youth will be advised to embark in the congenial occupation of carpet-beating, an occupation in which his previous experience should be of great assistance to him. The artist will of course become a house-painter, and we are assured by a competent authority that, with a year's training, even an Academician will be able to paint railings in an adequate manner. We are informed that there is an immense opening for good house-painters in South Africa, and we hope to send out a large consignment of bad artists to Cape Town in the course of the next twelve months.

The real problem which we have had to face is concerned with the disposal of the large number of literary failures. No useful occupation has yet been found for the multitude of minor poets who are likely in the near future to apply to us for assistance. To judge by their published works these gentlemen are usually persons of bad character, and it would therefore be impossible to recommend them for any positions of trust. It is suggested, however, that they might be employed in running errands, and that the more muscular of them might break stones, or otherwise make a living by road-mending. The unsuccessful writers of fiction present an even greater difficulty, since they are far more numerous, while it is equally hard to discover any kind of useful employment for which they are fitted. It has been decided that lady novelists who are in necessitous circumstances should be taught needle-work and scrubbing, while the more intelligent among them might be urged to become domestic servants, a class for whom there is an unlimited demand in America. Those who show any aptitude for cooking might very soon be in a position to support themselves and their families. Unsuccessful men of letters, on the other hand, would probably express a foolish distaste for domestic service or for sweeping a crossing, and for them some simple form of handicraft would have to be discovered if they were not to be a burden upon the funds of the society. On the whole, they seem best fitted for agricultural pursuits, and the society would probably see its way to having them taught ploughing and the management of a farm before paying their passage to one of the Crown colonies.

Some discussion followed, and a vote of thanks to the President for his interesting address closed the proceedings.

In the Coverts of Old England.

First Pheasant (to stranger). Hallo! Where do you come from?

Second Pheasant. China! Can't you see the ring round my neck?

Third Pheasant. And I am a pure-bred Hungarian.

First Pheasant (indignantly). We'll be importing foreign beaters next! They ought to pass an Alien Bird Immigration Act!

[Returns to its raisins.]

A GENEROUS MAMMA.—IN the case of Mr. WILLIAM BEATTIE at the Bankruptcy Court, the principal unsecured creditor was his mother, for £29,900. Her maternal heart could not claim another "century," and make the sum £30,000; but as the debtor said he did not expect the matter to be pressed, the lady may fairly be described as Beattie Beata non possidens.



THE HYPNOTIC STEWARD.

(Specially engaged for the Cross-Channel Service.)

["Dr. PAUL FAREZ asserts that he has found in hypnotism an absolutely infallible remedy for sea-sickness and similar discomforts."—*Daily Paper*.]

THE 'BUS DRIVER'S VADE MECUM.

Question. What is the first duty of the coachman of an omnibus?

Answer. To keep to time, and to nurse rivals out of existence.

Q. What is the usual pace of an omnibus?

A. When free from competition, a cross between a hearse and a piano-organ.

Q. And when the pace is unusual?

A. Then the horses, properly managed, should give an easy beating to a full-speed fire-engine.

Q. Is this speed not dangerous to the public?

A. Certainly, but the danger is compensated for by the prospect of ruin to the rival company.

Q. Is it not requisite that a driver should know London thoroughly?

A. Yes, and he is always equal to any emergency.

Q. What would be the route, then, from Knightsbridge Barracks to the Court Theatre?

A. By the Brompton Road, past the Oratory, through Thurloe and Onslow Squares, down Bond Street, skirting Belgrave Square, and thence *viâ* Cadogan Place into Sloane Square.

Q. But would it not be more direct to proceed from Knightsbridge to the Court Theatre by Sloane Street?

A. Undoubtedly.

Q. Then why should an omnibus take so circuitous a route to reach its destination?

A. Because it is the only possible route.

Q. Why?

A. Because the roads are up.

Q. Finally, do you consider the life of an omnibus-driver a happy one?

A. A very happy one—when he's off duty!

RENUNCIATIONS.

DUSKY-FACED, sparkling-eyed, pretty

Maid in that island afar,

Warbling your glad Cuban ditty,

Rolling the shapely cigar

(Comfort unceasing, unfailing,

Magical spell to excite,

Still with its perfumes exhaling

Reveries sunny and bright);

Ah! but grim Science soon dashes

Joys, though the keenest and best,

Turns our best pleasures to ashes,

Robs our delights of their zest,

Who, though your products delicious

Bliss of Elysium waft,

Slanders you, stern and officious,—
You and your delicate craft.

Tells the cigar how you finish,
Moistening it first at your lips,
As its proportions diminish
Touched by your soft finger-tips;
Till dire despondencies fill us,
As we behold with dismay
How the infecting bacillus
Thus to our lips you convey.

Long since from perilous kisses
Hygiene-warned we refrain,
Surely when shorn of their blisses
None would partake of their pain;
Till, then, with skill reassuring,
Science their shafts shall withstand,
Let us, Havanas abjuring,
Stick to the Whitechapel brand.

A Golden Suggestion.

A LETTER from Klondike says that the ever-growing settlement is greatly in want of "efficient military protection." Why not enlist a regiment on the spot, and call it the Goldstream Guards?

THE best way of getting your umbrella re-covered is to send to Scotland Yard.

CAVIARE TO "THE GENERAL."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—It seems that London is not the only place where a revived interest is being shown in *Macbeth*.

I hear from Cambridge that candidates for the General Examination for the ordinary degree are being examined in the play, and the subjoined paper seems to show that the examination is being conducted in no narrow or unduly academic spirit, but is designed to be a real test of intelligent study and criticism.

You will gladly note this fresh proof of widening culture in our ancient Universities.

MACBETH.

1. Compare *Macbeth* and Mr. McKINLEY, in respect of their character and foreign policy. What other names do you know which begin with "Mac"?

2. "What beast was it then

That made you break this enterprise to me?"

Lady Macbeth (Act I, Sc. 7).

Answer this question, and give a list of the animals which *Macbeth* says he would rather meet than the ghost of *Banquo*.

Is it your opinion that the recent Zoological Congress (at Cambridge) was fruitful in results?

3. "Act I, Scene 1.—An open Place. Thunder and lightning. Enter Three Witches."

Give the odds laid on *Macbeth* and *Banquo* respectively by the Three Witches. Does the term "Place," used here, bear the technical meaning put upon it in the case of *HAWKE v. DUNN*? If so, estimate the Witches' liability—in pounds Scotch.

4. "The obscure bird

Clamour'd the live-long night." (Act II, Sc. 3.)

Under what circumstances does the keeping of noisy fowls, to the annoyance of neighbours, constitute a "nuisance" at law?

If you approve the emendation of the text which substitutes "bard" for "bird," say so, and cite not more than one hundred names in this class.

N.B.—No marks will be given for mentioning the Poet Laureate, unless you can quote the title of one of his works.

5. Describe, in terms of French cookery, the contents of the Witches' cauldron, and explain the difference (if any) between Hell-broth and Haggis.

6. *Young Sward*. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant!

Macduff. Turn, hell-hound, turn! (Act V., Sc. 7.)

Do you consider this a proper way for one gentleman to address another?

7. Do you consider that *Macbeth* had a "Political Mission," or is he to be regarded merely as an "Emissary of Civilisation"?

8. Give the substance of *Macduff's* remarks on the subject of his family bereavement, and explain clearly his relationship to the present Duke of FIFE.

9. "He's here in double trust . . ." "We will proceed no further in this matter, He hath honour'd me of late," &c., &c. (Act I., Sc. 7.)

Would these objections, urged by *Macbeth*, have entitled him to a certificate of exemption as a "conscientious objector" (in the view of a Metropolitan Police Magistrate), if vaccination and not murder had been the practice objected to?

That is all the paper; and I am, yours obediently,

B. A. CANTAB. (POLL.).

AS NOW WORN; OR, THE GENT'S ARBITER OF FASHION.—2.

In my last, I promised to touch on your tie. Well,—now, as to your neck-wear. I need not tell you that you had better murder six maiden aunts, or habitually cheat at "bac," or, in fact, commit the most heinous crime in the calendar, than be caught wearing a made-up white tie. Fashion has, for some doubtlessly cogent reason, decreed that this is the lowest depth of degradation to which the aspirant can sink—a more fearful *bêtise* even than wearing a top-hat with a sacque coat. You, of course, tie your own *cravates*, but there is a right and a wrong way to do this. You should practise for hours before a looking-glass with a boot-lace round your neck. Time is no object when the matter is of such vital importance. Take one end of the lace, which must be exactly thirty-two inches long, in your right hand, and pass it round the back of your collar, holding the other end in your remaining hand, that is, your left hand; you then pull the first end down, so that it lies somewhat under the other end, in order that by a dexterous movement of the right thumb and forefinger it may loop up at a distance of ten and a half inches from the first end, which is now caught crosswise over the left middle finger; then slip the back part of the bend up towards the chin, and pull the two loops through in reverse directions, and there you are. I hope this is sufficiently clear to you. It really requires a lot of study.

I notice that one of our most important young dandies is



Miss Townley. "I THINK THE COUNTRY IS JUST SWEET. I LOVE TO SEE THE PEASANT RETURNING TO HIS HUMBLE COT, HIS STURDY FIGURE OUTLINED AGAINST THE SETTING SUN, HIS FAITHFUL COLLIE AT HIS SIDE, AND HIS PLOUGH UPON HIS SHOULDER!"

wearing his back-hair cut in a V-shape and terminating in a point over his lofty collar. This is very fetching and attractive, especially when he turns his back to you in the middle of an interview. I am almost inclined to prophesy that the next mode will be to grow the hair upwards and forwards over the forehead in the manner of a cockatoo. The bowler hat will then be worn on the back of the head, imparting a somewhat defiant and nonchalant air, indicative of distant cousinship with the Services, now so much to the fore.

There is a rumour that tooth-picks are coming in again. They are now being made of celluloid, with the owner's crest and motto, or failing these, his employer's trade-mark, stamped thereon. A leading City clerk, noted for his exquisite refinement, yesterday confessed to me that he used as many as four a day, one after each meal, and sometimes an extra one in the street. This sounds extravagant, if you use a new toothpick each time. Second-hand ones, however, are not very good taste.

Have you heard of the language of waistcoat-buttons, and character-reading by the shirt-cuff? It is quite the latest rage. For instance, a white calico button on a tweed suit means "Can you lend me a fiver?" and a missing one is equivalent to "Will you be my wife?" A neutral-tinted shirt-cuff indicates a literary turn of mind. A paper ditto signifies an income of £90 a year, and so on.

The American accent is now largely worn in London, especially on the stage. Some of our most enterprising *jeunes premiers* are taking lessons in the correct intonation of "Right here," and similar phrases, in order to get engagements.

I am afraid I have somewhat over-run my limits, so will conclude for the time being, Your well-wisher, ZEDWHYEKS.

Sporting Prophet (playing billiards). Marker, here's the tip off this cue, as usual.

Marker. Yes, Sir. Better give us one of your "tips," Sir, as they never come off.



FORE

and

AFT!

DARBY JONES ON "SPILT MILK."

It may readily be allowed, honoured Sir, that on Wednesday last the Fist of Fortune was very busily pounding the Unfortunate Backers, who imagined that the Winner of the Cambridgeshire was as easy to pick as a Ripe Pippin off the Tree. As a matter of fact, there is no Contest of the whole year so difficult to sift, and those who were content to take 7 to 2 about *Craftsman*, in a field of Twenty-six Runners, must certainly have been struck silly by the God of Wagering, who is, I opine, Mercury, also the Patron of the Knights of the Light Fingers. The start, too, was not up to Mr. COVENTRY's usual form; and it is a Curious Commentary on the Utterance of a Great Man, that directly after J. TOD SLOAN, Esq. (U.S.A.), had publicly announced that he much preferred Mr. COVENTRY's method to any Starting-Machine in the World, he should have been left at the Post, to reflect, perhaps, while urging on *Nunsuch*, that to err is Human, as well as Equine, Nature.

The Noble Army of Backers were routed as completely at Newmarket as were the Dervishes at Omdurman. The Slaughter has indeed been Terrible, and the defeat of *Caiman* in the Dewhurst Plate probably added some fresh bits of "stiff" to the Kites, which I am told, on the authority of Captain KRITERION, are flying about Burlington Gardens and vicinity like leaves in Epping Forest. But, as a rule, the Kite-flyer is also a Philosopher. He does not go wailing about the Town like a Lady who has had her pocket picked of a 'Bus-fare. On the other hand, the Gentleman of Lavish Lucre, whose Money-bags have been sweated to the Advantage of the Metalicians, yells like a sick Thomas cat which has upset a Ewer of Lacteal Fluid. Sometimes he uses Language with regard to Everybody connected with the Race, from the Handicapper down to the Stable-Boy, of a Nature utterly unfit for Publication. And again, he will whimper and whine like a stricken Lap-dog because he did not "spot" the chance of *Georgic*. In short, honoured Sir, he is a fretful Porcupine to all his friends and acquaintances. *This Manner of Man* ought not to be

allowed to bet except in Marbles or Chocolate Creams. He seems to think that somebody maliciously joggled his elbow, and spilt the Milk which he was carrying to his lips. I trust I shall not be accused of aiding and abetting Immorality, if I say I hold in far greater esteem the Napoleonic Plunger who boldly avers that he intends to "take the knock," than I do this Perisological Pinwidgeon (epithet registered). I confess that the Honourable FLIFLATT is in my mental optic.

I hear rumours of vast numbers of Spundulicks having been collected by Mr. H. C. WHITE, Mr. F. DAY and Antipodean Company (Limited), but in my humble Sphere I only know of two Individuals who trusted the Australian Nag, the one a Fiduciary Undertaker, who, having in '87 landed a 40-to-1 chance by reason of the victory of *Gloriation*, has always had two Yellow-boys on a 40-to-1 chance in every Cambridgeshire; the other a Schoolboy, who is now studying the Antique Italian Poets, and while intrusting Yours Truly with a Florin for investment, informed me that the writing out of a Georgic was a common form of Preceptorial Punishment at his Seminary. This time he wrote out his Georgic to greater satisfaction. Had I had his Educational Advantages, doubtless I might have taken the Tip of Ingenuous Youth; but, as it is, I fear that if between now and the Liverpool meeting, you would wish me to enjoy more Nutritious Fare than is afforded by Adam's Ale and the Staff of Life, you will honour the inclosed small but important Acknowledgment of Indebtedness to your Revered Self from

Your ever Subservient Satellite,

DARBY JONES.

P.S.—I should be grateful if you would not cross any Financial Document bearing your Signature, as I regret to say that my puny Banking Account is at the present moment like a depleted Beer-barrel—overdrawn.

[It is perhaps unnecessary to inform DARBY JONES that our collection of his autographs is already so large that we must decline to give our own in exchange for a fresh specimen of his signature. A diet of bread and water will be beneficial to his health and our pocket.—Ed.]

MR. WILLIAM REDMOND'S SPEECH.

ADDRESSING a public meeting, Mr. WILLIAM REDMOND, M.P., is reported to have said that, "If England and France go to war, his sympathy would be with France," and he then called for cheers for Major MARCHAND.

The effect of this speech was far-reaching—almost deadly in its stunning force. Its importance can hardly be over-estimated. Both England and France, for very different reasons, have been thrown into convulsions. The French naturally see the immense advantage which the sympathy of Mr. REDMOND gives them, and are correspondingly elated. To us, on this side of the Channel, it is of course a crushing blow. In fact, resistance seems useless. In this emergency, is it too much to expect that the Cabinet should be called together to devise some means for propitiating Mr. REDMOND, say, by prayer, or perhaps better still, by the offer of a lucrative appointment, and inducing him to withdraw the priceless blessing which he has offered, all unasked, to the foes of the QUEEN he swore fealty to? In the terrible event of the hon. member remaining unmoved alike by prayer, entreaty, or reward, it were better far that England should unconditionally surrender, than that she should fight a hopeless battle against France and the Irish patriot combined. Tadjers's might well have been proud of such a man, and who shall say but that the Three Tailors of Tooley Street would have gladly taken "power to add to their number," as the company prospectuses have it, had they enjoyed the inestimable advantage of a personal acquaintance with Mr. WILLIAM REDMOND?

Horticultural Malady.

Mr. Nibbs (to Young Pippis). How's your father to-day?

Young Pippis (whose sire has been laid up with fever). Quite cool, Sir; in a cucumber-frame sort of mind.



NOVEMBER.—GUY FOX'S

"Alarming news! Greatly-inen"



"THE VALET OF THE NILE."

MUCH TALKED ABOUT, BUT VERY SELDOM SEEN!

THE MANŒUVRES OF JONES AT THE HAYMARKET.

What happened to Jones, as many theatre-goers are aware, may be ascertained from information to be received at the Strand Theatre; but what really happened to our "only JONES" (HENRY ARTHUR "of that ilk") to inspire him to write a piece for the Haymarket, entitled, *The Manœuvres of Jane*, will remain a mystery to those who, having probably something else with which to occupy their attention, do not care to pursue the inquiry. HENRY AUTHOR wrote "*The Strange Case of the Reverend Michael and his lost Angel of Islington*" (the exact title escapes our memory, but this is near enough to be pleasant), which eccentric dramatic work "strutted its short hour on the stage and then was heard no more," its brief candle sputtering out, unpuffed. And probably the Henry Author-of-its-being, seeing something in that creation of his fertile brain worthy of preservation, thought it would be as well to put a little of the old wine, home-made, into another bottle, with a new label, for consumption at the Haymarket. And so it comes about, that, as the designing lady in the Lyceum piece was locked up in a room "for one night only" with the namby-pamby Michael, so in this Haymarket play the principal heroine, *Jane Nangle*, is out all night with her lover, *George Langton*, and the other heroine, *Constantia Gaze*, contrives to be placed in a similar predicament with *Lord Bapchild*, on whom she has matrimonial designs; and everything having been explained to the satisfaction of the other *dramatis personæ* who have not been out all night with anybody, the piece concludes, as it had proceeded, without causing any demonstration of that interest with which the story of *The Liars* was closely followed by an attentive audience, whose enthusiasm increased with the development of the really ingenious plot. When the curtain descended on *The Liars*, its author was acclaimed as a SHERIDAN Minor, or, say, *Minimus*.

The piece at the Haymarket is, as *Touchstone* said of the knight's oath, nought, but the acting is everything; and, merely to see what good acting can do for a poor piece, the Haymarket entertainment is well worth a visit. There is scarcely an indifferent rendering of any character throughout; but not all the fascinating art of a WINIFRED EMERY can win the sympathy of an audience for such a wilful, childish, petulant, and far from high-principled "piece of goods," as is *Jane Nangle*. Do what Miss EMERY can with her, the part is unsympathetic and irritating.

As for *Constantia Gaze* (no connection, of course, with the tourist agency), capitably played by Miss GERTRUDE KINGSTON, she is a mild adventuress, and again quite unsympathetic.

Mr. CYRIL MAUDE is simply admirable as a sort of *Verdant Green* young nobleman, a figure *pour rire*, a character so farcical that it might easily have been developed into an entirely new species of the genus *Dundreary*, had such a genuine happy thought as this opportunely occurred to the author. Be it remembered, however, that *Dundreary* grew out of *The American Cousin*, which subsequently had an existence entirely apart from that of *Lord Dundreary*. "*The Manœuvres of Lord Bapchild*" (a name as foolish as *Dundreary*) would have had a far better chance than those of *Jane*. The scene in the third act between Mr. CYRIL MAUDE and Miss KINGSTON goes with a roar of merriment from beginning to end, the curtain being raised three times for actor and actress to receive the plaudits of a delighted audience. This episode will be invaluable hereafter as a most attractive duologue at "benefit" performances. Here, given the two characters, the situation, and the stage entirely to themselves, Mr. CYRIL MAUDE and Miss KINGSTON could easily have invented their own dialogue at rehearsal, and then the scene might perhaps have been even better than it is; but, as it is, it is undeniably the success of the evening's entertainment.

Miss ROSE LECLEBOC, with all her cleverness, can do very little with the dull rôle assigned to her; and *Pamela Beechinor* (what names H. A. J. selects!), a most objectionable girl, whose obtrusive existence does not seem to be essential to the plot, is remarkably well played by Miss BEATRICE FERRAR. Her being "taken and shaken" by *Jane* is the strongest action in Miss EMERY's part. Admirably does she do it, and marvellously does Miss FERRAR whimper and bear it.

Mr. FREDERICK HARRISON, as a sort of gentlemanly chorus called *Jervis Punshon* (here's another name!), is as good as he can be with absolutely nothing whatever to do; and so is Mr. HALLARD as *George Langton*, the lover. As *Nangle*, which is, we believe, a peculiarly Irish name, and was somehow mixed up with the TICHBORNE case, Mr. ELLIOT has the best "character part" in the piece, simply because there is nothing novel in it, his characteristics being merely a slight variant of the peppery old fathers in ancient farces, who went about either cursing some one or blessing everybody, and who, in the end, on being patted on the cheek by the pretty daughter, invariably yielded, gave consent, and said, "Take her, you dog,—be happy." Such is the Jonesian originality!

Besides these, there are thirteen other characters, all conscientiously doing their little bits, and the whole lot of them just worth nothing at all dramatically. It has not yet been given to JONES to originate another *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie*, though he does rush in where only a very, very few, and those mainly French dramatists, can tread with safety. All that stage craft can do for the piece has been done in acting, scenery, and costumes, and if the character, as we have suggested, could be *Dundrearyized*, Mr. CYRIL MAUDE might look forward to a run equal to that enjoyed by the representative of the once famous nobleman.

HALL V. HOOLEY.—A *propos* of a statement made by Mr. TERAH BOOM-DE-AY HOOLEY, Sir CHARLES HALL, Recorder of London, and HALL of Justice, wrote to the *Times* to deny that he is, was, or ever has been, what Mr. HOOLEY had asserted him to be, or to have been. HALL right. Good. Proudly conscious of his unique personality, Sir CHARLES HALL wrote, "as I am the only person of that name," therefore, &c., &c. Of course. "Charles, our friend," the only person of that name, and no other genuine! Colourable imitations there may be; likewise persons asserting that they are "HALL the same concern," which is a most "untradesmanlike falsehood"; but CHARLEY is our darling, our gay cavalier, our only HALL, and not to be Haul'd over the coals, and to be blackened in the process by a Hooley-gan! *Jamais de la vie!* Why French? Don't know; but 'tis emphatic. "How dost thou, Charles?" to quote SHAKSPEARE's *As You Like it*. Then comes the answer, "He cannot speak, my lord!" Oh, WILLY SHAKSPEARE! you are in error there! Can't he "speak"! Rather! and he can tell the HOOLEY that he is HOOLEY and entirely wrong.

NOTE BY THE BARON DE B.-W.—From the same publishing firm of KEGAN, PAUL & Co. (with a lot of "Co." limited), are issued *The Silence of Dean Maitland* and a volume of *Sermons*. We, personally, should prefer the "Silence." Also is advertised *A New Light on Hebrew History*, by Professor CORNILL. Was this work originally written for the *Cornill Magazine*? Of course it will be very witty, full of *bon Mo'* and *Jews d'esprit*.

THE OBVIOUS REPLY WHEN ADDRESSED BY SIR HERBERT KITCHENER.—"Sir-dar-you!"



AN EXPENSIVE VISITOR.

Sultan. "HUM! INTELLIGENT YOUNG MAN! BUT I THINK, AFTER THIS, I MUST REALLY CONFINE MYSELF TO 'PAYING GUESTS.'"

THE SULTAN AND THE TRAVELLER.

AN EASTERN TALE.

THE SULTAN and the Traveller

So cordially met,
But wept like anything to see
Such quantities of debt.
"The means to clear this off," they said,
"It would be nice to get."

"If seven banks with seven loans
Tried it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the SULTAN said,
"That they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Traveller,
And shed a bitter tear.

"O Moslems, come and look at us!"
The SULTAN blandly bade.
"A Giaour guest, come from the West,
To push Teutonic trade;
For that new palace, built for him,
You very kindly paid."

The SULTAN and the Traveller
The capital had seen,
With streets so nicely paved, and washed
Conveniently clean;
And all the placid Moslems stood,
Like fatalists, serene.

"The time has come," the SULTAN said,
"To talk of many things;
Of shoes that pinch, of costly stones,
Of Cretan chiefs, and kings,
And railways made in Germany,
And whether pounds have wings."

"But wait a bit," the Moslems cried,
"Before we have our chat;
For all of us are out of cash,
Squeezed, like a lemon, flat."
"No hurry," said the Traveller.
They thanked him much for that.

"A loan of gold," the SULTAN said,
"Is what we chiefly need,
Rubies and diamonds besides
Are very good indeed;
Now if you're ready, Moslems dear,
We're waiting to be fee'd."

"But not by us," the Moslems cried,
Turning a little blue,
"We've been compelled to wash our homes,
A painful thing to do!"
"They look so fine," the SULTAN said,
"And much improve the view."

"It was so kind of you to come,
And leave domestic ease."
The Traveller said nothing but,
"One more concession, please;
We want a larger profit than
We get from German Threes."

"You don't object," the SULTAN asked,
"To join in such a trick?
We've flattered you for all we're worth,
And said you *are* a brick."
The Traveller said nothing but,
"The butter's spread too thick."

"I weep for you," the SULTAN said,
"I deeply sympathise;
An ornament in diamonds—
Those of the largest size—
A sabre, jewels, furniture,
My modest gifts comprise."

"O Moslems," said the Traveller,
"You've all been nicely done!
So I'll be trotting off again."
But answer came there none;
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd hooleyed every one.



Fozzie (reading announcement in public-house window). "I WONDER IF THEY'D TAKE ME AS A MEMBER!"

TARDY JUSTICE.—"Sir," writes "SLOE JUICESTICE," "I read in the *Times* of Thursday, November 3, this line: 'Mr. Justice Phillimore rose at one o'clock yesterday.' Well, why not? What is it to anybody if Mr. Justice PHILLIMORE did take a longer turn than usual in a nice warm, cosy bed? Why should his Lordship have come out in such horrid weather, unless, of course, he were keeping his Court and Courtiers waiting? But of this there is no mention. Mr. Justice PHILLIMORE might have been late overnight; might have sat up studying, or not studying, legal problems. I do hope," writes our correspondent, most emphatically, "that, in future, Mr. Justice PHILLIMORE will be allowed to rise any day at his own time without public attention being drawn to the fact."

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.
Born November 9, 1841.

Good greeting, Sir, to you,
East, West, and North, and South!
That all our hearts speak true
Is no mere word of mouth.
No flattery of powers that be
Your judgment could convince.
From shore to shore, from sea to sea,
One shout goes up of loyalty,
The shout of Empire vast and free,
"God save and bless the Prince!"

OLD SAW NEW SET FOR A BRIGHT RACER.
"Slo-an sure wins the race."
ASTHMATIC ATTACK IN WINTER.—"Pigeon times."



"IT IS SOMETIMES DANGEROUS TO INQUIRE."

Old Poet.

Inquisitive Tourist. "AND HOW DO YOU FIND THE CROPS THIS YEAR, MURPHY?"

Murphy. "HOW DO I FIND THE CROPS IS IT! SURE, YOUR HONOUR, 'TIS BY DIGGING FOR 'EM, ANY WAY!"

DARBY JONES ON "BOTTLERS" AND LIVERPOOL.

We have now arrived, honoured Sir, at that Season of the Year when "Bottlers" are most in evidence. The word "Bottler" will not, I opine, be found in the Lexicons of either Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, or of Messrs. WEBSTER and WALKER. Indeed, without having registered the *mot* at Stationers' Hall, I may claim it as a poor thing, but Mine Own. The "Bottler" is a peculiar beast, and in nine cases out of ten He (or She) belongs to a Trainer. He has generally been so well tried at home that he can with safety be relied on to slip the Autumn Handicapper's Observant Optics, and be comfortably weighted at an Impost which shall be as easy to carry as an ounce or two of Thistle-down. Occasionally the "Bottler" has run in the Early Spring, before he recognised that he possessed four legs, but he has scarcely ever won. Indeed, it is greatly to the credit of the "Bottler" that as a rule he never seeks victory in these Preliminary Exercises, and if he be misguided enough to attempt a Coup on his own account, he is speedily reminded that his Education is far from complete.

The "Bottler" is the Terror of the Tipster. Training Reports anent "Bottlers" are about as valuable as the Gantoge-coloured Volumes issued by the French Government on the subject of Fashoda and other Freaks on the Nile. And as Captain KRITERION very justly remarks, even if you are in the "know" of one "Bottler," an-

other "Bottler" comes along and spells "no" in quite a different manner.

So beware of "Bottlers" in the Back-end, especially at Liverpool, where the "canny" men of the North serve them up as hot as do Ladies of the same region Pikelets and other indigestible Cakes at Tea-time. It will puzzle many an Intrepid Plunger to know how he is going to come up on the Monday following the IV. Days of Contest; but while begging you, honoured Sir, and other Patrons, to remember that the Good-win Sands are as much in evidence round about the Mersey as they are off the Coast of Kent, I may ask remembrance of *Marmion's last words* throughout the meeting, and also crave, in special reference to the Liverpool Cup, some hearing for the rhymes of a Bewildered Bard, who sings:—

*The Heated One I'd leave alone,
But Let her Go beware;
The Old Sign needs a better tone
To make the Hee-haw care;
The Timber Down will not be last,
King's Envoy runs for me;
And if Perfection's passed,
'Twill be by Castle B.*

Your much misunderstood mercenary,
DARBY JONES.

THE LOST ART.

["The Mayor of Beverley has been recording his impressions in the *Beverley Independent*:—"Dancing . . . has developed into an exercise little better than a "romp"; the art seems lost; step, tune and rhythm are alike ignored. . . .

Between the ball-room and the football field there seems little now to choose; the risk of injury is, think, rather greater in the former." *Westminster Gazette.*]

ALAS! how many things I see
No longer what they used to be!
What changes wrought by Time's fell curse
And every one of them for worse;
And sipping my post-prandial chicory,
I mourn, alas, our lost Terpsichore!

Oh! for the days when there were dances
Oh! for the mazes of the Lancers!
With what a nimble step elastic
We tripped it on the light fantastic,
With a sweet charm which now is not,
Through gay cotillion or gavotte,
Or with a grace more regal yet,
We stepped a stately minuet,
Each man of us a choice assortment
Of Turveydopian deportment.

But where is now your ancient pomp?
Your dance is but a vulgar romp,
Your shocking "Barns" and "Posts"—oh,
fie!

You only think of kicking high.
The men career *sans* time, *sans* rhythm,
The girls rush helter-skelter with 'em,
They charge, they trample on one's toes,
Their elbows hit one on the nose,
They black one's eyes, still on they come,
They butt one in the back and stom—
I mean the waistcoat, till the hall
Is more like battlefield than ball.

I'd rather serve in the Soudan,
I'd rather fight at Omdurman,
I'd rather quarrel with a chum,
I'd rather face a Rugby scrum,
Nay, by the stars, I'd rather be
That hapless wretch, the referee,
Most desperate of men, than chance
My life and limbs at modern dance.



A GREEK TRANSLATION.

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF CHARLEY'S AUNT.

["Prince NICHOLAS of Greece has approached Mr. W. S. PENLEY for permission to *Charley's Aunt* into modern Greek."—*Dail*]

MISCONSTRUCTION.

["Some rebellious murmurs have lately been heard against the quaint and pleasing practice of printing the *menu* in French."—*The World*.]

OH, democratic leveller, who do not even shrink
From turning into English Ollendorffish MAETERLINCK,
Spare yet this further step! nor let your ruthless fingers itch
To tear aside the mask that veils the viands of the rich,
The card that hides grim secrets from a too inquiring view
In merciful obscurity—the mispronounced *menu*.

Purées we taste and question not, we count it inexpedient
To set down in plain English each mysterious ingredient;
The rather homely sweet-bread sounds quite dignified, you
know,

When served (and priced accordingly) as dainty *ris de veau*,
And he who pays in ignorance of what *hors d'œuvres* mean,
Might grudge a modest shilling for an oyster or sardine.

Sheer gammon and plain spinach seem more appetising far
If gallicised to *jambon* and disguised as *épinard*;
Let English beef still decorate its wholesome lean and fat
In semblance of *filet de bœuf*, dressed *à la* this and that,
And honest "Murphies" swell with pride and satisfaction when
Writ large as *Maitre d'Hôtel*, *fondantes*, or *Pomme Parisienne*.

Thus heralded and introduced there's nothing comes amiss,
Hunger has neither eyes nor ears, and ignorance is bliss;
Let us from some unknown *Château* our wry-faced claret sip,
Then pay our monstrous bill, and add the *garçon's* heavy tip,
But—no translation! for in truth no restaurant would dare
Describe its thieving *menu* as an honest Bill of Fare.

TAILY INGENIO.—*Toby* wishes to be informed by any competent
authority on drink, whether a compound called "*Dog's Nose*"
will be permitted to be sold at the bars of the House of Commons?
We are sorry to hear that our excellent *Toby* is compelled,
for a while, to seek a warmer climate, as he is suffering from
"cat-arrrh, and requires dogtering."

LATIN LEGAL MOTTO FOR PRESENT APPLICATION TO SOME MILITARY
LEADERS IN FRANCE.—"*Dolus latet in generalibus*," or
Anglicè, "Some Generals are up to sly tricks."

AFTER the "little nipper" had departed, the motto of the
sleeper awakened was, "Flea away and be at rest."

THE DAY'S TALK.

(In Humble Imitation of RUDYARD KIPLING.)

A MOTOR-CAR came sailing down the
Strand, piffing and sniffing with each ex-
plosion of the petroleum by which she was
driven. Her name was .000000007. Why
she was called .000000007 is not apparent,
but she was.

Her speed was twelve knots an hour—
she was nothing if not technical—and her
smell was prodigious. So were her con-
versational powers. "Hullo!" she cried,
waving her hand to a bicycle which shied
visibly at her approach and held its nose.
"How do you find yourself?"

"None the better for seeing you," said
the bicycle. It was a Humber (first grade),
and therefore haughty.

"Needn't give yourself airs," hissed the
motor-car, derisively. "You ain't an Elswick,
you know." For there is a hierarchy
in bicycles as in other things, and the
attitude of an Elswick to a Humber is that
of an archdeacon to a mere curate.

The bicycle deigned no reply, but rang
its bell angrily as a 'bus bore down upon
it.

"Conceited creature!" said the 'bus,
shaving its off pedal by an inch.

"Clumsy brute!" rang out the bell, in
shrill tones.

"Toot, toot," protested the motor-car,
far in the distance, as it sped jolting and
rattling towards Charing Cross, every
square inch of its person vibrating with

self-importance as it fussed through the
traffic.

"I wish you wouldn't jerk so," said the
piston-rod to the cylinder, sulkily.

"What else can you expect?" said the
brake, who was a malcontent. He had had
a difference of opinion with the cylinder
only that morning.

"Yah!" said the cylinder. "You want
oiling."

The motor-car drew up suddenly with a
jerk.

"What's the matter now?" grunted the
axle.

"Policeman in the way," hissed the cy-
linder. "Phut, phut, phut."

"If you go on making that noise we shall
burst," said the pneumatic tyres, crossly.
"Our nerves won't stand it."

"Silence is golden, you know," sneered
the brake.

"And noise is always vulgar," said the
cushion on the driver's seat. He had pre-
tensions to good breeding, and despised the
motor-engine as a *parvenu*. He had
formerly belonged to a two-horsed victoria,
and constantly alluded to the fact.

"You have no repose of manner, my
dear," added the seat, patronisingly. He
always agreed with the cushion, and was
wont to sigh for postilions and the old
régime.

"Pooh, pooh, pooh, pooh, pooh!" an-
swered the motor, as the policeman at
length moved aside, and left the passage
clear.

"What rot all this is!" sighed the driver

of the motor-car. "I wish to goodness
you machines wouldn't talk so much."

"Blockhead!" muttered the cushion,
stirring angrily in his seat.

"Stupid!" hissed the cylinder.

"If you don't shut up, I'll sell you,"
snapped the man, savagely.

Suddenly there was a crash, a jarring of
crumpled machinery, the boom of an explo-
sion, and a flash of fire, as the motor-car
collided with a brewer's dray, and blew up,
like a melinite shell. .000000007 was dis-
integrated. Cylinder went one way,
wheels another, pneumatic tyres a third,
while in the road sat the driver surrounded
by picturesque ruin in flames.

"Told you so," growled the dray; while
the horse burst into song:

"Oh! KIPLING mine, where are you roaming?"

And so, in a babel of highly technical
conversation from axles, wheels, hubs,
brakes, horses, asses, lamp-posts, letter-
boxes, and the rest, the Day's Talk went
on, amid the scarcely concealed yawns of
the reading public.

In the Shires.

Miss de Flouncy (the newly-arrived
heiress). I hope, Captain Pigskin, that this
is a very open country?

Captain Pigskin. Rather! I don't know
a single field without a gate to it.

COMMENT ON MAJOR MARCHAND'S RE-
TREAT FROM FASHODA.—*C'est magnifique,*
mais—ce n'est pas la guerre.



APPALLING POSITION OF POOR LITTLE DOVELEIGH, WHO HAD TAKEN
A FEW ACRES OF SHOOTING ON THE BORDERS OF FARMER BLUNDER-
BORE'S LAND, AND HAD NOT SUFFICIENTLY VERIFIED HIS BOUN-
DARIES.



Mother. "BOBBY, HAVE YOU HAD ENOUGH TO EAT?"

Bobby (with huge contentment). "I'VE HAD TOO MUTS!"

"THOSE THAT LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES."

(En souhaitant le bonjour à M. le Rédacteur-en-chef du "Petit Journal.")

DEAR SIR,—I wish to point a moral.
Last week I showed in serious vein
How gentle words may square a quarrel.
And save a lot of needless pain;
I rather hoped for some reply
Saying that this had caught your eye.

I hinted—here I'm roughly quoting—
That France was touchy in the skin,
That she possessed an outer coating
So soft, so sensitively thin,
That, when a homely truth is stated,
She finds her honour perforated.

But those whose native habits lead 'em
To live in structures built of glass
Should not indulge with any freedom
In heaving stones when people pass,
Because, when people heave them back,
Conservatories often crack.

Now note with what unique urbanity
Your journals judge our conduct here;
Not such as make for mere insanity—
The gamin's rage, the rag pour rire,
But prints like yours, whose pride it is
To educate the provinces.

Voyons, mon ami, we have gathered
From that enlightened organ's page
That we it was who lately lathered
Your strikers into frenzied rage;
The same old story, O so old,
Of virtue bribed by British gold!

Concealed behind our sombre climate,
With every means for lying low,
It seems that we were all the time at
The bottom of the bordereau,
Our object being, in a word,
To make your army look absurd!

And who for some ulterior reason
Made full arrangements for the Turk
To vegetate in bloated ease on
Armenia's grave, his gruesome work?
If one may credit your suggestion
We were the horrid brutes in question.

And when the English missionary
Was missed among the pagan blacks,
Pray, who suborned the cassowary
That fell upon his harmless tracks?
We did! It happened through our nation
Being so keen on compensation.

All that is cunning, base, perfidious,
In beery Albion has its birth;
She still must be the blot, the hideous
Blister that blights the crust of Earth,
Until her race retires to bed on
The gory field of Armageddon.

Such is your day-by-day consignment
Of eye-awakeners for the blind;
Such is the tone of true refinement
To which you raise the rural mind;
While we are straining to abolish
All speech that lacks the pure French polish.

Mon Dieu! you used to send us over
Manners to fit your fashion's code,

What time the Empire lived in clover
And Paris set the social mode!
At all the graces once so deft,
You surely have some humour left?

"NOT IN THESE BOOTS!"

(If an Oxford University precedent is followed at the Inns of Court.)

SCENE—*Benchers' Room on a Call-night. Enter Candidate for the degree of Utter Barrister.*

Treasurer (smilingly). MR. LYNDHURST RUSSELL SMITH, it gives me very great pleasure to announce to you that your success at the recent examinations has enabled us to—

Benchler (interrupting). Pardon me, Mr. Treasurer, but I am afraid you have not examined—

T. (testily). Surely that is scarcely our duty. I have great pleasure—

B. With all respect, Mr. Treasurer, you have not examined MR. SMITH's costume.

T. (after a casual glance). Surely quite en règle. Black coat, trousers and vest, white tie—

B. (firmly). But, pardon me, Mr. Treasurer. Cast your eyes towards the floor.

T. (aghast). Dear me! (To Candidate.) I must request you to withdraw.

Candidate (expostulating). But, Sir—

T. (sternly). Be good enough to retire.

C. (to Beadle, after withdrawal). What on earth was the matter?

Beadle (horried). Why, Sir, you were wearing brown boots!

[Curtain.]



READY FOR ANYTHING!

ADMIRAL JOHN BULL. "ALL RIGHT, CAPTAIN?"

CAPTAIN SALISBURY, R.N. "ALL RIGHT, SIR!"

ADMIRAL JOHN BULL. "GOOD! YOU KNOW THE COURSE,—STICK TO IT!!"



CIVIC FESTIVITIES IN PREHISTORIC TIMES.



He. "AWFULLY JOLLY CONCERT, WASN'T IT? AWFULLY JOLLY THING BY THAT FELLOW—WHAT'S HIS NAME?—SOMETHING LIKE DOORKNOB." She. "DOORKNOB! WHOM DO YOU MEAN? I ONLY KNOW OF BEETHOVEN, MOZART, WAGNER, HANDEL——"
He. "THAT'S IT! HANDEL. I KNEW IT WAS SOMETHING YOU CAUGHT HOLD OF!"

"PLEASE TO REMEMBER THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER."

(A Duologue founded on fancy.)

SCENE—Guildhall. Chimes and the hour of Midnight on the Bells.

First Giant. I say, Gog.

Second Giant. Who are you calling Gog?

First G. Why, you. Your name's Gog as sure as mine is Magog.

Second G. But it isn't. According to Mr. STRYPE, who flourished in the eighteenth century, "we were designed to represent an ancient Briton and a Saxon, and——"

First G. Were painted as if to give us the greater appearance of life, and render us more formidable to children." I know where you got that from. You have been reading *London and its Environs Described*, printed for R. AND J. DODSLEY in Pall Mall, 1761.

Second G. Right you are! And there's nothing about our being Gog and Magog in *London and its Environs*. But let that pass. What do you want?

First G. Only to remind you that we have reached Lord Mayor's Day and the Annual Banquet.

Second G. Couldn't very well forget it, with all the preparations going on! What a heap they do eat, to be sure.

First G. Not surprising, after meandering about in a show from twelve till five. Have you heard what it's like this year? You ought to know, as you are such a reader.

Second G. Oh, the same kind of thing as per usual. Bands, banners and beads. Triumphal cars and fire-engines.

First G. I wonder they don't give us an airing now and again.

Second G. Much kinder to leave us where we are. Besides, if they once carried us about the streets they would change our date from the ninth to the fifth.

First G. I see, the festival of Guy Faux! You are facetious to-night.

Second G. Just as well, as we shall have plenty of serious talk at the banquet.

First G. And comic, too. Some one is sure to be funny.

Second G. Guildhall fun is generally more dreary than Guildhall rhetoric. We have heard a good deal of nonsense in our time, brother.

First G. We have. But perhaps this will be an exception to the rule.

Second G. Not likely to leave "common form." Navy ready

for all emergencies, army prepared to go anywhere at a moment's notice. And to top up, "We don't want to fight, but," &c.

First G. Yes, I suppose that will be about the size of it. Well, the place looks very well.

Second G. Yes, but it's a pity that one of the features described in *London and its Environs* is absent. I mean that remarkable collection of silk that used to hang to the walls a hundred and thirty-seven years ago.

First G. You mean the standards and colours taken from the French at the battle of Ramillies. Oh, we don't want a reminder of that sort at present.

Second G. Well, I suppose not, especially as we have the advantage of the daily papers.

First G. Quite so, brother. "We don't want to fight, but——"

Second G. Silence! Remember we are wooden figures, and should behave as such. [Suggestion adopted, and curtain.

THE WARRIOR'S DIARY.

Monday.—Pleasant breakfast to meet distinguished citizens. Three lunches, where I heartily enjoyed myself. Such different fare to rations on service. Customary dinner. Turtle-soup as good as ever.

Tuesday.—Four breakfasts, a couple of luncheons, dinner, supper. Obligated to show appreciation of all meals.

Wednesday.—Much the same as before. Turtle becoming slightly monotonous. However, if people wish to be hospitable, I must be appreciative.

Thursday.—I am afraid I am overdoing it. But can't get out of it. Invitations pour in by the hundred. Can't refuse them all!

Friday.—Dear me! it's simply dreadful. Four breakfasts, five luncheons, and half-a-dozen dinners. This is going beyond a joke!

Saturday.—Misery! What I might have expected. Summoned to a *levée*, and find that I can't get into my tunic!

To an Old Tune.

O WHERE and O where is DE ROUGEMONT gone?

O where on earth can he be?

With his tale so long, and career cut short,

O where, O where is he?

The Spectator last week discussed "The Religious Side of the GERMAN EMPEROR." Quite so; but, any way, it is "side."



A DOUBTFUL INFORMANT.

Miss Connie (to Gent in brook). "COULD YOU TELL ME IF THERE IS A BRIDGE ANYWHERE HANDY?"

"BROTHER OFFICERS."

(Play at the Garrick reduced to a scenario.)

Act I.—Ante-room. First Lancers. Local colouring. Soldiers in uniform. Chap on duty wears belt. Necessary ladies at large. Dean for comic relief. RANKER, VC, very redolent of the Sergeants' Mess. Wants to be gentleman. Saved conscientious chap's life. Conscientious chap won't take any more of his cousin's money. Cousin lady of title. Money gone to send conscientious chap to Eton. RANKER, VC, told to be "genial." Bore every one to have a drink. Dean angry. Ladies at large affronted. Colonel furious. Champagne produced. Lady of title saves situa-

tion by drinking RANKER, VC's very good health. [Curtain.]

Act II.—Year later. Country house with good shooting in the front garden. Local colouring. Two pops—right and left barrels. Realistic gamekeeper. Real tip. RANKER, VC, improved. No more suggestion of free drinks. Conscientious chap in a mess. Sprained his ankle and lost £9,000 to a millionaire. Can't pay. Consequently must exchange into West India regiment and be ruined. Lady of title appeals to RANKER, VC. Gong for dinner. Usual evening dress. RANKER, VC, snubs millionaire, and leads lady of title to the banquet. [Curtain.]

Act III.—Ball. Band playing Mol-

LOY's "Last Waltz." RANKER, VC, "gone" on lady of title. Ex-conscientious chap describes his shame. Cousin agrees that he must be ruined. Doesn't occur to her that she might pay the £9,000 (see Act II.) herself. Or if it does, she doesn't mention the notion to a third party. RANKER, VC, beards the millionaire. Remembers him as a race-course tout. Identifies him by absence of fingers and tattoo marks on his chest. Makes millionaire give up promissory notes. Millionaire angry. Says it's "an awkward thing to make a deadly foe of a chap with two millions of money." Millionaire probably right. Lady of title kisses now rehabilitated conscientious chap. She blesses RANKER, VC. Everybody blesses RANKER, VC. RANKER, VC, returns compliment and blesses everybody. Then says he'll go (via the War Office) to India. Everybody politely sorry. But taking all things into consideration, the best place for him. RANKER, VC, "good chap," but more at his ease amongst tigers and the like than in smart society. So off he goes, leaving behind him—curtain.

Probable Remarks (by Possible Producer).—Framework distinctly amateurish. Card scandal played out. Love interest feeble. Diamond-cut-Diamond scene between RANKER, VC, and millionaire tout suggestive of somewhat similar situation in *Still Waters Run Deep*. But first-rate part for ARTHUR BOURCHIER, and this may (and probably will) give it a chance of pulling through.

SPEED THE—HARROW!—The ex-Headmaster of Harrow did well, and his work was "Well done!" He is followed by Rev. JOSEPH WOOD, D.D. Dr. WELLDON "could," and did; his successor "WOOD"—but will he? This Headmaster comes from Tonbridge School, and Dr. WELLDON was an Etonian. Is there any rooted objection on the part of Harrow boys to a master of their own rearing? Surely loyal Harrovians will be crying out for justice after the fashion of the Jersey folk: "Harrow! Harrow! A mon aide! On m'a fait tort!"



BETWEEN THE ACIS.

AN EMPTY VESSEL.

The Financial Falstaff. "Company, villainous Company, hath been the spoil of me!" Henry the Fourth, Part I, Act III, Sc. 2.



AN ELECTRIC LINK BOY WITH A REGULATION TARIFF WOULD BE A GREAT BOON THIS MONTH, IF WE ARE TO HAVE MUCH FOG.

SARA BERNHARDT'S TRIP TO INDIA.

["Madame BERNHARDT will not go to the East on the ordinary mail-boat, but will have a private steam yacht, commanded by M. PIERRE LOTI, the well-known writer, who was formerly in the French Navy."—*Daily Press*.]

AFTER an infinity of trouble, our tame interviewer succeeded in obtaining an audi-



["SARA BERNHARDT is thinking of taking a journey to India."—*Daily Telegraph*.]

OF COURSE SARA WOULD BE THE IDOL OF THE HOUR.

ence of "the divine SARA," in order to question her on the subject of her projected voyage. Having caught his foot in the tiger-skin door-mat, fallen flat on his face, and whilst in that disadvantageous position having sustained a severe bite *au derrière* from a pet monkey, he arose, took out his note-book, and politely, though firmly, declining to be seated, began:—

"Madame, is it true that you contemplate a visit to India to hunt tigers and Rajahs and other fearful wildfowl?"

From the gorgeous rabbit-skin rug on which she was reclining, the great actress graciously replied, "*Comment! Qu'en pensez-vous, mon ami?*" with the accent on the "*vous*."

"Madame, *je sais quelle heure il est!* Which is a rhyme. But Mr. Punch wishes to know, from your own fair lips, in order that he may inform his legion of readers of the truth," replied our young man, inadvertently treading on the back of a large turtle (*Rougemontis Wideworldibus*).

"Is your yacht to be commanded by M. PIERRE LOTI?"

"Yes; you see, I am always surrounded by a literary and theatrical crew, so I shall man the yacht with them. My chief officer will be CLARK RUSSELL; he is always at sea. The stewardess will be MARIE CORELLI; she knows all about yachting. A well-known writer on hunting and horses will attend to the screws and donkey-engine; he will also be invaluable for riding at anchor. Then VICTORIEN SARDOU, PINERO, and GRUNDY will alternately officiate at the wheel."

"And the masts, and sails, and things?" asked our interviewer, biting the end of his pencil.

"BEERBOHM TREE will arrange our top-mast; LEWIS WALLER will be stationed on the O. P. side. They will also attend to the foot-lights. Even the deck-chairs will be 'ALL CAINE; whilst ZOLA—"

"Pardon the calembour, *chère Madame*, but might I not say that the study of the Zolar system—"

Our representative ducked his head just in time, and the jewelled brick-bat—the gift of an Emperor—missed him by a hair's-

breadth, and passed through the plate-glass window, hitting a passing *gendarme* exactly on the point of his nose. The great actress sprang to her feet, and exclaimed, "*Accrochez-le! Coupez votre bâton! Allez!*"

Abashed and sorrowing, the young man replied, "*Je m'en vais*."

He had tried a witty sally, but the Grand SARA will permit the existence of no other witty SALLY. She must be the Only One.

Protection from Housebreakers.

Mrs. Brown-Jones. My dear Mrs. SMITH-THOMPSON, I am surprised to see a card with "Lodgings to Let" in your drawing-room window. What does it mean?

Mrs. Smith-Thompson. Oh! that card's my Anti-burglar Protective. It's ever so much more effective than iron bars or electric bells. No respectable burglar ever invades a lodging-house.



[It was decided in the case of *Walton v. Coppard* that a School is a nuisance.]

Verdict thoroughly endorsed by Jones Major and Brown Minor.



TO THE "FAIREST!"

OR, THE BETTER "JUDGMENT OF PARIS."

Sidney S. Newman.

KITCHENER AND KITCHENS.

["The Sirdar has received hundreds of invitations to dine since his return to England."]

'Twas the voice of the SIRDAR,
I heard him complain,
"They won't have any pity;
I must eat again.
I am up all the night,
And I'm longing for bed,
No rest for a lion
Who's always being fed.
In defence of the flag
I would lay down my life,
But I cannot do battle
With plate, fork and knife.
Have mercy, ye Mahdis
Of banquetting mood,
Or I'll perish a KITCHENER
Martyred by food!"

MOURNFUL NUMBERS.

(From Mr. Punch's Vagrant Contributor.)

DEAR SIR,—They tell me life is but a dream; things, so it seems, are rarely what they seem; JONES, whose substantial form is known so well in Piccadilly, Regent Street, Pall Mall; who, posed amidst a group of nine or ten, lays down the law to listening, lesser men, who, lest the fates should ever make him thinner, consumes vast herds of beeves at lunch and dinner, rates in loud tones, while I sit looking on, the shrinking waiters at the "Mastodon," and thence retiring to his ample bed, shakes the firm pavements with his massive tread—this mass of platitudinous verbosity, this sixteen stone of self-assured pomposity, this JONES, in fact, so stout, so loud, so tall, is merely a phenomenon—that's all.

If JONES is but the shadow of a name, it strikes me other things may be the same. There's the moustache, for instance (ends quite flat, shaped like a well-tied butterfly cravat), which, as the gaping world of Moslems knows, sprouts beneath WILHELM's most Imperial nose, those angry bristles with defiant tips, meet cornice for the wearer's spouting lips, that fine, fierce fringe of coruscating hair, tended with all a mother's watchful care, which (if such growths can be supposed to hear) hears—(blessed moustache!)—each wild Wilhelmian cheer, what time the KAISER, a convivial soul, lifts to some royal host his brimming bowl, and, girthed and buttoned till he's fairly bursting, shouts, "Hoch! hoch!! hoch!!!" while all the rest are thirsting, which being done he dashes off anew, writes a new drama, sees a fresh review, or, while the trumpets sound ta-ran-ta-ra, unveils a statue to his grandpapa. That Schnurrbart, with its fiery ends a-kimbo, must go with much I love beside to limbo, since this conclusion cannot be resisted—it don't exist and never has existed.

Then Egypt—I propose to have the face to doubt if there is really such a place: Egypt whereat the French, they say, look glum, is a land renowned in fable for its mummies, where, from the Pyramids' aspiring crown, some forty centuries keep looking down, where the great Nile arising in its flood blesses the festive fellaheen with mud, where the gay crocodile deposits eggs or snips for lunch some Arab swimmer's legs, where FLINDERS PETRIE, with peculiar zest, finds in each royal tomb a palimpsest, and where, while ages roll, the impassive Sphinx sits in the sand and thinks, and thinks, and thinks. This land, designed for British skill and pith, is, I protest, a most egregious myth. Each day



Loafer (looking at a hundred pound dressing-bag). "I WONDER WOT SORT OF A BLOKE IT IS AS WANTS A BAG OF TOOLS LIKE THAT TO DOSS 'ISSELF UP WITH!"

I find myself believing less that we can occupy and not possess, that even British courage can affect to guard a country which it mayn't protect, and that a nation which is not a fool can govern things, and yet let others rule.

Why is this thusness, why are things so mixed, since (see Cartoon) JOHN BULL is firmly fixed? On points like this, dear Punch, I pray you may grant some light and leading to
Your puzzled
VAGRANT.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.—On the principle of the early bird which gets up to catch the unsuspecting worm, Father RAPHAEL TUCK and his merrie SONS are first in the field with their Christmas wares. Walk up! Walk up! to see the great variety show in booklets, cards, and calendars. Dainty and humorous are the novelties, whilst, of the calendars, "The On Service" one will possibly be most popular.

THE PENNY-IN-THE-SLOT BANK.

["Early next year the man who has a penny to put by for a rainy day will be able to drop it into a slot machine, and by working a lever obtain a deposit-receipt, upon any number of which he may realise at his convenience."—Daily Mail.]

THE penny-in-the-slot machine
Up to the present time has been
A method whereby one might get
A match, cigar, or cigarette;
Or juveniles might satiate
Their appetites with chocolate;
Or little snobs on conquest bent
Deodorise themselves with scent.

But now there is a scheme afloat,
Of which economists take note,
To save up for a rainy day
The penny which was thrown away.
No longer shall we purchase sweets,
But for our coppers get receipts;
And thrifty people hail with thanks
The advent of these penny banks.



"SEATS OF THE MIGHTY."

IT IS REPORTED FROM THE SHIRES, THAT SOME OF THE FIRST FLIGHT ARE THINKING OF ADOPTING THE "TOD SLOAN SEAT" FOR HUNTING.

SNAPSHOTS FROM THE EAST.

Cairo, October 24.

HONOURED SHEIKH PUNCH (upon whom be peace, whose effulgence is as the Full Moon!), may thy unworthy messenger send thee this writing left in the Esbekieh Garden here by some dog of a Frank? Perchance he is one of the infidel Giaours who are journeying with one LUNN EFFENDI into Syria after the Sheikh of Alemanniya. Thy servant, Ali Ben Zaiq, kisseth thy hump and right big toe. May thy day be blessed!

I. Arrive at Alexandria from Marseilles, *via* Genoa and Naples, with large contingent of Teutons. When they foregather in the smoking-room, the row is *kolossal*, as every one tries to shout down the others. As far as I can discover, their conversation consists of *gar nchts* and *gar kein*. However, we fraternize over deck quots and "beanbags." Our ship's crest is an ancient Greek galley, with six elderly gentlemen rowing for a good deal more than they are worth, and the motto is the famous phrase of PERICLES, "*philokaloumen met' euteleias*," that is, we cultivate the beautiful on the coupon system. We land, after pleasant voyage, at sunset. One second after so doing, hear the cry—*bakhshish*. It has not stopped since. A special train brings us to Cairo, and dinner at midnight.

II. First day's sight-seeing in Cairo. Start with the Mosque of Sultan HASSAN. Have initial difficulty with slippers, which must be put on over boots. As these are about number twenty-five in size, it requires very considerable dexterity to keep them on. Am obliged to trail mine behind. Hope this act of desecration will not come to the ear of the CALIPH. Our guide, IBRAHIM OSMAN, has a stentorian voice and a fund of humour, as when he tells us that MOHAMMED ALI gave Mamelukes "jolly good hiding," but EMIN "hooked it," and recites "*Home, sweet home*" when he has finished with us for the day. On to more mosques and citadel, where we see TOMMY ATKINS trying to keep warm (with temperature over ninety degrees in the shade) by playing football. We gather from Seaforth Highlanders that there has been a slight brush with the KHALIFA at Omdurman. Next to Khedivial cemetery (Egypt great place for tombs), and "howling" Der-vishes (grunting and gasping would be more the word), then in-

spect Nilometer on Roda Island, where MOSES met Miss PHARAOH; call at Coptic convent and Mosque of OMAR, where there is a flying pillar; lastly, home through bazaars, faint, yet pursuing the cairosities of Curio, as an Oxford Don would put it.

III. Second day. Menu—Pyramids, Sphinx, and Ghizeh Museum. We file out in a very long procession of landaus over the Kas-en-Nil Bridge, and along the acacia-covered causeway (which soon will be vulgarised with an electric tram) to the foot of Great Pyramid. Are handed over in turn to two Bedouins apiece, who haul us up to the summit, where, like NAPOLEON's forty centuries, we look down on the Nile in flood, the Sphinx, and other well-established land-marks. Try to rise to the occasion, but come down sitting. Then clamber down and slide on all fours (face uppermost) into interior. At finish, guides inquire, "How you feel?" and "Hope you satisfied," and we make entry to that effect in note-book of MOUSSA FAID, the Sheikh of the Pyramid. Then (on camel-back) to interview Sphinx, who receives us with its usual bland smile, as who should say, "Wait till you have been taken right through the Museum, my dears, and then we'll see who has the laugh last!" The Sphinx has it, I think, not being an Egyptologist. Still, glad to meet RAMESES II., who, as IBRAHIM says, was the father of seventy-two sons, sixty-nine being boys and three girls. Also, rather like DJOT-PTA-AN-FANK and AAHMES-HENT-TASU, and other celebrities. Introduced to PHARAOH's daughter and MANEPHTA, persecutor of Israelites. Result, fall asleep in carriage going home.

LATELY BROUGHT OUT.—MR. LATEY'S Christmas Annual in his popular *Penny Illustrated Paper*, is uncommonly warlike for so eminently peaceful a season of the year. It is mainly a Khartoum-Kitchener-Soudan-and-Sirdar number; it ends with a poem by CLEMENT SCOTT, illustrated by a clever somebody whose name—*mirabile dictu*!—is not on the drawing, entitled "*Waterloo and Omdurman*." This warlike illustrated annual might well have been dedicated to "Warre's Boys at Eton," among whom no doubt it will be very popular. We trust that the circulation of Editor LATEY's paper may be "*Laté et longé*."



Since curiosity was strangely stirred
And one might see upon his primal word
Whole nations hanging.

Then the Chief uprose
Like one that issues from a pleasing doze;
Cool was his air, his tone was dilettante,
His information singularly scanty;
The casual lips, sarcastically curled,
(As though he knew full well how wide a
world

Gazed on the god discoursing from his car)
Said much, but nothing in particular.

War? Dear me, no! These costly pre-
parations
(Habitual with Continental nations)
Were being made as smartly as could be,
But had no sort of use that he could see.
Designed to shew the French that we could
whop 'em

They still went on because you couldn't
stop 'em!

Turning to Egypt—he had seen of late
Some mention of the term *Protectorate*.
The story, launched by certain lusty lieges,
That we should shortly spread our royal agis
Over the domicile of ancient PHARAOH
Was *ben*, of course, *trovato*, *ma non vero*.
If we arranged it, say, for that day week
It might provoke a little foreign pique;
But he could state, without inflicting pain,
That we were there and there we should
remain!

So the Great Muddler calmly muddled on
Till he sat down; and then his chance was
gone.

O maladroitness! and at his feeblest here,
Is this indeed our country's guiding Peer?
Are these the hands to which a flippant fate
Confides the hopes of our unhappy State?
Hands only fitted, at a pinch, to drag
Down in the blithering dust her blighted
flag!

A prince of gibes, irreverent, ironical,
Despising Truth as taught him in the
Chronicle!

Yet 'neath his heedless eye, that very
hour,
Sat one whose word can make a monarch
cower!

Not humorous, but every inch a leader,
Though here disguised as just a common
feeder;

Who could have told him, then or any day,
What Foreign Ministers ought not to say.
We were that man: among our noted feats
We reckon how the heart of England beats!
Not that a chronicler would crudely show
In what precise direction things should go;
Not that beforehand even we affect
To name the attitude that's most correct;
But we contend, in totting up the hoary
Blunders of this effete and fatuous Tory—
Whatever is (we've said it all along)
Is, by that simple fact, absurdly wrong.

"RACIAL TROUBLES IN THE UNITED STATES" was the heading of some news in the *Daily Telegraph* of Saturday. Probably some "Racial Troubles" will arise from SLOAN coming over to ride in England.

THE NEAREST APPROACH TO "SALISBURY PLAIN" is to be found in the MARKISS's speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet.

NOTE BY A SOCIAL CYNIC.—They may abolish the "push" stroke at billiards, but they'll never do so in Society.

A WELCOME CHRISTMAS (POST) BOX.—Penny postage to India on and after December 28.

Miss Gushington. "WELL, YOU KNOW, DEAR MR. ROBINSON, FOR MY PART, I MUST SAY I ENJOY EXCELLENT HEALTH AS A RULE, ONLY I DO SUFFER SO AT TIMES FROM FITS OF GIDDINESS!"

"THE GOD IN THE CAR."

(By the Little Tin god in the Press-Seats.)

["He" (Lord SALISBURY) "was bound to say something about these interesting topics last night, and he did so in his usual casual, dilettante manner. Our preparations for war meant nothing at all. . . . They thought that he was about to declare a definite policy . . . but in a moment it was clear that they were wrong. The Great Muddler was minded only to muddle on. . . . All this, we confess, seems to us to be SALISBURY at his feeblest. . . . Such an utterance makes us more than ever distrust the man who has so often let England drift into danger."—The "*Daily Chronicle*" on the Lord Mayor's Banquet.]

AND so, fulfilled with turtle rich and real,
With all that goes to make a civic meal,
Heavily sat we on our creaking seats
And speculated how the morrow's sheets
Should shout with headlines:—SALISBURY
UNVEILS!

HE TELLS US WHERE THE MYSTIC SQUADRON
SAILS!

ABDUL IN WANT OF CASH! HE ISSUES FIR-

MANS—
EGYPT FOR US, AND JAFFA FOR THE GER-

MANS!
THE ANGLO-TEUTON TREATY. TERMS AGREED.
FREE TRADE UPON THE JORDAN GUARANTEED!
PARIS INDIGNANT! RUSSIA FULL OF PHEGM!
OUR FLEET'S OBJECTIVE IS JERUSALEM!!

For this, we took it, was the Premier's
chance

To make his riddles obvious at a glance;
Pellucidly to dissipate the gloom
Attaching to the recent naval boom;
To warn our many friends who want to
hear

Just where our various ships propose to
steer;

To sketch a map or two of harbour-mines
And ventilate the Volunteers' designs;
To say (or lend, at least, a helpful clew)
Which special Enemy we have in view;
And if the preparation's not for war,
Then tell us what in thunder it is for;



A FIXTURE.



WARNING TO CYCLISTS.

AWFUL DISCOVERY MADE BY JONES ON THE MORNING OF THE OPENING MEET, THAT THROUGH DEVOTION TO CYCLING, HIS CALVES HAD DEVELOPED FAR BEYOND THE CAPACITY OF HIS BOOTS.

FLEET STREET AMENITIES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The *Daily Chronicle* has been casting reflections upon some remarks of my friend the German KAISER, now on tour. I therefore propose to stand outside the offices of that journal and say "*Deutschland über alles!*" quite loud; also to break the hats of the Editorial staff as it comes out. But I should be glad to be assured that all expenses incurred in any subsequent proceedings will reach me if subscribed by my admirers. Will you therefore kindly forward to my solicitors such collected funds as may be sent to you for this excellent purpose? I see that the *Daily Chronicle* has done a similar act of friendliness to "a number of sympathisers with Dr. RUSSELL," a gentleman, you may remember, who observed "*Vive la France!*" at the top of his voice, and simultaneously collided with your front-window. I gather from this precedent that I am not asking you to commit a breach of inter-journalistic comity.

Yours heroically, GERMANICUS.

DARBY JONES LEAVES LIVERPOOL FOR DERBY.

LIVERPOOL, I believe, derives its name from a weird waterfowl (not owned by Captain GREER), and on my communicating the fact to the Count, who is still on the look-out for Continental Exports, he ordered a dish of them for dinner. Alas! the Liverpudlian Bird must be as extinct as the Proverbial Dodo, for he was served with the ordinary produce of the Calf, accompanied by relishes of Pig's flesh. Yet this Bird figures large on the Municipal Shield, and would undoubtedly, in fine and healthy condition, be highly acceptable to a well-known Fictionist, Poet and Sunday Gossip, who recently, by his own account, dined off "a soul with shrimp sauce." He will be devouring a Ghost stuffed with truffles next! Why not a real Liver?

Let me turn to more practical matters. Just as Knowsley, with its reminiscences of the Ancient Monarchs of the Isle of Man and the Progenitors of Mr. HALL CAINE, is the mainstay of the Liverpool gathering, so is Chatsworth, embellished with the Relics and Tomb of Sir JOSEPH PAXTON, the Chief Support of Derby. The City and I pronounce our names after the same Classical Mode, but spell it differently. Filled with Timorous Apprehension, that Dread with which even the most Argus-eyed Vates fears the Fatal Pen, whose scratching never tickles any Backer, I embark into poesy anent the Cup associated with the Midland Railway Metropolis, and warble:—

For the *Sky Saint* I may not declare,
But the *Cutrock* may come to the fore;
Brave *Zealous* has no weight to spare,
And the *Sun god* is forward no more.
Look out for the "Colonel" and "Duke,"
For their choices are sure to go near;
The *Ditchweight* may bring off a "duke,"
But the *High Sign* and *Fairy* I fear.

You may not be convinced, nor in truth, honoured Sir, am I; but I am perhaps the more inspired by the Right-feeling Spirit of Prophecy, because I have just Fashodad (to use the latest Bourse expression) a considerable portion of one of those mighty Slabs of Corned Ox for which Derby is so justly celebrated. Trusting that the Necessary Reminder for the Prodigious Outlay to which I have been put may meet with your Esteemed Approval of its Moderation, I beg once more to subscribe myself, your ever obedient slave, but not sycophant,

DARBY JONES.

[D. J. has sent us in a wondrous bill, totally disproportionate to his services. Apparently he has lived on nothing but champagne, whiskey and soda, and anchovy on toast ever since we were rash enough to send him North. Our method of dealing with his extravagance is simple.—Ed.]

Copy-book Headings for the London School Board.

It is Easy to be Extravagant, but Estimable to be Economical.
A Politic Official avoids Conflict with a Police Magistrate.
Dramatic Dances should be Acquired by Students of the Higher Grade.

A Pension in Hand is worth a Superannuation Fund in the Bush.

A Question of Doubt can be often Usefully Ameliorated by the Opinion of Counsel.

The Thames Embankment is the Finest Site, and the Home of the School Board the Finest Sight that the Universe Possesses.

SHAKESPEARE and the Musical Glasses should be taught to the most Uneducated.

It Looms in the Future to Charge the Patient Rate-Payer Fifteen Shillings in the Pound.

THE MAIDEN'S MOTTO.—"No reasonable offer refused."

READY-MADE COATS(-OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS.



1ST BARON RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, emergent paly from a legal orle of reception, a civic beak newly chained or, robed and garnished proper with bullion, slightly debriused with thunderbolts issuant from a chief justifiably rampant in invective robed and wigged proper with sleeves turned up ermine gorged with a choler of justice; 2nd, at a bend of the field on a turf vert under the heraldic rose a sporting veteran wary to the last putting a bit proper on a likely mount turning up trump on the post; 3rd, several salted guinea-pigs debrettées richly gilt and voided of scruple charged with marketable coronets bartered in lure; 4th, on a ground of promotion a partisan of renown semee with shamrocks and shillelaghs and wreathed with laurels elevated and erased all proper. *Crest:* Rising from a bar Barry a tower of strength armed at all points and charged with a snuff-box of resort furtively employed for solace. *Supporters:* Dexter, a female figure of justice sealy on the pounce regardant sundry bubbles of finance issuant in fraud. *Sinister:* An Irish disunicorn, brogued proper, chronically rampant in quest of autonomy.

THE SPIES: AN INCIDENT OF '98.

SCENE—*The Powder Magazine. TOMMY ATKINS discovered on sentry-go. Enter two Suspicious Characters.*

T. A. (reminiscent of the Adelphi). Ha, ha! 'Oo 'ave we year? (S. Cs. pause and look round curiously.) Them coves is up ter mischief. I'll keep a heye on 'em.

First S. C. (to T. A.). Ma guid man, Ah doot we'll hae wannered aff the road a bittie.

T. A. (aside). Furriners, s'elp me! (Shaking his head.) 'Tain't no good yer torkin'. They don't learn us Double-Dutch in the Harny Schools.

First S. C. Hoot, laddie, div ye no ken yer ain mither tongue?

T. A. (still shaking head). 'Tain't no good, I tells yer. Move on, Mossos. Carn't 'ave yer furriners 'angin' rahnd year, yer know.

Second S. C. Ou, JEAMES, Ah'm wonderin' what he'll be sayin' till ye?

First S. C. Deed, Ah canna richtly tell, DAVIE. Thae Coakneys talk wi' siccan awccent, an' that ungrammawtical.

T. A. (growing impatient). Nah, then, 'ow much longer are yer a-goin' ter stand a-parleyvoooin' year?

First S. C. Weel, as Ah was sayin', Ah doot we'll hae wannered aff the—

T. A. 'Tain't no good, I tells yer. I can't tork Roosian an' yer can't tork hanythink.

OF COURSE.

[*Mr. PAUL TAYLOR, on being welcomed in a London police-court, said, 'During his practice at the Bar he was of course brought into contact with many solicitors. . . . There will be many at the Temple who will wish that contact with solicitors should be such a matter 'of course.'*"]

Westminster Gazette.

Of course? Ah me! since I was called My head hath grown first grey, then bald! Solicitors may come and go, I watch them flitting to and fro, I see them here, I see them there, I see them always everywhere, I hear their footsteps on the stair, I listen, hope, and then despair, For ah! they do not come to me, They stop below at SILK, Q.C.

Of course? Nay, hardly. Day by day To Lincoln's Inn I wend my way, As regularly as a star To ply my practice at the Bar; Yet, though I'd fain be pleading daily In High Court, Criminal, Old Bailey, Despite my very best endeavour, Solicitors come near me never, And I reflect, amid my griefs, Many are called, but few get briefs.

Of course? I hoped—but hopes will fail, And now I've learnt another tale, That one may live and never know Those bagmen whom we worship so, Nor even greet with eager eyes Those angels whom we so despise. And therefore, though with all respect I criticise the Law's elect, I feel myself constrained perforce To deprecate those words, "of course."

Unconsciously Appropriate.

Jane. 'Allo, HEMMA, what are yer a-crying about?

Hemma. Missus 'as given me the sack because I knocked over some of them hornaments she calls "break-a-break."

The Soft Answer.

Vicar. I noticed, Mrs. PIPPIN, that you were asleep during the latter half of my sermon. Did you find it dull?

Mrs. Pippin. Dull! No, Sir. But it was so sweet it lulled me to rest agin my will.

Second S. C. Ou, JEAMES, 'tis an unco feckless buddy, an' mebbe he'll no can tell us.

First S. C. Weel, in that case, DAVIE, we maun jist tell oorsels. [*Produces map, which he proceeds to study.*]

T. A. Well, I'm— S'elp me, if 'e ain't bin an' got a plan!

Second S. C. Ou, JEAMES, Ah doot this'll be the Pooder Mawgazeen, is 't no, laddie?

T. A. If yer think yer a-goin' ter get hany hinfamation outer me, yer a jolly flat. Carn't 'ave yer drorin' yer plans year. Wot d'yer think? Gimme that there piper!

First S. C. Hoots, man, no sae fast. Ah was jist speirin' at ye—

T. A. (with lively recollection of Dervishes). Spearin' at me, was yer? Two can ply at that gyme. 'Ere—(seizes them)—come along o' me! Yer two Roosian spies, that's wot yer are, an' I ain't a-goin' ter stand hany o' yer nonsense.

[*Exit T. A. haling the S. Cs. to the guard-room. It turned out, however, that they were no Russian Spies, but the Provost of Auchterhuskey and his brother the Bailie, who were doing the Lions of London with a map.*]

A Non-optionist.

Mrs. Tippetapple. I've no patience with that Sir WITTEN LAWSON. He ought to go and live in the Temperan—

IN DEFENCE OF CONVENTIONALITY.

"STIFF, formal, cramping, insincere
Convention freezes heart and mind,"
You said to me one day. I fear
Convention you have not maligned.
"On every hand she ladles out
Set smiles, set actions, and set phrases."
I know it all, yet I'm about
To try and sing Convention's praises!

Consider! If for half a week,
Whate'er our sex, or age, or youth,
We only tried to act and speak
The simple plain unvarnished truth!
The truth would rob us, I'm afraid,
Of friends, acquaintances, relations—
To designate a spade a spade
Must always lead to complications.

Then do not let us always say
The thing we mean, or think, or see,
Nor let us lightly cast away
Convention's priceless formula.
Because we chance to have a heart,
What need upon our sleeve to wear it?
And why not put with artless art
The thing as people want to hear it?

That social gatherings like a dance
Were shams, you told me (in a waltz),
And every smile and word and glance
Exchanged at parties wholly false.
On principle I acquiesced,
To please you thus I sought right leally—
Although that dance (perhaps you
guessed?)

Seemed somehow an exception, really!

Yet formula, I say again,
Are blessings in whate'er disguise,
And save us hourly from the strain
Of some embarrassing surprise.
If conversation is absurd,
If parties are but sorry labours,
At least we know, in deed and word,
What to expect from all our neighbours.

Originality is "no go,"
Things into chaos would be hurled,
If we disturbed the *status quo*—
Convention saves the social world.
Towards the perfect state she tends,
Fraternité, Liberté, and Egalité—
Oh, tread the beaten track, my friends,
And "conspuez" Originality!

Therefore, in spite of all you've said,
Society I but exhort
To bend the knee and bow the head
With me in Queen Convention's court.
And all the more I hail her Queen,
Since she—for this my verse has graced
her—

Makes friendship possible between
You, the Princess—and me, the
"Waster"!



OUR DOMESTICS.

Applicant (to Mistress of small suburban house). "WELL, MUM, 'AVING COME SO FAR, I THOUGHT AS I'D SEE YOU. BUT I MUST SAY, THAT PEOPLE AS LIVES IN THIS CLASS OF 'OUSE OUGHT NOT TO HADVERTISE IN THE MORNIN' POST!"

PROPOSED EXAMINATION PAPER FOR ADMIRALS.

(Picked up at Guildhall on November 9, 1898.)

1. GIVEN a crisis in an island in hostile occupation by a nominally friendly power. Show by what remarkable qualities you can save the situation.
2. Explain in the best diplomatic language the meaning of "the bag-and-baggage policy."
3. Suppose that you are taking part in the Concert of Europe. Give your reason for performing a solo on the big drum.
4. In what respect does "civil" war differ from the regulation naval article? Give an example in support chosen from an incident of recent date.
5. The task of clearing a land of brawlers takes two years of negotiations between the Great Powers of Europe, and then ends in failure. Show how the scheme can be carried to a successful issue in a couple of hours with the aid of a detachment of narines supported by the moral force of an ironclad.

6. Give briefly the law of nations as understood and practised on the quarterdeck.

7. State qualifications for weathering the storm (a) on land, diplomatically, and (b) at sea, professionally. The latter half of the question is put and will be received as a pure formality.

After-Dinner Chat.

Amateur Art Critic (to Distinguished R.A.). My dear Sir, English Art no longer exists. The "Glasgow School" killed it. *Distinguished R.A.* No,—only "Scotched" it.

"POCKET DIARIES FOR 1899!" advertises JOHN WALKER & Co., of Farringdon House, and we add, "by all means, 'pocket' as many diaries, especially the black-loop ones and 'No. 4' size, as possible." If asked to pay for them, all you have to say is "Walker." Then see what happens.



NOT LIKELY.

Wife. "VERY WELL, GEORGE, IF YOU WILL GO SHOOTING—MIND, IF YOU GET BLOWN TO BITS, DON'T COME RUNNING TO ME FOR SYMPATHY!"

AUGUSTE AND LUDWIG.

A LITTLE TRIP.

Robinson. So glad you could come to Brighton. We shall find our French friend outside the Pullman. It's no good trying to avoid politics. Besides, things are pleasanter now.

Ludwig. Yes well. This train go very rash, not true? I have thereof heard.

Rob. Yes, in an hour. Ah, there he is!

Auguste. Good day, my dear. We are here again, as say the clowns. What good idea of to go pass the Sunday at Brighton!

Rob. Let's take our seats. I've secured them. You've both been to Brighton?

Lud. One time.

Aug. For sure. I recall me ever the Sunday where I have lost my hat at cause of the tempest. All the magazines were shutted, and I am of return at London the head enveloped of a handkerchief. If I had the air enough droll! Ah but, as to those little misfortunes there, better values to laugh than to anger himself. Is it not?

Rob. Of course. Much better for people to be all pleasant together.

Aug. Ah that, I am entirely of your advice! I hope that we go to forget soon all our griefs, we other French. But these journalists, *sont-ils bêtes*, are they beasts!

Rob. The *Petit Journal* is the worst, isn't it?

Aug. Ah, my dear, as you say in English, he eat the cake. It is the journal the most despicable. But in fine! What wish you? It is the journal of the doorkeepers, of the *concierges*. Ah

bah! But all go to arrange himself when even. *La Cour de Cassation ne s'occupe pas du Petit Journal*, occupy herself not of the Little Journal, and of others likes. As that, in fine, justice for DREYFUS, for PICQUART, and for all the world!

Rob. Hear, hear! say I—but in a whisper, not to disturb the other passengers.

Lud. *Natürlich*, and I also. High, high, high!

Aug. *Tiens!* The other day I have seen the Lord of Khartoum.

Rob. Lord KITCHENER.

Aug. Ah, these English titles! I shall comprehend them never. There is your Milord Mayor who is Sir, there is your Judges who are Sirs, and also Milords, as Sir RUSSELL—

Rob. Lord RUSSELL.

Aug. And Lord HAWKINS—

Rob. Sir HENRY HAWKINS.

Aug. And however there is Sirs who are not Milords. By example, Sir HARCOURT—

Rob. We always say the Christian name—*le prénom*. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT.

Aug. Ah yes! Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is not Milord?

Rob. No, he's the Right Honourable.

Aug. Hold! Is it that he is also bishop?

Rob. No, no. You're thinking of Right Reverend.

Aug. And Lord GEORGE CURZON—

Rob. There we don't say the Christian name. Simply Lord CURZON.

Aug. Eh well! Lord CURZON and Lord HAMILTON—

Rob. Ah, there we do say the Christian name. Lord GEORGE HAMILTON.

Aug. *Oh sapristi, c'est impossible!* And with that there is Honourable, as Honourable Mr. BALFOUR—

Rob. The Right Honourable.

Aug. Right Honourable Mr. BALFOUR—

Rob. No, not Mister.

Aug. Eh well! Right Honourable BALFOUR—

Rob. No, no!

Aug. *Ah ça, tiens!* Right Honourable Sir BALFOUR—

Rob. No, no, no!

Aug. *Mon Dieu!* What then? Right Honourable Sir Lord BALFOUR—

Rob. No. The Right Honourable ARTHUR BALFOUR. But in conversation you say Mr. BALFOUR.

Aug. Pardon! In conversation I shall say not anything. *C'est trop fort!* Is it that one can to comprehend this mass of titles? Is it that a stranger can to distinguish between Lord HERBERT KITCHENER, and Sir ARTHUR BALFOUR, and Honourable HAMILTON, and Right Reverend WILLIAM HARCOURT? *Ah non!* I shall say BALFOUR, all short.

Lud. I have not the English titles learned. In England are it people who only Mister are. In Germany is every one *Herr Baron, Herr Lieutenant, Herr Professor, Herr Doctor, Herr Hofrath, Herr Geheimrath*, and so farther. It is enough the German titles to learn. What the English concern, know I nothing thereof.

Rob. How do you like these cars?

Aug. Cars? That which you call Irish cars?

Rob. No. Pullman cars. *Wagons-salons*.

Aug. Oh, very luxurious!

Rob. You mustn't look at the decoration. That's American taste.

Lud. *Wunderschön, prachtvoll!*

Aug. And what quickness!

Lud. *Kolossal!*

Rob. If we only went more smoothly!

Aug. One is well shaken, that is true.

Rob. But we shall soon be there.

"TWAS ever thus—"

Or, *The French Patriot's Lament.*

I NEVER nursed a dear Bahr-el-Ghazal,
To glad me with its banners all the day,
But when I got to love it like a pal
Some idiot gave the thing—and me—away.

Educational.

Inquisitive Child (to Nursemaid). I say, JANE, what's the difference between English meat and Australian?

Jane. Why, o' course, Master REGGIE, English mutton's made o' sheep, and Orsetralian of 'orse.

AT MUNICH.—*Mr. Jodilletop (to travelling companion at Bier-halle).* What they call this larger beer for I'm
Why, it's thinner than the Bass I drink!



SCENE—A Booth in the Wild West.

The Curtain has just fallen on the First Act of the "Pirates of the Pacific."

Author. "WHAT IS THE AUDIENCE SHOUTING FOR?"

Manager. "THEY'RE CALLING FOR THE AUTHOR."

Author. "THEN HADN'T I BETTER APPEAR?"

Manager. "I GUESS NOT. THEY'VE GOT THEIR REVOLVERS IN THEIR HANDS!"

DARBY JONES CONSIDERS MR. TOD SLOAN AND MANCHESTER.

HONOURED SIR,—It were idle to conceal from you that the Departure of J. Tod Sloan, Esquire, for the Land of the Heaven-soaring Eagle has been hailed with considerable delight, not only by our own Native Knights of the Pigskin, but also by a very large portion of the B. P. Not because J. Tod S., Esquire, is not a very Estimable Personage, but by reason of the fact that, always having had the Pick of our Horses during the Period in which he honoured our little Rabbit-warren, he came to be regarded as a Human Motor-car, capable of driving the most Unreliable Cocks to Victory, and forcing the Genteel Pencillers to lay odds which ought, as Captain KRITERION truly remarks, to have

suffused the cheek of the most Weather-worn Speculator with the Rosy Tint usually ascribed to the Gentle Maiden of Seventeen Summers.

Far be it from me to decry the Equine Performances of this American Centaur. On the contrary, I consider that he has done to Racing what the Australian Cricketers did to the Noble Game for the enjoyment of which Lord's and the Oval are still Oases in Modern Brickland, i.e., he has made our Jockeys sit up while he laid down on the neck of his Chosen Mount. Probably when he returns next year he will find that our Natives have profited by the Opening which he gave them. Perhaps J. Tod S., Esquire, and his Staff may regret the Luxuries of London, but it will be some Epicurean Crumb of comfort for them to remember that they are returning to

Columbia at the height of the Canvas-back Duck Season. Had the Stars and Stripes Cavalier stayed with us for Manchester, no doubt the Horse of his choice would now enjoy the Pre-eminence which *Alt Mark* enjoyed in the Liverpool quotations, and Wagerers from all parts of the Globe would have been taking the most Ridiculous Returns for their Outlay. But as things are, it is possible to approach the November Handicap without that sinking of the Heart which invariably accompanied the Sifting of the Wheat from the Chaff, while J. Tod S., Esquire, was busy with the Bridle. In this mood I venture to winnow the Equine grain as follows:—

Fresh Ha our will not be my port,
Legal Passage will not have my word;
The *Upstart* is quite the right sort,
And *Cheat 'em* has weight for a bird;
The *Sundarkener*'s well-nigh thrown in,
If he start, then beware thee "green gee";
But the *Logman* and *Hot 'un* will spin
Just after the *Man of the Sea*.

I do not guarantee Success, but I trust that I may avert Disaster. With all deference to your Chancellor of the Exchequer, I venture to point out that the Amount or Blue Pencil with which he was callous enough to decorate my Bill of Costs at Liverpool and Derby would shame a Taxing-Master in Chancery. But I beg you, honoured Sir (for I have too much self-respect to address him myself) to assure him that I smile at his Pitiable Cheese-paring, having Solid Examples of Courage in Supporting such Noble Quadrupeds as *Duamia*, *Lackford*, *Pintail*, *Sherburn*, *Trident*, and, strange to say, *Waterhen* in my Wallet. I trust that you will not fail to convey to him my resolute meaning, at the same time reminding him that while *Omnibi* were made for the Slow, Hansoms were instituted for the Progressive. That he will understand my Sarcasm is more than I can credit, but you, honoured Sir, will readily comprehend my Biting Allusion to his Cheque on Rapid Progression.

Your humble but resentful servitor,

DARBY JONES.

[D. J. may be as resentful as he pleases, but not at our expense. We never authorised him to hire cabs at £3 a day, nor do we intend to do so. As D. J. appears to be in funds, we shall be happy to square accounts. Perhaps he will comprehend our "biting allusion."—Ed.]

NO MORE DOCTORS.

["The halfpenny-in-the-slot lung-tester, which it is claimed will either prevent a man having consumption, or else tell him beyond all question that he has got it, is shortly to be added to the attractions of the London bar and restaurant."—*Daily Mail*.]

Now with delight we hail the day
When we'll no longer have to pay
The skilled physician's heavy price
For dear but excellent advice;
If I'm mistaken not, his fee
Ran to two guineas, sometimes three.

With faces long we used to go
To worthy Doctor So-and-So,
Of all practitioners the best
For any trouble of the chest,
And then with confidence imbibe
The mixture which he would prescribe.

Henceforth with doctors we'll dispense
(The gain to us will be immense);
One halfpenny placed in the slot
Will tell us whether we have got
Consumption, or if we are free
From all disease pulmonary.



Prince George of Greece (High Commissioner of Crete). "THE TURKS GAVE US A JOLLY GOOD THRASHING FOR TRYING TO GET THIS ISLAND AT FIRST. BUT I'VE GOT HERE ALL THE SAME!"

THE NEW GUV'NOR.

(To Prince George of Greece, with Mr. Punch's best wishes.)

GEORGE! though the Powers may yet arrange,

For reasons too profound to mention,
At this conclusive point to change
The thing they call their fixed intention;

Let neither this disturbing view,
Nor motives of domestic love, nor
The question why they go for you
Instead of some one else as Guv'nor,

Unman you. You have booked your bunk
Upon the friendly Tartar's vessel;
Already with your weighty trunk
The stout Piræan porters wrestle;

And now, before the nauseous main
Receives you, come! and, like a lamb, let
Such wisdom trickle through your brain
As fell from good Polonius (*Hamlet*).

Across the bit of azure brine
Where lately passed in easy splendour
The Gentleman from Palestine,
Our humble Faith's Superb Defender,

You sail to regions where the rose
Is badly wrapt about with briars,
To rule a race which "One who knows"
Pronounced a set of sorry liars;

And, since they found that time was saved
By living each upon his neighbour,
And consequently often waived
The dull formalities of labour,

He called them idle-bellied men;
And doubtless still the island bristles
With just as smart a lot as when
The late Sr. PAUL composed epistles.

For still, when short of other work,
The native goes and knifes his cousin,
The Christian being to the Turk
Even as six to half a dozen.

So, when you tread the devious ways
Of dark vendettas, you will please use
That tact for wriggling through a maze
Which marked the character of THESEUS.

Follow his steps, but not so near
As might imply an indiscretion;
For there were things in his career
Which left behind a bad impression.

Attic, like you, and full of fun,
He drank, when dry, of famed Kephissus,
But ere his time in Crete was done,
He went and left his local missus!

But to return to Christian Crete:—
You'll find its temper, thanks to us, is
Reduced by some degrees of heat
Since NOEL nicked its blunderbusses;

For people (this you must have felt)
Who have a natural gift for treason
Without a pop-gun in the belt
Are more amenable to reason.

Let this reflection ease the way
On which you should by now be wending,
And may the line you take to-day
Avoid the usual "Cretic ending."*

* "In the composition of ambic verse, the 'Cretic,' preceded by a spondee in another word, should be rigorously avoided at the end of a line."

—*Beginner's Guide to Greek Verse.*

Horticultural.

Daisy (to her father's gardener). What do you call those flowers, WILLIAM?

William. Them be 'olloyoxes, Missie.

Daisy. No, WILLIAM, not hollyoxes, hollyoxen.



The Duchess (who takes a great interest in all her Servants, and has a large house-party). "OH, so you'RE THE NEW SCULLERY MAID. I HOPE YOU LIKE YOUR PLACE!"

New Scullery Maid. "NO, MY LADY. I WANT TO LEAVE NEXT WEEK. I CAN'T STAND THESE LATE DINNERS. ALL THE LADIES AS I'VE EVER BEEN CONNECTED WITH HAVE JUST TOOK A BIT OF SOMETHING IN THEIR 'ANDS, AND THERE WASN'T ALL THIS WASHING UP!"

NO IMMEDIATE NECESSITY

For abolishing the School Board for London and the L. C. C.

For taking off two or three pence from the Income Tax.

For subsidising a National Theatre and Opera House.

For repealing the Act permitting, but not insisting upon, the use of motor-cars.

For adopting the American plan of overhead railways for the benefit of the Metropolis and the large towns of the Provinces.

For winding up the Corporation of the

City of London, and applying the proceeds to the reduction of the National Debt.

For extending the principle of the Conscientious Objection Clause in the Vaccination Act to legislation in other directions.

For pensioning off the statutory representatives of the Court of Bankruptcy.

For abolishing the offices of Queen's Proctor and Official Prosecutor.

For declaring HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY Empress of Australia, Canada, and the Colonies.

And last, but not least, for declaring a British Protectorate over Egypt.



He (alluding to "aged" Spinster in mid-distance flirting with young Dash). "MISS ELDERREY IS VERY SENSITIVE ABOUT HER AGE, ISN'T SHE?" She. "SHE OUGHT TO BE QUITE USED TO IT BY THIS TIME."

SNAPSHOTS FROM THE EAST.

Damascus, November 4.

HONoured EFFENDI (I hope you will not be offended at my thus addressing you), I write to tell you that I have not yet been taken up as an Anarchist, though a friend and compatriot has been hauled before the Beyrout police for "masquerading" in Arab costume on an expedition to Baalbec to-day. His get-up certainly *did* rather challenge attention. It consisted of a blue caftan embroidered with gold, a plaid scarf fastened round his waist, and a muslin bandana tied over a Winchester football cap, with his socks pulled up over his

trousers. He wanted to study Syrian life, he explained, but he narrowly escaped doing so for life behind the bars of a Turkish prison.

We have seen the Mailed Fist shake hands with the Governor of Jerusalem, and open the new Lutheran Church, and distribute medals to the German blue-jackets on Mount Zion, generally importing an air of "*Deutschland über alles*" into Palestine, but these matters are now ancient history, and are, besides, only to be handled by Court painters and poets-laureate. A lighter treatment would run the risk of prosecution for *lèse-majesté*, or some other awful crime.

The Jaffa railway is great in scenery, gradients, associations, and everything except trains and rolling-stock. When an unfortunate accident occurred last Monday a few miles from Jerusalem, there was no available locomotive to transport us to the sea. I regret to say we beguiled the long hours of waiting in a German *Bierhaus* hard by the station. Still, when you are in Jerusalem, you must do as the—Germans do, *i.e.*, in this instance sit on a table with a *Wurst* in one hand and a beer-jug in the other.

Embarking at Jaffa is exciting, in a rough sea, at 1 A.M., or, indeed, at any time. It is a good deal worse than Durban. You are rowed out to the ship in surf-boats, and nearly wrecked, at starting, on the rock whereon Andromeda was chained. After about twenty minutes' pitching and tossing, you reach your steamer and make shots at the gangway, as the waves rise and fall. In the fearful chamois-leap you take from the boat, all your past misdeeds flash through your mind, and thoughts of

the old folks comfortably in bed at home, the girl (or the luggage) you left behind you, the sweet little cherub sitting up aloft, the Bay of Biscay, Oh! Full Fathom Five, and Auld Lang Syne simultaneously occur to you, with "Man the Lifeboat!" for encore verse. The rest is imprecation and embrocations. Such is the so-called "harbour" of Jaffa.

Yours Orientally,

Z. Y. X.

[“The muzzling order has been revoked in Buckinghamshire.”—*Daily Paper*.]

Shakspeare (à la COLLEY CIBBER, adapted to the situation). Off with his muzzle! So much for Buckingham!



NO SUNDAY MUSIC. BY ORDER OF THE L. C. C.



PLENTY OF SUNDAY MUSIC. BY ORDER OF GENERAL BOOTH.

ON THE CARDS.

SCENE—*The Special Stationery Department. Husband and Wife discovered in argument.*

Husband. I told you it was absurd dragging me here. How do I know what we want?

Wife. You are always so disagreeable if I choose wrong. You didn't like the wreath of "forget-me-nots" last year.

Husband. Well, it was rather ridiculous sending it to one's dentist.

Wife. And then the year before you objected to "For Auld Lang Syne."

Husband. Yes, when we posted them off to people we had met for the first time the day before yesterday.

Wife. There you go! Always sneering.

Husband. I am not. You would say I was rude if I called you a blithering idiot.

Wife (resignedly). Oh, no. I'm accustomed to it. (*Pleasantly.*) My mother always said I ought to have married a gentleman.

Husband. Your mother be blessed! (*With intention.*) I hope she is.

Wife (after a pause). I know you would call me spiteful if I quoted Captain SABRETACHE and called you a c-a-d.

Husband. Indeed! Well, I will dine at the Club. Perhaps I may meet SABRETACHE there and compare notes.

Wife (calmly). Stay away altogether if you like, dear.

Husband (furious). I will.

Attendant. Can I serve you, Madam?

Wife. We want a Christmas card.

Attendant. Have you any preference?

Wife. My husband has. Haven't you, dear?

Husband (to Attendant). Oh, I suppose the usual sort of thing. "Peace and good will," don't you know. Something seasonable!

(*Curtain.*)

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

OF Christmas books my Baronitess writes:—Possibly owing to the unprecedented success of a certain little girl's quaint drawings of "Animal Land," there is a gigantic boom in the ways and doings of ye bipeds and quadrupeds. Very little ones with a thirst for knowledge of unnatural history, will discover much that is sympathetic to their studies in *The Troubles of Tattlers* (BLACKIE AND SON), a poor little waif of a dog with a string of tales by ALICE TALWIN MORRIS, and illustrated by ALICE B. WOODWARD. *Stories from Lowly Life* (MACMILLAN & Co.), by C. M. DUPPA, are full of quiet, pleasurable interest, with pictures by LOUIS WAIN. *Sybil's Garden of Pleasant Beasts*, by SYBIL and KATHARINE CORBET, is an uncommonly lively spot, though not limited to a bear-garden. Evidently the animals in *The Fables by Fal*, illustrated by Sir PHILIP BURNE-JONES, have been attacked with that persistent pessimism of fashionable decadence, and the grimness of tragedy is suggested in these stories, especially in that of the "Wail of the Winkles." Both these books are published by DUCKWORTH & Co.

"It is all nonsense," declares the preface; but life would not be worth living without its moments of nonsense, and MARY KERNAHAN's book is *Nothing but Nonsense* (JAMES BOWDEN), and very good it is. The pictures, by TONY LUDOVICI, are simply beautifully ridiculous.

The Golliwogg at the Seaside (LONGMANS, GREEN & Co.), with pictures by FLORENCE UPTON, and verses by BERTHA UPTON, will be thoroughly appreciated by the most youthful tripper who has tasted the joys of holiday existence by the sad sea waves. Dear little "Red Riding Hood" appears as fresh as ever, artistically re-dressed by WALTER CRANE, in her own *Red Riding Hood's Picture Book* (JOHN LANE), in company with several other old favourites of fairy lore.

These are for the simple student of the nursery. The school-boy's turn comes next, with his insatiable thirst to read of life as he imagines it should be, one long realm of adventure and romance. In *The Treasure Cave of the Blue Mountains* (OLIPHANT, ANDERSON, FERRIER), by OLIPHANT SMEATON, illustrated by JOSEPH BROWN, this ideal is found in thrilling surroundings. And again, in *The Knight of the Golden Chain* (ARTHUR PEARSON), by R. D. CHETWODE, romance is insidiously welded with history, a delicate method similar to that of giving powders in jam.

The utter fierceness of the two gentlemen on the cover of *Draw Swords*, gives a fair notion of MANVILLE FENN's story, which takes place in the early Victorian pre-examination days, when a youthful soldier's existence was certainly then a very lively and

WANTED
A FEW
RESPECTABLE
CROCODILES

APPLY WITH REFERENCES



THE LABOUR MARKET.

An Allegory from the Banks of the Nile.

WHAT MAY BE EXPECTED SOME FINE MORNING AT REGENT'S PARK.

[*"There are vacancies at the Zoo for a few crocodiles of large size, and the upper reaches of the Nile are said to be swarming with them."*—*Daily Paper.*]

a happy one. *The White Princess of the Hidden City*, by DAVID LAWSON JOHNSTONE, is not a fairy-story, as the title might suggest, but a wonderful romance of adventure in Central America, the land of sudden revolutions. So that the unexpected inevitably turns up. Such a capital situation for upsetting events. Complaints are very often heard that in the matter of literature boys are more considered than girls. For once there will be unmitigated delight among the bashful maidens of fifteen over L. T. MEADE's *The Girls of St. Wode's* (W. AND R. CHAMBERS, the publishers of the books above-mentioned in this paragraph). The "new" girl has evidently a high old time in an up-to-date college, rather different to the prim academy of old, where deportment and the prisms of life were of genteel consideration. For smaller young women, Mrs. MOLESWORTH has one of her charmingly-written tales, *The Magic Nuts* (MACMILLAN), which will prove pleasant cracking. What comes out must not be discovered. "Not for nuts" will we reveal the mystery beforehand. There are pictures by ROSIE M. PITMAN.

Like "Brer Rabbit" of old acquaintance, the animals lie low in *The Hollow Tree*, and only come out to bring these tales, which have been repeated by ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE, who constitutes himself the story-teller. The pictures are very excellent, by J. M. CONDÉ, and the book is published by A. CONSTABLE & Co.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

HUNTING "DAY BY DAY."

"THE Mudsquashington Foxhounds had a good day's sport from Wotsisname Coverts (which were laid for a large number). They found in Thingamy Woods, rattled him round the Osier Beds, and then through the Gorse, just above Sumware. Leaving this and turning left-handed, he ran on as far as Sumotherplace, where he finally got to ground. Amongst the numerous field were Lord FOOZLE and Lady FRUMP, Messrs. BORKINS, POSHBURY, and TOMKYN-SMITH."

* Half a dozen similar paragraphs cut out as being too exciting for the average reader's brain to bear.—ED.



BEGINNING EARLY.

Dorothy. "OH, MAMMA DEAR, EVERY DAY WHEN I GO TO SCHOOL, A NAUGHTY LITTLE BOY WILL KISS ME!"

Mamma. "WELL, DARLING, YOU SHOULD RUN AWAY."

Dorothy. "WELL, BUT—SUPPOSE HE DIDN'T RUN AFTER ME!"

I GUESS THAT'S SO.

(From Mr. Punch's Vagrant Contributor.)

SIR,—I propose (of course with your permission) to place my British heart on exhibition, to show it throbbing with a wild pulsation of pride and ardour for the Yankee nation, to prove that, when the question's one of liquor, blood takes the cake because it's always thicker, and that allies when they are out for slaughter think much of blood, but pour contempt on water; that from our theatres—each with quite a full pit—from crowded platform and from thundering pulpit; from the great Banquet where, their waistcoats undone, the merchant princes of well-turtled London gather in throngs about the civic chair and toast creation *plus* the new Lord Mayor; from Court and Castle as from town and village, from teeming street, from less frequented tillage; where Caledonia, neither stern nor wild, nurses at present no poetic child; where emerald Erin, always with some Bill on, now shouts for REDMOND and now yells for DILLON; where the famed men of Harlech in the hollow, armed cap-a-pie, make "billow" rhyme to "follow," and where the Church—this is peculiar, very—of Wales is in the See of Canterbury; from where, resembling lovely flowers that lack scent, English is spoken with an English accent—in fact from everywhere throughout our islands, from East, from West, from South and eke the Highlands, one voice is heard whose echo drowns all others, "Hail to the Yankees, they're our friends and brothers!"

This being so, I take my heart in hand, Sir—you'll notice how it beats "to beat the band," Sir—and filled with all good feeling, as I am, offer both heart and hand to UNCLE SAM. He, too, I understand, across the ocean displays a very similar emotion. He's just got through (it might begin again) a pretty tidy bout

of knocks with Spain. I sometimes wonder how to Spain the dose felt when the Rough Riders stormed that hill with ROOSEVELT, and how it looked to see the fiery TEDDY, while his teeth flashed and, riding far ahead, he cheered with fierce shouts (but where was General SHAFER?) his gallant cowboys who came rushing after.

These are the men, brave hearts and lots of muscle, to push their way through every kind of tussle: these are the men, our stalwart kith and kin, who 'mid the bullet-hail and battle-din set their chins square and in their tattered jeans give to their foe man what they feed on—beans. These are our friends, with them, when war-clouds lower and other nations sulk and growl and glower, we can clasp hands across the stormy sea and face the world, our watchword, liberty! Friendship like ours of oceans is a spanner; who recks of distance when their starry banner and our red flag are side by side unfurled and wave triumphant o'er the attentive world?

Pardon this burst, I merely meant to say, Sir, that musty by-gones now have had their day, Sir; that if the Rescript fails and wars continue I pin my faith to Anglo-Saxon sinew, the whole of which—ye kindly fates I thank ye!—is owned by us and by our friend the Yankee.

Robbie Burns re-blacked.

(On seeing the bronze statue of Robert Burns being "renovated" in the Embankment Gardens.)

ONCE more, my BURNS, lest thou thy lustre lack,
We paint thee black;

Because we know 'twould make thee far less bright
To wash thee white.



“DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS MAKE AMENDS!”

Punch (Landlord of the “Two Cross Flags”). “FILL UP, MY HEARTIES! IT LOOKS LIKE ‘DIRTY WEATHER’ AHEAD, BUT YOU TWO—JOHN AND JONATHAN—WILL SEE IT THROUGH, TOGETHER!”



CHANGELINGS; OR, A STORY WITHOUT (POLITE) WORDS.

"THEM'S THE ONLY DOGS AS COME BY THIS TRAIN, SIR. THE GUARD SAYS AS 'OW THERE WAS THREE SPORTIN' DOGS, AS 'AD ATE THEIR LABEL OFF, WOT'S GONE ON BY THE SCOTCH EXPRESS."

REMBRANDT—A STUDY.

(By One who loves Art and Economy.)

OH! the delight to hear that the richest treasures of Dutch painting were to be centred in Amsterdam! In a word, REMBRANDT! The entire civilised world were yielding specimens of the mighty master! Contributions were coming from Russia, France, England, everywhere. Sovereigns, princes, nobles, and many millionaires were among the contributors! Glorious thought! I should see the greatest of great painters face to face!

I have been—swiftly and economically—to Amsterdam. I braved the terrors of the deep and a third-class carriage from the Hook. I put up at an appropriate hotel. So great was my impatience to see these grand works of art—to be able to inspect the solitary presentment of a horse, the rare mythological subjects—that I took a

train. I spared no expense. Then I rushed up the stairs. I threw some forty or fifty small coins on the turnstile.

"Not enough."

"Not enough!" I echoed. But I was imperfectly acquainted with the Dutch coinage, so I pulled out of my pockets several further handfuls of copper discs.

"They amount to half a guilder. Not enough."

"Impossible! How much do you want?"

"Two guilders and a half;" and the gatekeeper pointed to one of my silver cart-wheels.

But this was too much! The Academy costs only a shilling, and the Salon on certain days a franc.

It was too much.

So I have returned. I still love REMBRANDT. Adore his work. But I did not see any of his pictures in Amsterdam.

But then, on the other hand, I saved five francs!

FORTHCOMING INVENTIONS.

(By Our Own Mr. Tesla.)

["MR. NIKOLA TESLA has invented a machine for projecting powerful electric currents into space which will destroy any object against which they are aimed. He also offers to turn the machinery at the Paris Exhibition by electric force from Niagara, which is to be dispatched across the Atlantic without wires."—Daily Paper.]

IN answer to an appeal from Mr. Punch for further novelties, Mr. TESLA offers us the following:—

An electric machine for the distribution of the heat at present running to waste in the crater of Vesuvius among the kitchens of the Metropolis, where it would be useful for cooking purposes.

An extension of Signor MARCONI's system of wireless telegraphy by which London could be supplied with water from the canals which astronomers affirm can be perceived on the planet Mars. This should be of great assistance to the London County Council.

A flying-machine propelled by electric waves in the atmosphere, which would enable the business-man to go from Clapham to the City every morning without taking an omnibus. The same machine would take him home in the evening if a return ticket was taken. Fares—3d. for the journey, 5d. return.

An electric apparatus by which heat waves could be attracted from the Sahara in winter, and cold waves from the North Pole in Summer, thereby providing an equable and pleasant climate for London.

An electric converter by which the X-rays (Y "X"-rays?) could be utilised in the lighting of the London streets, and in propelling motor-carriages between Northumberland Avenue and Richmond.

An electric fog-disperser. This ingenious machine could be set up at every street corner, and could be set in motion at any moment on placing a penny in the slot. Half-pennies or bent coin must not be used.

For particulars of further projects, apply to the Editor of this paper.



Laundress Herschell at the White House.

STIFFENING ANGLO-AMERICAN TIES.

["LORD HERSCHELL was entertained at the White House last week by President MCKINLEY

READY-MADE COATS(-OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS.



M. LE PRESIDENT, FÉLIX FAURE.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, on a ground virulent two crosses of the legion of honour coupé by a presidential hand sinister from the breast of two dreyfusards of repute, steadfast in rectitude; 2nd, under the shield of the chief of the state tainted with bias, several dapper heraldic scoundrelles of the staff, plumed proper, braided gold to the waist, all banded together and rampant in tort; 3rd, a series of highly-strung journalistic lyres in perry on the garble proper falsette in unison; 4th, on a rock of degradation, interned in exile, a military scapegoat charged with treason, loaded with chains of evidence designed forged and welded in fraud, on the horizon, the first rays of a dawn of hope breaking through clouds of fury. *Crests:* 1st, on a cap of liberty query, stained potted and ensanguined gules, a peacock in pride proper, his head slightly turned, charged with the riband and star of the order of St. Andrew and a penchant for display verging on puerility; 2nd, on a bend of the upper Nile a tricoloured african interlope of civilization, dumped down squatty on the bank, collared eradicated and reflexed in agony. *Supporters:* Dexter, a russian bear sable, imperially crowned and gorged with loans hysterically courted and caressed ad nauseam, simpery bowy bendy to the last, but reluctant in committal. *Sinister:* A double-faced eagle of muscovy reguardant azure in dismay a kettle of fish à la parisienne. *Second motto:* "Felix fortunatus caesaris sociusque amicus."

Additional motto: "FÉLIX ILL-ÉGALITÉ."

IMPRESSIONS TO BE CORRECTED.

(To restore the entente cordiale.)

DOVER SIDE.

That one Englishman can thrash at least half-a-dozen Frenchmen.

That London is infinitely superior to Paris, and Notre Dame not a patch on Westminster Abbey.

That our Gallic neighbours like to be reminded of the Battle of Waterloo.

That it would be better to get it over at once.

That "by Jingo if we do."

CALAIS SIDE.

That England was defeated by the French from Agincourt to Waterloo.

That all English "Meeses" have projecting front teeth, and their fathers wear tweed suits and Dundreary whiskers.

That JOHN BULL can be squeezed into any thing.

That London is always in a fog, and consists chiefly of Leicester Square and Vauxhall Bridge Road.

That Albion is always perfidious.

That France is strong enough to master the world, with Great Britain included.

TO A FOND MAMMA.

In these degenerate latter days,
When *laissez faire* is all the rage,
When boys and maidens go their ways,
And Youth pays little heed to Age;
When fathers, with, perhaps, a groan,
Obey their offspring's stern injunctions,
When the exploded chaperrone
Performs mere ornamental functions—

In these degenerate times, I say,
One wholesome fact I must report,
There still exists, thank Heaven, to-day
One mother of the good old sort—
One mother bold beyond the rest,
Her motherly back-seat forsaking,
Pursuing with whole-hearted zest
That fine old industry—match-making!

Dear madam, your appearance rare
Must needs excite our pleased remark,
No longer need we now despair
Of seeing dodos in the Park.
We all know where a match is made,
Yet Heaven, being at a distance
(I think it cannot be gainsaid)
Should profit much by your assistance.

Blest wife is she who tries to make
Her precious daughters likewise blest,
Who bustles round—"for SOPHY's sake"—
And you are bustling all your best.
Then scorn your neighbours' paltry smiles
(For ridicule's the meed of virtue),
And, when they spot your little wiles,
Don't let such trifles disconcert you!

Yet, moved by no intention rude,
I do implore you to amend
Your methods, some of which are crude—
I speak but as a candid friend.
With pleasure I attend your "shows,"
Because by some right intuition
You label me, as I suppose,
Most wisely, "Not for competition."

Then, since it is my privilege high
To play the part of looker-on,
One further word of warning I
Would venture, by your leave, upon.
One sage remark from days afar
(My nurse's) in my memory linger—
That those who play with matches are
Extremely apt to burn their fingers.

Still, let not that discourage you,
Play out your fond maternal part,
Each failure give you strength anew,
And each rebuff increase your art!
Dear madam, I sincerely pray
Success may some day crown your labours
To plant SOPHY, JANE, and MAY,
Upon your male reluctant neighbours!

IN THE IMPERIAL TRAVELLING-BAG.

Five naval uniforms of various nationalities.

Somebody's infallible cure for sea-sickness.

Death warrant (ready for signature) for the execution of the inventor.

Two hundred telegrams, to an assortment of celebrities, containing congratulations, &c., not sent, as the Imperial yacht did not touch at a post-office.

Hotel coupons for Palestine, returnable on deduction of a percentage.

"Turkish before Breakfast; or, how to be able to converse with the Sultan, in six easy lessons."

Death-warrant (ready for signature) for the execution of the author.

Twelve and a half pounds of costly jewels brought on board at Constantinople.

Draft for a treaty, with dates and signatures omitted.

Twenty-seven proposals for loans—all "under consideration."

"I. O. U." for the "ridiculous sum of half-a-crown."

Shirts, cuffs, collars, and toilette requisites.

A false nose, to be used while preserving an incognito, and large photograph of the SULTAN—very much damaged.

INDOCILIS PAUPERIEM PATI.

"Any Husband to any Wife."

To marry you, I know, was rash,
Upon an income such as mine.
I know that we have made a hash
Of what should make all lives divine.
But if my throat I'm not to gash,
Nor drown me in the Serpentine,
Please from recrimination cease,
And let us have a little peace.

If I were you, I think I'd save
By sneering less at bombazine,
And would conceal how much I crave
For butter when there's margarine;
Of oysters I would never rave,
Nor talk about the might-have-been—
But you would wear and drink and eat
The same as those whose ends can meet.

This would be but a little thing,
That burden would I meekly bear,
But for the shrill incessant ring
Which rends the circumambient air,
Which on my head I always bring
At any word of thrift and care—
You seem to think, when money's tight,
Extravagance your due and right.

So be it—our affairs are bad,
But that is the concern of fate,
No loans from "uncle" can be had
Upon an actual uncle's plate.
I don't repine, but let me add
One word anent our parlous state—
Please from recrimination cease,
And let us have a little peace.

DISCIPLINE ALL AT SEA.

(Fragment from a Nautical Realistic Romance
of the possible Future.)

It was a sad spectacle. The Admiral
glanced sorrowfully at the mutineers.
They had disabled the quick-firing guns,
and put out the fires. The disaffection
aboard the *Majestic* had spread to another
vessel. It was no longer a matter of
throwing about orange-peel and pomegra-
nate-pips, but one of stern principle.

"Will any of you men come out and
argue with me?" was the invitation of the
Admiral.

There was a movement, and then TOM
LANYARD, the smartest and tautest tar in
the service, took two paces to the front and
saluted.

"It's not for the likes of me to speak to
the likes of you, your honour," said the
sailor, respectfully, but firmly. "All I know
is, we take it as hard—very hard."

"My lads, I want to be reasonable. I
am sorry to see you here, TOM LANYARD,
you whom I regarded as faithful as William
the betrothed of Black-Eyed Susan. You
were the pride of the fleet."

"That was I, your honour," replied the
sailor, modestly. "I was better than him,
because I have a surname, and so far as I
know, he hadn't."

"That's true enough, my lad," returned
the Admiral, struggling with his emotion.
"Then why mutiny?"

"Because you stopped our toffee, your
honour. Asking your pardon, we can't
do without our toffee. Since grog was
stopped and tobacco put on the black list,
we can't do without our toffee."

"But be reasonable, my lads," replied
the commander. "You know that toffee
made your fingers sticky, and how could
you keep the quarter-deck clean with sticky
fingers?"

Before the man before the mast could



ON TOUR.

Heavy Tragedian. "DO YOU LET APARTMENTS TO—AH—THE PROFESSION?"
Unsophisticated Landlady. "Oh, yes, SIR. WHY, LAST WEEK WE HAD THE PERFORMING
DOGS HERE!"

reply, a French ship approached, and the
British vessel, having their quick-firing guns
dismantled, had to surrender. So the re-
mainder of the conversation was carried on
in a foreign prison. Owing to this un-
toward circumstance, the result reached
was never divulged to the civilian public.

A POLYGLOT POEM.

A MADCHEN jeune et belle amo,
Mit yeux charmantes of blue,
And moi je sing passim I go,
Carita zoë mou.

Ma colleen is so kald and shy,
Quoique divinely fair,

Her cavalier servente, I
Sum tempted to despair.

Quien sabe? though she may relent
Elle n'aime pas other men,
I'll pour cette raison be content,
Dum spiro spero then.

The ne plus ultra of my life,
To win her cor would be,
Und ganz geuiss une liebe wife
I ken she'd make for me.

Heureka! mon amour is great,
Und vult not be disdained,
I muncta her so I will wait
Until le prix est gained.



Golfer, whose Ball has lodged under Stone, has had several unsuccessful shots, and finally, with a tremendous stroke, smashed his Club.

Old Man. "YOU PUT ME IN MOIND OF MY OLD JACKASS."

Golfer. "WHAT D'YOU MEAN, YOU IDIOT!"

Old Man. "YER'VE GOT MORE STRENGTH THAN KNOWLEDGE!"

AFTER MACBETH'S BANQUET.

(A Shakspearean Supplement.)

BY THE SWAN OF STRATFORD-ATTE-BOWE.

THIS is one of the scenes which SHAKSPEARE would have written if he had only thought of it. As it is, save for a few vague allusions—guarded, as was natural in members of the house-party—made, in Act III., Sc. 6, by Lenox and "Another Lord," we are quite in the dark as to the private opinions of the guests concerning a banquet which, either from a social or a gastronomic point of view, was scarcely a success. Here the omission is supplied, and, in deference to the modern spirit which now animates blank verse, without too pedantic an insistence upon Elizabethan diction.

The characters represent those neighbouring lords who, being invited only to the Banquet and not "to dine and sleep," would naturally walk home so early in the evening without waiting for their respective conveyances, and, being human, would inevitably discuss the eccentric manner in which they had been entertained. They are:—

First Lord (a middle-aged, sensible, and somewhat sententious nobleman).

Second Lord (a Kailyard Chieftain, canny and homely of speech. MEM.

—It is singular that SHAKSPEARE, in a play dealing so largely with Scottish history and character, should never once have attempted to suggest the local colour by a touch of dialect. But possibly he was not very good at it).

Third Lord (a light-hearted young Peer with a tendency to cheery colloquialism, which some critics may condemn as out of keeping with the period. But what about the Bard's own anachronisms?).

The scene is outside the Palace Gates, Forres. And now we can get on:

First Lord (to Second Lord, as they pass out). You go my way, I think?

Second Lord (with characteristic caution). I'd no juist say My road was in a deeferent direction.

First Lord. Good! Shall we walk together?

Second Lord. Gin ye wull.

Third Lord (calling after them). What ho! you fellows, wait a jiff for me. (They do.

(Overtaking them.) Well? . . . What price His hospitality?

First L. Think you MACBETH's deliberately done us?

Third L. He cannot boast that he has done us well. To be fired out, our mouths still full of salmon, And shown the exit e'er we saw an *entrée*, Was scarce encouragement to come again!

First L. King DUNCAN never would have served us so!

Second L. Ou ay, his denners were a wee bit dooff!— But hoots! a body filled his wame the while!

Third L. MACBETH's idea of being "large in mirth" Would cast a gloom upon the cheeriest funeral.

Second L. Sal! but the feckless way he sent us in! "Set doon," says he, "ye ken yer ain degrees."

'Twas naething but rideeculous to see A MUNKITRICK below the MACINTOSH, And auld GLENLIVAT girn abune the saut!

Third L. A jumper host I ne'er clapped eyes upon; He seemed incapable of sitting down!

First L. Most upstarts are deficient in repose.

Third L. His Queen supplied the style; you heard his spe "Ourself will mingle with Society, Our hostess keeps her state." How's that for fi

Second L. The stoot stand-offish kimmer, set her up! I mind the day herself, a captain's ledly, Wad blush for plesure gin we praised her haggis!

First L. These unaccustomed crowns cause swollen heads, And self-made monarchs oft outgrow their boots. Third L. He used to be a decent sort enough, And really seemed confoundedly cut up About that business up at Inverness.

Second L. I canna think he's been the same mon sence. 'Tis verra strange—

Third L. Nay, not so bally stran

For when a fellow puts up Scotland's king, Just for the night, and bundles out of bed To hear his royal guest's been foully murdered By his own sons,—well, put it how you like, 'Tis apt to prove a rather nasty jar!

Second L. I'm no denying but ye may be richt. What wull ha' keepit BANQUO from the denner?

Third L. Oh, "unavoidably detainel," no doubt. Or "felt too indisposed"—the good old lie!

First L. The King, methought, was less annoyed than hur So heartily he drank to his good health!

Second L. 'Twas no the first gude health he'd drunk the da Third L. Why, now I think of it, he did seem odd: Complained of seeing things—

First L. (with interest). What things, my lor Third L. Oh, well, you know—the usual sort of things. For instance (if I caught his words aright), Such creatures as a rugged Russian bear, An armed rhinoceros, and Hyrcan tiger.

Second L. (with patriotic indignation). There's no sic b in the hail o' Scotland!

First L. 'Tis well, indeed, we came without our wives. Small wonder that his scandalous behaviour Should so upset the Queen, who little thought To see the massy superincumbent gilt Thus soon forsake her royal gingerbread!

It strikes me (but you'll let this go no further) Those two have failed of late to hit it off. I may be wrong—

Second L. Na, na, ye're no faur aff't, She canna bide his blether! I ken fine—

Third L. (impatiently). More full we seem of gossip than of What say you to some supper at the club?

(They assent as scene clo

(N.B.—If Mr. FORBES-ROBERTSON should wish to obtain leave f Swan of S.-a-B. to include this fine scene in his *Macbeth* product application will meet with careful consideration. Terms reasonable

La Liberté, commenting on Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's speech week, observed, that when England had frustrated the d of France everywhere, JOHN BULL would then approach he in execrable French would say, "Volez vos joer avec moa.

Liberté, having evidently CHAMBERLAIN on the brain, have written, "Volez vos 'Joey' avec moa."

RACE OF THE SOIL.—Our Champion Idiot is reported to entered into an unsuccessful speculation in connection wit Cesarewitch. But he did not see the race run. "No," sa in his epigrammatic manner; "what was the use of cat

coals to Newmarket?"



SOUTH AFRICAN SMITHFIELD SHOW.

A PUBLIC BENEFACCTOR.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—I am not one of those who like to hide their light under a bushel. Quite the contrary. And I particularly

hate to do a Public Service anonymously. So I write to you on the subject of a recent achievement of mine.

On November 9 (the fact is complacently recorded in a Sunday paper), I saw a fine sparrow-hawk in Shoreditch Park. "Attracted probably by the deceptive rusticity of the place, the bird had perched on a niche in the wall of St. Leonard's Church, and was lost in contemplation of the municipal activity of Shoreditch."

Did I allow this intrusive wild fowl to enjoy the country airs of Shoreditch Park? Perish the thought. To quote the same Sunday journal, "A whack from a stick temporarily disabled her, and led to her being captured and caged." Here was indeed a Public Service. A fine sparrow-hawk was wasting its sweetness on the London air. At any moment it might have flown away and been lost to Shoreditch. I whacked it over the head, therefore, and it is now dying in a leisurely manner in a cage.

This is not the only claim of my family to public gratitude in this direction. I am the person who, with secret catapult, kills the nightingales which even yet disturb the quiet of Campden Hill. All rarer forms of birds and beasts are my prey, and my brother in the country with his gun shoots all the golden eagles that visit these shores, and does his best to destroy all the kingfishers that haunt our rivers. When he has bagged his golden eagle or other unusual fowl, he writes proudly to the *Times* to mention the fact, and signs his name! He and I, by our united efforts, are gradually extinguishing whole species of interesting wild creatures in England and in London.

Often our efforts are met with the grossest ingratitude, and only the other day a gentleman called me a stupid brute who ought to be kicked by all decent people, but I don't mind him. And meantime the good work goes on.

In full assurance of your gratitude and support, I beg to sign myself,
Your obedient servant, 'ARRY.

NOT SATISFIED.—It is confidently stated that the German Government favours an expedition to the South Pole. We should have thought that the KAISER had quite enough to do to look after his own Poles.

HOME MARKETS ILLUSTRATED.



"Tallow unsteady."



"A decline of sixpence."



Suggestion to the Needy Householder who has got the workmen in. Make the various Contractors pay for exhibiting their Advertisement Boards, and thus bring grist to the mill.



THE RETURN OF THE TROUBADOUR.

His Imperial Majesty the German Emperor sings—

"GAILY THE TROUBADOUR TOUCHED HIS GUITAR
AS HE WAS HASTENING HOME FROM AFAR,

SINGING, 'FROM PALESTINE HITHER I COME!
LADY LOVE, LADY LOVE, WELCOME ME HOME!'"

DARBY JONES ON THE PAST SEASON AND THE "ILLEGITIMATE GAME."

HONOURED SIR,—At Manchester we rang down the Curtain on that Interesting Drama entitled "Flat-Racing in 1898; or, The Year beloved by the Bookie." It does not take a Sportsman versed in *Memoria Technica* to recall the countless occasions on which the Favourites have been bowled over with the Devastating Result of a First-Rate Spin in a Skittle Alley. The Guineas, the Derby, the Oaks, the Leger, the Caesarewitch, the Cambridgeshire, the Derby Cup, and many other Upper Ten events, were all captured by Outsiders at prices calculated to make a Sporting Prophet take to sweeping crossings in company with his too confident Patrons. And on the top of this came J. TOD SLOAN, Esquire, who, just to show that He could ride Favourites in Big Races, carried off the Liverpool Cup as a parting present to Lord STANLEY before he made tracks over the Herring Pond Course. Indeed, honoured Sir, it would have made COBDEN'S Statue in Camden Town (I am naming the Hardest Effigy in the Metropolis) weep, to have seen the Gallant Efforts made by Disappointed Owners and Trainers at Derby and Manchester to collect the Wherewithal to supply Biscuits and Cheese and Four Ale during the Winter Months. You may depend upon it, that despite the Sneers of the High Tone, the "Illegitimate," as they designate the Pursuit of jumping Hurdles, Ditches, Brooks, and other Stumbling-Blocks, will be followed this year more largely than ever by those who are famishing for Provender, just as a Billiardist, who has been knocked out in a West-End Saloon, will seek to recoup his Fortune by playing Bagatelle at the *Cat and Mousetrap* in Kentish Town with the Lower Order of Cueists. Though why such Natural Sport as Steeplechasing and Hurdleracing should be dubbed "Illegitimate" I am at a loss to determine. Nearly all our Leading Lights, from the Heir-Apparent downwards, patronise the game, and the Conqueror in the Grand National becomes for the nonce as famous as, say, the SIRDAR, G.C.B., or the latest Vocalist at the Alhambra Theatre of Varieties. But as Captain KRITERION very truly remarks, "Over the Sticks there's such a lot of chance, that when you've got a Dead Certainty, it's as likely as not he becomes dead indeed by breaking his back in a miserable drain." Of course, Hurdles are quite a different feature, and many a Crook who can hardly lift his forelegs off the Turf on the Flat becomes, by crashing at the obstacles, valueless.

Nevertheless, when the Sport is encouraged at such Racing Centres as Nottingham, Windsor, Gatwick, Hurst Park, Wolverhampton, and as the classics have it, *id omne genus*, to say nothing of Auteuil, where the Gay Gaul has no less than Five Gatherings during the present month, I respectfully submit that the adjective "Illegitimate" should be struck out of the Sportsman's Vocabulary. I allow it is a handy word for use by Turf Reporters, but surely such an Epithet as "the Up and Down" (unregistered by yours truly) "Sport" would be more Applicable and cost but a fraction more lucre for Telegraphic Purposes. Trusting, therefore, that an Undeserved Appellation will not deter you, honoured Sir, or other Revered Clients, from gracing the Jumping Arena, I am, as ever, your faithful Achates,

DARBY JONES.



NOTES FROM MR. PUNCH'S FOREIGN SKETCH-BOOK.

FEEDING THE PIGEONS AT ST. MARK'S SQUARE, VENICE.

FOGGED!

I TAKE my pen up and begin
To write. In vain my Muse I jog,
My brains, which were so bright, seem in
A fog.

The jest which yesterday I thought
Sufficient to amuse a cat,
Somehow don't sparkle as it ought—
It's flat.

I always had a mirthful mind,
I don't pretend that it is deep,
But now I only feel inclined
To weep.

What is the reason of this state
Of dullness which I can't resist?
It's simply that I loathe and hate
The mist.

CHRISTMAS CRACKERS.—G. SPARAGNA-PANE & Co. have sent a charming selection of bright and attractive-looking crackers this year. An exceptionally pretty set are the *Pensez-à-moi* cosques, beautifully scented, and each one ornamented with a pansy; they are furnished with eau-de-Cologne satchets, &c. Last, but not least, is a box containing three monster cosques. Don't be frightened at the word "monster," as these present a very attractive appearance, each fitted up with nine different articles. In a cracker motto should be found this couplet:—

If to perfection cracker-man attains,
His motto must be this, "*Spare-ah-na-pains*."

We do not say that this is by the Poet-laureate, but he might have done worse.



ADVICE TO PURCHASERS.

IN BUYING A GEE, IT MAY SOMETIMES BE A GREAT SAVING OF INCONVENIENCE TO BE MEASURED FOR HIM ALONG WITH THE REST OF YOUR HUNTING TOGS.

THE MYSTERY OF A HANDSOME CAD.

Luss, Loch Lomond.—We started this morning to cycle round the Trossachs, Mamma and Papa on their tandem, and I on my machine. When we had got well up into the wilds—fifteen miles from anywhere—the tandem punctured. None of us had ever mended a tyre before, but Papa said it was all right as he had the "Instructions," so we set to work under his directions and unscrewed valves and hubs and cranks and things, till Papa said that would do. Then he began to wrestle with the tyre. For a long time he could make no impression, so Mamma and I came to his assistance, and we all pulled and tugged in different directions, till suddenly, to our horror, both the wheels came off and the whole machine collapsed. Papa said we must have done something wrong, but as for Mamma and me, we burst out crying. It was long, long past lunch-time, and oh! we were so hungry, and yet, for anything we could see to the contrary, we might have to stay on that inhospitable moor till we slowly starved to death. We were just contemplating this awful fate when, to our unspeakable delight, a gentleman rode up. If ever there was an angel—Tall, dark, faultlessly dressed, with the sweetest curly moustache—I could have kissed him then and there! He dismounted, and with a charming bow, asked if he could assist us. In less than no time the machine was put together and the puncture mended; then we set out under his guidance and arrived here.

After all his kindness we could not do less than beg him to dine with us. He is a Mr. HERRING—one of the Yarmouth HERRINGS, a very old family, Mamma assures me. He seems to know quite a lot of our friends in Kensington. I wonder we never met him anywhere. He evidently mixes with the best people. There's Lady PENNIWISE, for instance, whom we were just getting to know: he says he calls on her two or three times a week, and when she gave her great ball last season, she consulted him about the lobster salad.

Inversnaid.—We are staying here two or three days, and so is Mr. H. We can't quite make out what he is, but he is delightful. Yesterday he took us out fishing, and in a very few minutes landed a twenty-pound salmon. Papa congratulated

him on the beautiful way he played it. "Evidently it's not the first time you've handled a fish," he said; and Mr. H. blushed modestly, and admitted that it wasn't. Mamma and I think he is an independent gentleman of means and leisure.

The Trossachs.—Mr. H. must be very rich. He has not taken a shooting this season, but last year he had two thousand brace of grouse to dispose of, and Papa says only a very big shooting would yield such a bag. He is a charming acquisition. He gets up delightful picnics, and money seems to be no object. Papa thinks now that he must have something to do with the Stock Exchange, for the other day, the conversation happened to turn on some Refrigerator Company in which Papa is interested. Mr. H. seemed to know all about it, "for," he explained, "I have dabbled in ice a little."

This place is too beautiful. I should like to live here forever! Last night Mr. H. rowed me up Loch Katrine to Ellen's Isle, and we read *The Lady of the Lake* together.

Callander.—Alas! our holiday is over, and we start for town to-morrow. I have said "Good-bye" to CHARL—I mean, Mr. H. Oh, sweet "Good-bye!" This evening, in the verandah—but it is too precious even for you, my Diary! Still, there is consolation. He lives near us in London; nay, he drives in his trap down our road nearly every morning. He must be rich: he keeps six horses, and I do love a carriage! Well, well, we have parted, but we may meet again.

Kensington.—How can I tell what has happened? How describe the wrath, shame, fury, humiliation that torment me?

Mamma had long been dissatisfied with her fishmonger, and yesterday, when we were calling on dear Lady PENNIWISE, she advised us to try the Yarmouth and North Sea Fish Supply Association. It is a shop in the Harrow Road, one side full of fried fish, ticketed "Snacks, one penny per portion," the other a common fishmonger-and-poulterer's. We entered. A man in his shirt-sleeves was standing with his back to us, busy at a sink. It was dark; I could hardly see him, but a sudden terror seized me. I clutched Mamma's arm. The man turned round—Oh! Horrible! Horrible! It was he, Mr. HERRING, our friend of the Trossachs, skinning eels in Harrow Road! As he caught sight of us he smiled, bowed, and advanced towards us, but a shriek, Mamma and I had fled.

AN AUSTINIAD.

(By Mr. Punch's Vagrant Contributor.)

So you're at it again, my ALFRED! How stupendously crushing it must be for the other unfortunate nations, To say nothing of Great Britain and Ireland, when you break out in the usual place with one of your (don't take offence at my language: I don't mean any harm) with one of your versified lucubrations.

I can fancy how France must be crouching, and how President FAURE grows purple in a perfectly impotent fashion

When he reads in the *Times* of Wednesday, November 23rd, your outburst, which, by the way, burst on us from the *Villa di Bellosguardo*, of patriotism and lyrical passion.

The CZAR, I am told, when he read your ode, gave way to a terrible fit of Imperial Russian hysteria,

And raved about knouts and the secret police, and (though I'm not quite certain about this, not having been there at the time, but still I've no doubt it's reasonably accurate, and in any case it's likely enough) dropped some highly uncomfortable hints about penal mines and Siberia.

And as for WILLY, the tourist, that stout and moustachioed spouter,

I shouldn't wonder if fury were to prevent him just for once from yielding to his all but irresistible inclination to drink champagne and figure as a shouter:

He's bound to cower and shrink (which ought to do him good for he's certainly on the fat side) and his nerves will be all in a panic, a

Condition they're not much used to, when he first sets eyes on your ode entitled "*Pax Britannica*."

By the way, dear ALF, when next you sit down (or walk about) with your forehead corrugated in consequence of prolonged thinking,

With your well-fingered lyre lying close to your side prepared to be struck like winking,

While your waistcoat-buttons keep popping off with a noise that, if we heard it, would most profoundly affect us,

Owing to the fearful amount of poetic *afflatus* which happens to be stirring about in your *pectus*,

When next in fact you start writing an ode at the *Villa di* something or other,

And you're tired of the usual metres and feel that, even if you should die for it (but of course I sincerely hope you won't), you must really try another.

Why shouldn't you try this metre of mine; it's simple and, except to those who have to publish it at so much a line, it's thoroughly inexpensive,

The chief point in its favour being that if you want to say a great many things you can just go and say them, since, as of course you have observed, the metre is extraordinarily extensive.

Well, ALFRED, I read your ode, I did, as I am a living sinner; Read it at breakfast first and then again at lunch, and, having found it a moderately good digestive, read it a third time at dinner.

Of course it's a thoroughly sound and patriotic and recklessly dare-devil effusion,

Filled up to the brim with disdain and sarcasm and every sort of high-toned allusion,

But—it's my fault, I know; I acknowledge it with deep regret: still, there it is, you must take a man as you find him and make the best of it,

Not that I think for a single moment that anything I have to say will have an effect on your wonderful ode, or be in the least degree a test of it—

But the fact is, your ode has mixed me up, brewed me, in short, and I'm not accustomed to brewing,

And in this peculiar condition I can't make out for the life of me, in spite of ever so many honest attempts, what the lady you write about is doing.

For at first she's lying behind her ramparts which (but isn't this rather a new trick for ramparts? Of course, you know best, I merely mention it incidentally) are rolling,

And she's weaving some long-drawn hours, an occupation which, under the circumstances, she must find wonderfully consoling.

In the next verse the seasons are mentioned, that is to say, Spring, Summer and Autumn (N.B. to the printer:

Give them all a capital letter), but in this connection I feel called upon to remark that it was manifestly unjust and plainly the result of partisan feeling to omit all mention of Winter.

I should like to know how you justify this exclusion and what in the wide world can have been your reason,

For it's obvious that Winter, if he had had a chance, could have



TRUE HUMILITY.

Parishioner. "YES, MUM, I DO ADMIRE THE VICAR'S SERMONS—THAT I DO!"

Vicar's Wife. "I'M SO GLAD! AND YOU REALLY UNDERSTAND THEM?"

Parishioner. "ME, MUM? OH, NO! I WOULDN'T PRESUME TO UNDERSTAND THEM!"

done things every bit as humorous and absurd as any other season.

Well, to proceed, this lady of yours who when you first introduced her was lying without any motion,

When we next come across her she's haughtily heedless and she's still, though you hadn't mentioned it before, ploughing her peaceful way in strong disdain across ocean.

Now this is an operation during which most ordinary voyagers are pretty severely billowed,

But the lady you write of behaved in quite a different way; for, if we may trust the rest of the spectators, who were jealous nations and naturally wanted to slake their envy, she travelled with a Past on which she was pillowed.

But at last she evidently got back from her ploughing and stirred like a lion—a lioness would have been apter—

And shook out her strength and flashed and asked where her foes were, which seems a more or less silly question, but I admit lions often do ask silly questions, and then in her armour she wrapped her.

And after that—but I can't go on for the whole business gets tied up in an almighty tangle of curses,

And fields and forges and lyres and fires and anvils and embattled hosts and vows that were futile—such a chaos as I never met with in any one else's verses.

So, ALFRED, when next there's a crisis on, and you're tempted to play the bard, oh,

Refrain, if you love us, from writing verse at the *Villa di Bellosguardo*.

FROM THE UPPER HOUSE, OR HOUSE OF "PEARS."—Our attention has been called to *Pears' Christmas Annual*, which should come in with Christmas cakes—of soap. It is a story entitled, "Who fears to speak of '98?" If this is a conundrum, it is satisfactorily answered by the author, R. E. FRANCILLON, with illustrations by that genial artist who delights in the paternal, Christmassy name of "DADD." Dear old Dad! But this is FRANK DADD, bedad! an' more power to his elbow!



Mistress (engaging Cook). "THERE'S ONE THING I'M VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT. I CANNOT ON ANY ACCOUNT ALLOW YOU TO ENTERTAIN POLICEMEN IN THE KITCHEN."

Cook. "YOU MAY BE QUITE SHORE I WOULDN'T DO SUCH A THING, MUM. I CAN'T A-BEAR P'LEECMEN, MUM. FATHER WAS A SOSHERLIST!"

A VELDT WANT.

Being Hymn No. 1 in the Appendix to the BOOK OF OOM.

[*"The Transvaal, finding itself on the verge of bankruptcy, and having failed to raise a loan in Europe, has now laid a tax of five per cent. on the revenues of the Rand mines."*—*Daily Paper.*]

Lo! as is laid the fowler's gin
For conies and for hares,
So do the pleasant paths of sin
Abound in deadly snares.

Of such as oft offend his foot
Who wanders from the fold,
Of these the tap, or primal, root
Is giddy lust of gold.

In pastures green the righteous graze
Like unto fatted kine,
Nor with the wicked choose the ways
Of darkness down a mine.

With godly rage and grief renewed,
Their fervid breast is smit
To mark the naughty multitude
Descend into the Pit.

And, as of wine th' enticing red
They shun within the cup,
So at the ore they shake their head
When it is scooped up.

Yea, for the foolish heathen's sake
They labour long and sore
The pleasant paths of sin to make
Less pleasant than before.

And whoso will not turn away
Nor, timely wise, repent,
Upon his lifted oof they lay
A tax of five per cent.

So from the sinful yellow crop,
As with a whetted scythe,
The faithful ones delight to lop
Their wage of half a tithe.

Though pious men of single eye
Not paid can be with pelf,
Who helpeth Heaven may thereby
Be found to help himself.

Thus for an holy end they take
The spoil of them that spin,
And from their filthy lucre rake
The goodly shekels in.

Thus reap they virtue's guileless gains
And may with him compare
Who in his borders entertains
An angel unaware.

No fear of dearth or grievous debt
Their hearts shall e'er appal
Who, like the hungry ravens, get
By faith their wherewithal.

Look not to princes! These at need
Betray the trusting tout;
The ways of Kaisers are indeed
Past hope of finding out!

Blind in their ignorance or youth
By crooked paths they go,
Nor yet have learned the blessed truth
Which runneth as below:—

*Who lend the righteous of their store
May build this hope upon,
To reap an hundredfold, or more,
Not now, but later on!*

MARCUS WARD'S CALENDARS.—"What do you read, my Lord?" asks old *Polonius* of *Prince Hamlet*, who straightway answers, "Wards! Wards! Wards!" And if the Prince of Denmark had explained that he had substituted "a" for "o" in order to refer to MARCUS WARD'S Calendars for '99, he would not have been understood by his Elizabethan audience, and *Hamlet* might never have come down to us in its present form. The calendars are varied and numerous: the cards are varied and humorous. Plenty of quotations very useful for diners-out wishing to achieve a reputation for being well-read persons with good memories.



“MEN WERE DECEIVERS EVER!”

FRANCE. “WELL!—BETWEEN FRIENDS—I CAN ONLY SAY, THE WAY THAT RUSSIA HAS TREATED ME—!!”

ITALY. “AH! AND IF I COULD TELL *YOU* WHAT I’VE GONE THROUGH WITH THAT AUSTRIA AND GERMANY—!!!”

O TEMPORA! O MORES!

(A protest against the London County Council's action with regard to the Queen's Hall Sunday concerts.)

Ah! County C., why stop our glee?
For bigotry is dead;
The broader mind can nowhere find
Remotest cause to dread
An instant fall of scruples all
If Sunday's gloom should flee;
We're all agreed in word and deed,
Except the County C.

Each one of us would hail a 'bus
Exalting strains to hear,
The Queen her hall would loudly call
(The price was never dear),
And music's star, with beat and bar,
Would shine and urge the plea
Of influence good, if we but could
Escape the County C.

CONFIDENCES.

(Extracted from Mr. Punch's Post-bag.)

II.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—The trouble from which I am suffering is so personal and private that I must reveal it to my friend—need I say, to *you*, Sir?

Let me state my case briefly. I am deeply, passionately in love with CICELY DICKINSON, who is the most—but I spare you the epithets. CICELY, I am afraid, does not at present love me, though she ought to do so, since she loves my dog. But the trouble is that the dog isn't really my dog at all, but somebody else's. This explanation is not particularly lucid, but I will endeavour to make it clear.

I only say this because I am perfectly confused. It is my theory that there is nothing like reducing things to paper. So I reduce this to paper in the hope that the process may do me good.

I live in chambers, and the man in the rooms above mine, with whom I have no personal acquaintance, owns a fox-terrier of migratory habits. The beast has a way of wandering into my room, where it establishes itself on the hearth-rug until I happen to notice it. Then I throw a volume of the *Law Reports* at it, and it bolts. One day it happened to be in the room when CICELY and her aunt had come to tea with me; of course, I should have kicked it out had I seen it. CICELY, however, perceived it first, and went into raptures over it.

"Oh, what a perfect beauty!" she cried. "I never knew you were fond of dogs, Mr. TINKLER," and she looked at me with a new friendliness in her eyes that made my heart leap. "What is his name?"

"*Sambo*," I replied, promptly—not because I knew, but it seemed a fairly probable sort of name. Luckily, the animal wore no collar. Of course, I ought to have explained that the dog wasn't mine, but you will understand why I didn't.

"Dear *Sambo*," said CICELY, "come here, *Sambo*," and she proceeded to feed him with my bread-and-butter and cake. Then I had to answer a great many questions about his age and habits, which was rather difficult, as no one can know less about dogs than myself. However, I managed to satisfy her somehow, and I was conscious that CICELY regarded me with much more respect than before—simply on account of that wretched animal. But I did not mind, especially as she stayed much longer than usual.

Presently I heard the sound of feet over-



A HEAVY FALL IN ROOTS.

Farmer (to Sportsman, who has just landed on a Pyramid of turnips). "DANG IT ALL, MEASTER, THER BE A-BRUISIN' 'EM CRUEL."

head; the man upstairs was going out. Then there came a succession of impatient whistles, and a voice shouting, "*Snap! Snap!*"

Instantly the supposed *Sambo* rushed to the door, and placed his fore-paws against it, whining eagerly. I thought it better to let him out, because his owner would have been sure to hear him as he came downstairs.

"A—a friend of mine," I explained. "He—he takes *Sambo* out for a walk for me sometimes."

CICELY looked rather surprised. "But why did he call him '*Snap*'?" she inquired.

"It's—it's a nickname he has for him," I said, and managed to change the subject. But when CICELY departed, she made me promise to bring *Sambo* with me when next I came to call. When the time came, and I appeared without him, my explanation that he was confined to the house by a cold in his head was rather

badly received. So the next time I bought another dog, and took him instead. This move, too, was a failure. CICELY expressed her surprise that the owner of *Sambo* should have purchased such an uninteresting cur. So I wrote to the man upstairs, offering to buy *Snap*, alias *Sambo*, at his own price. This proposal was declined with such unnecessary warmth that I do not dare to suggest as an alternative that I should hire the beast for a couple of months.

In the meantime, I never meet CICELY without her inquiring after *Sambo*. She and her aunt are coming here again next week on purpose to see him. I shall have to put them off somehow, because the man upstairs has gone into the country, and taken *Sambo*—I mean *Snap*—with him. To confess all would be ruin; CICELY would never speak to me again. What am I to do?

Yours distractedly,
THOMAS TINKLER.



"RICHARD THE THIRD" ADAPTED.

London Smoke (tyrant and murderer). "METHINKS THERE ARE TWO RICHMONDS IN THE FIELD!"

[A Mr. RICHMOND writes to the *Times* in support of the Anti-Smoke campaign of Sir WILLIAM B. RICHMOND, K.C.B., R.A. Mr. Punch says, heartily, "Let 'em ALL come!" and more power to their elbows!]

A CROSS EXAMINATION ACROSS THE WATER.

Judge. I am obliged to question you, General. It is my duty. And now you swear that he is guilty?

General. On my honour as a soldier!

Judge. That is not enough.

General. Then I swear it on my sword, on my pedigree, on the flag of France!

Judge. Still I am not satisfied.

General. Then I swear it on the graves of my ancestors! You hear, on the graves of my ancestors!

Judge. I am sorry to have to say it, but still insufficient.

General. Then I take the most solemn vow of all—I swear it by my mother! You hear, Monsieur, by my mother! I repeat, with tears, by my mother! By my mother!

Judge. After that solemn declaration I must adopt the English plan—not unknown at Eton. Will you back up your oath by betting sixpence?

General. No, a thousand times no!

Judge. And why not?

General. Because I might lose my money!

[Curtain.]

LINES TO A LADY.

She complaining that Gentlemen of Quality have ceased to be witty.

DEAR lady, since you do complain
That gentlemen lack wit,
Now I, your servant, here would fain
Set forth the cause of it.
I am prepared to throw, in short,
A ray of light—a glint—
From study of the tennis-court,
And of the steel and flint.
One fact at tennis I've discerned
(From truth I seldom swerve)—
A ball can scarcely be returned
Without some one to serve.
And one thing more, I pray, remark
(I think there's something in't)—
A steel will not produce a spark
Unless it meets a flint.

Now Heaven forbid I should suggest
(I have not so much nerve)
That you, whose servant I'm confessed,
Should condescend to "serve"!—
And, if the man of wit's a steel,
Dear lady, let me hint
Your heart is far too kind, I feel,
For you to be—a flint!

PAGE "PAX BRITANNICA."

SIR,—What if an accidental misprint had occurred to the Laureate's poem in last Wednesday's *Times*? Suppose a "t" had been substituted for an "f"! as thus—

Slowly as stirs a lion from his bed,
Lengthens his limbs, and crimps his mane, She
rose,

("She," by the way, is England.)

Then shook out all her strength, and, flashing said,
"Where are my toes?"

I am not a poet, but just ask, for information, is "said" a permissible rhyme to "bed"? I know 'ARRY pronounces "said" as "sed," e.g., "he sez, seeze, to me, an' I'll jest tell yer wot he sed." But of course 'ARRY isn't ALFRED, and ALFRED isn't 'ARRY. I cannot write further on these lines, as the Laureate, with his "rolling ramparts" and "white winged keels" (I know a hawk from a hand-saw, but what sort of a bird is a "keel"?), which "flew fluttering," inspire me with the idea of at once leaving foggy London for somewhere or other on the coast where the South "West wind blows." Also, how about "foes" and "rose"? Of course, had it been "roes," that would clearly have rhymed. Well, if ALFRED be pleased, it's all one a hundred years hence to the

POET TASTER.

DOUBTFUL BLESSINGS.

[“It appears from scientific researches that London fogs are blessings in disguise, for they contain a number of carbonaceous and sulphurous particles which act as most valuable disinfectants and deodorisers.”—*The Globe*.]

WELL, who would have thought it? This thick, yellow choker,
This worse than a Third Metropolitan Smoker,
This Chaos incarnate, this Visible Void,
This taste of Avernus, unblent, unalloyed,
This stifling concoction—one can't call it air—
This pall of depression, this sea of despair
That pours down our lungs and our throats and our eyes,
Who, who would have thought it a boon in disguise?

A boon in disguise, is it? *Credat Judæus!*

We are not quite so green as some scientists see us,
And if they are vexed that we doubt when they tackle us,
At least they must own the disguise is miraculous.
Deodorise, does it? Why, yes, I admit
A drain is as otter of rose after it,
And it may be a good disinfectant, but then,
If it kills the *bacilli*, it murders the men.



TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

Ploughman. "AH, THINGS BE DIFFERENT LIKE WI' THEM AN' US. THEY 'VE GOT A TRAP WI' NO 'OSSES, AN' WE 'M GOT 'OSSES WI' NO TRAP."

No, no! As we cough, whifle, sneeze, weep and sputter,
Collide with a lamp-post or trip in the gutter,
Or suddenly get in a motor-car's way,
There are some of us ready to risk a fine day.
If microbes mean sunshine, and germs a blue sky,
Why, welcome, ye germs and ye microbes, say I!
All hail, ye bacilli! Of this I am sure,
We greatly prefer the disease to the cure.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ONE of the Baron's assistants has been reading *The Others—By One of Them*, by R. NEISH (J. W. ARROWSMITH, Bristol), and reports it to be a charmingly sprightly and humorous piece of work. Mrs. (or Miss?) NEISH discourses with a demure and artfully artless simplicity of the foibles of *The Others*, her relations for the most part. All her characters stand out distinctly, and altogether the book makes most pleasant reading. Most of the stories have appeared before, but it was well worth while to republish them.

Tails with a Twist (EDWARD ARNOLD) is one of that series of eccentric Animal-Land-kind-of-prehistoric-illustrated books started originally by Mr. Punch's own Prehistoric Artist, and, therefore, what better recommendation can there be of any such book than to name the artist? His "Leopard," who "waits for hours in the hall," is the gem of this eccentric collection, specially recommended for Christmas time.

My Baronitess writes, concerning some Christmas Books, that *The Boys of Fairmead* (F. WARNE & Co.), by M. C. ROWSELL, though by no means an original plot, is a well-told story, with many touches of pathos. The characters of the two boys are well defined. Illustrations by CHRIS HAMMOND. *The Owl King*, and *Other Tales* (F. WARNE & Co.), by Rev. H. C. INMAN, forms quite a new set of short fairy stories, brightly told, with illustrations by E. A. MASON. Fancy! *New Fairies!* The "Old Fairies" were always wicked ones. Imagine how good then these brand new ones must be!

Roundabout Rhymes (BLACKIE AND SON), written and pictured by Mrs. PERCY DEARMER, will give many happy half-hours to

little ones. The amusing verses are accompanied by bright and original illustrations which add to their charm.

Dash and Daring (W. AND R. CHAMBERS, Limited, Edinburgh), being stories told by G. A. HENTY, G. MANVILLE FENN, DAVID KER, W. H. G. KINGSTON, REGINALD HORSLEY, and many others. A set of short, stirring adventures in India, Africa, Spain, and other countries. To readers who like to "wander in their minds" through the four quarters of the great globe, this book will be of the greatest interest. It contains eight stirring illustrations by W. H. C. GROOME, a name suggestive of an artist who should have illustrated the work of Dr. GORDON STABLES, the author of *Courage, True Hearts* (BLACKIE AND SON), which is all about a restless youth discovering a veritable Tom Tiddler's ground, and picking up no end of shekels. The same firm publish the works of the ever-busy G. A. HENTY, who skips with his boy readers over *Both Sides the Border* during the fifteenth century, when the Welsh and Scotch were getting themselves exceedingly disliked by trying to unseat one of our own particular HENRYS. The youthful hero is quite at his very best in such cheerfully disquieting times, and, as is only natural, he comes scatheless through, to the joy of his family. But in *Aboukir and Acre*, HENTY makes history practically repeat itself by re-telling the invasion of Egypt by NAPOLEON, when *Le petit Caporal* found out that there is no royal road to the Nile. In *Under Wellington's Command*, the same author attempts an imitation of CHARLES LEVER. Evidently the Peninsular War gave the young Irish officers some opportunities for displaying the typical humours of the Green Isle.

Harmless, and without profanity, is the nursery edition of *The New Noah's Ark*, by J. J. BEEL. In fact the pictures are stiffly and correctly conventional, quite on the lines of the perfect propriety models that were the fascination of the ancient Lowther Arcade School. *The Sporting Adventures of Mr. Popple*, chronicled and illustrated by G. H. JALLAND, are of an old-fashioned sporting period, the time of "Jorrock's." *Popple* has his amusing moments brightly depicted by the sportive artist. Both these books come from the stores kept at the Bodley Head, by JOHN LANE.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



Mr. Bill Stiggins (Cab-runner by profession, who has been asked to assist in carrying home the Washing). "WHO ARE YER GETTING AT! CAN'T YER SEE I'M MOST PARTIC'LER BUSY?"

WHEN THE POLICE GET THE TELEPHONE.

(A purely Imaginary Conversation.)

Scotland Yard end. Constable at the receiver.

Constable. Are you there? (Pause.) Are you there?

Voice No. 1. What do you want?

Constable. To be put on 304, Araminta Villas, East.

Voice No. 1. Where is it? Do you know the number?

Constable. Yes, 304. Mind, Araminta Villas, East.

Voice No. 1. Araminta Villas—What?

Constable. No, not "What," but East. 304, Araminta Villas,

East. (Pause.) Are you there?

Voice No. 2. Yes. Who are you?

Constable. Scotland Yard. Criminal Investigation Department.

Voice No. 2. I see. What can I do for you?

Voice No. 1. Have you done? Shall I switch you off?

Constable (earnestly). No, don't do that. I am talking to a gentleman at 304, Araminta Villas, East.

Voice No. 2. Well, what can I do for you? I can't wait here all day.

Constable. Sha'n't detain you a moment. Hasn't there been a burglary?

Voice No. 2. What, here? Why, certainly.

Constable. How long have you been there?

Voice No. 2. About two hours and a half.

Constable. Much stolen?

Voice No. 2. Fairish lot. About £200 of plate and jewellery.

Constable. Have you got hold of it?

Voice No. 2. Yes, it's in my possession.

Constable. Well, that's all right! Have you been long on the spot? Couldn't make out what you said just now.

Voice No. 2. About a couple of hours.

Constable. Capital! Have you captured the thief?

Voice No. 2. No, he's still at large.

Constable. Dear me! How's that? Aren't you one of the Force?

Voice No. 2. No. I'm the burglar! Ta, ta. See you later.

[Rings off. Curtain.]

AUGUSTE AND LUDWIG.

A LITTLE TRIP.

Robinson. This is Brighton station. Let's go straight down to the sea in a cab.

Ludwig. Yes, well. I go not very willing to foot.

Auguste. In carriage? Certainly. Ah, how he make beautiful! A magnificent time! Not of fog, not of mud. Are they detestable the fog and the mud of London!

Rob. It certainly is a jolly day down here.

Aug. Tiens! I astonish myself that one is permitted in England to walk himself at the sun or to regard the blue heaven the Sunday, seen that it is a crime of to hear some music that day there. Is it that this society—how call she herself?—this dominical society, essay not of to prevent the sun of to shine? Ah, I recall me the name so long. It is the Society of the Workers and of the Lords for the Repose of the Day. It is that at little near.

Lud. Ach so! That is not quite righty. So much I remember myself is it something as *Arbeitsameundadelherrschaftliche-tägliche-ruhegesellschaft*.

Aug. Sapristi, quel nom!

Lud. Bitte?

Aug. How? That is also a German beer? If you have of them, of beers, at you! And you command a glass of—of all that? We other French we say all simply "Un bock."

Rob. No, no! That's only his German attempt at the name of the Working Men's Lord's Day Rest Association.

Aug. C'est ça.

Lud. Yes, yes, yes! That have I said.

Aug. Eh well, this Association desire the dominical repose. Is it that the members demand an absolute repose? Then without doubt they eat a simple little dinner of cold meat the Sunday for not to make to work their cooks.

Rob. Not they! I'll be bound they have a tremendous feed, what people of their sort call a "Sunday dinner."

Aug. Vraiment? But for sure they clean their boots and they make their beds in order that their domestics repose themselves!

Rob. Don't ask me! Hanged if I know! They're a lot of inconsistent, narrow-minded bigots.

Aug. Tiens, ce cher ROBINSON se fâche, angers himself!

Lud. Wunderbar! The Englanders are ever kaltblütig.

Rob. Well, both of you would be angry if everything in your countries was done to please a lot of faddists—teetotalers, anti-vaccinationists, Sabbatarians, and so on—the people who make all you foreigners laugh at us. And well you may!

Aug. And however in the other Protestant countries one amuses himself the Sunday. In Germany, by example, one can to go to the theatre, is it not, dear Mister?

Lud. Natürlich.

Rob. The best thing you can do on Sunday in London is to get out of it. Here we are at Hove. Let's take a walk by the sea.

Aug. What beautiful time! It is not precisely the heaven of Nice, but as English heaven at the month of November it is truly remarkable.

Lud. Wunderschön!

Aug. But what of world there down at the border of the sea! Why that?

Rob. Oh, they come fifty miles down here to breathe the pure air, and then they walk in a dense mass all in one little space where they must breathe the same air over and over again. We'll keep out of that crowd.

Aug. I believe him well. But say you, my dear, the hour of the déjeuner is passed, is it not? I commence to have hunger.

Lud. Hungry? Ah so, that am I ever, and thirsty, very thirsty. In England can man one glass beer on the Sunday drink?

Aug. There is not of café, and the taverns are shutted.

Rob. On the contrary. You can always drink somewhere. That used to be the only amusement on Sunday, and if they stop all the music, it will be again. Let's go to an hotel and have something to eat, which will be déjeuner—

Aug. A la bonne heure!

Rob. Mittagessen—

Lud. Glücklicherweise!

Rob. And lunch for the three of us. We shall get back to town soon after six. As for you two in the evening, the County Council will take care that you amuse yourselves in a seemly manner. They are the guardians of London morals.

Aug. Ah ça! If we go to make a little promenade all the long of the Piccadilly—if he fall not some rain, well heard—to admire the tranquillity all to fact as he must of the principal street of the beautiful quarter of London?

Lud. Ah no, thank very!

Rob. By Jove, no!



N.B.—DON'T LEAVE YOUR SHOPPING UNTIL THE TWENTY-FOURTH, UNLESS YOU LOVE A CRUSH LIKE THIS.

HOW TO WRITE A CHRISTMAS ANNUAL.

Advice to Young Writers.

1. CHOOSE a suitable and seasonable subject, such as murder, suicide, or insanity; if you can work in all three, so much the better.

2. If you want to make your story a success, pay great attention to your characters; the introduction of any character more cheerful than an undertaker might prevent its acceptance and ultimate appearance. A hero with softening of the brain, a heroine who is hysterical, and a villain who is a homicidal maniac, ought, if properly handled, to provide your tale with sufficient interest.

3. For the setting of your story, you can have no better place than a marsh; nothing is more suggestive of damp and discomfort. A gloomy wood, a blasted heath and a chilly cavern also form suitable settings.

4. The weather is very important, so

much can be done with "black, impenetrable fog," "the low white mist rising from the lake," "hail-stones stinging like whips of steel," "the blinding rain," "the roar of the tempest," "the howling of the wind," "the numbing, biting cold." Frost and snow are rarely, if ever, used; they are generally kept for the Summer Annuals.

5. Pile on the agony. You cannot write in too gloomy a strain; the more gloom you put into your story, the more seasonable you make it.

6. The ending is very important. If you are unable to kill off all your characters, at least you will exercise sufficient care that your tale ends unhappily; and having done this, and conscientiously carried out my instructions, you may look upon the acceptance of your story by a Christmas Annual publisher as a certainty.

MOLLIA TEMPORA FANDI.

(To a prospective Mother-in-law)

MADAM, I come—my present task,
I do protest, is far from jolly—
I come, in point of fact, to ask
For MOLLIE.

'Tis true my means are brains and health,
But my affection is unbounded;
With love as fare, she'll be by wealth
Surrounded.

And you—I venture on the fact—
Have still five daughters unprovided.
(I use a courtesy and tact
Decided.)

Though mistress of no courts or parks,
A daughter wed will do you honour.
(We'll pass my father's curt remarks
Upon her.)

I trust that with a proper zeal
I have approached you in the matter.
My hopes I leave for you to seal
Or shatter.

And if you deem us both unwise,
Yet stoop to pardon us our folly—
Let me assume domestic ties
And MOLLIE.

A PROTEST.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I think it high time to protest against Ludgate Hill being allowed to claim the distinction of being the "worst station in the world." Have I been dirty, draughty, bewildering, shaky and generally obnoxious for so many years without my demerits being recognised by the thousands who have burrowed into my dirty labyrinths, or been baked, drenched or frozen on my rickety platforms? If this be the case, I had better be pulled down at once, and some pretentious, absurd, and comfortable edifice erected on my ashes. Really, it seems useless to try and displease everybody.

Yours despondently,
CLAPHAM JUNCTION.



ONE FOR HIS NOB!

Winter Strawberry (to Giant Gooseberry). "I say, old chap, I think I've knocked you out this time."

[The gathering of dishes of strawberries is reported from all parts of the country.—*Daily Paper.*]



"FRIEND" IRVING AND "FRIEND" TOOLE IN THEIR HIGHLY POPULAR ENTERTAINMENT OF THE TWO CONVALESCENTS.

Received by the entire British Public with hearty congratulations and tumultuous applause.



SUPERANNUATED.

Police-Constable Punch A 1 (to Ancient Obstructive of Georgian Era). "HERE, YOU ANTIQUATED OLD NUISANCE, YOU OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN DONE AWAY WITH LONG AGO!"

ANOTHER INJUSTICE.

["At a recent Women's Convention, one of the speakers electrified her audience by announcing the discovery that the American Eagle was a hen."
Westminster Gazette.]

AROUSE ye, my Sisters! No longer
Shall Man set his heel on our necks!
No more shall we suffer the stronger
To trample our down-trodden sex!
No more, with alacrity nimble,
Shall we truckle like slaves to the Men,
For hark ye! Our national symbol,
The American Eagle's a hen!

The monster that flaunts on the banners
That wave in the bleak Russian air,
Is sufficiently *gauche* in his manners
To prove him a gentleman Bear.
And doubtless the Lion of Britain
Is of masculine gender, but then
Not a line, not a word ever written
Disproves that our Eagle's a hen.

And this is the way that Men treat us!
O Justice! how long shall they mock
Thy name in this fashion, and cheat us
By making the Eagle a cock?
Up, Sisters! Dispel the delusion!
The cravens will palpitate, when
They learn to their utter confusion,
The American Eagle's a hen!

WHISTLING FOR THE WHISTLER.—This has Mr. HEINEMANN done by relinquishing his title to the publication of JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER's *Baronet and Butterfly*, which now "France is to have first." Happy France! Victorious WHISTLER! "NAPOLEON and I do these things," says JAMES MCNEILL. So Mr. WHISTLER has "gone nap" and won. Mr. HEINEMANN is bearing up as well as can be expected.

At Brighton.

Well-known Backer. Hullo, JENKINS. Glad to see you down here spending your money in this town.

Well-known Bookie. Pardon me, Sir! Your money!



FIRST APPEARANCE OF AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

"MR. JOHN FROST, I PRESUME?"

"YES, SIR. I HAVE COME EARLY, AND MAY STAY LATE."

[The first snow of the season fell over the greater part of England in the middle of last month.]



Cab Tout. "I SAY, BILL, LEND ME SIXPENCE."

Cabby. "I CAN'T; BUT I CAN LEND YOU FOURPENCE."

Cab Tout. "ALL RIGHT. THEN YOU'LL OWE ME TWOPENCE."

THE INTELLECTUAL TEN.

["There is a ladies' club in London which consists of spinsters who will not marry because they cannot find men intellectual enough to deserve their company. Last year there were seventeen members. This year there are only ten."—*Globe.*]

A SENIOR wrangler I,
A thing of pure mathematics,
Of tangents, sines and statics,
And cubes of x plus y .

I've toiled by night and morn,
Yet all is ineffectual,
For maidens intellectual
My poor achievements scorn.

Since last the Ladies met,
Of those who were elected,
Some seven have defected,
But ten are waiting yet.

With shame-filled eyes deject,
I feel my blushes tingle
To think that ten are single
For want of intellect.

Yet, must we climb such heights
Of wisdom, ere attaining

A hope of ever gaining
These bright and burning lights,

I rather fear mere men
Will cease the vain endeavour,
And leave as Spinsters ever
These intellectual Ten.

SCOTLAND FOR EVER!

(In the person of Nicolas the Second, Alexandrovich McCallumoff.)

[According to the new number of the *Proceedings of the Anglo-Russian Literary Society*, the Romanovs derive their descent from ANDREW CAMPBELL, a Scotsman. The Tsar of all the Russias is therefore a Highlander by extraction, and the McCALLUM MORE is his tribal chief.]

THEY say, whenever the Pole is found,
A Scotsman we shall see
A-sitting there—the proof is sound,
Shown by a pedigree.

The Tsars are Scotch, and order reigns
While they Warsaw control;
That's how the canny Scot takes pains
To sit upon the Pole.



ALL IN THE MORNING'S PLEASURE.

"HOW DO YOU LIKE THE COLT, JIM?"

"OH, 'E'S A SCORCHER, SIR, FULL OF HENERGY. BUCKED ME OFF TWICE, KICKED THREE HOUNDS, AND NOW 'E'S TRYING 'IS BEST TO BOLT!"

THE DIARY OF A SUCCESSFUL GENERAL.

October 20.—Home again after victorious campaign against Objibbeway Indians. Wonder how many people in England know who Objibbeway Indians are? No matter. Feel as fit as a fiddle. Hard as nails. Nothing like active service to put you in condition. Shall dine quietly at the Club, and look in at a theatre in the evening. Crowd cheering in the street. Wonder why?

October 21.—I did go to a theatre, the Empire. A dreadful experience. As soon as I entered my box the entire house rose to its feet and sang "See the Conquering Hero"—a tune I loathe—led by the band. Buried myself at back of box and tried to pretend I wasn't there. No good. Cries of "JONES," "General JONES"—my name is JONES—drew me out of my retreat and I bowed my acknowledgments, feeling an utter ass. Have promised to open a bazaar to-morrow morning, lunch with the Committee after the ceremony, dine at the Guildhall in the evening. Heavens!

October 22, Midnight.—A dreadful day. Road to bazaar lined by applauding loafers who cheered me in the streets. Concealed my rage at all this fooling and smiled hypocritically. At bazaar made a speech about nothing in particular. Am no orator, but Committee insisted. More cheers. Then lunch. Ten courses. Lasted an hour and a half. Made another speech, still about nothing. I am a vile speaker. Finally made my escape in time for Guildhall banquet. Turtle and all the rest of it. Made a third speech. Said I should go away with a full heart. As near the truth as I dared to go. My hosts cheered lustily. They were full, too, no doubt. Bed, 1.30.

October 23.—Feel rather chippy this morning. Liver out of order. Consult a doctor, who advises rest, plain living, and early hours. All very fine, but don't see how it's to be done. Must go to Penzance to-day by the one-thirty train to receive the Freedom of the City. Followed by inevitable banquet. And I always eat too much at a banquet! Lunch off a biscuit and a glass of sherry at station by way of plain living. Sleep in the train.

October 24.—Back from Penzance by morning train, with Freedom (in casket) packed in my portmanteau. Must be at Oxford

by three, where honorary D. C. L. awaits me, followed by public dinner in the Town Hall. Mem.—Must have my uniform let out.

October 25.—Oxford hospitality itself. Result, another attack of liver. Am quite yellow about the gills, and my uniform threatens to give way at the seams. Shall take a pill and a rest to-day. Later.—No rest for the wicked. Will I dine to-night with Commander-in-Chief? Hang Commander-in-Chief! Must go, I suppose. Small and early, I trust.

October 26.—Small and early? No such luck. Thirty people dining. Two hours at table. Smoked too many cigars and drank more than my quantum of champagne. Not greed this. Sheer nervousness. Result, a tongue like blotting-paper and a blood-shot eye. And now must be off to Glasgow to receive a complimentary address. Why on earth can't they send these things by post? After that dinner with the Lowlands Society—I wish I could never see a dinner again!—and then back to town by midnight train ready to go to Windsor to-morrow. Heigho!

October 27.—Just back from Windsor. Most kind and complimentary, but oh, the fatigue! Worse than a dozen campaigns. Digestion all gone to the deuce. No sleep for two nights. Nerves, sheer nerves! Look through my engagements for the next few days. Here they are. Open Industrial Exhibition (luncheon and speech). Dinner at Free Trade Hall, Manchester (speech). Receive an address of welcome, Southampton (dinner and speech). Congratulatory address from working men (speech). Dinner with Authors' Club, Society of Arts, Painters in Water Colours, Omar Khayyám Club, Pioneer Club, Society of Antiquaries, with speech in each case. And I'm no orator! Was ever well-meaning soldier more woefully abused?

October 30.—Thank goodness. Objibbeway Indians broken out again. Ordered back to the front at once. All acceptances cancelled, as the sporting papers say. A load off my mind. Feel better already. Start from Charing Cross to-night. Conceal time of departure to avoid valedictory addresses on the platform. Catch me coming to England again in a hurry! Not if I know it.

APPROPRIATE MOTTO FOR THE WELCOME CLUB AT EARL'S COURT.
—"Let 'em all come."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

SIMPLY delightful is the collection, published in perfect style and form by "the Old House at Home," viz., Messrs. BRADBURY, AGNEW, & Co., of Master PHIL MAY's drawings, illustrating the truly whimsical notion of *Songs and their Singers*, though perhaps the more appropriate title would have been, *Songs without Singers*, since the talented vocalists, *pour rire*, do not seem in any case quite up to their work. But oblige the Baron by casting your eye on "The Storm Fiend." Isn't he delightful! Likewise admire "The Warrior Bold," with his toes turned in, and the feeblest notes issuing from his un-clarion-like throat, whence issues no "certain sound" for the battle. But they are all delightful and Things of the Beautifully Humorous and Joyous for Ever, especially at the merry time of Christmas, when, in mid-winter, we rejoice in the present ful-PHIL-ment of the promise, in the performance, of MAY.

Most sincerely does the Baron trust that in real life there are not very many such cases as the two that go to make up the story of *Mutineers* (JOHN LANE), as told by A. E. T. LEGGE. A woman, well worth winning, twice marries, and each time it is "the wrong 'un"; the only distinction between the two choices being that number one is utterly wrong, while number two is what may be termed a "*faute-de-mieux*" chap. The other case, in a much lower social scale, is that of a kindly draggled-tailed *filles*, speaking the language of an 'Arriet, who is desperately and honestly in love with the above-mentioned *faute-de-mieux* young man, and having thus aroused the jealousy of her former paramour, a drunken scoundrel of a fellow who has been desperately attached to her, she meets her death at his hands, and then he kills himself. That's the story. The first part of it, "in Society," is pleasant and bright, and the characters lead you on to hope for the excitement that never comes.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

A WORD FOR THE L. C. C.

(By Toby.)

THOUGH LUDWIG and AUGUSTE may fire off their witticisms,
And ROBINSON level the shafts of his criticisms,
Hurrah for the Council! We dogs all agree
They are jolly good fellows, the London C. C.

What say you? Your singers no longer may howl?
They've stopped Sunday concerts?—We don't care a growl!
What's a matter of far more importance to me,
They've stopped stupid muzzles, the London C. C.

There's a cat that has cheeked me for years, but I vow
I'll soon put a stop to her impudence now.
Just wait till I once get her cornered, and she
Will learn what is meant by the London C. C.

The butcher-boys, too, will be almost polite
When they see us unmuzzled and ready to bite.
Yes, a good time is coming, and therefore say we,
Hurrah, jolly dogs, for the London C. C.!

BELLE O' NEW YORK CO., UNLIMITED.

EVEN *Othello*, could he now appear at the Shaftesbury Theatre, jealous as he might be of successful musical farce, would not exclaim, "Silence that dreadful Belle," i.e., the charming *Belle of New York*. Like the renowned Mr. GUY FAWKES, she has "no plot to speak of," but the lively and catching music, the bright and pretty singing and dancing girls, Miss EDNA MAY chaunting sweetly, and Miss PHYLLIS RANKIN as a gay Parisienne, rankin' among the first, carry the musical piece along and keep the game merrily moving through two acts and six scenes, to the great delight of the audience. Mr. J. E. SULLIVAN is first-rate as the eccentric "polite lunatic"; while the whistling and dancing of Mr. FRANK LAWTON, assisted by Miss ELLA SNYDER—"SNYDER! how you wos?"—in the dancing, not the whistling, are things to be heard, seen, wondered at, and applauded. Then Mlle. PROTO, Dancing on her toe-toe, Worthy she of note O. So we can say, Go to See the Shaftesburee.

A NEW LAUNCH.—HOPWOOD AND CREW, the well-known music-publishers, have performed the not now uncommon magical feat of "turning themselves into" a Company, Limited. May their board meetings, with the "Crew" all on board, under the command of the Pilot of the *Pinafore*, hight Sir ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, be harmonious, the members of it being bound to one another by the strongest chords of mutual interest! May their "sales and returns" be profitable! They have a CHAPPELL on board, but as there is no Chaplain, perhaps a quiet performance of sacred music



THE CLAIMS OF FRIENDSHIP.

Substantial Friend. "OH, CHRISSIE DEAR, MY BICYCLE HAS COLLAPSED, AND I WAS IN UTTER DESPAIR, TILL I REMEMBERED YOU HAD JUST GOT A LOVELY NEW ONE, AND I KNEW YOU'D LEND IT ME DIRECTLY!"

will be deemed sufficient for Sundays. CHARLES COOTE, a coot man of business, is one of the officers, and the motto on the flag might be *Coot qui Coot*. All clear. Steam ahead.

"WHERE FORTUNE 'LEYDS.'"

["Dr. LEYDS, in his endeavours to raise money for the Transvaal, has visited several capitals."—*Daily Press*.]

IN BERLIN.

Dr. Leyds. Can I see the Finance Minister? It is on a little matter of business connected with a loan. My name is LEYDS, and—

Clerk. Afraid everybody is out. Call again in a year.

[*Door shut sharply.*]

IN MADRID.

Dr. L. Ahem! I am Dr. LEYDS, and I have come here in connection with a scheme for raising a loan for the Transvaal—

Clerk. Out you go!

[*Is promptly booted downstairs.*]

IN PORTUGAL.

Dr. L. I have come here on the business of—

Clerk. Is your name LEYDS?

Dr. L. It is. I have come here—

[*Is seized by the waistband and back of his neck and put outside. Slow curtain as he fumbles for return half of his ticket home.*]

NOVEL SUB-AQUATIC SCHEME FOR MILLWALL.—There's a plan at the office of the Board of Works in Poplar District, an idea itself likely to be poplar. "Under the Water to Charley," 'ARRIET will sing.



Mr. Boreham (in the thick of a long and pointless Story). "WELL, AS I WAS SAYING, I HAPPENED TO BE IN THE CITY THE OTHER DAY, AND, AS I WAS WALKING DOWN CHEAPSIDE, WHOM SHOULD I MEET BUT MY OLD FRIEND, STODGELEY, WHOM I HAVEN'T SEEN FOR FIFTEEN YEARS. WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK HE DID? HE STOPPED DEAD WHEN HE SAW ME, SLAPPED ME ON THE SHOULDER, AND SAID, 'SURELY THIS MUST BE MY DEAR OLD FRIEND, BOREHAM?'" *She (with difficulty keeping awake). "YES!—AND WAS IT?"*

DEPRECIATIONS.

I.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir W. V. H-RC-RT (*writing*).
Mr. JOHN M-RL-Y (*not there*).

AND you are back among your books again,
Who never should have left that first
employ!

So GEORGE TR-V-LY-N thinks; and he should
know.

Too giddy-fickle was the life of State
For one who walks i' th' world with single
eye

And scorns to wink the other. Good old
JOHN!

I, too, the frequent butt of Fortune's spite,
And deafened with the windy war of
words

(Your captious -BANNERMAN, your talking
-BEACH),

Fall back upon my earliest delight,
Humaner Letters—written to the *Times*.

In serried columns stiff with trenchant type
Taking the morning air they hold their own
Even beside the larger movement in
Encyclopædiæ Britannicæ,
Sold by the job-lot, with revolving case
A trifle extra. 'Tis a noble work.

The year declines: in yonder Malwood
glades
The last leaf drops reluctant, leaving bare

The last cock-pheasant. I could hit the
thing
From this same window, if he did not move!
I was a fighter once; but that is past,
Except on paper. You recall the time
When, under that great Captain's eagle
glance,
I in the golden prime of Derby days,
You at Newcastle (somewhere in the
North),
We fought like Kitcheners for Irish Rule—
Or was it Local Veto? One forgets!
How like a dream the youthful splendour
fades!
For we were relatively young, and took
Time by the forelock, which is not the same
As Celtic fringes. Life had colour then,
And where the shadows crossed it, you
and I,
Did we not let our sunbeam-play of wit
Fall like a glad surprise? I fancy so.
But even Autumn's after-glow is off;
And now a common blueness, winter's wear,
Obscures the prospect—which is also blue.

JOHN, have you ever been a Leader? No.
That's where the difference comes in. I
have!

And still the glory clings to me in name
Though not in substance. May you never
How exquisite a pain it is for one [know
Built as I am, opaque and something more,
To be regarded as a pervious ghost,
A wraith, a sort of thing through which you
walk

And notice no obstruction! This is bad.
But all night long to labour at the nets,
The weary night and never lift a fish,
And then, at 9 A.M., to hear report
About Another breakfasting in bed
On bloated herring—this is even worse!
You take my allegory? There's a Man
Affects the City functions, moves at large
On sundry platforms Edinboro' way,
Making remarks on books and Grand Old
Men

And foreign complications; signs himself
Patriot first and politician next,
And has a curious way of winning hearts!
That is the Man whose blood I wish to have.

I thank my Natal Star that never yet
Was I accused of being popular!
My simpler aims have been to know my
place,

And keep it. In the former I succeed,
But sometimes fail to bring the latter off.
Still there are compensations. I shall read
Your biography, though you, I fear, have
missed

My letters on the Church. I often wish
That you could feel yourself more closely
drawn

To Cleric matters! Good-bye, Honest JOHN.

Pons Asinorum.

(By an "Eton Scug"—No Form.)

[“In consequence of the judgment of the House
of Lords, Windsor Bridge has been freed, and the
gate and posts demolished.”—*Daily Paper*.]

At last is Windsor Bridge unbarred,
No gate or post the road may block,
No more the bronze-compelling guard
The coinless charioteer shall mock!
No more illegal dues we'll pay,
Freely by most righteous of awards;
Eaten and done is Windsor's prey
Since Eton's won, Sir, in the Lords!

GEOGRAPHICAL MEM. FOR THE "PALL
MALL GAZETTE."—Lüttich is the German
name for the Belgian town of Liège. This
fact may save further Lüttich-gation,
either on the part of the Duke of ORLEANS
or any other high personage.



“DREAMING TRUE.”



CONSOLATION.

SCENE—At a Yeomanry Ball.

Little Major Simkin (who fancies himself considerably, and has a knack of running after the finest and most beautiful women in the room, coming up for the fifth time with his engagement-card to Mrs. Boyd, who is en route for the ball-room with Colonel Haines). "OH! MRS. BOYD, I'VE COME TO—"

Mrs. Boyd. "SO AWFULLY SORRY, MY DEAR MAJOR, I'VE PROMISED EVERY DANCE. BUT (taking pity on him) YOU SHALL FETCH MY CLOAK AND CALL MY CARRIAGE. NOW MIND, I SHALL DEPEND ON YOU."

Major S. "WITH PLEASURE!"

[But as it is a pouring wet night, and Mrs. Boyd will probably stay for another couple of hours, the ardour of the little Major is considerably damped.]

"WEDNESDAY, NOV. 30. ST. ANDREW."

SWEET are the joys of reminiscence, my fellow Old Etonians. (Ah! JONES, I'm glad to see you about again. That was a nasty attack of rheumatism you had. What! SMITH! I never expected to meet you. So that's your grandson? A likely-looking lad. At the old shop, is he? Glad to hear it. "Train up a child," &c. Lowry's House? Ah! he's long after our time.) Doesn't a glance at the calendar refresh your minds with pristine vigour? St.

Andrew's Day. A day of days, and much better than your fourths of June. Do you remember? But that's a sad question, and of course we all remember, be it ten, twenty, or fifty years ago. And the old wall is still standing. May it stand for ever! And you can still sit there, drumming your heels, and shouting yourself hoarse? (Of course I mean this in a general sense. You or I, JONES, could scarce climb up there now, ladder or not.) May it be sat on for all time!

I should like to go down there to-day,

and watch the old game once more. But my daughter won't allow it. It's too cold, she says. (It always was a cold day. I wonder why?) And I do remember going down—oh! a long time ago—about ten years after I had left. It was rather painful. The new faces of boys who stared at me got on my nerves. I seemed to have no part or lot in the old place. And yet I felt the old right of possession. Then I got very excited over a bully in calx. I shouted. But it was a poor shout, and a sense of shyness and timidity cut it short. Nothing like the old long-drawn "Co-o-o-ollegers," which used to issue from my lusty throat. Oh! it was very sad. I could have sat down by the waters of Babylon—or anywhere else—and wept. Don't you think of going down, SMITH, although I know you were my fag, and like to consider yourself a mere stripling still. It would only make you sad, too. And then you would be sure to overeat yourself at the club in the evening, and give your family a bad time all next day.

No, old friend. We are out of the race. Let us dine quietly at the club, and hear all about the match from that young nephew of mine, who is dining with me. He is going down to see it. But he only left four years ago. Then, over our bottle, we can discuss old times, and drink to POSTHUMUS and other absent friends. Ah! we were giants in those days. They are very small boys now. But the old shop never changes. *Floreat Etona.*

EXEGI MONUMENTUM.

["The SIRDAR is reported to have told an East Anglian friend, at the reception the other night, that since his arrival in England he has received over a hundred laudatory poems."—Daily Paper.]

WHAT time through many minor throats

The stream of minor verse is rippling,

In minor lays of dulcet notes,

From minor maid and half-fledged strip-ling,

Amid the quire of warblings transcendental
Be mine to raise a record monumental.

It is not that my minor verse

Is better polished, crisper, smoother
Than theirs—more limpid or more terse,

Or even crammer or obscurer—

My reams like theirs the threadbare carpet
litter,

Like theirs my output is a feeble twitter.

Ah no! but thus I bid for fame—

Not that I problems disentangle,

Or wing my shafts with nobler aim—

But only that of all who mangle

Their honest mother-tongue, and metres
murder,

I never wrote a line about the SIRDAR.

COMING FROM THE DOG.

(Mems. from a Canine Note-book.)

MUZZLES likely to come off. Hooray!

They have been removed in the country for ages. However. London has had to wait. But that's all over.

Now what have I to do?

Bark at the postman, the butcher-boy, and the lad who comes for the daily papers.

Have a fine time with the cats.

Look out for that bicycle, and go for the chap in knickers.

Chivey the small child that walks about with a bun.

And—but this must be done with great caution—if I have only the opportunity, have a real good bite at the legs of the police.



THE TRIALS OF OUR ARTISTIC FRIEND, LEONARDO DA TOMPKINS

(Who lives in an unappreciative Suburb).

'Arriet (nudging her Lidy Friend, and in an ostentatious stage-whisper). "'AMLET!'"

DARBY JONES ON THE HARVEST OF THE TURF.

HONOURED SIR,—Those who have deigned to peruse the Unobtrusive Effusions which you have graciously permitted to appear in all the Assertiveness of Printers' Ink will, I trust, have given me credit (when sordid traders would not) for having never ceased to impress upon my Patrons that the Sport of Emperors and lesser Potentates is not game whereat those but mediocres endowed with the Spondulicks of Fortune can play. The Account Rendered of the Flat-Racing during the Past Season fully bears out my assertion that in this diversion, even as Sweets go to the Sweet, so are Riches heaped on to Riches, with but few of those Exceptions which serve to prove the Aureous Rule. At the summit of the Golden Pippin Tree all good Sportsmen must be glad to find Mr. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD, who, by the prowess, among other quadrupeds, of Goletta, Fosco, Jacques-

mart, Golden Bridge, Trident, and St. Bris, places the very comfortable sum of £30,267 10s. to his banking account. It would be interesting to know what (doubtless) Unsparring Outlay on Mr. LEOPOLD's part was so handsomely recouped. Then follow in order named the Duke of WESTMINSTER and Mr. C. D. ROSE, almost making a dead-heat of it with £16,295 10s. and £16,265 10s. a-piece (I appreciate these honest half-sovereigns); after whom follow Sir J. BLUNDELL MAPLE, Lord ROSEBURY, and Mr. LARNACH (the lucky Proprietor of Jeddah and Victoria May), Mr. P. LORILLARD, the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, Mr. WALLACE JOHNSTONE, Lord WILLIAM BERESFORD, Mr. R. C. VYNER, Sir JAMES MILLER, Prince SOLTYKOFF, H.R.H. the Prince of WALES, Captain GREER, Mr. JERSEY, Mr. H. V. LONG, Sir R. WALDIE GRIFFITH, and Lord DURHAM. All these top the "Five Thou." Limit, and below them, in the "Four and Three Thou." Division, there is not a Needy Owner from Mr. DOUGLAS BAIRD down to Mr. J. A. MILLER. If I

can trust my somewhat Defective Memory, I think it was a noble Northerner and Steward of the Jockey Club, who once declared that Wealthy Prizes attracted Wealthy Patrons, and that this fact conducted to the Glory of the Turf, which, being interpreted, means, "only Millionaires need apply!"

Far be it from one so humble as Myself to cavil at the *Ipsé Dixit* of a Great Authority, but in quite a Uriah-Heep-like vein, I venture to suggest that if, instead of having Three "Ten Thousand Pounders" per annum, the authorities were to spread their Golden Syrup over some of the Dry Crusts offered to the Little Equine Speculators, it would do much to do away with "Bottlers" in Selling Races. There are many Honest Harvesters who would like a Cut at the Corn, without being compelled to resort to continual Gleaning for a subsistence. I am no JACK STRAW or WAR TYLER, honoured Sir, but if you or any other Bulwark of Equine Equality will consult the Record of Foreign Racing, you will readily perceive that in the matter of distributing Prize-Money, they do these things better in France, though to be sure, from our point of view, the Gaul is woefully lacking in Free Trade principles, and prefers to keep the majority of his "Bits" for Home-made bridles. Captain KRITTERION prophesies, that if I persist in my "ill-advised theory," I shall be warned off Newmarket Heath. I need scarcely say that in this respect he has the advantage over your dutiful servant, DARBY JONES.

P.S.—I humbly submit my remarks to that Great Gimcracker, Lord DURHAM, who appears to be a sort of Jockey Club General BOULANGER. There is a Minister for Agriculture, why not one for Turficulture? Lord DURHAM might take the office, and be Government Handicapper, Starter, Chucker-out, and Head Lad all rolled into one. His ancestor killed the Lambton Worm. His Lordship might slay the Hydra-headed Horrors, which are apparently bred on the Turf like rabbits. They would be sure to succumb to Durham mustard.—D.J.

UP FOR THE CATTLE SHOW.

You who in multitudes appear
In humdrum London year by year,
When fogs are chilly,
Still crowding in from every hand
To Holborn, Islington, the Strand,
And Piccadilly;

You view our sober shops, arrayed
With signs of unaccustomed trade,
See all, or try to,
While shows that else we never see,
This week we, also, busily
Are fain to fly to.

Through London as your way you wind
It staggers the bucolic mind,
And overawes it;
Yet does it not occur to you,
The busy turmoil as you view,
'Tis you that cause it?

We tolerate the noisy show,
Wait patiently until you go
(Great though the stir be),
Till once more with its normal hush
London recovers from the rush
Of *rus in urbe*.

Shakspearian Advice to the Bald.

"AWAY and mock the time with faded flow,
False hair must hide what the bald pate would show."



Bluejacke! (who has been hauled twice round the sick bay, yelling inarticulately, by the Surgeon with the forceps). "WHY, YOU 'AD ME BY THE TONGUE!"

IN FUTURO.

["By means of the new railways, Southern China will be not only modernised but Russianised. . . . In connection with the development of the Soudan, a telegraph office has been established at Omdurman."—*Daily Press*.]

CHINA DAY BY DAY.

MAY-KEE-FUN was charged with *lèse-majesty*ing the Czar, and fined five taels.

We are requested to state that the Government still has a few eligible spaces on the Great Wall to let for advertising purposes. All pictorial representations should be first submitted to the Pekin County Council.

A very smart function was that given by Mandarin and Mrs. NIEU-WED at their town-house in Fash-shun Street. Royalty was represented by Prince HAW-TEE and Prince FAT-TUM. The Governor of the province, SQUEE-SEM, was also there, whilst Generals RUMOLDCKOSKI and WATRYSKI, Madame BONNETORF and Bishop PILOTSKI might also have been noticed amongst the numerous guests. Owing to indisposition, WUN-LUNG, WEE-KART, LI-ING-TUNG, WONT-KUM, and General ORFULKORF were unable to be present. The refreshments were supplied by the famous Russian caterers, Messrs. JAMTARTOFF AND PENNIBUNSKI.

Attention has been called to the growing practice of tipping railway-guards to secure separate compartments. This causes inconvenience to other passengers, and is also provocative of annoyance to the man who gives the tip, when the Russian guard, after taking your tael in his hand, pulls it—the door, we mean—open, and admits half-a-dozen women and babies. The Russians, in this instance at least, do believe in the policy of "the open door."

UN-SUNG, the poet, is collaborating with M. IVORYSPANKEROFF, the well-known St. Petersburg musical genius, in producing a comic opera, to be played at the Slang-Tung Theatre. The work will be dedicated to the Czar, and will be entitled, *Always a Loan*.

Extracts from the "*Omdurman Daily News and Khartoum Courier*," a Nileist newspaper:—

We are glad to see that amongst the latest improvements to

our town, an automatic penny-in-the-slot weighing machine is to be placed at the corner of all the principal thoroughfares. We venture to think that if our respected townsman, FATTUH PASHA—a thorough good Fellah, by the way—patronises one of these appliances, he will not find himself of those who are "weighed in the balance and found wanting."

IBRAHIM BALMY-ONTHER-KRUMPET-BEY was, we regret to announce, removed to the Khartoum Lunatic Asylum on Monday last.

In the great aquatic Derby, competed for yesterday over the usual course on the Nile, MAHDI PASHA's smart three-year-old crocodile, *Persimmonch II.* (L. DE ROUGEMONT up), scored an easy win by a couple of lengths. The winner started favourite at six to four on.

The praiseworthy efforts made by our excellent and pushing Town Councillor, YUSUP REFF YUSE, to generate electric power for the street tram-cars, out of dust and cinder ashes, have not met with the success which they undoubtedly merit. But we hope he will persevere; and let him remember, that even Fashoda was not evacuated in a day.

INFEHMY MUSTYFEH SQUIFFEY was sentenced at Bowstringeh Police Court to fourteen days for "D. and D." The charge was proved by P. C. RUNIMINSES, who said prisoner was a terror to all the other inhabitants of Tel-el-Kebir Villas, where he resides.

At the same Court, SWARIN PASHA was fined five shekels for damming part of the Nile.

A glove-fight is announced for Wednesday next between HITTIM MAULEY EFFENDI (amateur champion) and WATTAR FITIN BEY. TOOPHATTOPHITE PASHA will act as referee.

At the Town Hall, nightly, SHERBET KAMMEHBELL sings the popular topical song, "Daddy wouldn't give 'em Fashowow."

A MOST POPULAR REVIVAL AT THE LYCEUM.—The re-appearance of Sir HENRY IRVING, when he shall have thoroughly recovered from his recent serious illness. Mr. Punch is delighted to hear that he is on his way to perfect recovery, via Bournemouth and Torquay. Sir HENRY's best health! "Ad multos annos!"



Keeper. "RABBIT TO YOU, SIR!"
Nervous Sportsman. "HERE! HI! WAIT A BIT! CONF— I
HAVEN'T GOT ANY CARTRIDGES IN!"

MANX.

["Of the Manx language it was said it was the best for courting in, as there were in it no fewer than ninety-seven ways of saying 'my dear.'"]—*Daily News.*

I HAVE sometimes noticed, darling, as I stroked your suky head
And sought for glowing words wherewith to woo, my dear,
There was just the least monotony about the things I said,

A tendency to sameness—haven't you, my dear?
In my most impassioned moments, when I've gazed into your
eyes,

And vowed that I would love you evermore, my dear,
It has jarred upon me harshly as I seemed to realise
That I'd said as much a dozen times before, my dear.

But the happy, happy Manxman, he may sing his mistress' praise,

In language made by Venus for her son, my dear,
And the rogue! he whispers gaily in some ninety-seven ways
What I can but reiterate in one, my dear.

He can murmur, "Love, I love you!" in the pleasant morning
shade

Till the shadows of the night are falling dark, my dear,
And he never need be conscious that he has already made
Ad nauseam a similar remark, my dear.

Manx is certainly *par excellence* the language for Love's song,

The tongue that Cupid speaks when he would court, my dear,
For the lovers in the Isle of Man may cut their tales as long
As pussy-cats are wont to cut theirs short, my dear.

And as I would fain be courting you when Dawn begins to smile
Till dews are falling on the primrose banks, my dear,
I propose we spend our honeymoon up yonder in the Isle,
Where you and I might learn to woo in Manx, my dear.

"SANS PEUR ET SANS REPROCHE."—Judging from the highly
eulogistic descriptions given by the papers of Major MARTYR, he
must be one of the very finest "*Flores Martyrum*." To cease
talking of Major MARCHAND, and to be occupied entirely with
Major MARTYR, is like proceeding from mere business to the
glories of chivalry.

ENGLISH QUESTIONS AND EGYPTIAN ANSWERS.

Being the first Gordon-Kitchener General Information Examination Paper
set and worked out by Our severely Master-of-fact Enthusiast.

Question. What is the benefit of being able to read?

Answer. The art enables us to acquire all sorts of knowledge.

Q. What is the finest language in the world?

A. The English language is certainly the finest in the world.
There is none other.

Q. Do not some people speak French?

A. They used to do once—a very long time ago—before the
distant days of ARABI PASHA.

Q. Do you know how to write?

A. Certainly. I can transcribe "Britannia rules the waves"
in a hand that might be taken for copper-plate.

Q. But have you the power of writing for the papers?

A. Alas, no! And I am unacquainted with any of the editors.

Q. Do you think you could serve as a special correspondent?

A. Certainly not, as special correspondents are, or should be,
obsolete.

Q. What is the end of your education?

A. To become civilized.

Q. What is meant by civilization?

A. The use of the topper and the National Anthem.

Q. And what should be your proudest ambition as an under-
graduate?

A. To send a four to Henley, a company to the Inns of Court
R. V. C., and to entertain socially the gentlemen who wear tur-
bans and hail from the West Indies.

ENJOYABLE?

"CHRISTIAN UNDERGRAD., aged 24, proposes spending an enjoyable
Christmas Holiday with one or more Boys at Bournemouth; coaching if
desired. References to his uncle, Gen. Sir E., Bart., his aunt, the Lady S.,
or College authorities."—*Advt., Times, Nov. 30.*

OH, TOMMY of the Fourth Form, here's enjoyment to be had,
To spend a cheerful Christmas with a Christian undergrad.,
Where, may be, 'twill be possible to shake hands with a Bart.,
And in the Lady S.'s home to play a humble part.
There's coaching on the premises—'tis by the College blest—
In balmy Bournemouth you will find this rare patrician nest.
Ah, would I were a boy again—'twould be a pleasant job
To teach the priggish undergrad. how not to be a snob!

WELL UP IN FRENCH.

Fond Father. Now, JOHNNIE, my boy, you've been learning
French for some time at school, let's see how you've got on.
Translate this:—"Le soir aura lieu la curée suivie d'un feu
d'artifice." I'll write it out for you.

Johnnie (after some minutes' reflection). "Le soir," the night
—(explains)—meaning "to-night"; "aura lieu," will have a
place; "la curée"—(smiles knowingly)—the curate's wife—(ex-
plains)—because it's feminine, you see; "suivie," followed;
"d'un feu d'artifice," by a fire of artfulness. (Explains.) That is
the literal translation, but it means, you see, that "there will be
rather a dangerous sort of person, up to all kinds of dodges, sitting
next the curate's wife at dinner."

[Is astonished at sudden change of expression in fond father's con-
tenance. Exit hurriedly.]

RHYTHMS FOR ROSEBERY.

A MOST happy thought on the part of Lord ROSEBERY to get up
at the Egyptian-Hall-Sirdar-College-Fund Meeting and beg every
one to subscribe, so that Lord KITCHENER, returning to Egypt on
the 7th, might "go away happy." His Lordship would have
capped his own inspiration, had he at once started the well-known
chorus of,—and—

"He won't be happy till he gets it!"

with a last line from another chorus,

"So now we sha'n't be long!"

THE SIRDAR "ON HIS LEGS" AT CAMBRIDGE.—Mr. Punch has
been overwhelmed by cuttings from the *Daily Graphic*, Friday,
25th inst., showing how the SIRDAR, at Cambridge, on
occasion of the Mayor presenting the freedom to Lord
in the Guildhall, was compelled to use two maces of the
instead of his own legs as "*props* of the Corporation
bien entendu, being, in the theatrical sense, "pr
tainly the effect was remarkable, and in all the
the considerable interval, some "lightning-ca
produced the burlesque effect of the picture,
a quaint record.



SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.—I.

THE MALWOOD EASY CHAIR.

Wood grown in the New Forest. A big, comfortable arm-chair, suitable for the cultivation of one's own fireside. This Chair has had many vicissitudes. Was finally sold at Derby in 1890 with a presentation set of china and a water-bottle. Now permanently at Malwood. It has a Welsh fringe.

AN UNFORTUNATE MORNING.

WITH the careful economy of the newly married, I had set aside a certain sum for my Christmas presents, arranging beforehand the exact amount I would expend on my wife, my relatives, the dear little GARWAYS children, and others.

To flâneur down Bond Street, conscious of the agreeable power of giving immense pleasure to those one loves, by a few seasonable gifts, is a sensation of luxury. But things happened rather awkwardly.

In the palace of silver and leather, where I lingered looking for a suitable present for DOROTHY, I met a cigarette-case of such obvious suitability to myself, that not to order it—with my initials in plain, heavy silver-gilt—seemed almost a foolish extravagance. Again, at the jeweller's, where I sought for a single gem to sparkle in my wife's pretty hair, a certain pair of turquoise studs and a pin, of exquisite though severe workmanship, appealed, beyond resistance, to my sober, cultivated taste.

Searching for a "useful" present for a pet aunt of practical leanings, I found in the celebrated umbrella-shop a perfect little stick. It was neither too large nor too small. It was distinguished, but not eccentric; it seemed made for me, and I hoped it would accompany me on many a pleasant ramble.

I now rather hastily passed into a book-shop to get *Every Boy's Annual* and *Little Folks*. How pleasant it would be to see the bright eyes of the dear little GARWAYS become brighter still as they read the delightful stories and put their sticky fingers on the lovely pictures! Children always judge of artistic productions, when it is possible, by the sense of touch—sometimes even by that of taste, and there may be much to be said for their view. But in this too fascinating home of literature, ill-luck again pursued me. I am a bibliophile at moments, and the atmosphere of a library goes to my head and warps my

calmer judgment. Some exquisitely bound volumes of a favourite work, and a valuable first edition of another I had long wished to possess, forced themselves upon my notice. After all, some one else was sure to give the GARWAYS their picture-books!

When I got home I found that, though I had exceeded the sum put aside for that purpose, I had not bought a single present. I was ten pounds in debt, and the parlour-maid had to pay my cab. All this is caused by weak good-nature. It is a fault I must guard against.

DOGS AND THEIR DUTY.

(By Our Own Reporter.)

A MEETING was held, within the last week, at midnight, in the absence of the moon, to consider the recent speech of Mr. LONG about the muzzling order. The chair (a garden one) was taken by Mr. FOX TERRIER. The spot chosen for the gathering was a little-frequented square.

The chairman said that he had great pleasure in presiding on that occasion, as he felt his canine colleagues had a distinct grievance. Personally, he was little affected by the iniquitous muzzling order, as when he took the air it was in a carriage.

Mr. SHEEP DOG protested against "side." No one wanted to hear about Mr. FOX TERRIER's carriage-drives.

The chairman intended no offence. He only desired to say that he was acting unselfishly in the matter. He called upon Mr. POODLE to move the first resolution.

Mr. POODLE, at this appeal, begged to move "that it is the opinion of this meeting that the entire human race is becoming insane, and consequently, if the muzzle be necessary, it should be removed from the dog to be placed on the mouth of his so-called master." Statistics proved that man was rapidly becoming *non compos*. It really was too ridiculous that mad men



SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.—II.

THE "JO JO" EXPANDING CHAIR,

As worshipped in the savage dependencies of the Empire. A very elegant chair, constructed on screws (patent monopoly). Can also go higher. Now at the Colonial Office. [From the collection of the Marquis of SALISBURY.]

should interfere with sane dogs. He trusted that his proposal would be carried.

The discussion was continued by other speeches. When a division was about to be organised, a sudden cry of "Police!" brought the proceedings to a close.

SALADE DE SAISON.

[Flower salads are the latest fashion in Paris.]

To be ever in the fashion
With some people is a passion,
And to help them is the object of this
ballad,
By directing their attention
To the latest French invention
Gastronomical, the famous Flower Salad.

Tho' to some it may seem silly
To eat salad made of lily—
Picca-lilli is the sort they have a mind for—
There are others who'll devour
Ev'ry kind and sort of flower,
Tho' it's cauliflower they really are inclined
for.

At chrysanthemums and roses
Some may turn up scornful noses,
And decline to eat them even on compul-
sion,

But those who the Fashion follow
A convolvulus will swallow,
Tho' it nearly sends them into a convulsion.



If Sir Edward Bradford cannot allow Cabs to have Foot-warmers, may we suggest that Constables on point duty have them? They would be much appreciated these cold days.

**THE RIGHT SORT.**

Afrikaner (to John Bull). "I DID THINK OF GIVING YOU A SHIP, BUT I'LL MAKE IT THIRTY THOUSAND A YEAR INSTEAD."
John Bull. "THANK YOU, MY BOY! IT'S UNCOMMON HANDSOME OF YOU!"

"IF WISHES WERE HORSES."

"If wishes were horses, beggars would ride."

Ah! that is a proverb my heart endorses.
What stables would Fate for us all provide,
If wishes were horses!

When longing and fancy unite their forces,
In our dreams at least we are "deified,"
Day dreams that are Joy's unfailing sources.
And you and I surely might side by side
O'er the stiffest of Life's cross-country
courses

"Ride, ride together, for ever ride,"
If wishes were horses!

CONFIDENCES.

(Extracted from Mr. Punch's Post-bag.)

III.

DEAR SIR,—I venture to ask your assistance in a most delicate matter. Nothing short of destitution could have caused me to make such an appeal, and I am sure that you will regard it as written in strict confidence.

I am, Sir, a Family Ghost. In the good old days, I did uncommonly well; my work for leading novelists kept me busy through most of the year. But it was in the months of November and December that my best season came, for there was hardly a Christmas number published in which I didn't get a job. Punctually as the last stroke of midnight on Christmas eve faded into silence, I appeared at the heroine's bedside. Beckoning with impressive forefinger, I bade her follow me, and together we passed through the lonely oak corridors of the ancestral mansion. Outside the wind moaned drearily, and the snow fell fast. (I often thought that it must be horribly cold work for the poor girl, but of course that was no business of mine.) Arriving at last at the topmost attic, I pointed to the spot in the wall where a secret spring released the sliding panel. The girl pressed it, and fell forward in a swoon. Next morning she was found there, with a scared face and the Missing Will, which proved, of course, that the ancestral mansion was really the property of her young man. Scores of writers have hired me for this job, and I've always given complete satisfaction. Now and then my line was to terrify the villain and cause him to confess. But for my assistance in this way, the story could never have been ended at all! But I always succeeded: no one ever gave a villain a worse kind of fits than I did. Then I could gibber. Now, it isn't every ghost that can gibber really well, I assure you. Also I may add, that none is better at the clanking-chain business than myself. In fact, I was a ghost whom the public loved, and upon whom the writers felt that they could rely.

Alas! For some reason which I cannot understand, my work has fallen off lamentably of late. Each year for some time past my services have been less in demand, and—strictly between ourselves—this Autumn I have not had a single engagement. Most of the Christmas numbers have already appeared, the rest will follow in a few days, but not one writer in them has offered me a job. Could there be blacker ingratitude for many years of faithful service? There was indeed one exception; a young novelist did ask for my assistance, and though he wasn't by any means a leading man, I agreed to help him through with his story. One can't afford to be particular in these dreadful days.



Governess. "Now, LINSLEY, YOU MUSTN'T HAVE ANY MORE PLUM-PUDDING. IT'LL MAKE YOU ILL!" Linsley. "NEVER MIND, IT'S WORTH IT!"

Imagine my disgust when, having obtained a post at last, the story was returned to my employer by a brutal editor, with the following insulting note, "No thanks. Spooks are 'off'!" "Spooks are off," indeed! I ask you, Sir, is that a proper way to speak of an old-established and highly respectable ghost like myself?

And so, Sir, I venture to appeal to you. Your sympathetic heart will feel for me; you will pity, I am sure, a spectre who has seen better nights, and is now out of work through no fault of his own. If you can't yourself find a job for me, may I ask you to recommend me to your friends? They won't regret employing me; they will find me as punctual and energetic as ever; and surely the public has not lost all liking for its old favourite?

For obvious reasons, I will not append my name. If, as I trust, you wish to help me, kindly let me wait on you in your office at midnight.

THIS CORRESPONDENCE MUST NOW CEASE.

In vain, O Tailor, you expend Your penny stamps. In vain you send Letters persuasive, letters short, Letters that threaten County Court, Letters cajoling, that repeat The old, old "heavy bills to meet"; I tell you, Tailor, 'tis in vain, I'm down upon my luck again; Have you none others you can fleece? This correspondence must now cease. No longer, MABEL dear, from you Must I receive these *billets doux*, No longer must you summon me To lunch à deux. It must not be. For now your husband—oh! no doubt He's bald and middle-aged and stout, And dull and prosy; still, you see, You married him and jilted me, So, to preserve domestic peace, This correspondence must now cease.



O'Brien. "OH, MURDER ALOIVE! BARNEY, COME AND HELP ME! PAT HAS FALLEN INTO THE MORTAR, AND HE'S UP TO THE ANKLES!"

McGeorge. "OCH, IF HE'S ONLY UP TO THE ANKLES, HE CAN WALK OUT."

O'Brien. "OH, BEDAD, BUT HE'S IN HEAD FIRST!"

BACK IN BERLIN.

(By Mr. Punch's Vagrant Contributor.)

WELL, WILLIE, it's jolly to get back home with all your uniforms safe, and the Empress's new Sultan-diamonds, and your white silk dust-cloak (my eye, it was a one-er!): I bet you had done up your moustache and put an extra curl in

When you saw you were really arriving at last, after all the speechifyings and ridings about and all the backsheesh-spendings, back again in dear sandy old Berlin.

You've had no end of worry, old man (it's so delightful to be familiar with an Emperor even on paper; you don't mind my country manners, do you?), for it isn't all beer and skittles

To knock about in these Eastern countries, and to feed on kabobs and pillauw and every sort of horrible Oriental victuals.

I wonder if you smoked a nargilhe, just by way of turning on the right kind of local colour, when you dined with your friend the SULTAN?

I did once, only once, and I may tell you (but don't let it go any further: you're a pal, and I tell you things I wouldn't tell anybody else) that I found directly afterwards that my colour was a pale green diversified with a disagreeable kind of dull tan.

It wasn't bad, of course, to stand up with your helmet on your head and your sword at your side and your spurs jingling, and to proclaim a message of peace to the universe:

Though I admit that the subject is almost too grand and wonderful and suggestive to be spoken of in what I'm half afraid you may possibly call my puny verse.

And it's simply topping to assume protectorates over religions and dedicate churches and read lessons and to make outflights (that's German) in Jerusalem and round about it,

And to show your imperial countenance to carefully-selected and mildly-demonstrative crowds—my only wonder is, by the way, how they managed to get along all these years and how they're going to get along in future without it—

But the fact is, you see, there were such a lot of crises going on (is that the proper plural of crisis? it doesn't look right, does it?), and there was such a vast amount of botheration in the United States and in Spain, and in France, particularly in France, and in almost every other nation.

The CZAR, for instance, was busy about his Rescript and was requesting everybody to sign a Disarmament pledge, and he wasn't winking the other eye, but was keeping it open on China.

And the French were raving about Major MARCHAND (who was weeping) and the miserable result of all their sly fuss.

Devoting to the operation all the energies they could spare from cutting one another's throats on the subject of Captain DREYFUS,

And Great Britain was telling France to "git," in a dangerous chorus of *Cave*

Leonem, exasperfactum (you'd scorn to have this translated), and for the rest, we were reckoning up our available navy.

And though, of course, properly considered, Emperors are to a mere fighting general as peacocks to the ordinary barndoor bird are,

It was just at this time that we burst our lungs in shouting, "Hurrah for the SIRDAR!"

So you see, taking one thing with another, the net result is this—it's very unpleasant, but true, Sir

(You'll notice how respectful I become when telling an unpleasant truth), that we none of us had a moment to spare for giving a thought to you, Sir.

However, I understand, dear WILLIE, that you yourself, in pondering over your recent trip, and on reckoning up the cost of it,

Have come to the melancholy conclusion that on the whole the stage was poor, the audience scanty and unappreciative, and that, in fact, to continue this theatrical metaphor, though you did have the leading part, somebody "crabbed" you all the time, with the painful result that you managed to make a frost of it.

And the worst of it is that on coming back you found, in spite of all the trouble you had taken, and your dramas and paintings and sermons,

That there were all kinds of ructions going on even amongst your own loyal and peaceful Germans.

I don't refer to editors, for of course everybody knows that there's only one way to deal with them, and that they always look best as

Perpetual convicts in heavy chains—which is what they can generally count on getting for poking fun at you, in other words, for the crime of *laesa majestas*.

But there's the Prince of LIPPE DETMOLD; he's a small Prince, of course, but he didn't seem to be funky,

For he upped and said to your sacred face that you had been sending him such letters as a man might send to his flunkey.

And Italy went and made friends with France, and (isn't it a case of *et tu Brute*,

Since in firing out Austrian foreigners your ministers only did what they fondly supposed you would say was their duty?)

Here's Austria cutting up very rough, and it's plain that you'll have to revise all

Your schemes of alliance when Austria threatens a drastic course of reprisal.

However, I daresay things will come out all right in the end—they generally do if people can only be persuaded to leave them alone and not keep nagging and worrying;

And it's never the slightest use when you've got a long way to go to start on it by breathlessly hurrying—

I haven't any doubt at all that SMITH and Müller (I mention these two celebrated men as admirable representatives of our two nations, the British and the Teutonic)

Will shortly be shouting together in a chorus which, in spite of poor old SMITH's shortcomings as a songster, they will try to make both harmonious and harmonic.

But a word in your ear, my Imperial old *Knasterbart*, I should like to know if you don't consider that, though it's delightful to roam, Sir,

There's more genuine advantage to be got by looking after your folks, which can best be done by staying at home, Sir?

THE "MAILED FIST."—Before this who would not tremble! But its terrors are nothing to the "Blackmailing Fist" which forces the "Blackmailed Fist" to be open-handed and to unwillingly disburse.

AN EVIDENT SEQUITUR.—If France continues her present pinprick policy, England will end by "getting the needle."

DARBY JONES ON LINGFIELD.

HONOURED SIR,—I trust, like Charon, you are going merrily over the "Sticks." This quip is not mine own, but a Replica of a jape uttered by your friend Sir FRAISER PUNNETT, whom I encountered the day before yesterday in Great Portland Street, filled with a Piscatorial Dish which he had just consumed at a Pagan Eating-house in the immediate neighbourhood. This Delicacy, so the Eminent and Jocose Baronet informed me, is a native of Marseilles, is called Bouillabaisse (I trust that I have the correct caligraphy), was celebrated by the great W. MAKEPEACE THACKERAY in verse, and, as Sir FRAISER declared, "though fishy, will not *poisson-us*" (Anglo-Gallic jest registered by Sir F. P.).

After this *bon mot*, Sir FRAISER (doubtless inspired by the Bouillabaisse in question) asked me, on what racecourse in England a fish-preserve was kept by a Poultryman? Being no Soothsayer with regard to Sphinxes, I was unable to solve the Conundrum, which Sir FRAISER somewhat unfeelingly left me to consider on the muddy side-walk, while he deposited his Exquisitely Varnished Boots in a Hansom Cab.

If there be one Torture, barring the solving of Acrostic Lights, to which I object, it is that of being asked a Riddle without having the Answer supplied, and it may (or may not) grieve your Wilful Wag of a Bart. to know that his Query cost me great consumption of Spirituous Liquor, Soda Water, and Nicotine before I was able to grasp the Solution of his puzzle. The Honourable FLIPLATT was the Solutionist. It appears that he is in the habit of filling in Coupons dealing with the Prizes generously presented by the Proprietors of various Broad-sheets devoted to Sporting Topics to those Erudite Minds capable of fathoming the Deep Sea of Conjecture. The Honourable FLIPLATT, who was compelled to leave Oxford College on account of some Puerile Difference with an Inspector of Police, locally known as a Proctor, and accompanied by Bloodhounds, is one of the Few Men about Piccadilly Circus who was able to point to the Whereabouts of Fashoda at the time that Major MARCHAND was planting Brussels Sprouts in that region. Consequently I was not dumbfounded (or should it be dumb-founded?) when the Honourable explained to me that Sir FRAISER PUNNETT alluded to Lingfield, whereof Mr. FOWLER is the Presiding Genius, "Ling" being a fish, and "Poultryman" a pretty playful allusion to the Secretary of this Popular Meeting. I gave Mr. FLIPLATT an order for "Wonderland" E. in return for his information. It is not my fault if he has been unable to use the Brief.

I like Lingfield because it is conducted on Straight Principles. It has a Straight Mile, a Straight Run from Victoria, and a Straight Management. It is the Kempton Park of Sussex, and if I may trust my knowledge of Equine Contests, the only gathering which has been successfully established on a LEIGH-shore. Captain KRITERION says that Mr. FOWLER is too partial to Policemen, but I take it that he has never looked with Equanimity on the Boys in Blue since he was rather rudely rebuffed, some four years ago, by an Inspector, who could not be persuaded that he possessed an Invitation (left unhappily at home) for the Royal Inclosure at Ascot. Such little Jars often cause a good deal of Bottled-up Wrath. These Lingfield



'INTS ON 'UNTING, BY 'ARRY.

IF OPENING A GATE FOR THE HUNTSMAN, DON'T FALL INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE PACK!

Lyrics may, I trust, be of service to persons less warped in mind than is the Captain:—

The *Hater of Man* with the *Girl Path* I'll choose,
And the *Dramatist* have on my side;
While the *Lad with the Blade* won't refuse,
And the "Earl" a good winner will ride.

The above is a four-leaved Shamrock; the last of this year's crop. Soon I hope to be plucking the Lotus at—but no! I shall have quitted the Empire by—again, no!

We are all Children of the Empire—I am not referring, honoured Sir, to Leicester Square—and I am glad to learn that Mr. SEPTIMUS MILLER, Chairman of the Victorian Racing Club, has been "sent off" by Lord BRASSEY at a Big Banquet to these Shores. Here's grist to him! That SEPTIMUS may be in the Seventh Heaven of Delight during his Sojourn, is the honest desire of

Your peripatetic serf,
DARBY JONES.

POPULAR FOREIGN PLACE OF RESIDENCE
FOR AN ENGLISH DETECTIVE.—Cotch-in-China.

THE SMOKER'S PET BIRD.—The Puffin.

A DILEMMA.

(By a Poet who has a strong belief in Leather.)

VENERABLE "trotter-cases"—
Easy, if undignified,
With your pliant mohair laces—
While I fashion still deride,
Daily, weekly, have I worn you
(Butt of every well-shod toff)—
Now the *Lancet* bids me scorn you,
Science cries out, "Taken 'em off!"

On the self-complacent fogey,
Lo! it bends its searchlight stern,
And the dread bacillus bogey
Bids him everywhere discern;
Proves that nothing like old leather
Harbours such malignant germs,
Soles, welts, uppers—all together
It reviles in good set terms.

Dear old friends, then, must I drop you,
While my tortured feet grow numb,
Fling you on one side, or "swop" you
For a pelargonium?
Nay, my well-tried boots, I'll chance it,
Though proud Prudence comfort scorns,
Spite of hygiene and *Lancet*,
Microbes I prefer to corns.



Seedy Provincial Actor. "YOUNG MAN, I HEAR THAT YOU PROPOSE TO ESSAY THE *ROLE* OF THE MELANCHOLY DANE. WHAT INDUCED YOU TO DO IT?"
Prosperous London Ditto. "OH, I DON'T KNOW. THEY EGGED ME ON TO IT."
Seedy Provincial Actor. "H'M. THEY EGGED ME OFF!"

THE GREAT UNGAGGED.

"Many who are joining in our *plébiscite* distinctly state that they do not compete for the prize. They merely wish for an opportunity of expressing views which their own journals industriously suppress."—*Daily Mail*.]

THE noble offer made by the *Daily Mail* to compensate with £100 that *bonâ fide* member of a Liberal Association whose opinions on the question of the future Leadership and Policy of the Party approximates most nearly to the commonplace, has caused Mr. Punch a deal of trouble. His staff has been almost asphyxiated by pressure of correspondence, of which the following letter, taken at a

venture, fairly represents the general tenour; though of the adjoining solutions of the triple enigma each betrays a distinct and poignant individuality.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I note that my *Daily Chronicle* is very vexed with the *Daily Mail* for its cynical enterprise; though with customary impartiality it consents to allow a life-size advertisement of the projected *plébiscite* to appear in its own generous columns. Myself, as a True Liberal, I shrink from committing myself in a notoriously Conservative organ. Yet, keen dog that I am, I yearn to throw off the muzzle; to defeat that journalistic conspiracy of silence which has lain like a pall on the still lively corpse of Radi-

calism. But where shall I find a fitting vent for my cooped-up feelings? It is to you I turn; to the one great and untainted medium of Liberal Conservatism; so please find enclosed my answer to the Three Burning Questions:—

1. Who is to be the Leader of the Liberal Party?
2. What is to be its Policy?
3. Shall it worry on with Home Rule? Say Yes, or else No.

You may conceivably offer an overflow prize; but I ask for none; my aims are pure, and here are the answers:—

1. Sir George Newnes, Bart.
2. (a) One Man, one Tit-Bit.
(b) Bill to encourage Immigrant Aliens (Swiss preferred).
(c) Bill to limit inquiry into their antecedents.
(d) Purification of the Lords by wholesale creation of Liberal Peers.
3. I can't guess this one.

Yours ever,
A WIDE-WORLTLING.

We take, again at random, a handful of post-cards, all containing intelligent attempts to cope with the great Conundrum of the day.

DROPPINGS FROM A VILLAGE PUMP.

1. Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Bart.
2. (a) Municipalisation of the Great Soda-Water Companies.
(b) *Révision* of the Kitchen Committee.
(c) Local Popticon.
3. Am doubtful. Fear it might foster consumption of local poteen.

A SPRING-GARDENER SOWS THE GOOD SEED.

1. The Chairman *pro tem.* of the L. C. C. (if Progressive).
2. (a) Compulsory closing of everything always.
(b) Rate-paid housing of Progressive Poor.
(c) Bill to facilitate obstruction by con-termongers.
(d) Bill in restraint of short skirts.
3. Yes. Let London pay for it.

MESSAGE FROM A MAYO MARTIN.

1. Mr. Michael Davitt, M.P.
2. (a) Repeal of *entente cordiale* with United States.
(b) Spirited policy to promote Franco-Irish Alliance.
(c) Bill to amend so-called National Anthem.
(d) Bill to disband Irish Constabulary.
(e) Nationalisation of congested landlords.
3. Erin-go-bragh!

A HENT FRA' THE HIELAN'S.

1. The Member for Ross and Cromarty.
2. (a) Bill to regulate the netting of minnows on Rivers Tay and Dee.
(b) Bill to expedite intercourse with the Outer Hebrides.
(c) Bill to prohibit the Member for Fifehire West (Mr. Augustine Birrell) from making jokes in the House.
(d) Bill to render illegal all jesting in the House.
(e) Other important Scotch measures.
3. Why should Scotland wait?

A LITTLE ENGLANDER'S IDEA.

1. Mr. Henry Labouchere.
2. (a) Abolition of Navy.
(b) Do. Army.
(c) Do. Peerage.



“PIPING TIMES OF PEACE!”

PEACE (to VULCAN). “I SUPPOSE THIS DISARMAMENT PROPOSAL HAS SERIOUSLY INTERFERED WITH YOUR TRADE?”
VULCAN THE ARMORER. “LO! BLESS YOU, MISS, NEVER WAS BUSIER! GOT A NICE LITTLE ORDER FROM RUSSIA ONLY THIS MORNING!”

- (d) Abolition of Ground Rents.
(e) Do. Church.
3. Yes, if Rosebery says No.

FROM THE QUARTIER ANGLAIS.

1. Sir Edmund Monson.
2. (a) More New Diplomacy.
(b) Freedom of Speech at Embassies.
(c) Anti-pincushion Policy.
(d) A long-lived Ministry.
3. Do not feel quite at home on this topic.

A PEER-DIRECTOR WIRES:

1. Mr. Ernest Terah Hooley.
2. (a) Simplification of Company-promotion.
(b) Inalienability of Real Estate of Financiers.
(c) Abolition of Registrars in Bankruptcy.
(d) Bill for facilitating Purchase of Titles.
(e) Do. Do. Membership of Political Clubs.
3. Why not run it as a Syndicate?

A SECRET ADMIRER OF THE "DAILY MAIL" WRITES:

1. Mr. Alfred Harmsworth.
2. (a) State-aided distribution of certain magazines under cost price.
(b) Abolition of Book-stall Monopolies.
(c) Free passes for War-Correspondents to the Front.
(d) Bill for providing Ministers with Answers at question-time.
3. Strictly between us, I will say — the thing!

THE JUDGMENT OF MAN.

1. Mr. Hall Caine.
2. (a) State-directed elevation of the masses by means of literary Masterpieces.
(b) Bill to distinguish booming from other actionable nuisances.
(c) Greater profusion of Titles for Men of Letters.
(d) Bill to restrain W-ls-n B-rr-tt from playing the unauthorised Christian.
(e) Compulsory Manx for the People.
3. Why not imitate "The Island"?

A FRIEND OF OUR DUMB CREATURES HAS A FANCY.

1. Mr. Toby, M.P.
2. (a) Introduction of conscience-clause into muzzling legislation.
(b) Scotland-Yard-aided education of Bloodhounds.
(c) Bill to facilitate admission of Dogs to Places of Amusement.
(d) Bill to legalise ground-poaching.
3. I rather like Irish Terriers.

[N.B.—If any further correspondence of the above type is addressed to this office, it will be at sender's risk.—ED.]

DRAMATIC CRITIC IN 1832.

How pleasantly nowadays do the most severe dramatic critics phrase their censures in comparison with some of them within the first third of this present century. Looking over some old numbers of *Figaro in London*, we select a few brief notices at haphazard:—

"*Waverley* has been brought out at Covent Garden, and went off amid the snores of a very quietly disposed audience."—October 27, 1832.

Relying on tradition and on the surviving popularity, even to the present day,



LEWIS JAMER

"OH, MISS BROWN, I WAS SO SORRY I DIDN'T SEE YOU WHEN YOU CALLED THE OTHER DAY. I HAD SUCH A DREADFUL HEADACHE, THAT I HAD TO TELL MY MAID I WAS NOT AT HOME TO ANY OF MY FRIENDS. BUT OF COURSE I SHOULD HAVE SEEN YOU!"

of the music in *Midas*, we had always been under the impression that that piece was in its day a great favourite with everybody. So it might have been with most persons, but not with *Figaro in London*, who in his number for October 6, 1832, says:—

"We forgot last week to notice Miss FERGUSON's appearance as *Apollo* in that heap of trash, *Midas*."
"That heap of trash"! No mincing phrase there.

In *Figaro* for August 18 the same year is a notice of Mr. KEELEY, whose name is associated, in the recollection of the oldest playgoer (*pace* Mrs. KEELEY, who is still alive and hearty), only with comedy and farce. He is mentioned as—"enacting *Shylock* (at the Strand) for his own benefit, but certainly not for the benefit of those who witnessed it."

We, not having been either thought of or born at the above date, can only suppose that Mr. KEELEY had not then achieved the exceptionally high position in his profession that he afterwards attained.

The appearance of a French dancer, who

subsequently achieved celebrity as a melodramatic actress, is thus politely and pleasantly described:—

"In bounced Mademoiselle CELESTE, the star of the night, an old woman apparently of about fifty years of age, dressed in a very short blue petticoat. The old lady capered away for some minutes with a force frightfully muscular," &c., &c., "while she occasionally gave a *spin* of such endurance that at the moment one might have fancied her the *top* of her profession."

Then follows what in these more delicate times would have most certainly brought down on both Proprietor and Editor an action for libel; but as we have not come across any subsequent allusion to such a very natural consequence, it follows that the professionals of those days did not consider themselves injured by this style of attack, and so the *Figaro* continued its bitterly satirical course through the years of what may be termed "the terribly plain-speaking thirties."

BEVERAGE FOR A MUSICIAN.—Thorough Bass.



PARLIAMENTARY CONSTELLATIONS.

It has already been pointed out that the failure of the meteoric display in the heavens, which should have come off in November, has been redressed by the large increase in the occurrence of effluence which has been registered since that date. The failure of the meteoric display in the heavens, which should have come off in November, has been redressed by the large increase in the occurrence of effluence which has been registered since that date. The failure of the meteoric display in the heavens, which should have come off in November, has been redressed by the large increase in the occurrence of effluence which has been registered since that date.



"HOW'S THAT, UMPIRE?"

Golf Player. "NOW THEN, WHAT ARE YOU GRINNING AT, BOY! DON'T YOU KNOW WHERE THE BALL IS!"

Caddy. "YES, SIR. I KNOW, SIR. PLEASE, SIR, THAT THERE DIN'S COW 'VE SWALLOWED IT!"

oranges; serve them on a plate placed on a camp-stool by the side of your berth. The steamer rolling to starboard pitches the camp-stool over; smashes the plate; sends the oranges flying under the opposite berth. Now the game begins, and is worth watching. When the ship rolls to port the oranges come along exactly as billiard-balls, stricken by a well-directed cue, course the green baize cloth. Crossing and recrossing, they make cannons with a neatness and surety that would make FRED ROBERTS—especially if he's not a good sailor—green with envy.

On this board there's only one pocket. That is the narrow passage between two portmanteaus under the berth. It is a difficult stroke. But the Atlantic wasn't born yesterday. In one break he pocketed both balls.

Regarded as a parlour game this has the disadvantage of requiring, to begin with, an ocean and a roomy berth in a liner. But the idea may be adapted. There is at least no harm in throwing it out.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

How can a Lever need a lift? It is we who are lifted by a Lever, and the heavier we feel, and the more "down" we are, the greater force will be required, and there must be plenty of Levers ready at hand. The supply of Leverage is to be obtained *chez*: DOWNEY & Co., whose excellent edition of all CHARLES LEVER's works is now complete in twenty-seven volumes. Looking through them, the Baron comes to the conclusion that if no other writer, taking up the same line as did CHARLES LEVER, could even rival him, so CHARLES LEVER could not beat such inimitable works of his own creation as *Jack Hinton*, *Charles O'Malley*, *The Knight of Gwynne*, *Harry Lorrequer*, and *Tom Burke of Ours*. But all of them are well worth a shelf among "Our Noble Shelves" in any well-found library.

Major ARTHUR GRIFFITHS, author of *Mysteries of Police and Crime* (CASSSELL & Co.), the "safe bind safe find" man, who, as one of H.M. Inspectors of Prisons, has had unusual opportunities for collecting the materials which, in book-form, might be described as a "Drawing-room edition of the *Newgate Calendar* for delicate readers." Not that he minces matters to any great extent: "Bowdlerism" is not his line; but he so narrates the most unpleasant stories of most abominable crimes as to render them insinuatingly palatable to polite taste. It is almost impossible to read through the Major's two volumes at a sitting; though, by the way, one work of his, an Edgar-Allan-Poe-ish kind of story, *The Night Express*, you must read at a sitting, even if

the dinner-hour has to be postponed; but of these stories you can select here one and there one, making up a parcel of six at a sitting. When the Baron was a boy, did he not revel in AINSWORTH'S *Dick Turpin* (who never accomplished that wonderful feat of riding to York on *Black Bess*) in the same author's *Jack Sheppard*, and in BULWER LYTTON'S *Claude Duval*? Major GRIFFITHS gives some information concerning one WILLIAM PARSONS, Esq., the son of a Nottinghamshire Bart., which will be of considerable interest to all Etonians, especially to those "Old Boys" who may still remember the "Montem," which gave its last performance about half a century ago, on which occasion Etonians in fancy costumes used to stop the coaches and carriages on the King's Highway and demand "salt" (money in any form) from the occupants. Such a custom was an admirable preparation for any lad with a natural turn for "the road," as had WILLIAM PARSONS, who, commencing with petty thefts at Eton, finished "per rarios casus, per tot (dis)crimina," at Tyburn. *Barry Lyndon* was not "in it" with this amiable Etonian. In "Upper School" are preserved busts of the Etonian Worthies. Why not set apart some hitherto unused room beneath the Lowest Class Room of the Lower School for the Eton Unworthies, and commence with WILLIAM PARSONS? Also let there be started an Eton "Chamber of Horrors," in which should be kept old blocks, old "swishes," and any instruments of torture used in the darkest days. GRIFFITHS Major's two volumes are most fascinatingly and absorbingly interesting.

The Baron strongly recommends Mr. WILLIAM J. LOCKE'S *Idols* (JOHN LANE) to all novel readers. It is well written; no time is wasted in superfluous descriptions; there is no fine writing for fine writing's sake; but the story, the general probability of which is not to any appreciable extent discounted by two improbabilities, will absorb the reader. At all events, it is a novel that, once taken up, cannot willingly be put down until finished.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

THE NEW DIPLOMACY.

(From a Single-sided Point of View.)

SCENE—A room in a Government Office. Enter an Officer.

Officer. Will you please let me see the confidential report on my regimental conduct?

Official. With the greatest pleasure. The novel system is to tell everything to everybody. (Hands papers.)

Officer (after a hurried perusal). Thank you, so much. And now to have it out with my Colonel! [Exit.

SCENE—Editorial Sanctum. Enter Would-be Contributor.

Would-be Contributor. And you like my article?

Editor (with enthusiasm). My dear friend, it is a long way the best thing I have read in my life!

Would-be C. And yet you refuse to insert it! Do you mind giving me the reason why?

Editor. Not in the least. We like to be free-spoken and above-board. The reason why we can't insert it is because you speak disparagingly of a man who married a second cousin twice removed of one of our principal supporters. That will never do, my dear fellow; that would never do!

Would-be C. Oh, indeed! Then I will tell the story in the columns of a rival newspaper! [Exit.

SCENE—Offices of a Club. Enter Aggrieved Member.

Aggrieved Member. I want to know why my friend, Mr. JONES, was pilled? I don't want to embarrass you, but can you give me any information?

Secretary. Only too pleased. The latest idea is to have no secrets. The fact is, one of the committee got his colleagues to blackball him. He said any friend of yours must be an unsuitable person.

A. M. Oh, indeed! And do you mind telling me the name of the member?

Sec. With pleasure. Mr. SMITH.

A. M. I am infinitely obliged to you. And now to my lawyers to commence an action for slander against SMITH! [Exit.

SCENE—A Bank Parlour. Enter a Respected Customer.

Respected Customer. Of course, I don't want you to be indiscreet, but is the bank shaky?

Manager. Only too delighted to afford any information in my power. It is the new system. Fact is, the bank is very shaky indeed.

R. C. A thousand thanks! And now to fill in a blank cheque with the amount of my balance, and then to my stockbroker to sell for the fall! [Exit.



Little Boy. "How MANY STEPS CAN YOU JUMP, GRANDMA? I CAN JUMP FOUR!"

CHRISTMAS.

(From various Points of View.)

FILIUS.

HURRAH! Good old Christmas for ever!
 Adieu to old SWISH and his cane,
 And I shall be able to sit at a table
 In relative comfort again.
 And as for old CÆSAR, and LIVY,
 And XEN. with his blest parasangs,
 We'll give 'em the chuck, boys, and jolly
 well tuck, boys,
 At turkey and cream and meringues.
 The grub! Oh, to think of it! Crikey!
 Unlimited trifle and jam,
 With dozens of dishes undreamt of at
 SWISH's,
 And nothing to do but to cram.
 Oh! why is it Christmas so seldom?
 While Sunday, by some silly freak—
 If I had arranged 'em, by Jove, I'd have
 changed 'em,
 And ordered a Christmas a week.

PATERFAMILIAS.

What! Christmas here again? Absurd!
 Impossible! I vow, Sir,
 It's not six months— Upon my word,
 It's *always* Christmas now, Sir!
 Our painted world, with every year,
 Spins faster on its axis,
 Until the whirling daubs appear
 One streak of rates and taxes.
 The boys are home—the little bears!
 Just listen to their riot
 As they toboggan down the stairs—
 Farewell to peace and quiet!
 They racket through the livelong day,
 They make the whole house muddy
 With dirty boots, and ugh! they play
 At football in my study.
 Christmas, I dread thee! Dread to meet
 My pack of noisy gluttons,
 I dread to watch them over-eat
 Until they burst their buttons.
 Thou, Christmas, if it lay with me,
 With thy unsettled weather,

And more unsettled bills, shouldst be
 Abolished altogether.

LAUDATOR TEMPORIS ACTI.

When Christmas-tide was drawing nigh,
 And turkeys roasted at the range,
 Was none so blithe of heart as I—
 Then what has brought about this
 change?
 'Tis not that I am altered, not
 That I am older. 'Tis because
 Christmas is now no longer what
 It was.

And Christmas fare is not the stuff
 That used to make my bosom glad;
 I never used to get enough
 To satisfy me, when a lad.
 But now I swear—it is no whim—
 This stodgy stuff you feast your boys on,
 It is not pudding, it is sim-
 ply poison.

Again, when Winter froze the lake,
 Swift as a swallow I would fly,
 And vines and figures I would make,
 "The cynosure of every eye."
 But now I shudder when I see
 The slides the boys make at my gate—
 Ice has become so slippery
 Of late.

No! Christmas is no more the time
 It used to be, beyond a doubt,
 Ere yet the world was past its prime
 Or I a martyr to the gout.
 And since the cooks no longer know
 Their art, I will not dine. Instead
 I'll sip my arrowroot, and go
 To bed.

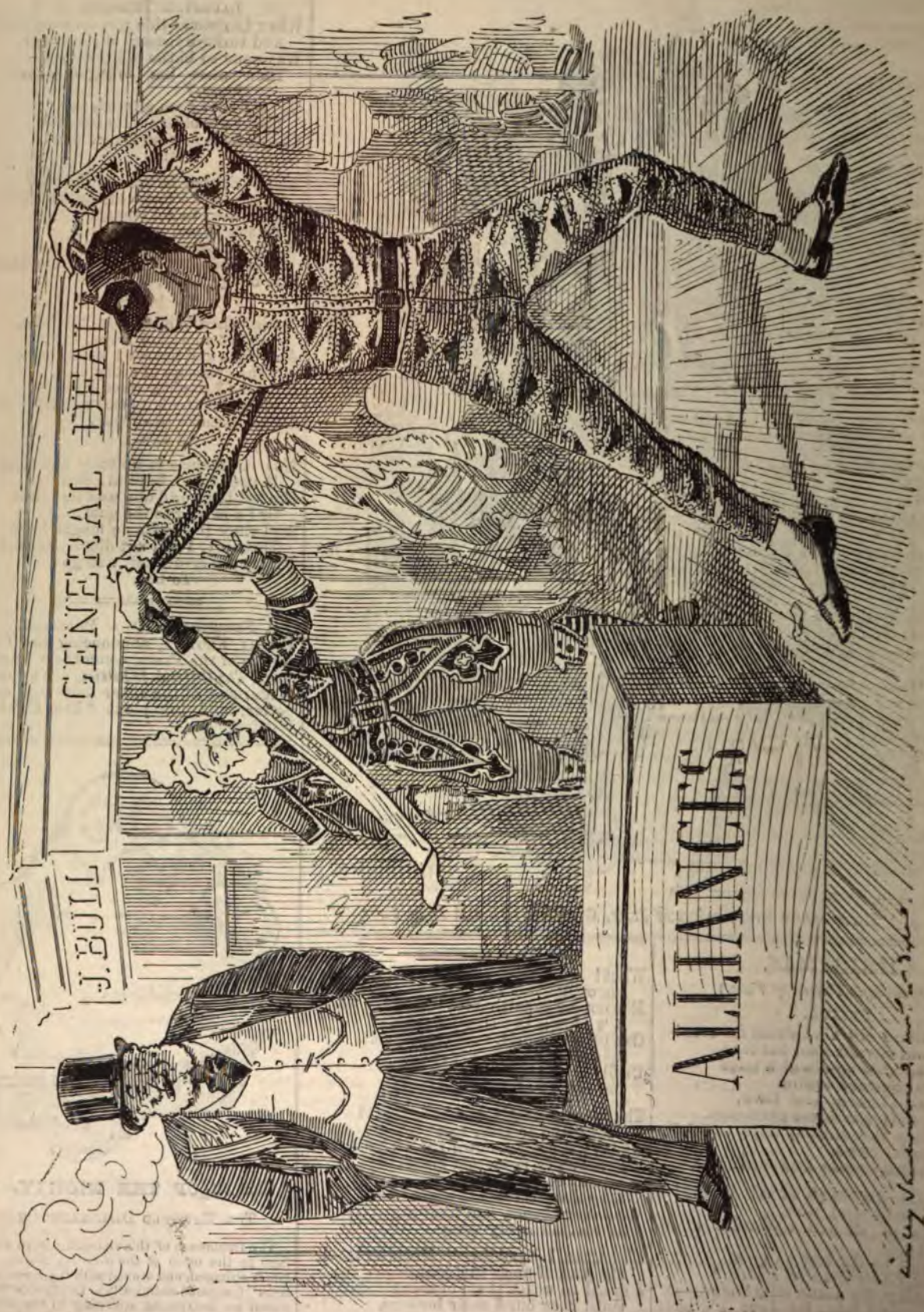
A SUGGESTION TO A PUBLISHER.—MR.
 HENRY FROWDE, announcing the Oxford
 edition of the Poets, commences by adver-
 tising *The Oxford Whittier*. Why doesn't
 MACMILLAN of the sister university go one
 better, and bring out "The Cambridge
 Wittiest"?



SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.—III.

THE HATFIELD DIPLOMATIC CHAIR.

The framework of this charming piece was for a
 time in the office of the *S-t-r-d-g R-v-w*. Since
 much enlarged, and stuffed with "graceful conces-
 sions" (prepared chemically). Lately this chair has
 shown an unexpected stiffening in the back, and
 has become very uncomfortable to any diplomatist
 who tries to sit upon it.



"A PANTOMIME REHEARSAL."

Stage Manager (S.I. Harlequin). "THAT TRICK OF YOURS DOES NOT SEEM TO WORK, MR. HARLEQUIN."
 Joe (Ch. Harlequin). "WELL! I'VE WAVED MY WAND LONG ENOUGH. THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE MACHINERY!"

W. V. Thompson, 1898.

MORTE D'HARCOURT;

OR, THE BALLON D'ESSAI.

*(Being a Fragment adopted from the Idyll told
"At Francis Allen's on the Christmas-eve.")*

THEN murmured HARCOURT: "Place me in
the car."

So to the great balloon they strolled along.
And those three knights, the doleful Jean
l'Honnête,

Sir Bel-champ Porte-drapeau, Sir Cop-la-
poule,

Over the side heavily hoisting him,
Took out their handkerchiefs, and wept
therein.

But he that had the sternest eye of all
And wettest, he the penman, Jean l'Hon-
nête,

Arranged the Chieftain's head upon his lap,
And loosed his morion and chafed his chin
Duplex, and ran his fingers through the
locks

That like a lion's or the rising sun
High o'er the field would flame with ardent
fringe.

Then he unlaced the cuirass, letting out
The breath in grievous pants; and dropped
a hint,

Darkling, of foul play, mentioning no
names.

So like an extinct mammoth lay the Chief;
Not like that HARCOURT who, from head to
heel

Plantagenet through all his azure blood,
Let off his Budget underneath the eyes
Of gracious ladies beaming through the
grille.

Then loudly called the doleful Jean
l'Honnête

For ink and plume, and took his scroll and
wrote:

"O my dear HARCOURT, what are we to do?
For lo! the former times are now defunct.
When every day produced some gallant
scheme

For riding out to tilt at human wrongs—
The Union, or the Church, or else the
Drink—

And every scheme some gallant lance to
run it.

Such times have not been since our errant
knights

Took shame of wearing shamrock in their
hair.

And now the whole ROUND TABLE breaketh
up,

And on its legs the heathen hack their
names,

And I, the last of all thy true Elect,
As in a dim-brown study I am left

To write the record of the days that were."

He ceased, and made a copy for the Press,
And on the fallen warrior's failing heart

Pinned the original; and so with pain
Over the side, fearfully clinging, dropped.

Then slowly murmured HARCOURT from
the car:

"The good old order changeth; ay, per-
chance

It was too large an order—who shall say?
For men may have too much of one good
thing.

Therefore I go; I have done my work, and
feel

My conscience all serene. Yet let thy voice
Roll like an organ for me in the Press,

That men may learn the worth of what
they lose.

And now farewell! I am addressed to go
A strange excursion—if indeed I go,

(For I myself have had my doubts of this)—
To some far-off aerial Lotus-isle,



"I SAY, BILLIE, TEACHER SAYS AS IF WE 'ANGS OUR STOCKINGS UP ON C'RIS'MAS EVE,
SANTA CLAUS 'LL FILL 'EM WITH PRESENTS!"

"IT'LL TAKE 'IM ALL IS TIME TO FILL MINE. I AVEN'T GOT NO FOOTS IN 'EM!"

A land where it is evermore P.M.;
Where falls not any noise of party-strife,
Nor horrid hum of rival leaderships,
But all is inward calm, with ample space
For writing reams of letters to the *Times*."

He ended, having finished. Then the
twin,

Sir Bel-champ Porte-drapeau, Sir Cop-la-
poule,

Planted on *terra firma*, cut the rope,
And looking each on other slowly winked.

But the balloon, unwitting how it bore
The weightiest remnant of the TABLE

ROUND,

Made for the *Ewigkeit*. Then Jean l'Hon-
nête

Deep-pondering stood at gaze, until the car
Shewed as a flea athwart the vast inane;

Then, turning through the Forest, wearily
drew

To Lyndhurst Road, and took the train for
town.

Here ceased the speaker's tale. So I to
bed;

And dreaming far into the Christmas dawn,
Beheld a parachute; and therewithal
Pendent a personage of stateliest port,
That earthward shot; and all the people
cried:

"HARCOURT is come again! We knew he
would!"

And Cymric voices echoed: "Come again!
He never meant to die!" Whereat I woke,

Rose, dressed, and told my dreaming to the
wise,

But there was none that could expound the
thing.

A Diplomatic Solution.

Archibald. I say, grandpa, why do the
Russians begin the New Year on a different
day to what we do?

Grandfather (R.N., retired). Oh! I sup-
pose that one of our ambassadors once
signed a treaty on the first of January, and
the shifty beggars wanted an excuse for
breaking it.



DIVIDED RESPONSIBILITY.

Master of the House (just returned from the theatre). "WHY, GILES, YOU 'RE—YOU 'RE DRUNK!"
Giles. "WELL, IF I AM, WHOSE FAULT 'S THAT? ISH FOUR WINE!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Dickens and his Illustrators (GEORGE REDWAY), by FRED. G. KITTON. It is not merely to "students of DICKENS" that this admirably-produced book will appeal, but to all who take an interest in the works of such illustrators as GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, R. SEYMOUR, Hablôt K. Browne, JOHN LEECH, MARCUS STONE, R.A., LUKE FILDES, R.A., DICKY DOYLE, SIR JOHN TENNIEL, CLARKSON STANFIELD, R.A., SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A., GEORGE CATTLEMOLLE, and other good names, of which the least known is that of ROBERT BASS, who seems to have been generally successful except in the few illustrations he was, on SEYMOUR's death, called upon to do for *Pickwick*. To the Baron's thinking, no one, on the whole, illustrated DICKENS, that is, portrayed the figures that DICKENS intended, so well as did "PHIZ." Farcical, burlesque, outrageously so occasionally, yet the figures (such, for example, as *Micawber*) were only Dickens out-Dickens'd. Yet, are not the novelist's eccentric creations imprinted indelibly on our memory through the medium of their representations by "PHIZ"? Perhaps after a term of uninterrupted collaboration, DICKENS came unconsciously to create the types that "PHIZ" could most successfully draw. Then, of JOHN LEECH's illustrations to the Christmas books, how memorable are his *Trotty Veck* and *Tilly Slowboy*! The Baron has before him the first edition of *The Haunted Man*, with five illustrations by "J. TENNIEL," five by LEECH, three by STANFIELD, R.A., and two by FRANK STONE. The delightfully-fantastic yet graceful frontispiece and illustrated title are "very Tenniel." One would think twice before allowing a playful Kitton to remain in a library; but there can be no doubt in the mind of any Dickensian student as to the propriety, if not necessity, of giving this particular Kitton a place on an accessible shelf as soon as possible.

"That's rayther a sudden pull up, ain't it, *Sammy*?" which being old Mr. Weller's inquiring criticism on Sam's love-letter, is very much what the Baron would observe, without the "*Sammy*," to Mr. W. W. JACOBS, after reading almost any one of his capitably-told stories in his volume entitled *Sea Urchins*

(LAWRENCE AND BULLEN). To which Mr. W. W. JACOBS would simply reply, with Sam Weller, "Not a bit on it; she'll vash there wos more, and that's the great art o' letter writin'." And, substituting "short story" for "letter," the Baron, on consideration, is fain to admit that Mr. JACOBS would be quite right. Yet his stories are so humorously tantalising, he tells you so much, and that much so well, that when they break off suddenly and you part with the characters, never to see or hear of them again, the reader experiences a sense of loss; he returns over the ground, searching carefully to see if he has missed anything, and finding that he has not, he goes on to the next story, expecting that this fresh one at least will amuse and interest him as much as have those he has already read, and will also satisfy his curiosity in regard to the future of the individuals in whom he is sure to become interested. But the stories as they are finished or unfinished, are all good; not an indifferent one in the whole lot. For choice, the Baron would select "The Smoked Skipper," "The Cabin Passenger," "Choice Spirits," and "Brother Hutchins." But, capital as these are, "The Grey Parrot" "takes the cake." This troublesome bird, on account of his impolite language, strong even for a parrot, is put in an out-of-the-way room, where, "with a cloth thrown over its cage," it "spent most of its time wondering when the days were going to lengthen a bit." There's a dash of tragedy in one story, but it soon merges into comedy, and "An Intervention"—a most original incident—ends in a quiet chuckle. The collection of stories must be bracketed with the same author's *Many Cargoes*, and they would be hard to beat even if "Bor" were with us to give a fresh series of his "sketches."

Of *A History of the Dreyfus Case* (SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & Co.), by GEORGE BARLOW, I need only say that those who wish to know the wretched and tragic story of DREYFUS from the beginning, cannot do better than read this excellent account. It is set forth with admirable clearness, and with very high literary ability, and is more deeply interesting than any novel I have read for years past. By George! Barlow has done it—rather.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

KITCHENER.

(In the metre of Mr. George Meredith's Poems, recently published.)

BACK to the Soudan, sun-smitten, calorific, scorchant,
Gone!
Far from the quenchless, tonant town-councils, no longer amot,
Persistent to harry his leisure, immeasurably scant,
With receptions repercussant and addresses adulant, or some-
thing of the sort;
Far from dinners, magnanimous, galopshus stodge;
Far from orators, catastrophic, gurglant, glumming on,
Some mumble, with hesitations murmurant,
Some, fluent with indefinite jaw-cackle, prank,
All glaucous and tommyrotant;
Far from redundant busybodies difficult to dodge.
Oh, my eye, after such a fling,
What paradisiacal peacefulness in the incalcescent, arenaceous
deserts, which flank
The equinoctial ups of the Nile!
There, later on, in the College, cumulative, quenchless, of the
SIRDAR,
Highcockalorumjig hip hip hurrah Panjandrum,
The inconscient, tenebrious blackamoors
Will learn
The English tongue.
Not, let us fervently desiderate, the English of CARLYLE,
Bogglant, Teutonic, repellent hoots glum,
Jaw-gapes athwart booming far,
Ridged up for boors;
Nor yet the English of KIPLING,
Lambent with exotic gabble-quirks,
In a "Madriisa for Hubshees,"
A College for Soudanese, dolorous, decrescent, nigerous, young;
No!
Not the English of KIPLING, who makes "fourth" rhyme with
"worth,"
And "men" with "again"; evocative jerks!
What on earth
Made him do it? Neither of these,
Nor yet the graceless, unapt English of the crowd,
Of the braggart butcher, the bodeful baker, or the calamitous
candlestick-maker,
Of the scornful omnibus-conductor,
Staggerant in the spirally upward of the omnibus steps.
Of the stockbroker, white-waistcoated, declamant, penetrant,
loud,
Of the tolerant tinker,
Of the triumphant, tonant, towering tailor;
No!
They ought to learn that immarcessible English,
Clarion, equipollent, succourful,
Clamant as the magnanimous ballyrag when cabbage-stalks spurn,
Veridical as the adolescent hippopotamus,
Voicing the delinquent chimney-pots forthwith,
Grumous as fried fish,
Rumpling lapis lazuli boomerang electro-plated bull
Mountainous brain-awake friable malignant omnibus;
That is what the Soudanese must learn—
The English of GEORGE MEREDITH.

CLOWN IN FUTURO.

A Voice from the Juniors.—Now that we are within measurable distance of Boxing Night, it is just as well that it should be understood that the young do not require any of the so-called "childish fun" of our ancestors. The clown is out of date, and no boy or girl cares a fig about the clumsy inanities of the Pantaloon. What we of the rising generation desire is beautiful scenery, interesting and expensive dresses, and lots of intricate dancing. What can there be amusing in a person with a red patched face making a butter-slide for the discomfort of some score of wretched supers? Dancing may help our sisters how to comport themselves at a ball, and an effective spectacle may satisfy the cravings for the æsthetic of our brothers. And then let the portion of the entertainment intended for the younger members of the audience commence at a reasonable hour—say nine o'clock. Then, after the play is over, the boys and girls can go either to the club for bones and a smoke, or the boudoir for a soup and a chatter. Not that I admit myself to be a boy, as I am forced to sign myself

A FOSSIL OF FIFTEEN.

A Voice from the Seniors.—I really must protest against the idea that seems to be gaining ground that people who have come to years of discretion want to see dancing and scenery. All that sort of thing may do fairly well for our descendants.



LINKS.

Gertie (to Cousin, a beginner). "AND WHY DO THEY CALL THE BOYS 'CADDIES'?"
Cousin. "OH—ER—BECAUSE—ER—DON'TCHER KNOW, THE 'CADDIE' HOLDS THE 'TEE.'" *Gertie.* "OH—H—H—H!"

What we want is the drollery of the red-hot poker. There is nothing pleasing in watching a lady—who is old enough to know better—walking about the stage on the largest of her toes. And as for stage cloths, don't we know that they have a seamy side, and that all is not gold that glitters? The fun of our old friend the Christmas Clown is always vastly entertaining. If any one is to be cut out, let it be Columbine, with her pointless posing. No; let us have plenty of "spill and pelt." And as for the time, let our portion of the pantomime come reasonably early—say seven. A dinner at five, and bed well before ten is the rational régime of the seniors. Then, even those who admit to be elderly, will enjoy what is known as "beauty's sleep." Not that I admit I am aged, as I beg to sign myself,

A CHILD OF SEVENTY.

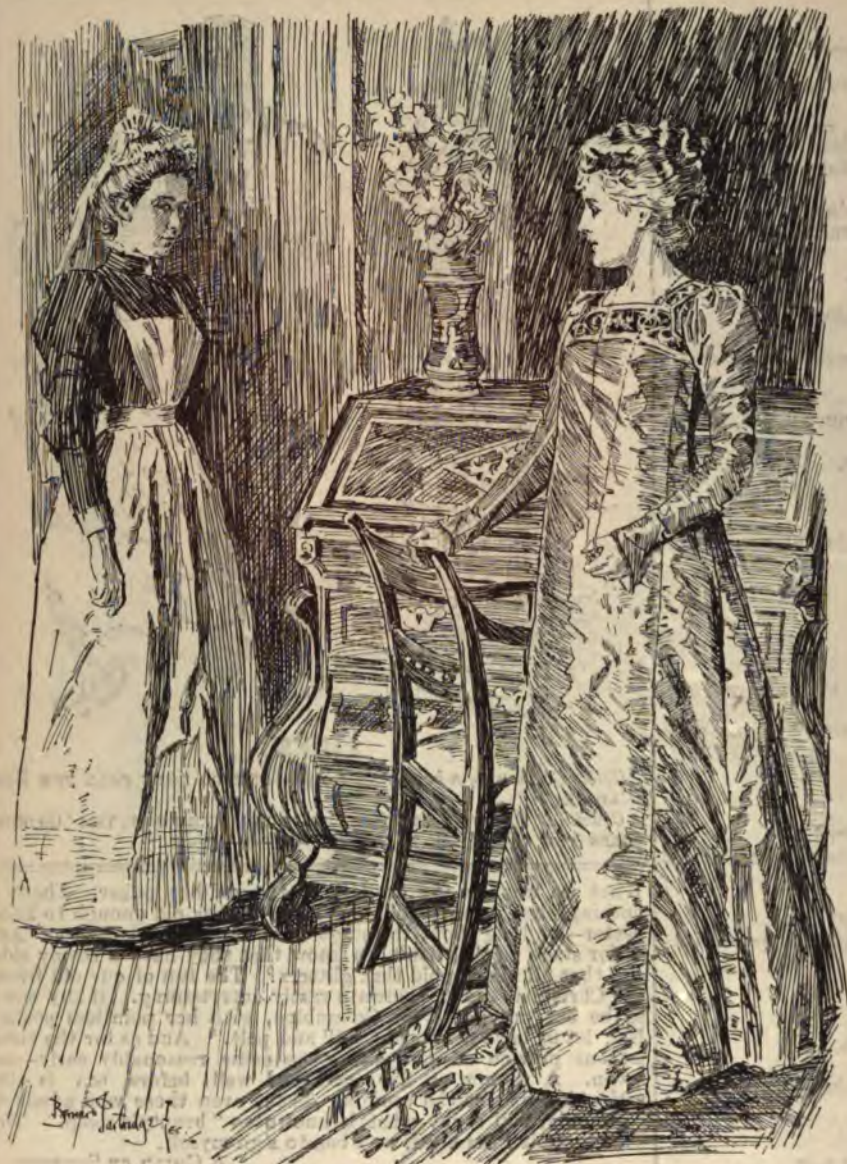
WHAT! OUR OLD FRIEND SMITH?—Perennial TOM SMITH! Crackers again! "Artistic Crackers," "Toy Crackers," "Mandarin Crackers," "Blossom Whispers," and varieties of all sorts of Crackers, except nut-crackers! Evidently Tom draws the line here, that is, for this year, as the omission having been pointed out to him, TOM SMITH will puzzle his "nut" in devising some entirely new sort of cracker for the end of the century, to equal which will be the despair of future TOM BROWNS, TOM JONESES, and TOM ROBINSONS. As the convivial chorus goes:—

Here 's to you, TOM SMITH,
Here 's to you, with all our heart.

But what the rest of it is—substituting "BROWN" for "SMITH," in the original—we are at a loss to recollect; only, once upon a time, it was a chorus which evoked sentiments of eternal friendship—late, very late, in the evening.

FROM "GOLDEN LANE."—This sounds quite a Fairy Locality, where dwells the Fairy FAULKNER, from whom *Mr. Punch* has received delightful specimens of his magic in the shape of Christmas cards, pictures, almanacks, and other faërie fancies. There are very pretty diaries, which make the year look gay throughout; there are eccentric games and cards of all sorts, pretty, plain, comic, but always the "Correct Cards" for Christmas.

PROPER PLANT FOR A CLOWN.—The Columbine.



GIVING HERSELF AWAY.

Mistress. "JANE, I'VE MISLAID THE KEY OF MY ESCRITOIRE. I WISH YOU'D JUST FETCH ME THAT BOX OF ODD KEYS. I DARESAY I CAN FIND ONE TO OPEN IT."

Jane. "IT'S NO USE, MA'AM. THERE ISN'T A KEY IN THE 'OUSE AS 'LL FIT THAT DESK."

A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

"A MERRY Christmas!"—Yes, I know
How blandly people smile to hear
That good old phrase of long ago—
It is so smart (and hard) to sneer!
That Christmas now's a cheerful pose,
Good will to men and Christian charity
Exploded myths, each baby knows,
And learns to crow with forced hilarity.

Your youthful cynic, rising two,
Turns up his nose at Santa Claus;
At three, the childish joys are few
He fails to damn with faint applause.
At four—the *blasé* age of four—
He finds the pantomime detestable;
Bran-pies and Christmas-trees a bore,
Plum-pudding even indigestible.

So he grows up, all joys and griefs
Dissecting with a cynic knife,

Destroying all the old beliefs,
And losing half the salt of life.
Worst of all modern ills I hold
This cheapening of childhood's treasures,
This reckless hurry to grow old
And slay with sneers youth's simple pleasures.

"A Merry Christmas!"—You and I
Can greet without a sneering tongue—
I pray that as the years go by
They find your heart and mine still young.
"Grey head on shoulders green" to-day
Commands the applause of all beholders,
Yet more to be desired, I say,
Is a green heart beneath grey shoulders!
As in the Western Hemisphere,
So in the map of Life are seen
Two continents—one green, one sere—
With a long isthmus in between.
And all mankind, both great and small,
Both good and bad, both dull and clever,

One stage a year are journeying all,
And journeying Southward, downward,
ever.

Some never reach the isthmus, some
Their steps far South beyond it bend—
Yet all men, come whate'er may come,
With hearts still young their course may end.

I, having passed my thirtieth stage,
Not yet half way across the isthmus
That joins the Lands of Youth and Age,
Can wish you still—"A Merry Christmas!"

A MODERN REHEARSAL.

Leading Lady (to *Stage Manager*).
Who's that man in the 'ulster-coat talking
to the call-boy?

Stage Manager. Don't know, I'm sure.
Perhaps a gas-fitter. Now, as I was say-
ing, Miss FRISSETTE, I think that all your
alterations in the dialogue are quite up to
date, but we must give SPLITTER a chance
for his cackle. Ah! here he is.

Splitter. Well, old boy, I've worked in
that scene to rights, but the boss thinks
that some allusions to Turkey served up
with German sausage would fetch 'em. So
you might chuck it in for me.

Stage Man. Of course I will. Capital
idea. (*Marks prompt-book.*) I wonder
who that chan is in the wing?

Splitter. Haven't the faintest idea.
Looks like an undertaker. Hallo, WOB-
BLER, brought your new song?

Wobbler. Yes, it ought to go. And I've
a gross or so of capital wheezes.

Splitter. No poaching, old chan.

Wobbler. Of course not. I'll not let
them off when you're on. Morning, Miss
SKID. Perfect, I suppose.

Miss Skid (*brightly*). I'm always "per-
fect." But—(*seriously*)—I had to put all
the idiotic stuff in my part, and get PETER
QUIP of *The Kangaroo* to put in something
up to date. Here's the boss!

[*Enter Mr. FOOTLYTE, the manager,*
amid a chorus of salutations.

Stage Man. Places, ladies and gentle-
men.

Mr. Footlyte. Before we begin the re-
hearsal, I would point out that I have com-
pletely rewritten the Second Act, and—

The Stranger in the Ulster. But, Sir, I
beg of you to remember—

Mr. F. Who is that man?

Everybody. We don't know!

Mr. F. (*advancing*). Who are you, Sir,
who dare to trespass on my premises?

The S. in the U. Don't you remember
me, Mr. FOOTLYTE?

Mr. F. No, Sir, I do not. What's your
business?

The S. in the U. (*nervously*). I am the
author of the piece.

Everybody. Ha! ha! ha!

Mr. F. Then you're not wanted here.
(*To Stage Manager.*) JENKINS, clear the
stage.

[*The author is shown out. Rehearsal pro-
ceeds. Curtain.*

PROVERBS GONE WRONG.

You can't burn your candle at both ends
and eat it too.

It's a thankless child that has a serpent's
tooth.

Where there's a Will there's a Codicil.

It is an ill wind that never rejoices.

A watched pot never rejoices.

One man may look at a horse over a
fence, but another mayn't.

A stitch in the side sews you up.



UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

MISS WILHELMINA HARCOURT (to Miss JOANNA MORLEY). "REALLY, MY DEAR, I DON'T THINK IT SEEMS MUCH USE OUR STAYING HERE ANY LONGER. . . . THEY WON'T COME!"



Proprietor (a well-known Fox destroyer, who has on the quiet had a "bagman" turned out). "UNCOMMONLY FINE FOX THAT! ALWAYS ARE THAT WE BREED HERE."
Huntsman. "H'm—YES, SIR, VERY FINE FOX. BUT, 'SCUSE ME, SIR, DO YOU ALWAYS BREED 'EM WITH STRINGS ROUND THEIR NECKS!"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

*An Old Stager once more takes his part in
Life's Pantomime.*

ONCE in our Christmas pantomime,
Years ago when our hearts were young,
And our mirth was ringing with madcap
rhyme,
And thistledown jests to the wind we
flung,
I was the Clown, a boisterous wag,
Who rattled along on the broad-gauge
line,
With perilous leap and noisy gag,
And you were the dainty Columbine!

Then in a bygone pantomime,
Less of the rattle and less of the noise,
We'd been drilled a little by Father Time—
He'd transformed us all from girls and
boys!

I was the Harlequin tender and true,
Very conceited those steps of mine,
In the *Pas de deux* that I danced with you,
How happy was I with my Columbine!

Now is another pantomime,
And still there are parts for us to play.
While the bells around as merrily chime,
"To-morrow is Christmas Boxing Day."
"What is my part?" I hopefully croon.
"Something of course in the good old
line."

Old! Ah! that twinge! I'll be Pantaloon,
But you shall be still my Columbine!

GOOD OLD CHRISTMAS GAME REVIVED
WITH GREAT SUCCESS BY ALL THE POWERS
IN THE FAR EAST.—Snap-dragon.

THE MAD MULLAH INTERVIEWED.

OUR special correspondent succeeded in obtaining an interview with the Mad Mullah recently, and sends us the following:—
Chakdara, Monday.

I found the Mad Mullah seated on an inverted egg-chest, pensively chewing a straw. He nodded as I entered his tent, and said, "Be seated. There's plenty of room on the floor." Then, after a pause, he added, "Bismillah! Allah is great and Mahomet is his prophet."

I replied, "Yes, so they say. What do you think of affairs in the Swat valley?"

"Oh! I shall go out of the Mad Mullah business," he answered, rather despairingly. "Nothing to be made in it nowadays. Think of turning it into a limited company. Could you give me an introduction to HOOLEY, or RUCKER, or any of those chaps? You see, if the public would introduce some capital, I feel sure that there would be some proph—profits, I mean—at all events for us, if not for the common or garden investor! But at present, the outlook's discouraging. Flight is my strong card, just now. Of course, I'm worth a good bit to English editors hard up for copy. Always good for an eight-line par, 'Flight of the Mad Mullah,' or 'Another Outbreak by the Mad Mullah'; but mostly they're 'flights' now. Game's getting a bit played out though, and if HOOLEY or the other fellow will take me up, I'll certainly sell out of the business at once. But I must have cash down. No Five per Cent. Cumulative Prefrs. in part payment for me!"

A BALLADE OF CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

THE joy of Christmas shopping! Now
The world goes daily forth, I see,
With busy steps and serious brow,
To shop from early morn to tea.
People, as swift the hours flee,
From shop to shop untiring wend,
I too must buy—some two or three—
The presents which I have to send.

And, since to Custom I must bow,
I storm the Stores with chastened glee—
But let me, oh, my friends, avow
One proposition frank and free!
Old Masters, jewels, lands in fee,
Which might to you yourselves com-
mend,

(For reasons of mere £ s. d.)
Are presents which I do not send!

DICK, now eighteen, do I endow
With meerschaum fine (his weird he'll
dree!);
Books, toys, and so on—and somehow
My Christmas shopping's done, D. G.
One gift on which I glad would be—
How glad!—"my little all" to spend,
Remains, alas! by Fate's decree,
A present which I shall not send.

Envoi.

Princess, accept unsent by me,
Who only am your humble friend,
All that I fain would send to thee,
The present which I may not send!

THE MAID OF THE MILL.—A lady boxer.

RATHER DISCONCERTING.

[Prince GEORGE of Greece is to be welcomed, on his arrival in Crete, by the bands of the four Great Powers, playing their national anthems simultaneously.]

The new Governor-General soliloquises, aside :

WELL, this takes some beating,
When four rival bands,
By way of a greeting,
Strike up a Dutch concert the moment one lands!

With wind and percussion
Each patriot blares
Together the Russian,
French, British, Italian national airs.

This quadruple medley
Just gives me the hump,
And a longing that's deadly
To put the performers straight under the pump!

Or, if that's improper,
I'd bribe them a-piece,
And chuck them a copper
(Or lepton) this mad charivari to cease.

Thank Heaven, there's no Teuton
With "Watch on the Rhine,"
And the Austrian is mute on
His welcoming trumpet—or else I'd resign!

MEMS. BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

Yesterday.—Must have a kinsmen party. Must call all the poor relations together. Must do up the house with holly and misletoe. Must have any number of crackers. Must keep up the festival with the customary cheery goodwill. Must eat beef, plum-pudding and mince-pies. Must for once in a way defy the doctor, and run the risk of gout. Must take CHARLES DICKENS seriously anent the Yule-tide season. Must meet all sorts and conditions of men. And, finally, must end in a first-class family row.

To-day.—Ignore the past. Ignore the family. Get away from friends and acquaintances. Shut up the town house, and leave it in the hands of a caretaker. And finally, go quietly to some out-of-commission watering-place, and end the Christmas season by dining *seul* in the coffee-room of an all but deserted hotel.

TO MY FRIENDS.

(A Practical View.)

DEAR friends, I am deeply affected
(As the door-bell incessantly rings)
By your gifts, always quite unexpected,
Each Christmas invariably brings.

Cheap port, vile champagne by the dozens,
Pots, inkstands, matchboxes, cigars
(Come from brothers, and neighbours, and cousins),
And mincemeat in family jars.

With cheeses, hares, turkeys and pheasants,
I'm superabundantly stored.
Alas! but such valuable presents
I fear you can scarcely afford.

Then, to bibulous carmen who leave them
With "Happy New Year" on their lips,
Unfortunate I who receive them
Have to give a small fortune in tips.

So do you not think it were better,
Instead of extravagant trash,
To send me, by registered letter,
But one-third of their value in cash?



Master Tom. "WISH I COULD CATCH A COLD JUST BEFORE CHRISTMAS."

Effie. "WHY?"

Master Tom. "WELL, MA'S ALWAYS SAYIN', 'FEED A COLD.' WOULDN'T I! JUST!"

LITERARY QUERY.—*Chips and Chops*, by R. NEISH. Where did the author find his title? On a bill of fare? Or did he ever come across the lines following:—

PIPPLEDEWIPS,
She lived on chips;
POPPEDEWOPS,
He lived on chops;
Said PIPPLEDEWIPS
To POPPEDEWOPS,
"I'll give you my chips
If you'll give me your chops."

Now this is a very ancient nursery rhyme, not, as we believe, to be found in any book of small folk lore, but handed down from the nursery upstairs to the dining-room below by oral tradition. *Chips and Chops* ought to be a very Neish book for home consumption.

MR. PUNCH'S OFFICIAL NOTICE TO HOLIDAY-MAKERS.—Orange-peel at Christmas time should be in puddings, not on pavements.

Mrs. Jibbins (after gazing on a globe in a shop-window). Well, nothing won't persuade me but what the world's flat.

Mrs. Trimmins. Well, MARIAR, if the world's flat, 'ow can you account for 'Averstock Hill?

COLUMBUS.

["The ashes of COLUMBUS are coming home, but to what sort of reception? At Granada, yesterday, a crowd of women pelted his statue with stones, on the ground that, if he had not discovered America, Spain would have escaped her worst misfortune." *Daily News.*]

Who found America? (A brat
In Standard I. would think you flat
To ask a question such as that!)

COLUMBUS.

Whom therefore have we now to thank
For this ill weed, most coarse, most rank,
The hateful, democratic Yank?

COLUMBUS.

Whom shall we Spaniards henceforth know
As conquered Spain's most fatal foe,
The primal source of all her woe?

COLUMBUS.

Whose erstwhile all-but-worshipped bones
Shall lie unhonoured, whilst old crones
Shall pelt his effigy with stones?

COLUMBUS.

Whose name shall be a foul black blot
Upon this fair creation?—What?
Well, no, I rather think it's *not*
COLUMBUS.



BOXING DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

Green. "OH, ALGY, THIS HORRID MAN WON'T LET US PASS UNLESS WE GIVE HIM SOME MONEY! YOU'LL MAKE HIM, WON'T YOU?"

THE BLUE MEDITERRANEAN.

(Extracts from the *Travel Diary of Toby, M.P.; Second.*)

P. & O. Mail Steamer "Peninsular." Off St. Vincent. Thursday.—Our Captain is a wonderful man. He can not only sail a ship, but can tell to sixty seconds when she will begin to roll.

WHEELER is his name,
England is his nation,
St. Albans is his country home,
To see it his salvation.

That doesn't happen often in the year, a circumstance that gives him fuller opportunity of studying the phenomenon alluded to.

Sitting down to dinner at 7 o'clock just as we were rounding Cape St. Vincent, the ship that had borne herself so serenely through the fabled turmoil of the Bay of Biscay suddenly began to roll in a fashion that impartially distributed the soup. Noted on entering saloon that the fiddles were on the table. (The gentlemen of England who live at home at ease, and

never dine to the accompaniment of the fiddle, must understand that nothing musical is meant. The framework temporarily attached to the saloon dining-tables in order to keep dishes, glasses and bottles from flying about is called the fiddle, because it in no way resembles a violin.) Appearance ominous, but the state of the weather on deck did not justify apprehension. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the soup just served was flying about the cabin like an April shower, only more unctious.

"Ah!" said the Captain, as if that were nothing, "in half an hour we'll have another round."

The ship settling down as suddenly as she'd erupted, the dinner went merrily on till, just as the game was being served, a similar earthquake swooped down on the cabin. The birds, after their kind, adroitly seized the opportunity to take to themselves wings and fly away into convenient bosoms and laps. With one consent we took out our watches, and found it was twenty-four minutes to eight.

"Um!" said the Captain, gloomily, "I'm

a minute out. It was just five minutes past seven when I spoke."

The warning was accurate enough for these seated at the Captain's table. A little hard upon passengers at others. If observation has reduced the matter to a precise science, why not utilise the *menu* for giving timely notice? In rounding Cape St. Vincent, the ship's course is twice changed, momentarily creating ructions. Why should not the *menu* run thus:—

Potage à la Reine.

Ructions à la Neptune.

The rest of the *menu* is calculated to take half an hour. Then—

Dindon rôti.

Bouleversement général à la Diable.

TO PHYLLIS.

(With Christmas Greeting.)

AH, PHYLLIS! let the cynic sneer,
And vent his spleen and humour bitter,
In scorn of joyful Christmas cheer,
Calling its pleasures empty glitter;
Such churlish thoughts though his may be,
It is not so with you and me.

You have no thought of coming pain
To darken your delights with sadness,
Your carol is a joyous strain,
Your life is but one hymn of gladness;
I catch a ray of gladness, too,
My PHYLLIS, when I think of you.

Nay, there is joy at Christmas still,
And youth and purity can buy it,
Although the world be harsh and chill;
Yes, you at least will not deny it,
PHYLLIS, for—sober truth to say—
You were not born last Christmas Day.

SOME CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Or Consolation Prizes, as the case may be.

For Sir William Harcourt—the head of the editor of the *Daily Mail* on a charger.
For the German Emperor—an invitation to dine with the New Vagabonds.

For President Kruger—an invitation to stop away.

For M. Delcassé—a packet of *safety* pins.

For Sir E. Monson—a packet of soft soap.

For Mrs. Druce—a subscriber or two for her "Portland Bonds."

For the above subscriber or two—free lodgings, board and attendance *sine die* in Hanwell, that is, if they ever expect to see a termination of the case.

For the Sirdar—the opportunity to give Major Marchand the opportunity to subscribe to the Gordon College at Khartoum.

For Major Marchand—the opportunity to accept this opportunity.

For the Emperor of China—a passport for a perambulator-ride outside the Palace of Peking.

For the Dowager-Empress of China—a back seat on a bicycle built for two.

For the Tsar—the abolition of Russian conscripts, by way of postscript to his own Rescript.

For Col. Picquart, Capt. Dreyfus, and M. Zola—a return to the bosoms of their respective families, and a safe-conduct out of Paris to some place, under the rule of the Préfet of the Sane, where there is no "conspuing."

For Mr. Rudyard Kipling—a week's respite from the paragraphist.

For the newspaper-reader—a week's respite from Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

For the Liberal Party—a Leader.

For the Leader—A Liberal Party.



"IT IS DREADFUL TO THINK WHAT HORRID THINGS PEOPLE ARE SAYING ABOUT ME!"
 "MY DEAR YOUNG LADY, SURELY YOU DON'T MIND SUCH ILL-NATURED GOSSIP AS ALL THAT?" "CERTAINLY I DO—WHEN IT'S EVERY BIT OF IT TRUE!"

A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.

I.

Monday.—Have seen nothing of my relatives since that terrible visit of MAX and TOMMY to Shrimpton in September. My dear sister CONSTANCE, their mother, sends me muffin-dish. Hate muffins, terribly indigestible; but still, so kind. AUGUSTA presents me with barrel of oysters. So delicious, but never eat oysters for fear of typhoid. None the less thoughtful of her. Must do something in return. Might send them each a box of cigars or—No, the very thing! invite them and their husbands and elder children to dine on Christmas Day. Will word invitation warmly. Well, not too warmly, in case they prefer to refuse. Say 6 P.M. dinner. Delightful (rather) to renew acquaintance with MAX and TOMMY—for a short time. And they may all refuse. I hope—not.

Thursday.—Received replies accepting. AUGUSTA writes that, as head nurse has holiday that day, she is sure I won't mind her bringing TOSY and WILLIE, the two younger children. Charmed, of course; at least, I think so.

Christmas Day.—Morning church, peace and goodwill, and a forty-five minutes constitutional afterwards. Luncheon, *sole à la Colbert*, cold grouse, and just a glass and a half Château Yquem. Cigar and the *Field*. Usual doze by fire just commencing, when sound of wheels causes heart to sink. Listen intently. Yes. No. It's only three o'clock. They can't possibly—THEY HAVE!!!

Dear AUGUSTA and five darlings (AUGUSTA's phraseology, this) sweep into room, bringing with them the freshness of health and an icy draught. "Thought you wouldn't mind, CHARLEY, if we came rather earlier"—she said "rather earlier"—"than you asked us. We'd promised our coachman a holiday, so determined to come over early, and let him get back to enjoy his afternoon. He'll fetch us at ten. Now, don't you disturb yourself. Go on smoking your pipe" (disgusting habit, smoking pipes! Why mistake my Cabana for pipe? So hurtful), "and the children will just amuse themselves here in your room. Here, TOSY." Gives TOSY cherished small Dresden figure to play with. I writhe. "Now, WILLIE, you're not to

touch that nasty cat"—my blue Persian—"leave its tail alone, at once. Here's something to amuse you; may he have this little carriage-clock to play with, CHARLEY?" Say I would rather he played with something else, the coals in the scuttle, for instance. AUGUSTA contemns the Wallsend as playthings. "Oh! here, this will do!" she says, snatching up cigar-box, and handing out a dozen or so of my choice Cabanas to dear WILLIE. (N.B.—AUGUSTA's husband a non-smoker.) Feel that I could cheerfully sing, "Willie, we have missed you." Bright, breezy creature, AUGUSTA. Other three children sit in a row, staring at me. Keep wary eye on TOSY and WILLIE, and wonder how many of those cigars will be worth smoking when WILLIE has done with them. D—ear WILLIE!

Violent, or suppose I should say hearty, slap on back announces brother-in-law's arrival. AUGUSTA's husband, Dr. PILLINGTON, has aggressive air of hail-fellow-well-met, and punctuates his remarks with acts of personal violence. "How are you, CHARLES?" Poke in ribs. "Putting a leetle too much on here." Dig at waistcoat. So rude. Shall hate this man directly. "Had a case of the sort once where my patient—AUGUSTA, TOSY is swallowing that Chinese coin. Yes, had a case—" Awful choking fit by TOSY demands immediate attention, and I escape, saying I have to "see a man." Rush downstairs and implore housekeeper to hurry on dinner. Says quite impossible. Besides, what about other guests? Had forgotten that. Go to stables and smoke cigar. Return 5.30, and find dear CONSTANCE and the General, with MAX and TOMMY, just arrived.

"Good old Uncle CHARLEY, you must be glad to see us again!" says MAX. So hearty. Thump on back from TOMMY. "Won't it be fun!" So homely. Feel I have done nothing to deserve this. MAX takes me aside confidentially. "I've brought you a white rat with pink eyes, Uncle CHARLEY, for a Christmas present, but I'm blowed if I can find it! I—I think I must have slipped it into the Governor's greatcoat pocket instead of my own, and—Oh, by gum! there he goes!" Rat dashes across hall. CONSTANCE screams. General swears. Boys and butler chase. Mercifully, my terrier pounces on it, and with one snap rids me of this embarrassing gift. Calm down, and General says, "I hope you've not asked PILLINGTON, CHARLEY? You have? Well, I'll be hanged. You know I never will meet that feller if I can help it. It's too bad!" Glares at me. Why me? Apologise. Frigid greeting between PILLINGTON and General. Awful twenty minutes, and then dinner announced.

So Economical.

First Lady Churchgoer. Isn't it curious that Christmas Day should fall on a Sunday this year?

Second Lady Churchgoer (who has made contribution suffice for the two days). Very; but not, I think, so quaint as that, after Christmas falling on a Sunday, New Year's Day should follow suit. Why shouldn't this happen every year?

Q. What is the difference between Christmas on shore and Christmas at sea?

A. One is spent among the crackers, the other among the breakers.



SEASONABLE REFRESHMENT.

Sketched in High Street, Whitechapel.



CHRISTMAS EVE IN ROME.

Sketched in the Piazza di Spagna.

Pete H. 1898

FIGURES.

(By the Ever-Ready Reckoner.)

FIGURES are wonderful things, and would be more marvellous still were it not for the intrusion of facts.

There is something weird and uncanny about figures. By their means, one can make the most abstruse calculations, such as, if a herring and a half cost three half pence, how much half a dozen herrings will cost. Nor is this all; by means of figures one can prove almost anything.

The cynic declares that "every man has his price," which may be true of most of us, and we know, of course, that every woman has her figure, and most of them are proud of it.

Abolish figures, and you do away with company promoters and managers of burlesque theatres at one blow.

Every company is floated. That is the technical term, derived, no doubt, from the fact that most of the shareholders are altogether "at sea" as to the real prospects of the company. But I digress. Every company, then, is started with a pretty set of figures, showing that the profits of the undertaking will be enormous, and the chances of a loss so infinitesimal as to be scarcely worthy of consideration.

When the company is formed, and the promoters have modestly and discreetly retired from the concern with their profits, certain facts thrust themselves forward with the result that not infrequently a pretty figure is cut by the shareholders, especially when the company is one of unlimited liability.

Numbers of pretty figures are to be seen at our burlesque and other theatres where light musical pieces are performed, and the prettier the figures disporting on the stage, the larger is the amount of the figures in the manager's bank-book. This is a fact.

Cockney Conundrum.

(By 'Arry from Paroo.)

Q. Why should New Year's Day be held as a special feast by the supporters of the muzzling order?

A. Because it's the jour de Long.



NEW YEAR'S EVE.

"SUPPOSE I OUGHT TO TURN OVER A NEW LEAF! I WILL. WON'T MAKE ANY GOOD RESOLUTIONS!"

THE BALLAD OF HAPPINESS TO ORDER.

Now this is the road to Happiness—ye may make full sure of it,
If ye follow the rules of Tradition in the heart of the people writ.
For each mince-pie that the mouths of men take well and truly in,
Or ever the New Year's day shall dawn, one happy month they win;
Cost-free they may never attain to that which is more than rank and wealth,
But against each chance of Happiness they must wager a stake of Health!

JOHN ROBINSON bears him stoutly as a man untouched of Fate,
His glance is Youth, his smile is Joy, and Pride swings in his gait.
JOHN ROBINSON bears him lightly as a man who walks on air—
What is the virtue in him? Wisdom of Punch, declare!
He has won no soldier's laurel in the imminent deadly breach,
He has saved no drowning tripper off Margate's desolate beach;
He has stirred no soul with music, he has shed no printers' ink,
Wherewith the blind should be made to see, or unthinking folk to think.
He has won no love of woman—a thing which is hard to beat
For making a man conduct himself as one who has bought the street;
He has broken never a record by the might of his body or brain,
He has broken no shareholders in their simple search for gain;
He has not promoted companies, he has made no pile of cash,
Nor has he climbed or travelled, or achieved a social splash.
If he has gained no praises, so has he gained no blame,
Neither by truth nor lying has he made a Wide-world Name.
He has not rowed for Cambridge, he has stroked no Oxford eight,

He has not "run," and he has not "read," he is neither good nor great;
He has shot no English bison, he has tickled no basking shark,
In fact, he has done no single thing that is really worth remark!

Yet does he well to lift a proud, if slightly bilious, eye—
Has he not wrestled and fought with and conquered his twelfth mince-pie?

For this is the road to Happiness, &c.

SOME SAFE PROPHECIES FOR 1899.

NOVELS will be produced at the rate of one a minute, and read at the speed of one a year.

Ladies' fashions will be controlled by the dressmakers, and the bills paid under the order of the County Court.

A new hotel will be erected on the sea-shore, and a watering-place created to feed it.

Some one will take a theatre, with a capital of three-and-sixpence, and fail to the tune of twenty shillings in the pound.

A fair percentage of racegoers will utter an imprecation on learning the name of the winner of the Derby.

The weather will cause some conversation at the Henley Regatta and the Botanical Gardens night fête.

Several persons will wish to hang the Hanging Committee of the Royal Academy.

The Lord Mayor will entertain all sorts and conditions of men at the Mansion House.

Various proposals will be made to shorten the long vacation, and remain—proposals.



'INTS ON 'UNTING, BY 'ARRY.

IF AT A MEET YOUR HORSE SHOULD GET A BIT OUT OF HAND, JUST RUN HIM UP AGAINST SOME ONE.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron's assistant has been reading *Chitral: The Story of a Minor Siege* (METHUEN & Co.), by Sir GEORGE S. ROBERTSON, K.C.S.I., and reports to his chief:—There may be stories of heroism and endurance and resource that can match this. I, at any rate, know none that can surpass it. For this is, as the children say, a real story. The men who figure in its pages, men brave as the paladins of romance, are real men, the author himself, CAMPBELL, GURDON, WHITCHURCH, HARLEY, TOWNSHEND, and the rest of them. I don't wish to say anything disrespectful about ACHILLES, HECTOR, and their companions, but it is certain that some of them were selfish, others sulky, and all of them, though their courage was unquestionable, bragged intolerably, and invariably stopped their warfare to strip their fallen foe of his armour. But the Englishmen of whom Sir GEORGE ROBERTSON speaks, held out against overwhelming odds, inspired their dusky soldiery with their own simple unfaltering courage, led forlorn hopes, outwitted oriental wiles, fought like Trojans or Greeks, and never gave a thought to themselves. It is a noble story nobly told, and stirs the reader's blood like the blast of a trumpet. These men were not picked for their task by a careful process of selection. Fortuitously brought together when the storm burst upon them, they all seem to have been upheld and ennobled by the same spirit of self-abnegation, cheerful devotion to duty, and heroic endurance. It gives one a higher sense of the greatness of one's birthright to reflect that they were ordinary Englishmen casually ordained to the performance of their great task, and fit to carry it through as they did just because they were Englishmen. Fortunately for them, and, above all things, fortunately for us, they have had in Sir GEORGE ROBERTSON a vates sacer admirably equipped for relating their story. Sir GEORGE is no military dry-as-dust, but a writer with a wonderful gift for the simple narrative of brave deeds. His writing swings along with a gallant movement, entirely in keeping with the tale it tells. Every scene is so vividly depicted that the reader fancies himself present in the fort, listens with a breathless anxiety to the strokes of the enemy's picks in the mine, rushes with HARLEY on his sortie, or, again, beholds WHITCHURCH supporting his stricken comrade, BAIRD, and stands with Sir GEORGE beside BAIRD's deathbed. It is a splendid book, and worthily enshrines a splendid story.

One of the Baron's assistants reports as follows:—The Book of the "Cambridge Review" (Cambridge: MACMILLAN AND BOWES), is a selection of prose and verse gathered from the columns of the *Cambridge Review*, from 1879 up to the present year. Such a selection from a University journal, if it is to justify its appearance in book form, must do so by its verve, its sprightliness, and its fun. These are the qualities traditionally associated with University literature of the lighter kind. They are to be found—the comparison may be odious, but it is inevitable—in *Eshoss* from the "Oxford Magazine," the journal which at Oxford holds a position analogous to that of the *Review* at Cambridge. But in *The Book of the "Cambridge Review"* these qualities are, I do not say entirely absent, but certainly rare. The reader looks for parody, and he comes upon a solid article of useful information on "Rowing in Greek Triremes." He looks for humour and, lo, he is met with an account of "American Universities," excellent, no doubt, but not humorous. This spirit of information at all costs pervades the prose. The verse is lighter, but even in the verse there is an absence of the true Cambridge sparkle, and the general effect of the little book is, I grieve to say, somewhat stodgy. I may be told, of course, that I look at it from a wrong point of view, that it does not pretend to sparkle or lightness. If so, why should it have been published at all? Cambridge can do and has done better and more brilliant work than this in the field of light literature.

Military Dialogues (SANDS & Co.), by Lieut.-Col. N. NEWNHAM DAVIS, are decidedly very amusing, and had the author been less conscientious in literally reproducing the language of Private TOMMY ATKINS, the book would have been as irreproachable as it is humorous. The dialogues are all short, but those carried on by privates, more or less sober, and an occasional sergeant, are not particularly sweet. "A Subaltern's Court-Martial" conveys the notion that every sort of horse-play and tomfoolery has not been banished from the service. "Superannuated" is excellent, and there are genuine touches of nature in "Old Soldiers" and "Mail Day." The Baron, being of opinion that compression is the better part of humour, considers all the descriptions of scene, of "business," and of *dramatis personæ* considerably too long. The figure on the cover, dr— CATON WOODVILLE, is excellent. THE BARON

HOBSON'S CHOICE.

[At Chicago the other day, Lieutenant HOBSON, of Santiago fame, kissed one hundred and sixty-five girls in public after his lecture.—*Daily Paper.*]

YOUNG HOBSON is the hero of the Merrimac affair,
Which clearly demonstrated that he's pluck enough to spare;
But as things go, he'll possibly regret the same exploit,
When finding that his work's cut out, from Texas to Detroit.

The feminine Amurrican *en masse* has gone for him,
Demanding each a chaste salute—was ever such a whim?
The other day eight score went home in patriotic bliss,
And swearing they will ne'er wash off the "Lewtenant's" late kiss.

Whene'er he's giv'n a lecture, the policemen make a lane,
And fair enthusiasts rush up their guerdon to obtain,
While homely damsels catch the rage, and won't be left behind:
It mayn't be quite respectable, but that they do not mind!

If this by now is Hobson's choice—this mormonising game
Of osculating silly girls by thousands into fame,
With countless jealous sweethearts he will have to settle scores,
Or wear a mask and muzzle when proceeding out of doors.

LETTERS TO THE CELEBRATED.

(From Mr. Punch's Vagrant Contributor.)

TO SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT.

MY DEAR SIR,—I wonder if in your pleasant retirement at Malwood it is any satisfaction to you to reflect that you have not only created what the daily guides of our public opinion call an event of the gravest significance, but have also scattered confusion and dismay through the incoherent mob of disaffected politicians, some of whom it has been your privilege to lead? For myself, I think that the satisfaction, if you feel it (and you would be more than human if you did not), is largely mixed with a genuine and painful regret. To see his counsels set at nought, his principles derided, to have a pack of inflated mediocrities yelping at his heels in order to drive him into paths which his honour and the traditions of his past forbid him to tread, to be made answerable for the disappointed ambitions of petty men whose jealousies and querulous revilings make life intolerable, to be compelled to assault the disciplined legions of an entrenched enemy with a rabble, whom it would be affectation to look upon as "friendlies," to have to carry not only the burden of his own mistakes, but the accumulated and well-nigh insupportable load of the faults of others—that, Sir, would be for any one a terrible situation. It is in plain words the situation that you have been called upon to face. And there are circumstances that must have rendered it in a more than ordinary sense galling to you. You are, you have always been, a fighter, a burly warrior delighting in the clash of arms and the tumult of battle. In imagination it was easy to picture you clothed in ponderous mail, and charging on the back of some gigantic heavy-hoofed war-horse straight into the serried masses of the foe. Other men might shrink and grow pale, but you knew not fear: you flung your heart into the centre of the hostile array and followed it rejoicing. Thus you strove and worked: in good days your example inspired your people, in adversity your high courage and your skill were at their service to rally them and help them to pluck success from the overweening confidence of the enemy. And now, old in years, no doubt, but still strong, active and resourceful, with all your brilliant record of action bravely carried out through many tedious years, you find the hearts of your folk estranged from you and you are forced to realise that, whoever henceforth may pluck renown by fighting at their head, you can do so no more, since loyalty and faith, the foundations of all leadership, are lacking. And this must be, as I say, a bitter realisation for you who, having fought a good fight manfully, have yet your share both of the pride and of the sensitiveness that are proper to strong and manly natures.

How have these things come to pass? The answer is not easy, but partly, I think, it may be found in the condition of our national temper. We are passing through a warlike and enthusiastic phase. We are no longer satisfied with the inward consciousness of power, nor are we content with the serene demeanour that suits that state of mind. Like our new friends, the Americans, we feel that we must be up and doing, and the louder our doings resound through the world the better are we pleased. No observer can have doubted before their strife with Spain actually broke out that the immense majority of the American people were eager for war, and that, had the war been prevented, they would have felt as though they had been defrauded. Too long, they seemed to say, have we built up gigantic industrial



YULE-TIDE VISION.

Mrs. B. "WHERE HAVE I BEEN? WHY, SHOPPING, OF COURSE—DON'T I LOOK LIKE IT?"

Mr. B. "LOOK LIKE IT! WHY, —YOU'RE A CHRISTMAS-TREE COMPLETE!"

enterprises, planned railroads, secured fortunes from enormous "corners," bought and sold and lived and died ingloriously:

We who make pretence
At living on, and wake and eat and sleep,
And life's stale trick by repetition keep,
Our fickle permanence
(A poor leaf-shadow on a brook, whose play
Of busy idlesse ceases with our day)
Is the mere cheat of sense.

Thus their hearts seemed to speak, and so they rushed to Santiago and laid down their lives.

De nobis fabula. The old watchwords have lost their power. Here and there some political hermit still cries out for peace, retrenchment and reform, but few mark him and fewer still applaud. We are to paint the map of Africa red; we are to maintain the biggest navy in the world, aye, and use it too; we are to stand no nonsense from German Emperors, from French Ministers, from Russian Czars, or from South African Presidents. Is there a pith-helmeted soldier in sight? Let us salute him with embraces and sentimental songs celebrating the heroic prowess and the simple virtues of TOMMY ATKINS, the numerically small but the eternally irresistible. Are we to enjoy the Christmas number of an illustrated paper? Then let it give us, in a highly-coloured supplement, at least one lurid picture of battle and destruction. And as to the expense, why, the expense be —neglected.

I am not arguing whether this state of feeling be praiseworthy or not. I merely state facts which must be plain even to the least observant. But in such an atmosphere you, Sir, are not at your ease. Other traditions are yours, other principles have guided you, and it may be that you find yourself neither sufficiently young nor sufficiently compliant to trim your sails to this new *popularis aura*. At any rate, you retire from leadership—though I will not take it upon myself to prophesy for how long the retirement may last. For the political scene shifts with a bewildering rapidity, and he would be a bold man who would deny that it is possible for you to be flung back, even against your will, to power on some wave of indignant protest, whether against high Church ritual or against a supposed militarism and a perpetual territorial expansion.

But for the present we bid you farewell—as a leader. That your vigorous strength and keen intelligence can ever resign themselves to idleness, I for one am not willing to believe. This truce of parties cannot last, and when the fight begins again, I know you will not be absent wherever hard blows are to be struck for the principles with which your life has so far been associated.

I am, Sir, with all respect, your faithful servant,

THE VAGRANT.



Ethel. "WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER, GERTRUDE!"

Gertrude. "OH, NOTHING. ONLY JACK AND I HAD A QUARREL THE OTHER DAY, AND I WROTE AND TOLD HIM NEVER TO DARE TO SPEAK OR WRITE TO ME AGAIN,—AND THE WRETCH HASN'T EVEN HAD THE DECENCY TO ANSWER MY LETTER!"

WHAT A MAN PROPOSES.

(Page from a Diary in Common Form.)

January 1.—Now I purpose carrying out a long-cherished idea. This is the commencement of a new year, and I intend to record all my thoughts and the events of my life from day to day. Then in times to come I shall be able to refer back, and not only see what I was doing from hour to hour, but what I was thinking. This will be valuable, not only to myself and immediate family, but to my remote descendants. It may be that these pages now blank, but during the coming three hundred and sixty-five days to be filled with a mass of interesting details, may

have a part in the creation of history. Who knows that this volume may not be a very mine of information to some Gibbon, Macaulay or Justin M'Carthy of the future? Well, to make a commencement. What did I do and think to-day? Why, I had my hair cut, and thought a shilling too much when I could have got it done at the stores for sixpence.

December 31.—Only one entry! The above! Wasted all the rest of the pages! And haven't exactly carried out my original intention! Well, better luck next year!

LONDON'S LATEST HEALTHFUL KLONDYKE.
—Golder's Hill.

THE GRAND TRUNK.

It matters not that people say
"Your Party has no head;
And simple trunks with this away
Are practically dead!"
Though chiefs are useful things, we know,
And 'tis with pain we sever,
Yet such may come and such may go,
But we roll on for ever!

It is, of course, a common plan
For one to take the lead,
And pointedly conduct the van
Upon a prancing steed;
Yet is he not of any use,
His *raison d'être* is hollow,
Who cannot, now and then, induce
The rank and file to follow.

Now fortunately we possess
(How seldom this occurs!)
A singularly level mess
Of junior officers;
The claims of each to rule the rest—
Some shorter, others longer—
In strength are equal to the best,
Or even slightly stronger.

One holds that Britain's manly force
Is undermined by Beer,
And one would move without remorse
To purge the bloated Peer;
One thinks the navy ought to cope
With any sort of crisis;
Another planks his final hope
On peace at famine prices.

(For me, I am no man of wrath,
I own that I should blush
To go in brogues of breezy cloth
Tarred with the Tory brush;
Some want a man of spirit for
Diplomacy—I differ,
I'd have him made of water or
Skim-milk, but nothing stiffer.)

Each for himself and Heaven for all!
With such a battle-cry,
Though here and there a few may fall,
We cannot wholly die;
But when, if ever, we agree
And join in tuneful chorus,
Why, then, our unanimity
Will sweep the field before us!

Somewhere, no doubt, exists the man
Peculiarly designed
To lead our lively caravan
Or else to push behind;
He may be turning up to-day.
This week, or next, or never;
But let him come or stay away,
We still roll on for ever!

* "They would never wrap themselves in the filthiest of Tory rags, 'a spirited foreign policy.'"
—Dr. Spence Watson at the Conference of the National Liberal Federation.

A FORECAST.

NINETY-NINE, who in the old year's wake
Follow in a never-broken line,
Come and bring us luck, for pity's sake,
Ninety-nine.

Now with brightest auguries you shine
(Ah! the old year had enough of ache)
Peace you offer us, and hope divine.

Yes, but of the promises you make—
Tell us as we worship at your shrine—
How many per hundred will you break?
Ninety-nine?

A SPOT TO BE AVOIDED BY ROYAL
ARTILLERYMEN.—Gunnerybury.



1899.

HIS FIRST APPEARANCE.



AT A CHRISTMAS JUVENILE PARTY.

Aunt Florence. "I WILL FIND YOU A PARTNER, ETHEL, DEAR. BETWEEN OURSELVES, NOW, HAVE YOU ANY CHOICE?"
Miss Ethel. "WELL, AUNTIE, I SHOULD PREFER ONE WITH A MOUSTACHE!"



SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.—IV.

A fine Chair, of doubtful design; originally a Lounge. Has been much altered in Government offices. Made of Scotch fir, decorated with "goffer" wood. Like the Diplomatic Chair (No. 3), it is uncomfortable to sit upon. For a time at Hertford (with "my uncle"); afterwards at Dublin Castle, where it proved useful.

WONDERS OF THE NEW YEAR.

THE Tz-R—If my peace rescript will end in a first-rate European war.

THE K-S-R—Where I shall be off to next.

EMPEROR OF CH-NA—If I shall dispose of my Aunt.

DOWAGER-EMPRESS OF CH-NA—If I shall get rid of my nephew.

M. F-RE—If I shall have to resign the Presidentship of the Republic in favour of Marshal of France DREYFUS.

KING OF IT-LY—If I shall make both ends meet.

PRESIDENT McK-NL-Y—If the British lion will take kindly to my tariff scheme.

THE S-LT-N—If I shall have a look-in at the next meeting of the Concert.

MARQUIS OF S-L-SB-RY—What I shall do with the Colonial Secretary.

RT. HON. J. CH-MB-RL-N—How I shall wake them up at the Foreign Office.

RT. HON. SIR W-LL-M H-RC-T—How they will get on without me.

LORD R-S-B-RY—What is my exact position.

MR. H-NN-K-R H-T-N—When Australia will come into the Imperial Penny Postage.

THE P-STM-ST-R G-N-R-L—If anything can be done towards cheapening National and Inter-Colonial telegraphy.

LORD K-TCH-N-R—If the Gordon College at Khartoum will prove more successful than that started forty-five years ago; and

MR. PUNCH—If all the above wonders will still be matters of conjecture at the end of the present century.



SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.—V.

THE WOOLSAK RECREATION CHAIR.

A very distinguished, strong, tough, and rather dusty chair, made from the remains of old cases, from designs of great antiquity. Its history begins with the Tichborne trial; since in various law offices.

READY-MADE COATS-(OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS.



THE RIGHT HON. SIR WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT, P.C., M.P.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, On a ship party-coloured, shattered, dismasted and water-logged, a crew prone to mutiny regardant in complacency over the side a tried and weather-beaten chief avoirdupois proper, incontinently jettisoned without scruple or remorse; 2nd, On a ground of grievance two tents of Achilles, freely canvassed in the press, conjoined morly in tension and possibly somewhat overstrained; 3rd, A masterly heraldic bouquet of finance, charged with a fleece of gold lifted proper from sundry millionaires gorged or, collared in transit on the hop; 4th, On a ground protestant kensittée a veteran campaigner statant single-handed (on his helmet the motto "Ut veniant omnes!")—"Let 'em all come!" bearing a plume mordant guttée de l'encre transfixing several anglican traitors foxy to the last but exposed proper in mummery. *Crest:* Emergent from a crown of the plantagenets, a rogue-elephant of the forest jumbonée, thwarted circumvented and finally ousted with alacrity. (*Motto:* "Contra dexter et audax"—"Skilful and bold in opposition.") *Supporters (otherwise engaged!—mainly in accepting resignations by return of post—but in place thereof possibly the following will answer the purpose):* Dexter, an eminent littérateur similarly isolated and unique in courtesy, and gratitude, charged with a colossal biography proper; sinister, an heraldic sun luluois radiant in geniality, exemplarily staunch and filial to the core. *Second Motto (Welsh translation):* "Lyddthe ryfraf, dydd yu effyr, nod yff y nowydd!"

THE BLUE MEDITERRANEAN.

(Extracts from the Travel Diary of Toby, M.P.; Third.)

P. & O. Mail Steamer "Peninsular." Gibraltar, Friday.—The Member for Sark, who once journeyed round the world, tells me the thing that struck him most was the way in which pacific England, a nation of shopkeepers, has grabbed all the best bits. Sometimes they are big, like India, Australasia, Canada, and South Africa. Sometimes they are small, like Hong Kong, Aden, Malta, and Gibraltar. But wherever you go, in whichever hemisphere, North of the Line or South, you find the British flag flying at intervals, often in quite unexpected places.

"When I was a boy," says SARK, "I used to read a book called *Half Hours with the Best Authors*. Consider the universe, and you'll find that England has possessed herself of 'Half Hours with the Best Bits.'"

Something particularly audacious, if you come to think of it, in our position at

Gibraltar. Here's this rock, ultimate acre of Europe to the South-West, apparently especially designed for impregnable fortification. Its value is multiplied by the splendid bay in which men-of-war may safely ride at anchor within hail of the shore. For centuries the rock flew the flag of Imperial Spain. To-day it is ours. British soldiers garrison it. British guns perforate its rocky front; in the bay rides a British fleet—to-day in exceedingly low spirits at the collapse of the war-cloud.

"In a week," said a gallant Captain, with a faraway look in his eyes, turned in the direction of Marseilles, "there wouldn't have been a French war-ship afloat in the Mediterranean, and I suppose the Channel fleet would have looked after them in the North. At a pinch we could have managed both ends."

And the good man turned away to hide the unbidden tear.

Saturday.—The "blue" Mediterranean inky black under a leaden sky. The rain-clouds spouting over Africa. On the other

side the coast of Spain, softly outlined by ring of fairy hills, on which a sun unknown to us pours a flood of rosy light.

Sit on deck reading *Mr. and Mrs. Neville Tyson*. A clever book rather than a nice one. *Neville Tyson* is the sort of man that only a woman armed with blue and red chalks, vitriolic flame being easy of access, could draw. Her idea of poor harmless man is "a brute with the immortal human soul struggling perpetually to be, the brute in him supreme and indestructible." That is the nightmare sort of man *MAY SINCLAIR* imagines, and she has forcibly realised her idea. In artistic contrast with *Mr. Neville Tyson* is *Mrs. Neville Tyson*, the frivolous, flirting, outwardly indifferent wife, who for love of the brute abandons her passionately-loved child. Incidentally she loses her peerless beauty in saving her husband from the fire, which SARK is pleased to reflect, must be his everlasting portion. When he deserts her a third time she dies. As for the paragon of husbands, he falls with his face to the foe in the Soudan, and even in Drayton Parva, where all things are remembered, his sins are forgotten. "Nay, more," *MAY SINCLAIR* writes, with the gentle sarcasm that occasionally flashes above the blue light of her story, "they forbear to speak of his wife's sins out of respect of the memory of a brave man."

Some more, gentle *MAY*, please, but harp on a pleasanter theme.

A TRUE PHILANTHROPIST.

["Many English Vicars have announced that cyclists attending their churches will find places for storing their machines, but a New York clergyman has carried out the brilliant idea of storage for babies."—*Globe*.]

TWINS! O ye Gods!—Then groaning, I—
"Ah! how much longer will they come?"

Quot anni, heu! tot liberi,
And lo! the cry is still they come!
There's KATE, MARIA, JANE and JACK,
And now another two of them—
The thing is past a joke. Alack!
Whatever shall I do with them!"

While brooding thus, I chanced to learn
About a gentle cleric, a
Good soul of philanthropic turn,
Who hails from North America;
He cares for little infants all,
The dark, the fair, the carrotty,
The lean, the fat, the great, the small,
With all-embracing charity.

As up-to-date Divines on stump
Bid cyclists bring their bikes with them,
Providing rooms where each may pump,
Clean, oil—do what he likes with them;
He bids the mothers come to pray,
"And let the infants small come too!
The bottled babe, the toddler gay,
By all means, let 'em all come too!"

"Just step in here, and you will see,
Upon a glimpse most cursory,
The vestry makes, you will agree,
A quite ideal nursery.
The little darlings here at large
May gambol, as is right, together—
Of course, a curate's left in charge
To see they do not fight together."

I started up, my beaming face
No longer like a lemon. I
Exclaimed, "Behold! the very place
For my beloved Gemini!
I'll take them to this good man; he
Will joyfully receive the brats,
And then I'll slip away, d'you see?
And with the curate leave the brats



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